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Harper's Magazine

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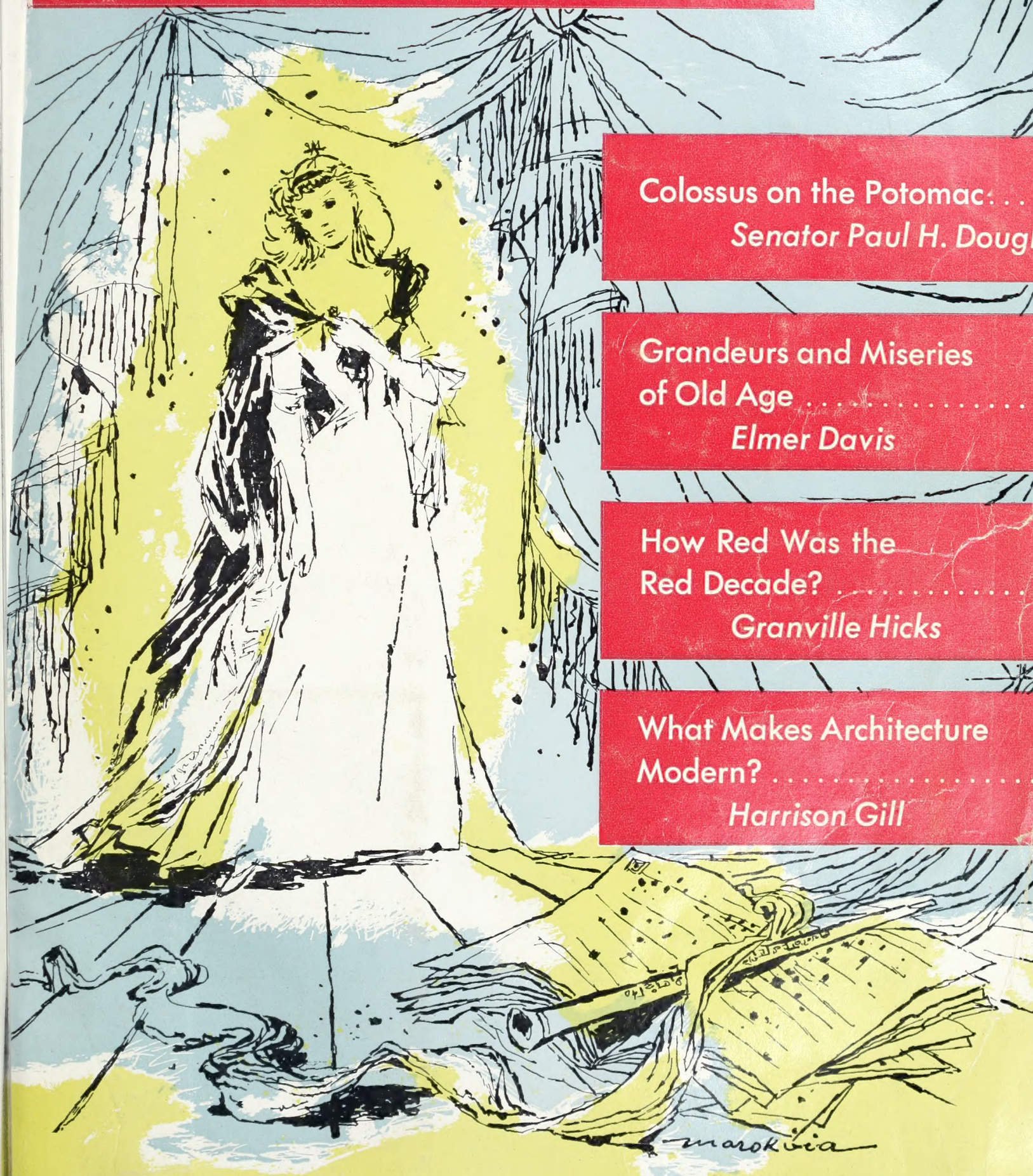


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Senator Paul H. Douglas

Grandeurs and Miseries
of Old Age
Elmer Davis

How Red Was the
Red Decade?
Granville Hicks

What Makes Architecture
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he's singing 'Happy Birthday'."*



*"You've got a new grandson, Dad,
and Mary's just fine!"*



*"You're so nice to invite us.
We'll be there on the 8:15."*

Good News Travels Faster when you Call By Number

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Here's a telephone suggestion you'll find helpful. Write down the out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you. There's an attractive booklet for your telephone numbers waiting for you at your local Bell Telephone office.

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THE AMERICAN ROAD



The Revolution that started in a shed at night

Steam was really his first love. That was how he happened to set fire to the school-yard fence.

For Henry Ford was passionately curious. Exactly how did steam make wheels go around? In a boyhood experiment he made a steam boiler from an old ten-gallon lard can, and fired up under it. No one was in school to hear the explosion—and the fence was soon repaired. His next experiment was in the village saw-mill: how did the valve work? He caught his arm in a cylinder, and was two hours getting loose, but before he left he knew how the valve worked.

First he tried to make a farm locomotive, and then a steam road carriage. Then one day in 1891 he saw a little gasoline engine pumping soda water into pop-bottles. That night he told Mrs. Ford: "Clara, I want to build a gas engine that will do the work of a horse."

Two years later he was still at work, in a little shed behind his Bagley Avenue

house. A friendly neighbor moved out his coalpile to give Henry more room. Clara watched, and darned socks.

He got four bicycle wheels. He made two cylinders from a steam engine's exhaust pipe. He put on a tiller, so it steered like a boat. He put a bicycle-saddle on top of the three-gallon fuel tank (the buggy seat came later when he could afford it).

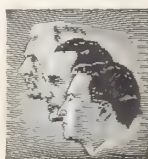
On a wet dark May morning in 1896, at 2 a.m., he was ready. Then he couldn't get the car out of the shed. He seized an axe and knocked out enough bricks to make the first garage-door.

He trundled the car into the alley while Clara watched under an umbrella. The

little car ran—clear around the block. One of the two cylinders went dead—but still the car ran. That first Ford is still running, and so are many of its 36,000,000 descendants.

The revolution of those wheels started one of the great revolutions in history. A dream had come true—transportation for everyone. The first Ford helped build the American Road.

The American Road is more than a stone river of rushing traffic. It symbolizes the power of our way of life, endlessly serving all mankind. The Ford Motor Company, celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary this year, is pledged to the ideals of the American Road.



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Cover by Arthur Marokvia

Personal & Otherwise

IN HIS "Easy Chair" column last April, **Bernard DeVoto** said what he thought of the report of the congressional committee on pornographic literature. He did not think highly of it, primarily because its authors apparently assumed, in spite of their protestations to the contrary, that the Congress of the United States has the right and the duty to tell us what we may and may not read, even though the First Amendment—item one in the Bill of Rights—flatly states that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

Congressman Carroll D. Kearns of Pennsylvania, who served as a member of the committee, subsequently asked leave to extend his remarks in the Congressional Record and caused to be published therein a letter addressed to the editor of *Harper's* (which we published in condensed form last month), from a lady who thought Mr. DeVoto was wrong. It was rather a touching letter, P & O thought. Its author was not impressed by the ultimate problem at all; she was simply worried by the easy accessibility of books which she did not want her children to read, and was ready to welcome any action, congressional or otherwise, which would relieve her of the responsibility "to guide her children to proper reading and living through the presently existing morass of obscene and salacious publications. . . ."

Leaving aside the question of whether or not the lady exaggerates the prevalence of obscene and salacious publications, and leav-

ing aside also the question of whether she will have more success in teaching her children "decency and honor, sexual integrity, and moral strength" if the books she disapproves of are suppressed, the letter is not unskillful, and one can hardly blame Representative Kearns for tucking it in the record as proof to his constituents that he and his colleagues on the committee have comforted the mother of two children in a troubling world.

What one can blame the Congressman for is what he also submitted: a list of what he called "references to the activities of Bernard DeVoto which speak for themselves." The "activities" referred to were: (1) signing a statement in 1947 urging President Truman to repudiate Secretary Schwollenbach's proposal to outlaw the Communist party; (2) supporting the opponents of the Wood-Rankin committee; (3) being a member of the advisory council of the Society for the Prevention of World War III; and (4) writing his controversial "Easy Chair" about the FBI (in *Harper's* for October 1949). But it isn't really the "activities" which interest the Congressman. He obviously hasn't read that "Easy Chair," for instance, or the follow-up exchange of letters between J. Edgar Hoover and DeVoto in the December issue, because he quotes only from someone who misquotes DeVoto. And this gets us to the point.

The purpose of the list is not to determine what Mr. DeVoto has done, but to insinuate that he is a Communist, or fellow-traveler, and that it is therefore he, not the committee,

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

The three-man look



We've always liked the story of the building so tall it took three men, each looking where the other left off, to see the top of it.

This tall story is now true, instead of whimsical. There are projects afoot in the United States today so complex and vast that 10,000 scientists and engineers of different talents would be useful as a task force "to see to the top of them."

One project of this complexity is atomic energy—or, if you prefer, the atomic bomb. Was it a chemical problem? Or electrical? Or a physics problem? Or mathematical? Did it call for exploration in metallurgy, thermodynamics, radiation, electronics, or what? All were involved. More likely, fifty subdivisions of knowledge needed exploring.

No single mind, no matter how many degrees after his name, knew one tenth of the total answer the nation now has in its hands. No single explorer ferreted out the answer. An integrated task force of


thousands contributed specialized thinking, bit by bit.

Even so apparently simple a thing as the electric lamp was brought to brilliance by a parade of names. Edison, Coolidge and Langmuir supplied the shoulders other men stood on to see further.

Developing jet engines, million-volt x rays, steam turbines, gas turbines, fluorescent lamps, motors, refrigerators enlisted first a troop, then a regiment, then an army of diversified research and engineering skills at General Electric.

Teams are now exploring germanium (and its transistor children), cyclotrons, silicones, computers, or such defense assignments as electronic gunfire controls, atomic submarine propulsion, plutonium production, guided missiles.

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who threatens our freedom. Hence we are not told that he denounced the Un-American Activities Committee (which he did, we are happy to say, in these pages and elsewhere), but that the "*Peoples Daily Worker*, February 27, 1948, lists him as among writers and articles who denounced . . ." etc. Hence we are not told that he wrote a column about the FBI, but that "Joseph North wrote in the *Daily Worker*, December 29, 1949, page 7, that . . ." DeVoto had done so. Of the six citations intended to document the Congressman's little list, five are taken from Communist papers, although Mr. DeVoto's activities are regularly reported, much more accurately and fully, in less spectacularly unreliable journals.

One wonders, after a while, how much of the Congressman's picture of the world about him is derived from the Communist press. We can only suggest that if the Congressman really wants to know what Mr. DeVoto thinks, all he has to do is read *Harper's* every month. With all due modesty we can assure him that the diet of ideas we present is less stultifying than that in the *Daily Worker*. P & O would even risk the price of a year's subscription that the Congressman would enjoy it, especially after all the smut and idiocy he has been wading through under the impression that it was his duty as a legislator. At the very least, the magazine's varied and unregimented contributors, of whom Mr. DeVoto has long been one of the most valued for his incorruptible integrity, would surely help him to maintain a rational perspective on the ills of our time.

TAKE, for example, communism itself, which is certainly one of the major ills in contemporary society. How can we possibly cope with it unless we try to isolate its germs, recognize its symptoms, and study its cures? And how can we do that if we haphazardly assume that everyone we dislike or disagree with is a Communist? Would not a little patience and care be rewarding here, just as they are in the attempt to combat cerebral palsy or polio?

P & O vividly remembers a prank played by one of his school friends years ago. The boy involved was a South American whose home was in a city which had known the ravages of the dread bubonic plague. One

day this boy and his brother decided to play what they thought would be a funny joke on the neighborhood. They improvised a stretcher, on which they carried their small sister, wrapped in a sheet, through the streets of the town. And as they went they cried in anguished voices, "*bubónica, bubónica*" (or however the Spanish word is spelled).

It turned out not to be funny. In fact it precipitated a panic which lasted for days. And during that time, anyone who complained of any aches or pains was driven out of doors and shunned instead of being helped. One child, with a severe ache in the groin, was left alone to die, as it turned out, of a ruptured appendix.

So much for the effects of panic. Fortunately there has been no general panic as a result of the congressional pranksters' crying "Communist, Communist," and P & O has enough faith in the American people to doubt that there ever will be such a panic. It seems to us, in fact, that some of the rabid anti-anti-Communists, as they are called, are more likely to be panicked than the public they are trying to protect.

What concerns us more is the current tendency to lump under the single term "Communist" so many diverse phenomena. This point was uppermost in our minds after reading *Granville Hicks's* article on "How Red Was the Red Decade?" (p. 53). Mr. Hicks, as we do not need to remind you, was a Communist in the thirties. So was a man named Whittaker Chambers. But nobody who has read Mr. Chambers' book *Witness* as well as Mr. Hicks's present piece can imagine that the label meant the same thing as applied to these two men.

What we are trying to suggest is that the term "Communist" becomes a mere epithet if we lose track of its various meanings. If we use it to describe Mr. Chambers as he has admitted he was during the thirties, we are using it to mean sneak and traitor. But there were many Americans who accepted the Marxian interpretation of history during the thirties who were neither sneaks nor traitors, who quite openly expounded their beliefs, and who loved America and liberty as deeply as many registered Democrats and Republicans (in some cases more deeply). If they joined the party, as some of them did, they left it unequivocally and without dra-



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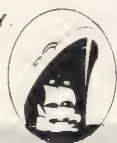
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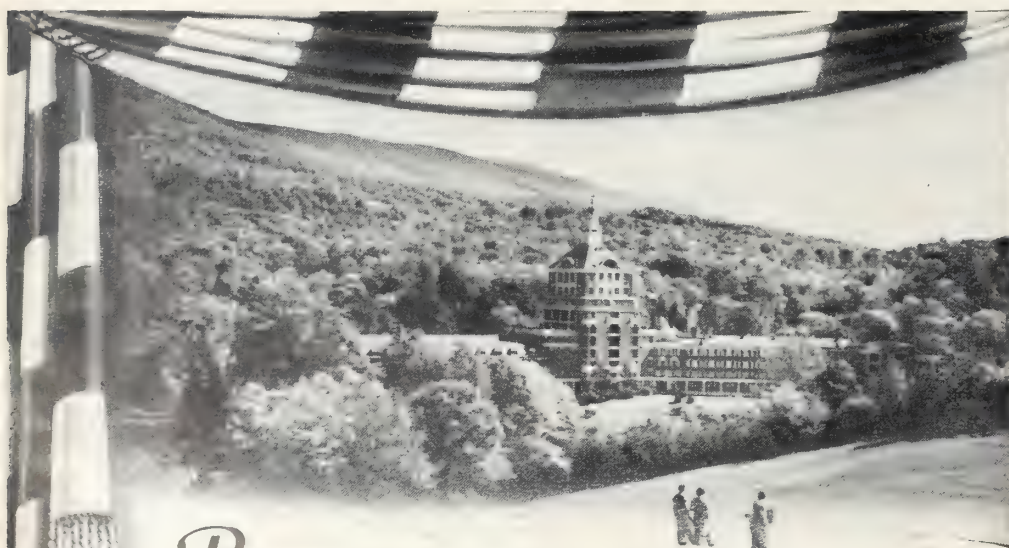
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matics, much as an intelligent adult resigns from a club which no longer engages his interest or switches from one political party to another.

The overwhelming majority of such people, Mr. Hicks included, changed their views of Marx's analysis, or became dismayed at the cynicism of the party organization with which they had been affiliated. But their rejection of communism was the product of increased understanding, not of passionate ignorance nor of expedient sail-trimming—two kinds of anti-communism which P & O mistrusts heartily, in spite of its obvious commercial success in the book stores and in Congress.

To lump together under a single term those who accepted (in whole or in part) Marx's analysis of what was wrong with the Western world's economic system—and plenty *was* wrong in the thirties, as we are increasingly prone to forget—and those who deliberately betrayed, or now betray, their citizenship to act as spies and saboteurs and agents of Russian imperialism, seems to P & O to be an almost criminal dereliction of duty to one's fellow-citizens. Worse still, it is a crime against one's own integrity as a sentient being, and as such inevitably induces the guilty fears which alone account for the blind panic which causes men to hurl epithets at one another.

Mr. Hicks has written before in *Harper's* about communism; in June 1946 his article, "The Spectre That Haunts the World," analyzed the new postwar position of the Soviet Union with respect to international communism. In a nonpolitical vein, Mr. Hicks has also contributed articles on Arnold Toynbee and on J. P. Marquand. Mr. Hicks's books in recent years have dealt with life in an American small town; the most recent was a novel brought out last year by Viking, called *There was a Man in Our Town*.

IN HIS essay on the "Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age" (p. 28), *Elmer Davis* touches upon another aspect of this difficult subject. Taking off from the general notion that Mrs. Catherine Drinker Bowen rather overstated the compensations for growing old in her article on "The Magnificence of Age" in our April issue, Mr. Davis comes at last

P & O
to still another compensation: the freedom from the necessity of protecting one's future; the freedom, in other words, to live by principles and not to give a damn what anyone thinks.

Maybe he is right; maybe it does get easier as you grow older to live the way you know you should rather than the way you think you must. P & O will try to remember to let you know if he ever finds out. Meanwhile P & O, like everyone else who believes in freedom of thought, is grateful to Mr. Davis for demonstrating in his own case that the approach of age brings new opportunities to serve the young and to hearten those who refuse to be panicked by irrational fears. If he's not careful, Mr. Davis himself—in fifteen or twenty years, let's say—is likely to turn out to be one more proof of Mrs. Bowen's thesis.

Architecture: Dead or Alive?

MANY of you must remember the moving pictures that were taken of the Tacoma suspension bridge several years ago, when it began galloping and finally heaved and twisted itself into such contortions that it collapsed. Huge steel beams, massive cables, and the roadway slabs of reinforced concrete writhed and bent as if they were living things in anguish. And the truth is, of course, that a suspension bridge is in a sense a living thing, forever in motion: a vast complex of ever-changing stresses and strains which—unless an error has been made—constantly adjust to one another to preserve an unstable equilibrium.

Since most of us get our first ideas of structure from building with blocks, we tend to assume that stability is the primary requisite of sound construction. Our notion of how the Tacoma bridge disaster might have been avoided would probably be that the bridge should have been made more rigid, whereas in fact the trouble was that something about it was too rigid. If every part of the bridge had moved the way it was supposed to, the bridge would have stayed still.

We were reminded of the bridge while reading *Harrison Gill's* article on "What Makes Architecture Modern?" p. (88), and when you read it

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P & O

you will see why. All we intend to give away here is that modern architecture, in Mr. Gill's definition, is not constructed of blocks.

Mr. Gill is the senior member of the architectural firm of Harrison Gill & Associates, Chattanooga, Tennessee. He has designed apartment houses, stores, college buildings, residences, and many other types of structure, including the Memorial Entrance to Baker Field at Columbia University (where he studied architecture) and the Veterans Administration Hospital for Chattanooga.

Several years ago he began to assemble material for a book on modern architecture applied to church design. He proposed to begin with a simple definition and explanation of what modern architecture really is, and then go on from there. But the task of definition proved to be more difficult than he had anticipated, and by the time he had completed his research for this "preliminary" matter, he had enough material for another book.

About that time—early in 1951—he was called to active duty with the Air Force (he had served in the Royal Air Force during World War I) and soon found himself installed as a Pentagon Colonel, assigned as Military Chief of Operations for worldwide, new air-base construction. After about two years he was allowed to return to his private practice.

The present article is a brief statement of his theory of modern architecture, which he still plans to develop in book form. Meanwhile, in addition to his architectural work, he is working on a book about this Age of Tension, and hopes someday to do that sidetracked book on church design.

People and Paradise

•••The Democratic Senator from Illinois, **Paul H. Douglas**, who contributes the leading article in this issue of Harper's ("Colossus on the Potomac," p. 21) is an unusual Senator in many admirable ways. One conspicuous feature of his record in Congress since his election in 1948—when he beat the Republican incumbent, C. Wayland Brooks—has been his consistent plugging for honesty and economy in government, a goal which in the past

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so vast,
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like home**

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everyplace that's interesting, everyplace that's exotic, everyplace that's fun, everyplace that's rewarding.

But the current (July) HOLIDAY sticks strictly to home base—our own vast continent of North America.

We predict this issue will give you, in addition to the sheer pleasure of wonderful writing and pictures, a richer knowledge and appreciation of your home continent than you ever had before.

In it Alistair Cooke tours the U. S.; A. B. Guthrie retraces the Oregon Trail; Carl L. Biemiller talks about the Atlantic's beaches; Hugh MacLennan covers Canada; Norman Katkov describes Minnesota's lakes; John Houghton Allen does Mexico; Phil Stong writes about Dakota's Black Hills. And HOLIDAY editors pick for you the outstanding restaurants of the continent, its most alluring tours, and present capsule portraits of its 12 greatest cities.

twenty years has generally been treasured by the Republicans as their very own.

In professional background, too, Senator Douglas is one of a minority of his colleagues in either party; he was a college teacher, for many years Professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, who entered politics before the war and was elected to office in the Chicago City Council. Further, he is one of the few Senators who are veterans of World War II: at the age of fifty he enlisted in the Marine Corps as a private; he fought at Pelelieu and Okinawa, was twice wounded, decorated for "heroic achievement in action," and was retired with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Like very few Senators, he is the author of many published books. During the nineteen-thirties, his books on wages, social security, and unemployment problems won him distinction as an economist, and in 1947 he was elected to serve as president of the American Economic Association for that year. He has continued to write since he has been in the Senate, having published two volumes last year, *Economy in the National Government* and *Ethics in Government*.

In the Eighty-third Congress, Senator Douglas serves on the Banking and Currency and the Labor and Public Welfare committees.

Tom Funk took on the defiant task of illustrating Senator Douglas' facts and figures in positive human terms, instead of in the conventional dreary charts and graphs. Mr. Funk, who has been drawing occasionally for *Harper's* since 1949, works in New York for a number of magazines and book publishers. He is an Amherst graduate, is married to Edna Eike, the artist, and has two daughters. The Funks have recently become residents of Westport, Conn.

•••P & O confesses readily to having enjoyed a great many books which have later been despised by the critics. Perhaps at the time when we read them—for example, Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude* and *Rogue Herries*—the reviewers were ecstatic over the books, liking them even better than we did. But when the reminiscers, biographers, and critical sifters get round, a few decades later,



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to judgment day for the recently departed, we find ourselves shaken by some very interesting shocks. Of course, the authors of yesterday's best sellers wrote some good things, but on the whole we who got such a kick out of their books were just victims of a widely shared bad taste. We haven't time, unfortunately, to go back to reread *Rogue Herries*, because we are now busy with *The Caine Mutiny*, and we think that probably the critical sifters are right. Besides, from the present moment, it is more fun to watch the literary reputations wash down the drain than to go grubbing back twenty or thirty years in order to find out what foals we were when we were young.

In "The Nail in the Coffin" (p. 32) Alec Waugh records the fate of Hugh Walpole, which is especially curious in that he met his literary judgment day even before he died. Though we haven't been moved yet to go back and reread Walpole, we have at least got hold of the Modern Library edition of *Cakes and Ale* and read what Somerset Maugham said in the introduction about what he thought he was doing when he wrote that book.

No author can create a character out of nothing [Mr. Maugham wrote] He must have a model to give him a starting point; but then his imagination goes to work, he builds him up, adding a trait here, a trait there, which his model did not possess, and when he has finished with him the complete character he presents to the reader has little in him of the person who had offered the first suggestion. . . . When I replied to [Hugh Walpole's] letter . . . I added that I had taken one characteristic from an author we both knew and another from another, and moreover that above all I had put in Alroy Kear a great deal of myself. I have never been unaware of my own defects and I have never regarded them with complacency. We are all exhibitionists, we writers. . . . If [Hugh Walpole's] ghost wanders uneasily in the book shops to see that his works are properly displayed and he remembers how I mocked at his ambition one day to be the grand old man of English literature, he must chuckle with malicious glee when he sees that I, even I, who laughed at him, seem to be on the verge of reaching that sad, absurd, and transitory eminence.

Alec Waugh is a younger novelist than either of the men he writes about, but he has been writing since 1917—books of reminiscence and travel, novels and essays. Mr. Waugh served Britain in two world wars, was a prisoner of war in 1918, and an intelligence officer in the second war, becoming a major in 1944. He learned his way in literary circles in the nineteen-twenties as adviser to his father's publishing firm of Chapman & Hill; his brother is the novelist, Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Waugh has traveled a great deal and has used foreign backgrounds in many of his novels including *Hot Countries*. He comes to the United States frequently.

•••"The Soprano and the Piccolo Player" (p. 38) is *Mary Murry's* first story to be published in the United States. It has appeared also in England, under the title "Froy and His Diva," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and is one of the few short stories she has written. Miss Murry was born in Calcutta, India, and educated at Sidcup County Grammar School in Kent, England, and the University of Grenoble, France. While having to earn her living as a stenographer, she wrote several plays for the stage, uncommissioned film scripts, and a novel. For some years her only published work was two short plays "light-heartedly written in Spanish," she says—in an acquired language. Now one of her more serious, full-length plays, entitled "Full Circle," is being produced by a London theater group during their Coronation Season this summer.

Arthur Marokvia, who made the drawings this month for the cover and for "The Soprano and the Pic-



—Knoll Associates

Mies's Barcelona Footstool
(See After Hours, p. 94.)

colo Player," has contributed to *Harper's* several groups of drawings with international and romantic backgrounds—notably for "The Little World of Don Camillo" (August 1950) and for "The Duchess and the Smugs" (August 1952). Mr. Marokvia's own background is even more varied and international. He was a pianist in Germany, an engineer in Italy, a student of the ballet in Paris before becoming a painter and illustrator. In Paris he was called "*le peintre cosmopolite*." He has been living and working in this country for more than three years.

•••George May, who produced the "Close-up of a 'Workers' Paradise'" (p. 62), returned not long ago from a stay of more than three years in Hungary, where he was correspondent for the London *Times* and Reuters News Agency and a stringer for *Time-Life*. P & O sketched his background more fully last month in connection with his first article on the changes he found in Hungary after the Communist take-over.

Commenting further to P & O on working conditions in Budapest, Mr. May told about his visit to the Dreher Candy Works, where he was guided to watch a young woman Stakhanovite, or "shock" worker, who could turn out more chocolate bars than anybody. The only disconcerting thing about her really admirably synchronized muscular performance was that when the time came to dislodge candy bars from the mold, she did it by licking her finger to make it stick to the chocolate. Paradise indeed—for a Stakhanovite!

We should like to note, with apology, that slips of the typewriter produced two errors in Mr. May's report on "Forty Months in Red Hungary" in the June issue. He was "the last American or British newspaperman to have worked in the six—not four—satellite countries in Eastern Europe." And the beleaguered city he was happy to see at last was, of course, Vienna, and not Budapest.

•••With "The Flower" (p. 68), *Miriam Rugel* appears in *Harper's* for the first time. She has been writing, for her living and for her personal satisfaction, ever since she took over the editorship of her high-

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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

••• There must be moments when even the most patient Secretary of Agriculture wishes there were no agriculture to be secretary of. Every cabinet officer is in a position where he can make serious mistakes and where any action he takes will displease somebody. But the Secretary of Agriculture seems to be in a position where he can't make anything but mistakes and where any action he takes displeases just about everybody, including himself. At least, that is roughly the impression P & O

got from reading *J. K. Galbraith's* article on "Why Be Secretary of Agriculture?" (p. 82).

Mr. Galbraith is Professor of Economics at Harvard University, and the author of *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power* (1952), a book which may well prove to be as influential in the development of the American economy during the second half of this century as Adam Smith's was in the development of England's during the early nineteenth century.

He has recently been in Puerto Rico gathering material for a technical study of marketing problems there, and is also at work on a new book, tentatively titled *Why People Are Poor*, which will be ready for publication in about a year.

•••When *E. A. Muir* sent us the first of his poems to appear in *Harper's* ("Song," September 1949), he was an instructor of English, living with his wife and first child in a veterans' project near Union College. "Blind Date" (p. 67), his sixth contribution, is about his second son. The Muirs now live in Melrose, Massachusetts, and Mr. Muir is New England representative for the Great Books Foundation.

New Yorkers will recognize "Noon Hour in Bryant Park" (p. 81) as a sketch of that oasis of greenery behind the Public Library at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. When her poem was accepted for publication, *Sylvia Wright* went back to reconnoiter at the scene and was horrified to discover that "Fly Economy Air Coach" had been replaced by the "Union Dime Savings Bank." We granted her poetic license to keep things as they were. The printer had grave doubts about that "I. J. Fox" upside down—we assure you it belongs that way, although it was a struggle to get it there.

"By Swancoote Pool" (p. 87) is *David McCord's* salute to British angling style, in the manner of mellifluous nonsense and intricate sound effects which Mr. McCord has perfected, perhaps as the result of learning "The Owl and the Pussy-cat" by heart at five, the Morse Code at seven, and beginning Latin at ten. Mr. McCord's most recent book, his twentieth, was *Far and Few*, a collection of his verse for children.

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L E T T E R S

Two-Catcher Ball—

To the Editors:

Although I enjoyed "What Happened to the Dodgers . . ." in your May issue, I thought it was rather silly and far-fetched. Lo and behold, I came across this AP dispatch in the New York Post:

Augusta, Ga., May 11—Manager Ernie White of the Columbia Reds has inaugurated a two-catcher system—one for catching, one for throwing—to stop wholesale steals to second base. It works, too.

He pulled the unorthodox formation in a Class A South Atlantic League game with Augusta last night. . . .

In the sixth inning when Augusta got a runner on first and second base was open, White shifted Hal Stamey from right field to the catcher's box. . . . Stamey stood beside Johnson [the catcher], ready to make the throw if the runner broke for second. . . . Augusta finished the game under protest when the umpire held that nothing in the rules prohibits two players in the catcher's box. . . . Rule 806 says, "A defensive player, other than the pitcher and the catcher, may occupy any position on the playing field in fair territory." . . .

PAUL KORETO
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S. I doubt that Philadelphia can win the pennant under any circumstances.

Whose Oil?—

To the Editors:

Mr. DeVoto's piece in the May issue goes beyond legitimate argument when he says, "There has never been any doubt" that the so-called tidelands oil resources "belong to the public, to the people of all the states." Although the federal government claimed to be "owner," the

Supreme Court never ruled on that claim; it ruled that the states had not proved their ownership, and that the federal government, because of its power over international affairs, had something called "paramount dominion" over the oil. . . . To say that "there has never been any doubt" about these cases when the Texas case was decided by a vote of four to three, goes beyond the facts. . . .

ROBERT BRAUCHER
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors:

If reason rather than spite and greed prevailed, Mr. DeVoto's article, "The Sturdy Corporate Homesteaders" in the May *Harper's*, would make every lawmaker quail and think twice, then vote a thunderous No against this contemplated steal of the public domains!

The Teapot steal was a five-cent bag of peanut hulls compared to the tideland oil prize plus the other lands—grazing, timber, etc. . . .

What scares one is the general apathy of Joe and Jane Doe and they are the ones who will have to foot the bill. . . .

LOUIS LEO KRAMER
San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors:

Mr. DeVoto's "Easy Chair" article in your May issue was, in my opinion, excellent. The Tidelands Oil issue always smelled fishy to me but, because I'm not overly bright when it comes to politics, I wasn't quite sure why and Mr. DeVoto put it in words for me.

For that, I thank him. But I would like to call Mr. DeVoto's attention to one sentence in his article. Near the end he lists my grandfather in a group of notorious

land grabbers, and states that "Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, left a blasted name to history—coal land fraud." I would like to point out that my grandfather's name was unblasted about fifteen years ago when he was exonerated during the period that Harold Ickes was Secretary of the Interior.

MRS. SHIRLEY AILLAUD
Pleasantville, N. J.

Black Africa—

To the Editors:

Having spent over ten years in West Africa, I was particularly interested in reading Mr. Larrabee's "Notebook on Black Africa" which appeared in your May issue. I have read many articles by people who have made flying visits through the Dark Continent and have written very superficial accounts of their impressions without really hitting the mark. Mr. Larrabee however has seen more than the usual Cook's Tour points of interest, and I believe has made a real contribution toward U. S. understanding of Africa in the world today. I am looking forward to the remaining installments of his Notebook.

HERBERT W. CASLER
West Orange, N. J.

Today's Helicopters—

To the Editors:

We of the aviation industry are most appreciative of the presentation to the public of the type of information covered in C. Lester Walker's article, "Tomorrow's Helicopters," in the May *Harper's*. However, it is too bad that those in the industry did not have a chance to check some of the facts before publication. As an example, in talking about our Hiller Hornet, Mr.

Walker points out how I accomplished certain flight operations with this particular aircraft. Actually, no such performance has ever been claimed or cited, and as a matter of fact I no longer fly, owing to the press of general business activities. In talking about the cost of helicopters, such as the Hornet and another small unit, the \$5,000 price recited was merely a dream announced several years ago. If the public understood that these experimental aircraft now cost well over \$100,000 per unit, I believe they would get a more honest feeling that such a "flying flivver" is still a few years off. . . .

STANLEY HILLER, JR.
Hiller Helicopters
Palo Alto, Calif.

No Idle Hands—

To the Editors:

One of the things that largely contributed to the Do It Yourself movement, described in the "After Hours" section of the May *Harper's*, was the shorter work week and substantial vacations granted employees. I remember when the agitation for the eight-hour day was at its height, one of the arguments against it was that the worker given a shorter day would spend more time in the saloons. The opposite proved to be true with most workers.

EMERY L. BARNARD
Olean, N. Y.

Jackpot—

To the Editors:

Heretofore I have read *Harper's* in appreciative silence. Now that Elizabeth Enright has followed that fine poem, "Northeast," with that perfect story, "One for the Collection," I must thank you both as well as the artist for the pleasure I have received. Only genius with seeming simplicity could identify itself with one so possible phase of old age.

An oldster,

DORA McHALE
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors:

In the May issue of *Harper's* is one of the finest short stories I have ever read—Elizabeth Enright's "One for the Collection." The writing is superb in its effortless art and it

makes me sigh as I read. How I wish I had thought of saying those things in just that way! . . .

ABIGAIL ANN HAMBLIN
Newton, Mass.

To the Editors:

I have just finished reading "One for the Collection" and feel moved to write you and tell you how much I enjoyed it.

In your August 1952 issue was "The Duchess and the Smugs" by Pamela Frankau which is also one of my favorites. I have saved it, as I shall also save this May issue. . . .

CAMILLA KENYON
Peoria, Ill.

To the Editors:

It's great! Please accept one more for your collection of praise for Elizabeth Enright's story. I have read it twice and will probably reread it until I can recite it blindfolded. My son is a top notch artist and he says those March-wind and May-day inspired drawings, too, are far better than excellent.

E. A. ANDREWS
Signal Mt., Tenn.

What to See—

To the Editors:

Ever since I read the comments on "What not to see in Europe" in your May issue I have meant to send you my comments on that subject.

Why go to Europe? . . . I have never been there but have seen a few places and have seen things not in the guide books: Bomi Hills in Liberia; the curious little city at the head of ocean navigation on the Congo river; Luanda (Angola), the most beautiful city from the harbor I have ever seen.

It may well be that I am like the members of a profession which shall be nameless of whom it is often said, "One does not have to be crazy to be a —, but it sure helps." Anyhow the whole crew from the Captain to the deck hands (I always travel by freighter) know that I am crazy, for no sane person would spend two months cruising up and down the west coast of Africa unless he had to.

Be that as it may, I have seen many interesting things. . . .

Why go to Europe?

J. P. HANNUM
Gatlinburg, Tenn.

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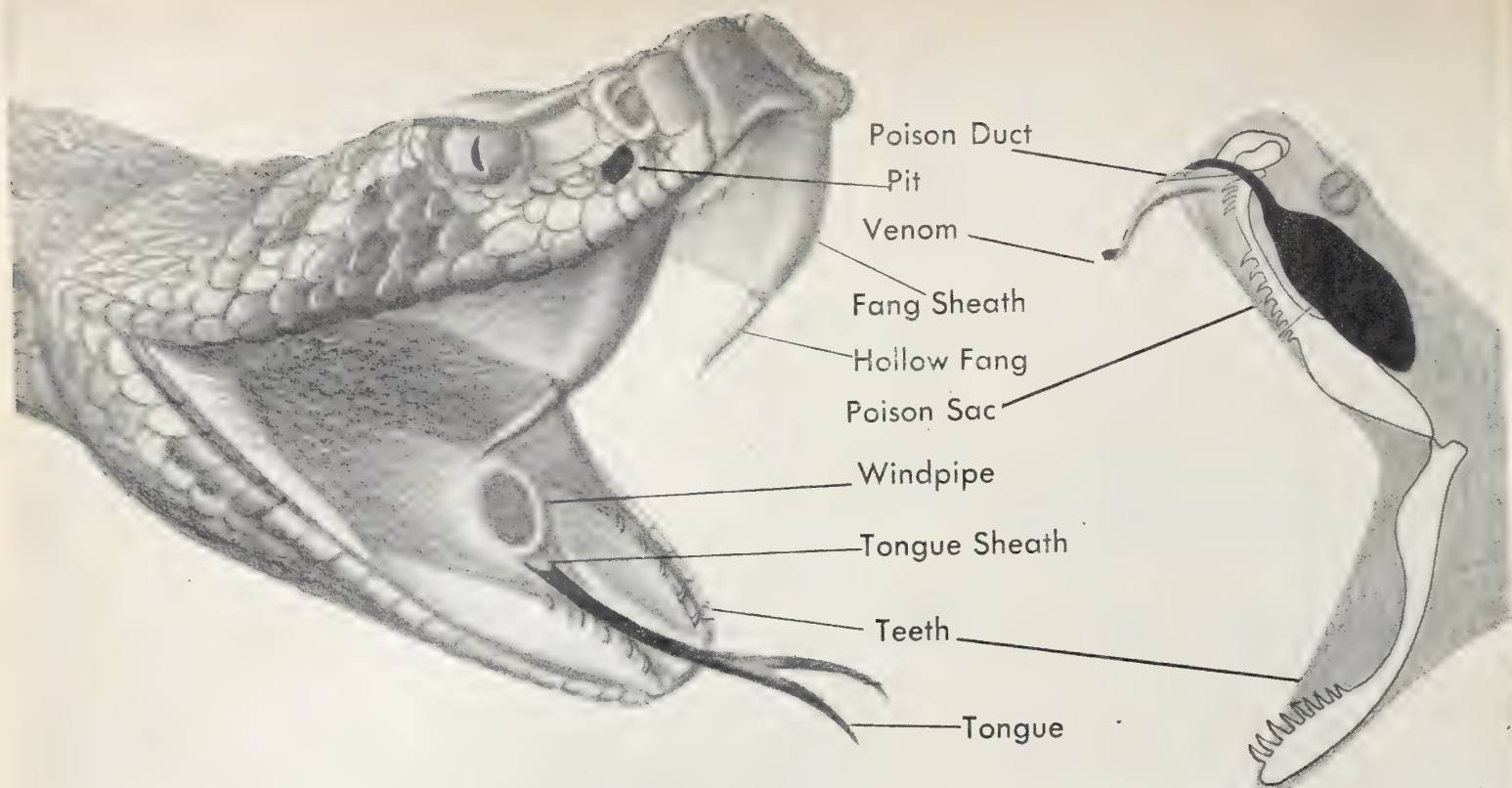
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Harper's MAGAZINE

Colossus on the Potomac

Causes and Cures of Big Government

Paul H. Douglas

U.S. Senator from Illinois

THE national government will spend this year approximately 75 billions of dollars. This is 25 per cent of the net national income. The federal government now directly employs 2.5 million civilian employees and has 3.6 million in its armed forces. A tenth of the labor force of the country therefore draws its pay directly from the national government, and the nearly 60 billion dollars of goods produced on order from it will give employment to about ten million more.

In addition, the federal government by its regulations and activities affects the lives of most of us. It parcels out the air waves and seeks to prevent misrepresentation in the sale of commodities and securities. It fixes rates for the railroads and for express and telegraph service. It collects and delivers our mail; it manages huge forests and a large acreage of pasture land; it conducts technical research and freely distributes practical knowledge. It helps to support three great industries: farming, the construction and financing of housing, and mining. It regulates our foreign and domestic commerce and conducts

our complex relations with foreign nations. It is, in short, by far the most important single force in the nation.

The sheer fact of its size has made both philosophical anarchists and a large proportion of our business leaders apoplectic with anger. These gentlemen have considered all government bad and have felt that the bigger it is, the worse it becomes. They heartily approved the charge which was made last summer by a prominent political leader that the government had already taken away a quarter of our liberty because it was taking a quarter of our income. Whether the opposition to government by the business community will be as great in the future as it has been in the past is an interesting question. Now that the Republicans have taken over the government and have been putting big business men at its head, the business men may decide that government is not so bad after all—as long as they can direct it!

But regardless of men's emotions, it is important that we should understand big government. That crusty old sage, William

Pictorial Comment by Tom Funk

Graham Sumner (known to generations of Yale men as "Billy"), once remarked that in order to understand a social fact we should seek the answers to four questions, namely: What is it? Why is it? What of it? and What are we going to do about it? This is a good way to approach the subject of big government.

I HAVE already sketched the general contours of the governmental colossus. But it is well to fill in more of the details. Slightly over half of the civilian employees of the government work directly in military establishments and for the military. When these are added to the three and two-thirds millions of sailors, soldiers, air force, and marines, we find that the armed services employ a total of almost five million people, or 80 per cent of those who currently draw their pay from the government. If we add to these the 11,000 people employed in the development of atomic energy and in military aid to our allies, and the 176,000 employed in the Veterans Administration, and most of the 5,000 in the debt service bureau of the Treasury, we find that war, past and present, and preparedness for war, occupy not far from 85 per cent of all federal employees.

In terms of money expenditures, the role of war is even more impressive. The four armed services now spend about 46 billion

dollars a year, or about three-fifths of all the governmental outlays. Atomic energy and military aid account for another 10 billions; the cost of the Veterans Administration and of interest on the public debt takes another 11 billions, bringing the total to about 67 billions of expenditures or at least seven-eighths of the total. These are huge sums and large proportions. Before passing judgment on them we need, however, to remember that Soviet Russia is devoting at least half its national income to the same purposes—whereas we are devoting about a fifth of ours—and that if we are to be secure, we must be armed. Yet we might as well realize the preponderant part that war plays in our government.

Indeed, the figures I have given do not exhaust the total which can be charged up to war. For if our military expenses were not so high, we would not need to collect so much in taxes; the Bureau of Internal Revenue could then reduce its 55,000 personnel and the Department of State would not need all of its 31,695 employees. If it were not for war, we would not have to have our Selective Service System, nor the Civil Defense Administration, nor a cluster of other preparedness agencies. Nor would Lindsay Warren, the efficient Comptroller General of the United States, require so many men to audit governmental expenditures. The executive office of the President would not be so crowded, and the demand for headache powders at the White House and at Foggy Bottom (where the gentlemen of the State Department hold sway) would be far less. All in all, nearly nine-tenths of the financial outlays of the government and six-sevenths of its personnel are caused by the institution of war. It is, therefore, the warfare world and not the welfare state which is primarily responsible for the growth of big government.



... apoplectic with anger ...

OF THE remaining governmental employees, numbering slightly less than a million in all, over 500,000 are employed in collecting and delivering our mail. This leaves only about 450,000 in all other civilian branches of government. Of these only 1,500 are directly attached to Congress (plus 9,000 in the Government Printing Office and the Library of Congress), 3,900 to the federal courts, and 31,000 to the Department of Justice.

If we subdivide the other civil functions of government into the three groups of (1) management of public properties, (2) services to industries and people, and (3) welfare, we find that the first group of functions, dealing with natural resources and including the forest and reclamation services, the management of the public lands, river and harbor improvements, flood control, hydro-electric power, and the Panama Canal, etc., have spent upon them about one and three-quarters billions of dollars and employ about 100,000 people. This is 4 per cent of all government workers. The General Services Administration which cares for public buildings and buys civilian supplies spends another 150 million, and employs 29,000.

The second group of activities, namely those providing services to (a) industries, and (b) people, includes all those under the Department of Agriculture (except the forestry service which we have already listed) and the employees of the Department of Commerce. These total 120,000. But we should also include in this category the staffs of the Mediation and Conciliation Service, which seeks to adjust disputes between employers and workers; and the employees of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which provides accurate labor data; the Apprenticeship Training Service; and the Federal Employment Service. The Federal Reserve Banks, the Home Loan Banks, the Federal Housing Administration, and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation also fall within this category. These raise the total to about 175,000 workers. Then there are also the welfare functions for the aged needy and for dependent children, for women, and for education, public health, and old-age insurance. There are spent for these purposes about 2.6 billions a year or a little over 3 per cent of the federal budget and less than 1 per cent of the national income.

Since most of the federal funds for welfare are administered by the states through the grant-in-aid system, the welfare staffs of the federal government are comparatively speaking not large, amounting to about 40,000 or less than one per cent of those drawing their pay from the federal government. Contrary to the general impression, the service functions of welfare work, road building, and agricultural extension are indeed the most decentralized activities of the entire government.

The final civil group consists of the regulatory bodies. These include the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Power Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, the National Labor Relations Board, the Civil Aeronautics Board, etc. These bodies are either designed to help preserve ethical competition and to protect consumers and investors from the effects of misrepresentation, as is the case with the Food and Drug Administration, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and the Federal Trade Commission, or to regulate those natural monopolies such as railroads, gas lines, radio and television, air lines, etc., where full competition is obviously impossible. It is these regulatory bodies which generally cause the hackles of business to rise. Taken in their entirety, however, there are only about 8,000 persons employed by them, or one-third of one per cent of the total number of federal employees.

Such then are the main contours of our big federal government. The overwhelming reason for its growth has been the need "to secure the common defense" in a shrunken and divided world and to protect ourselves first against Nazi and now against Communist aggression. A small part of the growth has also been due to the need for "establishing" and enforcing rules of justice and of fair play in the complicated and impersonal interconnections of modern life which have been created by science and by increasing specialization. A further part of the growth has been caused by a partial effort "to promote the general welfare"—a purpose which both the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States stated was one of the basic functions of the new government which our forefathers created and which in more poetic forms was stated by Jefferson to be "the pursuit of happiness" and by Lincoln to be "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

II

SO MUCH for the "what" and "why" of big government. Let us then ask ourselves Sumner's third question: "What of it?" Is big government inherently good or bad?

All but the non-resistants will now agree that we need a large military force to protect ourselves. A small army such as we had under President Taft simply won't do when ranged up against the 495 divisions which the Communist bloc possesses. It would invite attack and totally fail to provide protection.

Nor can we deliver the mail of the country with a handful of men. A nation-wide business inevitably requires a nation-wide organization. It was the Federal Highways Act of 1916, providing grants-in-aid for road construction, which began to dig America out of the mud and which made possible the growth of the automobile and trucking industries with their host of subsidiaries. The county agent movement and the work of the agricultural experiment stations are partially responsible for the tremendous increase in farm productivity and hence have paid for themselves many times over. Federal forests have helped to conserve the soil. The Food and Drugs Act has protected the health of consumers and

prevented unethical producers from undermining firms which produce honest goods. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation has given depositors faith in the safety of their deposits and has lessened the danger of bank runs. The Public Health Service has helped to cut the death rate and has added years to life expectancy. One could multiply such instances many-fold. In the main, despite all claims to the contrary, the activities of government are productive and have enhanced rather than diminished man's true liberty and happiness.

Moreover, where the market is national in scope, it is almost impossible to have effective regulation upon a state basis. For the fear of competition from the more backward states will restrain and largely frustrate the desires of the more advanced.

But there are inherent defects in size which are very real. They apply to business as well as to government; but they are nevertheless applicable in the latter field and need to be considered and, if possible, remedied.

(1) The bigger the unit, the more impersonal it becomes and the greater is the geographical and social distance between those who direct the governmental functions and those who are affected by them. Moreover within official ranks themselves, men will not know each other and will be relatively ignorant of each others' intentions and capacities.

(2) As a result of both this impersonality and distance, those directing policy at the top are frequently ignorant of how these policies affect the people at the bottom. Therefore they often lack the human understanding which is essential in a democracy. The citizens come to feel that their wishes are either not known or ignored.

(3) Large organizations are notoriously slow to move. It takes a great deal of time for information to move upward and for decisions actually to be put into effect. A large organization therefore becomes relatively inert and inflexible even when conditions are changing rapidly.

(4) Other things being equal, the larger the organization the greater the tendency toward waste. There is always a dan-



... "to promote the general welfare" ...



Nearly nine-tenths of the outlays are caused by the institution of war.

ger of slackness and carelessness about costs. This tendency has to be offset by the vigilance of supervisors and managers.

This goal is hard enough without the profit drive to cut costs which private business creates. But the war against waste becomes still harder to wage as the unit increases in size and as close supervision becomes ever more difficult.

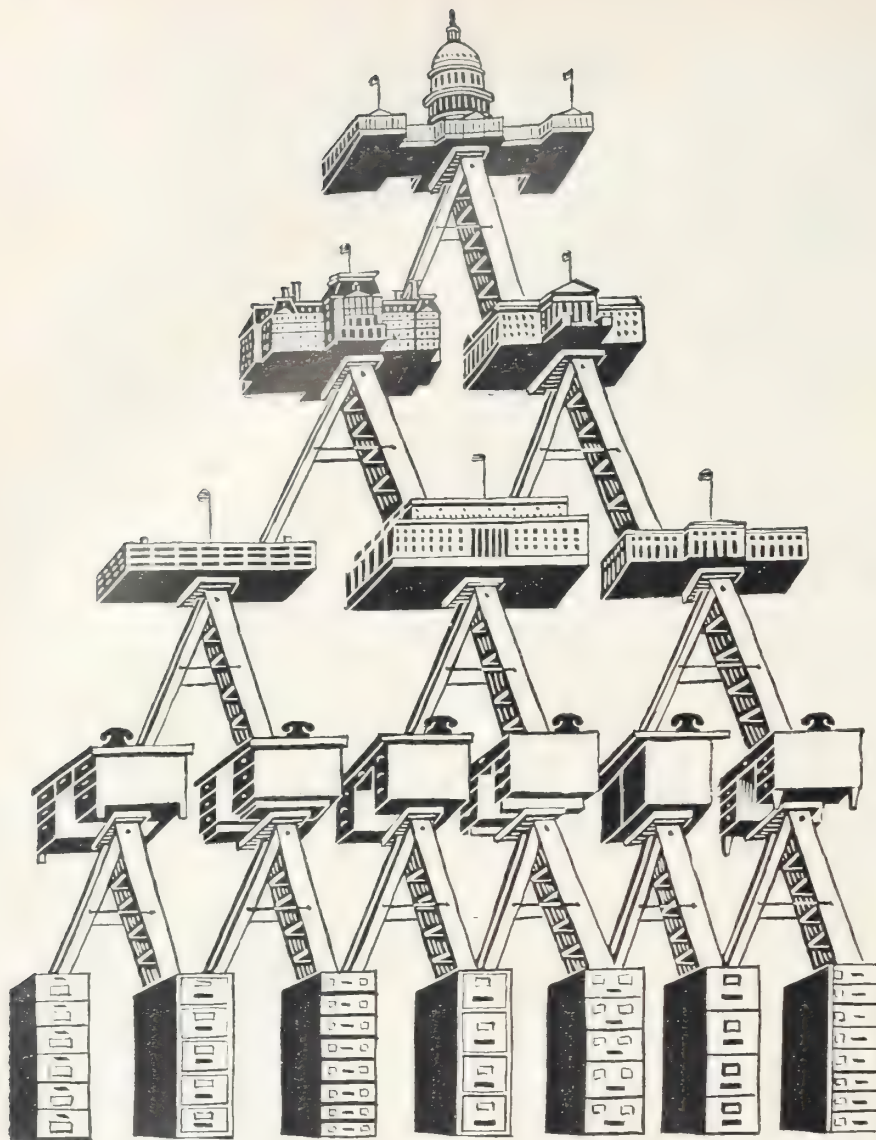
(5) The citizens are likely to become overawed and resentful at a huge officialdom over which they have little control and in which decisions are made by men on almost Olympian heights far removed from them. Since our government should be not only a government *of* but also *by* the people, the tired feeling of vague but impotent resentment destroys the very sense of vital participation which is essential for an active democracy. It is unhealthy for the people to depend on Washington for all decisions.

(6) The mere possession of great power by the heads of gigantic organizations exposes them to the danger of contracting two mental diseases. These are megalomania or the lust for greater size and power, and intellectual dizziness or a decreased capacity for the exercise of steady and sound judgment. Most men who have power want more power. They wish for wider dominions and bigger organizations to direct. They generally want to enlarge their units, whether by taking on new functions or by annexing other bodies. In practice these men become expansionists and unless checked by the people and by the legislative branch cause the area of government to be unduly extended.

Allied with megalomania is intellectual dizziness. Power and publicity sweep some men off their feet and reveal hidden weaknesses of character which are adverse to good government. Moreover, even the steadiest of men become somewhat nervous when constantly making crucial decisions and this increases the danger of mistakes in judgment. One man is therefore apt to make more costly errors in deciding about a billion dollars and a million men than would a thousand men of equal ability if each dealt with a million dollars and a thousand men. In other words, the decentralization of decisions would tend to produce steadier and sounder judgments among men of equal abilities. The one catch in this conclusion is that bigger jobs attract the services of men with greater ability and that these differences in ability may offset the tendency I have traced. I am personally doubtful, however, whether this in fact occurs.

III

AND now we come to Sumner's last question: "What are we going to do about it?" Those who would weaken our armed forces in order to save money and reduce taxes would be taking a desperate gamble. In placing private comfort and wealth ahead of national security and freedom, they would likely lose both their freedom and their comfort at the hands of the Russians. There are also those who, like Charles E. Wilson, the head of General Electric, would sell off all our public power projects to private companies, and there are still others who would



... Olympian heights far removed from men ...

turn over the post office to private interests. This would merely substitute private bigness for public bigness with probably little or no net gain in efficiency. Moreover, to sell the post office would inevitably result in higher postal rates for sparsely settled sections of the country and would necessarily diminish the hidden subsidies which newspapers, magazines, and direct-mail advertisers now receive on their second- and third-class mail. It is, therefore, not likely to be popular with these groups. To sell the public lands and forests, as some propose, would probably lead to their being overgrazed and overcut. This would be caused by the difficulty of private owners' considering future generations. The results would be to increase erosion from falling water and melting snow and hence to increase floods and impair the soil. This would be poor policy.

Moreover, it is hard to see how turning over government dams and power stations to private interests could be harmonized with the public need for those other functions which these systems also provide—such as irrigation, flood control, fish protection, reclamation, recreation, and the prevention of erosion.

After studying the Tennessee, Columbia, and Colorado river basins on the spot, I submit that the problems of such rivers are integral and that they have to be treated as a whole. Private interests are not likely to assume responsibility for those functions which do not yield an adequate direct return although these indirect and ultimate benefits to the community are great.

But if we properly reject these radical proposals we can, nevertheless, take some constructive steps such as the following:

(1) In the military service, to cut the numbers in administrative, clerical, and personnel work and in the supply, communications, and motor transport sections, and to increase the number in the actual combat units. This would increase fire power and military effectiveness. This is perhaps the most pressing of all military reforms.

(2) To slash military costs by eliminating duplication in hospital and storage facilities, using simpler designs for equipment, decreasing the purchase of luxury items, keeping quantities purchased in closer conformity to actual needs, stopping the payment of retail prices for goods purchased in huge quantities, reducing successive markups as goods on order pass through additional hands without any added fabrication or service being performed.

(3) To prune excess personnel from the Department of State by cutting staffs, and from the Department of Agriculture by consolidating many of the field services. It should,

however, be realized that Congress in 1951 cut the civilian staff by 10 per cent and that a further 10 per cent cut was made in many services in 1952.

(4) To encourage immediate supervisors to reduce costs by breaking down department, bureau, division, and unit budgets into small subdivisions and rewarding the supervisors according to the economies they effect. This suggestion by Mr. John F. Cramer of the *Washington Daily News* has great possibilities in localizing responsibility and enlisting the co-operation of the supervisors and straw bosses. In the process, it should help to trim some of the surplus and deadwood from officialdom.

(5) To consolidate the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation into one agency for the handling of our water resources both downstream and upstream. This is a fundamental reform, but it is one which will be vigorously resisted.

(6) While properly keeping national control over national expenditures and national resources, to carry through some regional decentralization by shifting the home offices of the services dealing with the national domain much closer to where these resources are located. It was wise to locate the Railroad Retirement Board in Chicago. There is no reason why the central headquarters of the Forest Service, the Reclamation Service, the Bureau of Land Management, the National Parks and the Fish and Wild Life Service, and the Indian Bureau should not be located in some Western city such as Denver or Salt Lake City. This would bring government closer to the people and would avoid some of the evils of which we have spoken. In the same way the Agricultural Extension Service and the handling of rural credits, etc., could be based upon some Midwestern city such as Chicago or Des Moines.

There will probably be a move to turn the Columbia river system of dams and river development over to the states of the Northwest for management, and to do the same with the Central Valley project of California. Since the federal government is meeting the full costs of these projects, this in my judgment would be a mistake. The taxpayers all over the country have a huge capital stake

in these projects. But such ventures could well be put under the direction of boards upon which the states and localities would have minority representation and could be run from the field instead of from Washington. The TVA for example has done well to locate its headquarters in Knoxville rather than in Washington.

(7) Men on the central military and civil staffs could well be required to spend periodic tours of duty in the field in detailed local administration. This would keep them in touch with local problems and furnish an antidote to the "Potomac fever" which affects many who stay in Washington and which causes them to swell without growing. Staff work should never be divorced from line responsibility.

THESE are modest suggestions but unless and until the Communists greatly improve their behavior and change their goals it will be hard to return to the days of simple and small government.

But if we could achieve world peace and such a pooled security that we would be relatively safe from attack, we could then greatly decrease the size of our federal government. This may seem in these troubled days to be like sighing for the moon, but it is an ideal which we should never lose sight of. Until it is achieved, we shall have big government.



Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age

Elmer Davis

I AM sixty-three years old. That is not very old by modern standards, especially in a country whose benevolent government urges on me the advantages of being older still. When I am sixty-five, the Bureau of Internal Revenue assures me, I shall be able to deduct another \$600 from my taxable income; and if I have the additional felicity to become blind, I can deduct some more.

I have no ambition to go blind at any age, despite this allurements; for that matter I am not anxious to be sixty-five, though I shall be unless I die pretty soon. My fan mail includes a good many gleeful predictions that I am going to be lynched; but barring that misfortune, I ought to be good for another ten or fifteen years if there is anything in the doctrine of hereditary longevity. But no matter how long I may last I am not persuaded that the best is yet to be, even by Catherine Drinker Bowen's eloquent disquisition in the April *Harper's* on the magnificence of age. I recognize and applaud her endeavor to reassure us that what is going to happen to all of us, whether we like it or not, is really something pretty good; but I cannot feel that the general public can draw much encouragement from the truly magnificent old age of the various worthies she mentions, notably Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It is no doubt true, as she says, that "luck being equal, whether a man at eighty finds himself reaping the harvest or the whirlwind

depends on how he has spent his forties and thirties and twenties." But luck is not equal; and it may be that to be an Oliver Wendell Holmes or a John Dewey at ninety you had to be a Holmes or a Dewey from the start, both in physical constitution and in potential mental capacity.

I once asked John Dewey how he maintained such intellectual and physical activity at an advanced age, and he said that when you have survived a childhood in Vermont you can take just about anything that happens to you afterward. I have no statistics on the juvenile mortality in Vermont in the eighteen-sixties; no doubt all those who survived were tough, but they were not all Deweys. I have a friend aged eighty-three who is better than I am; but to judge from the record she always was, at any age.

To feel that Mrs. Bowen has been overly optimistic is not to accept the dark view of old age held by the author of Ecclesiastes; but that is partly because medical science has made considerable advances since his day. Considerable, but not yet enough. When the grinders cease because they are few, the dentist can replace them; when those that look out of the windows be darkened, the oculist can take effective measures; but who can give us back those elastic arteries? No doubt in due time the doctors can take care of that, and can correct the other deteriorations that now commonly come with advancing years. Some

writers have looked forward to the time when men and women will be potentially immortal, and will voluntarily retire from life only when they have seen everything and become bored with repetitions. When that happy day comes, Mrs. Bowen's argument will be more persuasive than it is now. In the meantime there is no use kidding ourselves that every man who lives into the late eighties or the nineties can be an Oliver Wendell Holmes, or a John Dewey, or an Arturo Toscanini, no matter how rectitudinously he may have behaved while he was still young enough to have some choice about it. If there be consolations to offset the inevitable physical decay that befalls most of us, they ought to be more generally applicable.

Public life seems to be a pretty good preservative—if not for Presidents, at least for Congressmen who work about as hard as Presidents, though they have less responsibility. Chairman Robert L. Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee—one of the most exacting as well as the most important committees of the Congress—retired last year at the age of eighty-eight because he was afraid he was getting old and might be not quite so good as he used to be; to everybody else he looked just about as good as ever, which was pretty good. Chairman Adolph J. Sabath of the House Rules Committee was cut off untimely at eighty-six; but he had worn himself out by twenty years of fighting with the beasts at Ephesus—the Republican-Dixiecratic majority of his committee. (His prospective successor is only seventy-eight, which gives him time to mature.) Senator Theodore Francis Green, at eighty-five, is about as lively, mentally and physically, as any man on Capitol Hill. Some people worry because the fate of the world appears to depend in large degree on Winston Churchill, aged seventy-eight; Konrad Adenauer, aged seventy-seven; and Alcide de Gasperi (and intermittently Robert Schuman too), who are both in the seventies; but there is a good chance that men who have lasted as long as that may still have some years more of work left in them.

But these men are exceptions, as much as the Franklins and Palmerstons and Gladstones who in past generations kept going long after most men had run down. They offer no great encouragement to the average man.

II

PERHAPS in this matter there is no such thing as the average man; for in their relation to old age men differ vastly not only in their abilities and their physical strength, but economically and occupationally. If the insurance companies can be believed, I cannot say much about the average man either; for they tell us, or used to tell us, that 99 per cent of all men of my age are dependent on their children, or pensions, or charity. And even among the one per cent of us who can still make a living there are differences—for instance, whether we are responsible only for ourselves or for organizations and institutions. Most of us in my business, the news business, are responsible only for ourselves; in my particular branch of it there are three men who are ten years older than I am and still going strong; and one of the greatest of editorial writers, the late E. M. Kingsbury, was still at it when he was ninety. But if one of us should go haywire, he could be bounced out with no loss to anybody but himself. The danger that men in responsible executive positions might go haywire is the most serious hazard of old age.

The steady physical deterioration that afflicts most of us is deplorable, but so long as it remains merely physical it is not disastrous. Far worse is the danger that in advanced years a man's mind might go back on him at some unpredictable moment, and drive him to make mistakes that would have been unthinkable a year or two earlier. That is why some of our aged statesmen, to all appearance as good as ever, nevertheless find it advisable to retire before that unforeseeable day when all at once they will not be as good as ever, or good at all. Some of them do not retire; Gladstone was beginning to slip, physically at least, in his last ministry, though he saw it and left office before the consequences became too serious. Hindenburg, elected president of the German Reich at seventy-seven, hoped (so Walter Goerlitz tells us) that he would not be left in office till he became senile; "for one never knows one's self when that is happening." He was left in office; it happened, but he did not know it was happening; and that was one of the reasons for the downfall of the German Republic.

The older a man grows, the greater the danger that this will happen to him. Against this and minor miseries of age, what are the offsets? Not all, I am afraid, that have sometimes been recommended. Much has been written about the joys of calm contemplation, in old age, of a long and honorable life. But it is a rare man, unless he has great skill at self-deception, who can review a career, however bespangled with good deeds and glory, without his eye's lighting on something that could have been done otherwise and better; and might have made a considerable difference if it had been done better; but it is too late to do anything about it now. The pleasure in such retrospection seems to me by no means unalloyed.

It has been argued that in old age, most of your troubles are behind you. The late Don Marquis once wrote that when you have reached the age of fifty-five, everything has happened to you that can happen; you are in no danger of being devastated by something new. He was wrong. Before he was fifty-five he had had about as much bad luck as any man I ever knew, but after that he had some more—a stroke which laid him flat on his back for the last two years of his life; conscious, but unable to do or even to say anything about it.

There is also mere curiosity. I hope to keep on living for a while to see what happens, but I realize that I may not like it at all. Abraham Lincoln, if he had lived another ten years, would have had a very poor opinion of what the United States had become; but it is always possible that with his tremendous personal prestige and his unequalled political skill, he might have prevented it from becoming what it was by 1875. Lesser men can have no such expectation.

III

THERE is, however, one offset to the inevitable infirmities, at least for us of the one per cent who have been lucky enough to be able to keep our noses above water; and that is freedom—freedom from the passions of youth. I don't mean what you mean; from that particular passion, I should imagine, few men or women are ever willingly set free. The dominant passion of most young men—and middle-aged men for that matter—is a lust for Success; they bend most of their

efforts toward making a name, or a fortune, or both. But the time comes when they have either made it or not, and it is too late to do much more about it. Accordingly—always provided that you have done well enough to keep afloat—ambition vanishes: you no longer give a damn.

This too needs qualification, in both directions. A Senator who in his eighties is defeated for re-election to a seat that he has held for thirty years probably feels even worse about it than he would have felt thirty years earlier; and those unfortunate novelists who under some obscure compulsion still push out a book a year, long after they have nothing left to say, probably hate unfavorable reviews just as much as they did in their youth.

Nor can you ever be quite sure when a man is through. Winston Churchill, at sixty-two, was a failure. He had been, at times, a considerable success in each party, but now he was out of both parties: he had just tried to organize a King's party to support Edward VIII in the abdication crisis, and had failed not only immediately but rather ludicrously; he told his friends that he was done for. Three years later he was called on to save his country, and he did it.

But not many of us are Churchills, any more than we are Lincolns. Nevertheless we of the one per cent can savor the sense of freedom that comes from the disappearance of ambition. When we were younger, getting and spending we laid waste our powers—and sometimes, in the headlong drive for success, some of us were in danger of laying waste something still more important, our conscience. A good many young men have sometimes been confronted with something that they know they ought to do; but if they did it, it might have an unfavorable if not a disastrous effect on their future. They should have done it anyway, no doubt; but it is a good deal easier not to worry about the effect on your future when your future is behind you.

It is quite true that 'tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought to die—or, as the phrase is more likely to translate itself in these times, when for the truth he ought to lose his job, with small chance of getting another. But it is, emotionally if not ethically, a somewhat different matter to tell a young man with a wife and children whom he is

barely able to support on his salary that for the truth, his wife and children ought to starve too. And that is a situation that increasingly comes up in the present drive, congressional and local, against freedom of thought—particularly in the schools and colleges where above all freedom of thought must be preserved.

This drive professes to be an attack on communism; and indeed the congressional investigators have turned up a few Communists, though far fewer than you would expect from their thunderings in the index. A Communist, if he is a real one, has no freedom of thought; but this drive has gone far beyond that. Congressionally and still more locally it seems to be in the main an attack on people who think for themselves, and who happen to think something different from the investigators. With the result that teachers in schools and colleges are tempted to pull in their horns, and, for fear that they may say something wrong, to say nothing at all; otherwise their students, or their students' parents, might report them to the American Legion—as has happened—and any deviation from the norm of reactionary thinking will be regarded as subversion. With the result also, as Mrs. Roosevelt reported after her nation-

wide travels last winter, that the young people who are just coming up and see what is happening begin to be afraid to think and afraid to act, for fear that something they may say or do now will be dug up and thrown at them twenty years later, and ruin their careers. (Senator McCarthy has several times damned, or tried to damn, middle-aged men for what they did or said in college, and have long since repudiated.) A despotism might be able to stand this loss of heart, though I doubt it; but a republic whose young people are in that state of mind is on its way down hill.

We have got to defeat this attack on the freedom of the mind; and I think we can defeat it if enough of us stand up against it—enough of all kinds of people, rich and poor, young and old. But it takes courage for a young man with a family to raise to stand up to it; all the more obligation on those of us who have nothing left to lose. At any age, it is better to be a dead lion than a living dog—though better still, of course, to be a living and victorious lion; but it is easier to run the risk of being killed (or fired) in action if before long you are going to be dead anyway. This freedom seems to me the chief consolation of old age.

The Ultimate Weapon

IT is said that recent experiments made with the new rifles in Germany make it reasonably apparent that the next war will be simply one of extermination. A prominent French writer in a recent article says that the battlefield would at the termination of the engagement be covered with two or three hundred thousand corpses, all crushed and broken, and would be nothing but a vast charnel house. No one would be left to bury the dead, and pestilence would in turn sweep away the country people. Pointing the moral, he adds that the man—emperor, king, or president of a republic—who, under these conditions, would expose the human race to such a fate would be the greatest criminal the world had ever seen. It is tolerably plain that the horrors and butchery which a war would entail are becoming more and more recognized, and that the terrible vista thus opened out is exercising a sobering effect on those who were formerly wont to discuss eventualities with a light heart.

—From the *Atlanta Constitution*, June 8, 1894.

The Nail in the Coffin

The Curious Fate of Hugh Walpole

Alec Waugh

MY DAUGHTER, now in her nineteenth year, was asking me the other day which of the younger novelists and poets were being most discussed when I myself began to write professionally at the end of the first war. We talked of Edward Shanks and J. C. Squire; of Katherine Mansfield, Aldous Huxley, and Romer Wilson. She went on to ask whose subsequent career had most surprised me. That was an easy question. Of the strange vicissitudes of fortune that can befall a writer, the whole course of literary history provides no more ironic example than Hugh Walpole, and the recent publication of Rupert Hart Davies' excellent biography makes his case once more topical.

It is a curious story. In 1918 W. L. George debated in a book of essays, *A Novelist on Novels*, as to who would have proved themselves by 1940 to be the successors of Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Wells. Of the dozen or so candidates whose claims he championed, Walpole's stock stood the highest. In the summer of 1914, as the author of *Mr. Perrin* and *Mr. Traill* and *Fortitude*, he had been selected for special praise by Henry James in a long influential article on the modern novel in the *Times Literary Supplement*. The war had consolidated his position. Bad eyesight unfitted him for the army, but he went to Russia in a Red Cross unit, acquiring an O.B.E. and a Russian decoration. In his spare time he wrote two novels about Russia

in the Russian manner. He also in January 1918 published *The Green Mirror*—a very English novel on which he had been at work before the war. With *The Green Mirror* he changed publishers, leaving Secker for Macmillan. The Macmillan people do not take up a writer unless they are satisfied that he has a long and honorable career ahead of him. Their imprint was the imprimatur on Walpole's reputation. He was then thirty-one and the ball lay at his feet.

I never knew Walpole well, but I met him fairly often over twenty years, particularly during the nineteen-twenties. He was at that time an effective personality with his forces impressively disposed. He had a large house near Regent's Park where he housed his library and pictures and entertained his friends. He was a familiar figure at first nights, at publishers' parties, and at ladies' clubs where dinner was followed by short speeches by seven or eight writers. He had a cottage in Cornwall to which he retired for quiet and concentration. He went to America most years.

Everything was going well, everything promised to go well. Each book sold better than the last. His lectures were a great success; to American audiences he seemed the embodiment of all that was best in Britain. He was tall, broad, with a bulldog chin. Incipient baldness accentuated his high-domed forehead. He was fresh complexioned; one

interviewer nicknamed him "Apple-cheeked Hugh." He had a boyish eagerness; he looked thoroughly wholesome; no "flim-flam" about him; he had an easy forthcoming manner. His father was an Anglican bishop and he had an inherited aptitude for oratory. He took trouble over his lectures. He phrased his sentences well. I heard him lecture once in Brighton, and I can well remember the spontaneous outburst of applause that greeted an eloquent tribute to Walter Scott. He enjoyed lecturing. He appeared to be sorry when his time was up.

HE WAS active in literary politics. As a critic he was generous in his appreciations; always ready to introduce with a preface an American writer to the British public; on such occasions he would often contrive a compliment to one or other of his friends. His preface to Cabell's *Jurgen* is an example of this, with its dragged-in reference to J. D. Beresford's *Signs and Wonders*. He was anxious to have his friends share in his own good fortune. He was worried at the difficulties young writers were experiencing in getting their work published, and in the autumn of 1919 he wrote a letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* that started a long correspondence on first novels. Feeling that there should be closer contact between authorship and the trade, he founded the Society of Bookmen, where authors, publishers, and booksellers discussed their separate and joint problems at monthly dinners. The Society still flourishes. Its first secretary was Maurice Marston, then one of the partners in the now defunct publishing house of Leonard Parsons. Later when the National Book League was formed Marston was its organizing secretary. It is very possible that but for Walpole, the League would never have been formed.

He had a full and happy life. I recall a lunch party of St. John Ervine's at the Garrick Club in 1926. It was a mixed party, eight of us at a round table. Walpole was in high spirits. He did not monopolize the conversation, but the talk centered round him. I cannot remember anything he said. He was not a witty talker; he was good company not because he said clever things but because he was interested and enthusiastic. It was a small room and we took our coffee where we sat.

We were still at table when a club servant announced, "Mr. Walpole's car is waiting." As soon as he left the room we started to discuss him. We agreed that he was the happiest man we knew. St. John Ervine wondered if he had ever had an unhappy hour. We were still discussing him when the door opened and he reappeared. There had been a mistake—it had not been his car after all. Conversation ceased.

Walpole looked round the table. "Well, what were you saying about me behind my back?" he asked.

The pause continued. It was a little awkward. Then Mrs. Theodore McKenna spoke. She was the senior person present, and one of his best friends. "As a matter of fact, Hugh, we were saying how happy you were, and how glad we were about it. We were wondering whether you had ever been unhappy."

It was said on a note of genuine affection, but for a moment Walpole seemed disconcerted. I fancied that I knew what he was thinking. Dostoevski's stock stood high. The man who had not suffered, had not lived. Art sprang from suffering. Walpole did not relish the suggestion that he had not suffered. At the same time he did not want to disparage his own good fortune. He had had bad times, he said, times he would not care to live again, but as for these last ten years, well, he had to admit they had been very, very good. He had been happy pretty well all the time.

II

THAT was in 1926. And he was not able to say that much longer. When he died fifteen years later, he was a saddened man. That for a writer is a fate by no means unusual. Fashions change; writers lose their talent and appeal; they are lucky if they saved money in their good years. Walpole's fate was different. Charles Morgan has told in *The House of Macmillan* that Walpole worked on a ten-year schedule and right to the end he kept to his program. The last half of the twenties and the thirties were a period of solid industry. The Herries chronicle, a series of four long novels, sold very well. Between these volumes he published shorter but creditable books. He made a great deal of money. He was knighted. To a foreigner, to anyone outside London and New York literary so-

ciety, he must have seemed to occupy a highly enviable position. In a sense he did. But he had lost the respect of the only people whose respect he valued. He had become a joke to the intelligentsia.

It has been said that no man has ever been written down by anyone except himself. That was not Walpole's case. A far better writer with a casual, almost a left-hand gesture collapsed his reputation and self-confidence with the portrait in one book of a minor character. As Alroy Kear in Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale*, Walpole was presented as a literary careerist, busily grooming himself to be the G.O.M. of the English novel. His technique and tactics were explained, his motives were exposed. He was made ridiculous.

From Walpole's point of view, the timing of the book could not have been more unlucky. The Athenians wearied of hearing Aristides called the Just, and writers who were suffering the occupational hazards of a profession peculiarly subject to ups and downs had begun to be irritated by Walpole's perpetual geniality. Need he always look as though he were the guest of honor at a party at which Life and Literature were the host and hostess? In 1926 Beverley Nichols in his *Twenty-five* was amusingly malicious at his expense. After referring to his "appearance of complacency" Nichols concluded "he was born middle-aged, but he is rapidly achieving his first childhood." Walpole was able to parry that attack. He asked Nichols to lunch and a recantation duly appeared in the *Sketch*. But the number of people who chuckled over that particular chapter was an indication of the way the wind was blowing.

Walpole again looked too well. Actually he suffered from diabetes and had to give himself daily injections of insulin. He drank little alcohol but he had a "sweet tooth," and to correct his indulgences in candy he frequently increased his dose, a practice that ultimately undermined his health. Morbid streaks were detected in his work, in *The Man with Red Hair* particularly. He remained unmarried; gossip did not link his name with any woman's; people began to wonder. "That kind of thing" was all very well for willowy young men at Broadcasting House but it was scarcely appropriate to "Apple-cheeked Hugh" and "the roast beef of old England."

It was only an affair of whispers and nothing more transpired. Such a temporary recession would have provided an effective background for an adulatory welcoming of the Herries chronicle. "In the later twenties," so might the encomiums have read, "there were not lacking those who questioned Sir Hugh's power to stay the course, but now uncontestably the proof is here. . . ." That is how it might have been. But instead those whispers became a pedestal for the "Aunt Sally" absurdities of Alroy Kear.

Cakes and Ale is one of the most damaging exposures to which any professional writer has been exhibited, its power to damage lying in the complete absence of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness on its author's part. Maugham has admitted that *Cakes and Ale* is the book whose writing he enjoyed the most. It is told in the first person, and "Ashenden" throughout is in the best of tempers. The atmosphere is sunny and good-natured. There is no suggestion that Maugham is trying to get his own back. He is just having fun.

IT MUST be admitted that Maugham drew several red herrings across the trail. He made Kear a good golfer, which Walpole was not, he attributed his celibacy to unrequited love, and there were a number of minor points of dissimilarity. J. B. Priestley, who collaborated once with Walpole, was dining with me shortly after its publication. One of my guests, a barrister, referred to the caricature of Walpole. Priestley asked him why he assumed that it was Walpole. "Walpole would never order a lunch like that," he said. "But who else could it be?" my friend replied.

That was the point. The character was too lifelike not to have been drawn from life; too much in it rang true; too much could be confirmed; too many aging novelists recalled the flattering tributes to their work from a young writer, which were followed a few months after by the advance copy of a novel graciously inscribed "from a pupil to a master"; too many reviewers who had written in a lukewarm way about Walpole's work had received, if not invitations to lunch, at least long letters expressing gratitude for the review, interest in the criticisms made, and a resolve to profit at a next endeavor; too many

literary "punters" had noted how his apparently disinterested concern for his fellow writers—his letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* about first novels for example—had in fact provided Walpole with much publicity without particularly benefiting the objects of his concern.

There were red herrings. But by and large they made the situation worse. Where so many traits could be recognized, every touch of the palette knife was accepted as direct portraiture. Anthony West, reviewing Rupert Hart Davies' biography, was to write (twenty-two years later) in the *New Yorker*: "Everything was there; the appealing charm that Walpole could lavish on those who were successful and might be useful, and the bland indifference with which he could treat old friends who had betrayed him by being neither, and most unkind of all his almost complete lack of talent."

That is most unfair. Alroy Kear was based on Walpole but was not completely Walpole. It is not true that Walpole dropped old friends who had ceased to be successful. He was on the contrary generous with loans of money, and many writers now established stand in his debt for kindness and encouragement.

Nor was he by any means without talent. He had indeed most of the secondary qualities of a major novelist. He was industrious and ambitious. His novels had both theme and plot. He was not afraid of melodrama. He could evoke curiosity and maintain suspense. He could build up a background. He never created a vivid character, but he so enjoyed telling a story, he was so excited by what he had to tell, that the reader became anxious about the outcome and was sufficiently held not to be worried by the flatness of the actual writing.

Alroy Kear is a composite caricature, and a cruel but genuine portrait with "every pimple in" would have done less damage. *Cakes and Ale* ruined the last ten years of Walpole's life.

THE story has been told that he began to read it while he was changing for dinner, as a guest in a country house. He had propped the book on the mantelpiece. Kear opens the story and before Walpole had read ten pages he had identified himself. In fasci-

nated horror he read on; he forgot his dressing, he forgot dinner, he went on reading. When his host finally came up to see if anything was wrong he found Walpole standing before the mantelpiece, his shirt-tails flapping about his knees and his unbraced trousers in a coil round his ankles. His own account of the incident in his diary is less dramatic, but it was the embroidered story that went the rounds.

"How was Hugh taking it?" Everyone was asking that, and Edward Knoblock was reported to have earned a diploma for tact for having asked at a lunch party in Walpole's company whether it was "really necessary for Willie to have written quite so cruelly about poor John Drinkwater."

How was he taking it? How should he take it? The worst human misfortune had befallen him. He had been made to look an ass: and the particular form of careerism of which he had been convicted was the very one his fellow writers would be the least likely to condone. Writers respect a colleague who works for fame; the pursuit of money is venial not venal, but to write to become "a person of importance" is not for an author an honorable objective. That is a goal for politicians.

How was he taking it? There was nothing he could do. *Cakes and Ale* could not be dealt with, as *Twenty-Five* had been, across a lunch talk. The days of dueling are past. He could not have assaulted in public a man ten years his senior and six inches shorter. He could not have addressed a letter to the *Times*. Ninety-nine times in a hundred it is wise to ignore attack; Walpole in that respect was wise. Unfortunately he overdid it. He not only behaved as though nothing had happened, but went out of his way to insist that nothing had happened.

A year later Elinor Mordaunt published anonymously a novel of which Maugham was undisguisedly the central character. It was called *Gin and Bitters* in America, and *Full Circle* in England. Maugham brought an action against the book in the English courts and obtained its suppression.

On the book's appearance in America, Walpole attacked it violently. The book was published there by Farrar and Rinehart, and for many years there hung in the firm's office a cartoon by Will Dyson entitled "The Noble Art of Self-defense." It showed a small frail

woman, holding a book before her face to protect herself from the assault of a man twice her size. Her assailant is unmistakably Hugh Walpole. The book in her hand is *Gin and Bitters* and the caption reads, "Now no one can say that *Cakes and Ale* was meant for me."

The caricature of Walpole is lethally vindictive. The name of Dyson may not convey much today. The reputation of a political cartoonist is fugitive. But his gift was great and individual. He worked for the extreme left wing, and no one could have rendered more bestial the profiteers of the first war and the moneyed worldings of the twenties. He drew them half animal, half human, sometimes as pigs in over-tight morning coats and over-tall top hats, their fingers dripping blood that became gold sovereigns as they reached their moneybags.

It was with that technique that he drew Walpole. He posed him in a Rupert Brooke style open shirt posturing as the incarnation of careless youth; but you saw at once that he was middle-aged; there was a glandular obscenity about his retarded adolescence; his fingers were heavily ringed; they were long, pointed, pudgy, the fingers of a decadent. It exposed a basic unwholesomeness underlying a spurious healthiness: *The Man with the Red Hair* showing beneath *Fortitude*. It was hard to look at Walpole afterward without remembering that cartoon.

I HAVE been told that it was only by degrees that Walpole realized how much damage the book had done him. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, if you ignore attack, the thing blows over, but *Cakes and Ale* would not blow over. It was too good a book; as long as it was being read, and there seemed no likelihood of its not being read during his lifetime, he would look an ass. And it became in time apparent that he had made a mistake in letting himself still be numbered among Maugham's acquaintances.

Late in the thirties Maugham gave a large supper party at Claridge's in honor of his granddaughter's birth. There must have been a hundred and fifty people there. There was no fixed seating; there was a number of small tables and you sat where you chose. Most of the guests were connected in some way with the arts, and the grandchild's health was proposed by Osbert Sitwell. Walpole was in any

gathering, because of his height and chin, a conspicuous figure, and there was a whispered "Fancy him being here," as he moved from one table to another. It was felt that he would have shown dignity had he stayed away.

His knighthood did his reputation little good. For no good reason, a knighthood has less prestige value for a novelist or poet than it has for an actor or a painter, a critic or a historian. The best novelists and poets have not been knighted and Galsworthy declined a knighthood. It was perhaps this reluctance of the novelist and poet to be addressed as Sir Francis or Sir George that encouraged Edward VII to institute the Order of Merit. When Walpole's name appeared in the Honors List, people said, "Ah, it's a consolation prize for *Cakes and Ale*." Walpole, to judge from the published extract in his diary, was aware of this. But he felt he would "like to be a knight."

During the last months before the war he contributed a critical causerie to the *Daily Sketch*, a paper now amalgamated with the *Graphic*, that had no literary standing. One wondered why he accepted the assignment. He could not have needed the money, and it must have been boring to wade through mediocre books. Did he want to feel somebody of consequence? At the end of the twenties Arnold Bennett had written a weekly article on books for the *Evening Standard*. But that had been a different matter. The *Evening Standard* was an important and influential paper. It had given Bennett a pulpit. And Bennett had enjoyed a sense of day-to-day eventfulness. He had felt in the swim. He "made" several books, *Jew Süß* in particular, and every writer was anxious to be reviewed by him. But the *Sketch* could not do that for Walpole.

As the nineteen-thirties moved to their shadowed close, a feeling of irritation toward Walpole became apparent among other writers, the result possibly of a sense of guilt on their part, the realization that they had been unjust to him. It would be idle to pretend that most of us had not taken a malicious pleasure in his discomfiture. The Malvolio motif is an unfailing formula, it is human to be jealous of success, and *Cakes and Ale* had been very funny. But all the same we recognized that he had been unfairly treated. We resented his having given us the sense of guilt.

III

IN THE spring of 1939 he was sent to Rome by the *Herald Tribune* to report the coronation of the Pope. In *The Roman Fountain* he used this trip as the framework for a variety of digressions. It is one of his better books, but it was published after the war had started and it contained much with which at such a time it was hard not to feel impatient. He wrote gratefully of the kindnesses he had received from Somerset Maugham when he was a young man in London.

Why, one asked, must he maintain this pretense of friendship? He explained that he had given a false impression of complacency when he was young by holding up his prominent chin to keep his pince-nez in position. It seemed childish that he would be worrying about that at this late day. He described his loneliness in a hotel bedroom on his first night in Rome. It was a self-pitying passage. "Really," one thought, "what is he fussing about now, living in a comfortable hotel as the *Tribune's* guest with a large check awaiting him at the end!" He went on to wonder whether in such a hotel he might not one night feel the first symptoms of a mortal malady. A morbid passage. But, as I said, one was unfair to Walpole. Perhaps he did have a premonition then. At any rate, two years later he was dead.

He died in June 1941, when nerves were strained. For a year England had been carrying on a war single-handed. Russia had not yet been invaded, America seemed stable in neutrality. There had been the winter's bombing. Defeat was following defeat, in the Balkans, Greece, and Crete; the brief gains in the desert had been mostly lost. It was easy at such a time to snap. But making allowance for the temper of the moment, his obituary notices were astonishingly malevolent; they

gave the impression that their authors had been smoldering for years with irritation, that they had not wanted to say what they felt during his lifetime because "after all the old boy was likable and they were sorry for him," but that now they could not wait to get it off their chests. Nothing could have surprised me more at Christmas 1918 than to have been told that in 1941 I should be reading such obituaries.

Maugham has said more than once that a man who has done you a bad turn never forgives you for it, and it would seem that he has not forgiven Walpole the injury he did him. In *A Writer's Notebook* he compares him with Charles Garvice, unfavorably in terms of popular appeal. Surely that is scarcely just. Garvice may have sold more copies of his books, but Walpole must have made very much more money than Garvice did. And in his preface to the American edition of *Cakes and Ale* which was printed on the front page of the Sunday book section of the *New York Times*, he identified Walpole as the original of Alroy Kear, describing him as a man whom you could like but could not respect, dismissing his work as negligible. The nail in the coffin.

Rupert Hart Davies quoted in his biography, in particular reference to the *Times* obituary notice, the concluding sentence of Charles Morgan's section on Walpole in *The House of Macmillan*: "So good a storyteller is likely at any rate to live longer than many a *petit maître* who sneered at him as soon as he was dead." But with the driving of that nail home, it is probable that more and more readers will join Anthony West in a complete identification of Alroy Kear with Walpole, and that Walpole will be recalled not as the author of the Herries chronicle but as a minor character in one of the world's best light novels. Literary history contains few episodes as ironic.

All Right, Send Them "Oliver Twist"

THE Lebanon Board of Film Censors has recommended that the American film "Ivanhoe" be cut to remove "pro-Zionist" leanings. The film was criticized in the Lebanon press for depicting Jews as "admirable, humane persons who had lost their homeland and wander persecuted over the earth."

—AP Dispatch from Beirut, Lebanon, April 21, 1953.

The Soprano and the Piccolo Player

A Story by Mary Murry

TO us, his fellow-regulars at the local, his fellow-players in the New Philharmonic, he seemed neither old nor young, of no known age: he was outside all age groups, all associations, all intimacies, quite alone.

We accepted him, acclaimed him even when, after rehearsals, he arrived to take up his usual position, back to the wall, one elbow on the bar. We had a tolerant affection for his passive, comfortable presence: it imparted the same air of reassurance and good cheer as a plump, purring cat upon the hearth, and yet he was never any more of us, of the gathering, than the solitary animal. We carried on our conversations across and around him, taking him for granted as we would a piece of solid furniture, some familiar fixture we'd miss only by the draft sighing through the gap it left. Even the older ones, who must have witnessed his steady expansion through the years, even they had no more than hearty commonplaces for him, and he would reply as heartily, grateful for their notice.

But when at last he had laboriously transferred his weight back on to his feet and said good night, the stir of his departure was always followed by a regretful, slightly guilty silence which someone was sure to break by remarking, "Nice chap, Froy."

Nice chap, Froy, we thought. (He would have a name like Esmé!) Good fellow. Steady. Gave sound advice—and then only when you asked for it. Good-natured, easy-going, but discreet. And reliable. Never tight when he shouldn't be, never late for rehearsal. Never known to play a wrong note either. Fine ear, old Froy. Fine sense of phrasing, too. Fine, sensitive musician altogether. First-class.

Pity the piccolo hadn't more to it, more scope, more opportunities, more of a future in it. Like the violin or the cello. Or the oboe, or even the clarinet, if he must stick to woodwind. But it had its moments, the piccolo. Oh, it had its moments!

There was the obbligato, for instance, the obbligato which the Pocket Soprano sprang upon him at rehearsal.

Our Resident Conductor demurred—one could hardly protest to a guest soloist of international repute, so he demurred. Her choice for an encore was—er—unusual. She agreed. Quite—er—unusual. She agreed. Most—er—most-er-Unusual? she suggested with malicious innocence. Quite so, quite so, but an obbligato, a flute obbligato, would require an inordinate amount of rehearsal. Inordinate? Well, after all, it was not a program item, was it? She retaliated with a dazzling, thrusting smile with enough power and drive behind it to launch another thousand ships.

"My dear Maestro, everything I rehearse I think of as a program item. Don't you?"

"But my dear Diva—" he began, perilously near to protesting. Too late. She had already handed a copy to the first flute.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized, easily, lightly, gracefully, to our Conductor, "but there seem to be only these two copies in existence."

"Purcell, did you say? I probably know it." But he sounded merely as disgruntled as he was feeling.

Once more the brilliant, vanquishing battery of a smile: "Oh, no, that's quite impossible."

"Indeed?"

"You see, it has only just been discovered. I discovered it! In a bundle of old manuscript music I bought at a sale. And I only said

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia



ascribed to Purcell. That's why I don't want it formally announced. I want to try it out first as an encore, unofficially as it were. I think the reaction of the public should be interesting, don't you? Not to mention the critics', if any!"

It was all over. She had carried the day. And our Conductor so far capitulated as to accept her casual invitation to look over somebody's shoulder. But, stopping short of complete and ignominious surrender, he chose the shoulder of his First Flute. Flutey, as we called him, was a scanty chicken of a man with an undue regard for authority, five mouths to feed, and an ulcer.

The Conductor's smoldering breath on his pink, plucked nape so unnerved him that he bungled the reading badly. In the middle of a tremolo passage the Diva broke off with ominous abruptness, while over his First Flute's head the Conductor smiled in a kind of perverted triumph. Raised eyebrows, raised shoulders—You see?

Brazenly she flashed back at him: "It's the instrument, the tone that's all wrong, isn't it? This is seventeenth-century music, and a modern concert flute isn't bright, delicate, acute enough. What I really want—and what I'm sure the composer intended—is the trill of a soaring lark. I must have a second, a companion lark. I must have your Piccolo. Which is he?"

The score was now hastily thrust into the fumbling, astonished hands of Esmé Froy. Of course it fluttered to the floor. He grabbed after it, too late. And there it lay—like the whistling Bavarian gentleman's missing dachshund—in the most impossible of places, between his own two feet. He rose up, overturning his chair and his music stand, which were hastily righted by the Second Flute next to him, and, suspecting from long experience where the score must have settled, he neatly sidestepped so that it came once more

within his range of vision. Then, sighing with satisfaction at having spotted it and even more deeply at the prospect of having to exert himself further to bend down and retrieve it, he proceeded with enormous difficulty to fold his whale-like bulk in two.

ALARK. A trilling, soaring lark. A fit companion for the tiny, exquisite Soprano. She recoiled in embarrassment, momentarily suspecting the Conductor of having used poor old Froy to play a practical joke upon her in revenge. As if in confirmation the Harp began to titter *en sourdine*. But the rest of us kept staunchly silent. The Conductor, who would have liked to look injured, looked merely disagreeably blank. Instead of rapping, outraged, for instant silence, he laid down his baton with an extravagantly theatrical gesture of resignation of the dispossessed. It had pleased the Diva to usurp: so be it. The direction was no longer in his hands.

As for the Diva, twisting her fingers with chagrin, she turned brusquely away on the impossibly high, impossibly pointed heel of her exiguous shoe. She could never bear unintentionally to wound the so patently vulnerable.

Froy himself, however, seemed quite unaware of the storm and stress about him—they say there's no calmer spot than the center of a cyclone. Having settled himself once more in his place, with the score safely propped on his stand, he began with an eager serenity to explore the lost song now found again. The unheard air so enchanted the musician in him that the man became quite oblivious of his surroundings, his fellow-players, the Conductor, even the Diva. Without waiting, without warning, he raised his piccolo to his lips and, miraculously, his fleshy, pendulous fingertips released the long pent-up melody as tenderly as a woman might blow a kiss. Then,

with a little shake of the head and a sigh of satisfaction, he smiled deeply and secretly into his clutter of chins and began the obbligato. Attacked it, I should have said, employing a brilliant, crystalline tone as keen and pure and brittle as ice-splinters from an April sky.

The Diva was listening like all of us, entranced. His first exploratory caresses of the lost aria had halted her retreat and lured her back, and now his magically sparkling piccolo drew after it her warm human voice, swooped upon it, paused in flight, feinted like a courting cockbird, doubled back on it, lifted it, tossed it, and finally caught and fondled it until the two were one.

None of us had ever heard anything quite like it, except perhaps a connoisseur's recording of some choice fragment of the illustrious past. After a moment of cracking silence we began to applaud helplessly, irresistibly, more as an outlet to our own emotions than a conscious tribute to their artistry. We even cheered, and the Third Trombone, who hadn't long come out of the Forces, so far forgot himself as to let out an outrageous wolf-whistle and stamp his feet.

The Diva was radiant. She was quite used to having to deal with outbursts of mass hysteria in her audiences—but that was the public. Such an obviously spontaneous exhibition of enthusiasm by jaded, rehearsal-weary experts was another thing altogether. She was excited, exhilarated by the Piccolo's evocative performance, her own response, and their combined effect upon us, so exhilarated that she seemed poised physically for flight. But then her feet hardly touched the ground anyway, just the tip of the toe and a pinpoint of a heel. She fluttered over to Froy.

He was grounded all right. Stranded. Now that it was all over and he'd come only too literally back to earth, right out of his natural element, there was nothing left, nothing but a great mountain of flesh upon flesh, capped by a silly, embarrassed simper. And that was how he appeared to himself too—I could see that.

She took his great dollop of a hand in both of hers and breathlessly thanked him—almost humbly. She might have been a school-child receiving a prize from the headmaster.

He hadn't even the wit to stand up, or maybe he hadn't room and was afraid of the general upheaval it would cause, so he just

sat on, simpering. But she didn't seem to notice that side of him and began to discuss the score. One of the Trumpets behind prodded him, but by the time he had realized what for she had sat down beside him and the need had passed. So he put his piccolo to his lips once more and ran over various passages for her again. We began to drift out, the Conductor with us. The rehearsal was over as far as we were concerned.

SHE was so delighted, both with the ultimate perfection of their performance at the concert and with the sensation it caused throughout the musical world, that she threw us a party. It was Froy's party really, of course. He was fussed over and feted by royal and society amateurs, eulogized anew by the critics, who could afford to let themselves go over cocktails more than they might have cared to in cold print, and it was rumored that a great part of the evening was being spent in discussing contracts with a phonograph company, who were anxious to add the newly discovered song, complete with Froy's obbligato, to the Diva's existing recordings.

We visualized a long and profitable partnership between Froy's piccolo and the Soprano, and drank to their success. Good old Froy! Fine, sensitive musician. Altogether first-class. Got something too. Absolutely. A definite *je ne sais quoi*. Oh, very definite! Always had had. Anyone could see that. With half an eye. And now he was getting somewhere with his piccolo. Going places. We'd always said he would, hadn't we? Well, not in so many words, perhaps, but—

Certainly we minnows had hardly a glimpse of him from the time we arrived until the time we left. Among strangers who knew of him only by his artistic success, his physical abnormality invested him with an aloofness, a certain hauteur, a sort of portentousness, so that even quite important people like the phonograph tycoon stood a little in awe of him. But he was still more alone than ever. Impressively so.

For us, with not a thing on our minds and lots to celebrate, it was the jolliest of parties. In the vestibule afterward I remember the Timpani rolling royally out, supported by a couple of Strings and an Oboe, all three of whom proved broken reeds. The Harp was both unaccompanied and upright, but a shade

too *largo e maestoso*. I was just behind him, *serioso* I hoped, *ma non troppo*, for our hostess had come out into the vestibule with the phonograph tycoon to look for Froy. I suppose they had some last minute message for him.

He also emerged, having just struggled into his overcoat which he rarely exerted himself to button, and in the confusion of removing his hat once more on catching sight of his hostess, he dropped a glove. I hoped he hadn't noticed it or would have the sense to ignore it, but the pantomime of the Bavarian gentleman and his little dog began all over again—only this time old Froy was three parts full of gin.

There they stood, the Diva, the phonograph tycoon, and Froy, in the very center of the now crowded vestibule, spotlighted. Froy sidestepped very carefully until the missing glove came into view again, and then he realized the predicament he'd got himself into. He must either try to bend down to retrieve the glove, which, if he lost his balance, could end only in disaster and ridicule, or publicly funk it—and everyone would know why. Too late now to pretend he hadn't noticed it. He peered piteously down at it, swaying a little in anticipation of the dizzy plunge, the ignominious topple.

And then help came from the most unexpected quarter: Froy's *dea ex machina* was, appropriately enough, the Diva. In a single swift ripple of a swoop she had retrieved and restored it to him.

"Don't you know you must never, never, never pick up your own glove?" she reproved him indulgently. "It always brings bad luck."

From the reverent, adoring way he received it from her I knew he'd never again wear it—on his hand, anyway.

OUT in the quiet street we could hear one of the French Horns tranquilly wending his way home, *andante cantabile*, to Camden Town. Froy and I found ourselves waiting more prosaically on the curb for a bus to Notting Hill, but a taxi came instead and he hailed it. He clambered in abstractedly, without giving the driver any directions, so I told the man Froy's address and got in after him as a matter of course, intending to take the taxi on to my own rooms in Holland Park.

So far he hadn't spoken a word to me, and I began to feel something of an intruder, but I didn't think he was even aware of my being there at all until a jolt at the traffic lights bounced us together and he grunted: "Huh, that you, Clarinet?"

"Rocky road to Dublin, eh?" I responded idiotically, feeling more than ever that I shouldn't be there disturbing his peace and privacy. I felt worse than an intruder now; I felt I was an eavesdropper, a Paul Pry, because I could sense a third presence in the cramped darkness. He had carried her with him from the house.

I thought up an excuse in case Froy was with me enough to expect one, and was leaning forward to tell the driver to drop me at Edgware Road, when I heard Froy say: "Ever been in love, Clarinet?"

It must be the gin, I told myself, but remembered uneasily that even on occasions when I had seen him as tight as a timpano old Froy had never before strayed from his decorous banalities to the intimate or the infinite. I hastily adapted myself to this newly-discovered romantic vein of his. "Once or twice," I admitted nonchalantly.



He received in silence my effort to make light of it and, just as for the second time I was about to rap on the driver's glass partition, he asked abruptly: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven, sir," I answered up automatically.

It had the most extraordinary effect upon him.

"Don't call me sir!" he cried out. "I'm only thirty-three!"

It was a sob, a great cataclysm of a sob.

I had always rather vaguely assumed that with that collop of a jowl and that preposterous paunch of his he must be quite fifty. But now I never doubted him. That terrible cataclysmic sob was a lamentation unto the gods, a heroic howl of Promethean protest against the intolerable burden of clay that was slowly smothering his little spark of divine fire. Already it had cheated him, still young, of his youth.

I don't suppose that many young men of twenty-seven have been called upon to deal with such a situation, or that any of them would know what to say if they were. I didn't. I felt tied hand and foot by my very freedom. Young and unfettered, whatever I said by way of commiseration must surely stink of patronage. As for sympathy, I had never known and never could experience his own peculiar tragedy, and so the very word was a mockery I dared not utter.

Although it seemed a coward's way out, I believe I did the best thing in saying nothing, doing nothing. My feelings surged up so overwhelmingly that I think they reached out to him, touched him almost physically, so that Froy sensed the presence of a friend in the cramped darkness, just as I had earlier the woman.

He said no more until just before we reached the gaunt house off Ladbroke Grove, where he had a flatlet, which was really a bed-sitting-room with a couple of gas-points and a sink.

Then, between pride and humiliation, he confided to me: "Did you see? She stooped and picked up my glove to save me from making a fool of myself."

The taxi stopped for him, and I knew that the rest of the evening would be spent in maudlin tears beside his gas-fire. Already I could see them splashing with the silver sixpences into the meter.

FROY made his recording for the phonograph company and emerged from the anonymity of one of the seventy-four members of the New Philharmonic into the rather dubious renown of "that obligato man of hers." However, the song, which turned out not to be by Purcell after all, but by some lesser composer of the period, had quite a vogue and the record sold well. Other sopranos with other piccolo players performed it up and down the country in concert halls and over the radio, but none of them ever attempted it twice: no one seemed able to bring to it what Froy and his Diva had given. So the public insisted upon their performance and their performance only, and the record sold better than ever.

Thanks to the generous terms she had obtained for him from the phonograph company, Froy was doing quite well. The original contract brought others, but although there was no agreement to bind him he obstinately refused to play for any other soprano—and he had quite a few offers—even after she bought herself a villa in Italy and decided to make it her home.

She would drop him a line once or twice a year, a friendly, chatty little note, or a flip-pant picture post card, sometimes from half across the world, but on all of them there blazed at you from between the lines: Mustn't forget poor old Froy! In the privacy of his bed-sitting-room he made a pathetic point of showing me all of them as they arrived, half in exultation, half in despair, and afterward they were always solemnly, sacrificially set alight within the black-leaded fender before the row of cold asbestos columns of his extinguished gas-fire.

I persuaded him, now that he seemed assured of a small but steady supplementary income from his phonograph royalties, to move into a real flat of his own in a modern block on Primrose Hill, which one of the Second Violins was giving up. He appreciated the streamlined comfort and convenience of the place and of course the luxury of a lift, but all the while I had the feeling that he would really rather have remained undisturbed in the twilight of Notting Hill—an old bullfrog resigned to his puddle—and had made the move simply to please me, the one intimate friend he had ever had.

By this time I had left the New Philhar-

monic for broadcasting, and I used my new position and contacts to push him as hard as I could. I insisted on his coming out and about with me, where he could be seen and meet people who might be useful to him. For a whole year and a half I saw that he never missed a single important party I could wangle invitations for, and shamelessly gate-crashed on the rest. I set to work on his appearance, too, sent him to specialists, saw that he faithfully carried out the treatments they prescribed, watched over his diet, and at last succeeded in knocking three whole stones off his twenty-odd. This, they said, was the most he could hope for, but at least his sprawling unwieldy bulk was now disciplined into a certain compactness; so I sent him to a decent tailor for a complete new wardrobe. I gave him no peace at all, poor Froy, but he suffered me gladly because I was his friend.

I would not admit even to myself that I was doing all this in an effort to lessen the appalling gulf between him and his Diva. We rarely spoke of her, even when she wrote and a letter or a post card had to be read and ritually burned—in an open fire now—and so I persuaded myself that Froy was and had always been completely resigned about her, and that in building up his career for him and husbanding his finances I was merely providing him with a compensatory interest in life. But for us both there remained always that possibility, that slender, tantalizing possibility.

Froy now broke new ground. He, too, left the New Philharmonic and the films claimed him. At one of our duty parties we were introduced to a tired young man who, I think, can best be described as a kind of under-nurse to his company's Number One Producer. He looked ready to drop, but brightened up when I threw in with a nicely calculated casualness: "You know Froy—the obligato man."

And on the reputation of that record, Froy found himself engaged to arrange, compose, and otherwise provide a pipe-and-tabor motif for the sound-track of a highly stylized, rather precious version of "Love's Labour's Lost." I went rigorously into the question of fees in all three capacities and possible royalties too, not forgetting the all-important credits, and we finally emerged with a contract which could, if the film were at all successful, bring

Froy a lot nearer his Diva than either of us had dared to hope.

For I knew by now that the one thing that might give him the courage to approach her was the confidence inspired by worldly prestige and material possessions. Apart from his music, they were all that he could ever hope to gain, this side of the grave.

THE preliminary consultations held in the company's Mayfair conference rooms couldn't have gone more smoothly, and soon the day arrived for Froy to be fetched from his flat in one of their limousines and driven down to the studios for the sound-track recordings. But the chauffeur couldn't have been properly briefed, for he delivered up the unsuspecting Froy to the wrong department. By the time he had been traced and rescued his head had been shaved.

The sudden obscenity of his soft, pink, grotesquely babyish hairlessness simpering back at him from a mirror so afflicted him that he couldn't bring himself to speak of it for several days, even to me. It gave him a naked, a defenseless, a ludicrously stricken look, which I was never to forget.

But the film company, appalled at the slick havoc so efficiently wrought by their Grooming Department and fearing the unwelcome publicity of a possible court case, hurriedly pressed into poor Froy's limply eloquent hand a check for exactly treble the amount of his fee, together with a nervous assurance that his hair would grow again in no time at all, no time at all.

It did grow again, of course, but only just in time for him to appear without the toupee, to which he had had to resort, at the world premiere. The film owed much of its success to Froy's brilliant realization of the director's idea of the pipe-and-tabor motif, and he cut quite a figure in the foyer. Within the month we knew that in his modest way he had arrived.

His Diva sent him a blithe little card of congratulation, from Stockholm. She was glad to hear he was getting on so nicely in films and hoped to see "Love's Labour's Lost" for herself when she returned to London at the end of the week. But even then it was I who suggested that he should offer to take her, and he smiled that secret little smile of his I had first noticed when at rehearsal he was trying

over the obbligato. He didn't burn that card.

"From now on I'm going to keep them," he announced momentarily. "And all her cuttings too."

He went out and bought from an antique shop in the Burlington Arcade an exquisitely carved little sandalwood box to put them in. But the very first cutting after that was her picture in the lunch edition of one of the evening papers: it appeared beneath the caption set out in funereally heavy capitals—ENGAGED.

I went round to him at once, hoping he hadn't yet seen it. But he came to the door with the sandalwood box in his hand. We went into the sitting-room where he had a log fire burning—it was cold still for the time of year.

"Just a moment," he said, in the most matter-of-fact way, "I must put this on too."

Presently the room was filled with its fragrance.

And then she arrived. She had never sought him out like this before.

"Just as well you're here too!" she greeted me gaily as I let her in. "As a newly-engaged woman I shouldn't really be here at all, should I? But then of course it's different with Froy."

He must have heard it all through the open door, and that last remark was all the more lethal for its innocence.

As she crossed the sitting-room to him she cried: "Oh, what a heavenly perfume! What is it?"

And spread her wanton fingers to the blaze. "Sandalwood," he said.

Following his glance she saw only a fire of logs.

"But how extravagant of you!" she exclaimed.

"In future I shall be less—prodigal," he admonished her, but she was used to his solemn manner and thought nothing of it.

"I won't keep you a moment," she raced on, "because I'm on my way to a fitting at my dressmaker's and I've a taxi waiting outside, but I've come to ask you a favor, a very special sort of favor."

It was, of course, to play at the wedding.

"With pleasure," he said conventionally, and I caught my breath as he added: "If we may afterward have your song with my obbligato."



"Oh, I'm so glad you suggested it yourself," she effused.

"In the circumstances I can think of nothing more—fitting," he remarked, so jerkily that I hustled her out to her taxi.

"Aren't you being rather too generous?" I asked him afterward. "Are you sure you can go through with it?"

"I shan't be going through with it," he replied with a disquieting equanimity.

"But you've promised."

"Yes, I've promised."

"What reason will you give, then?"

"None. I just shan't turn up."

I was appalled. This wasn't our gentle, easy-going Froy. Beneath his composure there lurked a violence which brought back to me the constrained, Promethean darkness of our taxi-ride to Notting Hill.

"But you can't do that to her!" I exclaimed. "She'll never speak to you again."

"That's what I want. Easiest way out."

"After all her kindness, and the interest she's shown in you?" I stupidly persisted.

"It's not her kindly interest I happen to want," he said, with such an arrogantly crushing finality that I very nearly called him sir again.

I had just a month in which to wean him from his purpose but then I never seriously thought he would hold to it. All he needed, I argued, was a little time to get over it, a week, ten days, a fortnight, and then, in no time at all, no time at all—Where, I wondered uneasily, had I just recently heard those glibly reassuring words?

In about a week's time I would ask him as casually as I could what music he thought of choosing for the service, just as though nothing had happened. But when I did, and tentatively suggested the obvious Bach or Handel, he gave me an angelic smile—more that of a fallen and slightly sinister angel, I remember thinking uncomfortably—and said, without a trace of interest: "Yes, that's a splendid idea." It was almost as though he were humoring me.

In the end I myself adapted some Bach for the piccolo and clarinet and decided to accompany him myself—more, I'm afraid, because I thought that in his present state of mind it would be safer and more convenient, than out of any musical consideration. Froy's Voluntary—was there ever such a misnomer!—was fast becoming something to be lived through, got through as decently as possible.

As for their song with the obbligato afterward, I knew that mercifully there was no need, nor ever would be, for rehearsal, and felt that anyway any mention of it from me would be an impertinence.

I was getting really anxious about Froy's trance-like stupor as the month drew to an end. In spite of his having been forbidden alcohol by the doctors, I think I should almost have welcomed a bout or two of heavy drinking from him, and so I was relieved more than anything when, after a final deathly rehearsal on the eve of the wedding, he suggested we should go down to the old local and see if any of the boys from the New Philharmonic were there. (Could it have been the old bullfrog seeking refuge in his puddle?)

THE bar was full of them: they had been rehearsing late for a symphony concert the next day, and you could see things hadn't gone too well with them either, so Froy got an ovation. They'd missed his cozy, reassuring presence, and the draft had souged too long through the vast gap it had

left. And now here he was back in his old place, propping up the wall, one elbow on the bar, just when they all needed him most.

Look who's here! Well, well, well! Where'd old Froy been hiding himself all this time? Coy Froy! Behind the Kensington Gasworks—or the Earl's Court Exhibition! Where else could he? Looking very fit, anyway. Lost a bit of weight, too, hadn't he? That must be the films. Up at the crack of dawn, on the set all day, what? Just wait till his next picture! He'd be the star in that! Put Errol Flynn's nose right out of joint! Good old Froy! What was he having? Gin? Gin! And so say all of us! And so say all of us!

It developed into a full-scale celebration. Each one of them clamored to stand him a drink, and in return he stood them all round after round. There was such an awful lot to celebrate—the recordings, the broadcasts, the now world-famous pipe-and-tabor motif, the new flat, the weight he'd lost, the Diva's wedding tomorrow. They even dragged in that wretched bit of Bach I had mutilated for the Voluntary.

Good old Froy! Fine, sensitive musician. First-class. Always did say he'd got something, didn't we? Always did say he'd go places. And now, here he was, right at the top of the tree. Top of the tree! Top of the bloody ol' tree. Good old Froy! Goo' ol' Froy!

The quiet drink or two with old friends had now passed from a celebration into an orgy quite beyond my control. It was impossible to get him away until closing time, and then with the help of two or three of the soberer ones I managed to maneuver him through the side door into a little back street.

I had never seen him so drunk.

Outside he was quite incapable of putting one foot before the other, and everything depended on whether three of us could keep him upright against the wall until the fourth fetched a taxi. In a state of sweating exhaustion we took turns at thrusting our shoulders beneath his armpits, claspings him about the knees—it was impossible to clasp him anywhere else. Each time we thought we had him safely propped a new subsidence threatened and we had to race feverishly round to one another's rescue. It was nightmarish, like being in charge of a doped elephant.

"Come on, Froy," I urged. "Busy day tomorrow. Time you were getting home."

"Certainly," he replied expansively. "Only too delighted." And added with an elephantine twinkle: "If you can get me there."

I glanced at him sharply. Through his besottedness there seemed to run a single sober thread. It was uncanny. Like an actor submerged in his part and yet capable of watching his own performance.

As the taxi at last came round the distant corner he broke free from us, somehow lurched across the pavement to a lamp post, steadied himself and then, as though remembering a task he had set himself, he solemnly laid himself down in the gutter. There was no collapse: it might have been the deliberate charade of a sober man.

"Goo'-night," he murmured, tranquilly composing himself for sleep, his purpose achieved. "Busy day tomorrow. Busy day. Ssh! Ssh! For Christopher Robin is saying his prayers. God bless the bridegroom, and God bless the bride, and a goo' time to all."

By the time the taxi had pulled up he was snoring with raucous complacency.

This was the end. What could the four or five of us do against that tremendous pull of gravity? And at any moment a policeman might come upon us, spelling scandal and ruination in his notebook.

This time Froy's *deus ex machina* was the taxi driver.

"Cor'," he crowed softly, gazing in admiration at our stranded whale. "Block and tackle job, this!"

Then, with a reassuring "Arf a mo'!" over his shoulder, he nipped across the street and disappeared resourcefully into the rear of a rather obscurely placed fire station, from which he returned, as good as his word, riding

in triumph with a crew of three upon a motor truck. I viewed their uniforms with misgiving, but there was a comfortably unofficial air about them, just as though they had torn themselves from an off-duty game of billiards for a moment or two to oblige. They lost no time, however, in maneuvering their truck into position. I noticed a sort of crane mounted behind.

"Just the job, ain't she?" the taxi driver observed, rubbing his hands with professional satisfaction. "'Aven't 'ad 'er aht since we was in the Light Rescue, back in the old blitz."

He then busied himself pushing back the hood of his taxi while his former colleagues fastened a kind of breeches-buoy about the peacefully slumbering Froy and hoisted him on high. There they let him dangle in the lamplight for an unreal moment. I think they were fascinated, knowing that never again in a lifetime would they behold such a sight.

Then he was gently lowered into the taxi, like cargo into a ship's hold, and within another minute or two the firemen had disappeared with their truck once again up their alley-way, and our taxi was heading for Primrose Hill.

OUTSIDE the block of flats the five of us, a perambulating playpen about our Gargantuan toddler, got Froy safely up the steps, into the lift, out again, across the corridor, and into his flat. There, having rewarded the taxi driver and said good night to the boys, I was free at last to throw myself upon the settee in the sitting-room for the night, too weary with anxiety and sheer physical effort to notice whether I was warm or chilly, comfortable or cramped.



And tomorrow, tomorrow would be the wedding.

I woke reasonably early, telephoned to my rooms for some suitable clothes to be sent over for me, and took in to Froy all the hang-over remedies I could lay hands on.

As soon as he had come to enough to realize that he was safe at home in his own bed, he demanded in an aggrieved tone to know why he hadn't been arrested and locked up.

"Through no omission of yours, rest assured," I retorted sourly.

"Then who was it who slipped up?" he complained, querulously pompous, "because I distinctly remember lying down in the gutter."

Slipped up indeed! It was my turn, I thought, to sound aggrieved. I gave him a pretty nasty recital of the night's work, sparing him nothing, not even the ignominious details of his having been loaded like a bale of merchandise through the open roof of the taxi.

He was furious with me, though not from any sense of vanity or outraged dignity.

"What right had you to interfere?" he shouted. "Can't a man get himself drunk and incapable and be left in peace to be arrested if he has a mind to? And to think I'd got as far as snoring in the gutter!"

I remembered the single, sober thread, the apparently deliberate charade beneath the street lamp.

"Froy!" I cried. "You planned it all!"

Thrusting me aside, he heaved himself out of bed. "But it's not too late now," he muttered. "It's not too late now."

"What are you going to do?"

"Go round and give myself up."

"What for?"

"What I should have been arrested for last night if the police had done their duty properly. Just like them! Never a one in sight when he's wanted!"

"But you're stone-cold sober now—or are you?"

"Never mind," he retorted acidly. "Thanks to you I can describe to them exactly what I was like last night—the block and tackle to get me up, the snores in the gutter, Christopher Robin, and all!"

"They'd never believe you," I mumbled, shame-faced.

"I have my witnesses," he said in cold, hurt

defiance. "The Third Trombone, the Second Flute, the French Horn—" He paused, ominously reproachful. "And you too."

"You know you'd get nothing out of any of us."

His defiance turned pitifully to the bravado of a frightened, desperate child.

"Then I'll call the fire brigade!"

"Nothing doing there either," I replied. "It was all strictly unofficial and off the record. The men won't remember anything about it. If they did they'd get into serious trouble."

"I see," he breathed. It was a great sigh of deflation. And again he muttered forlornly, "I see."

There followed a wretched silence which I cut short by adjuring him gruffly to stop being such a bloody fool, which turned him tearful.

"It was my only way out," he whimpered. "My only way out."

Of course it was. Too late I began to regret my trite resentment, my wanton, slow-witted malice.

"What am I to do now?" he went on. "I can't go through with it, and I can't stop away either, with nothing to prevent me. Whatever am I to do?"

I pulled him down on to the bed again and sat beside him, reasoning with him.

"Now, look," I said. "You're going down to some church or other where you will hide yourself up in the organ loft in order to play through a perfectly execrable arrangement of Bach, and I, the arranger, will do my best to see you through. Never mind whose wedding it is. Try not to think of that. Just get on with the music. That's the main thing. It will need all your attention, believe me. You can give the reception and the obbligate a miss. Say you've been taken ill or something. But you must put in an appearance at the church."

As he listened to me all the resistance oozed out of him.

"I knew it would end like this unless I did something drastic," he lamented. "I knew I'd somehow have to get things taken right out of my hands."

When he was ready dressed and we were setting out together, he said: "I may as well go through with the obbligate at the reception too. Right through to the bitter end."

So I got him to the wedding.

IF ONLY by some miracle poor Froy had been the bridegroom he would, in his nervous state of twittering bliss, have been the first facetiously to declare himself a lamb brought to the slaughter. Unsaid, in cold, cruel reality, it was only too true. It was nothing short of immolation.

Up in the pagan twilight of the organ loft we were utterly remote from the bright ceremony going on among the flowers and candles below. And Froy, the passionate, Promethean Froy, was slowly dying. Poor old Pan was expiring, breathing his last into his pipes.

Certainly no one could have recognized our duo as Bach, and I was told afterward that its effect was quite unearthly and eerily moving. But then people are never so easily moved as at a wedding. They feel cheated if they aren't.

At the reception Froy rallied and played the obbligato for his Diva as he had at that first rehearsal. All the freshness was there, the excitement, the exploratory caress, the swift pursuit, the tenderness—and with it all the brittle, sparkling purity of tone. And once again that rare moment of cracking, straining silence before the explosion of applause.

This time Froy employed it to snap his piccolo in two across his knee.

The bridegroom and some of the guests seemed alarmed, but not the bride. She was enchanted. She took it, bless her, for a graceful compliment, a piece of artistic gallantry, a chivalrous gesture akin to the shattering of a glass from which a loyal toast has been drunk. But for me it wasn't difficult to recognize it as a renunciation, a farewell. Just how final I had yet to learn.

During the next few days I worried a lot about Froy's state of mind. I was scared of these sudden outbursts of mental violence beneath his apparent docility and quiet, matter-of-fact manner. I shrank from suggesting a psychiatrist, so I compromised, fatally alas, and persuaded him that he needed a holiday.

He caught on quite eagerly to the idea and said he'd like to go to the South of France and perhaps Italy if the money lasted. As usual I made the arrangements, but I was so relieved to see him apparently taking an interest in something at last that I sent him along with his passport to arrange with his

bank about the money. He seemed pleased to be able to do something for himself and trotted off at once.

The day came. We were to have met at the airport, but Froy never turned up. I waited for him and missed our flight. There were no more vacancies so I returned to town. He wasn't at his flat—I'd always had a key of my own—and his luggage had gone too. I phoned back to the airport to make sure he hadn't got there after I had left and taken advantage of a last-minute vacancy, and then I sat down to wait for his return. But I never saw him again.

I spent a hideous night with Froy's vast form constantly before, spread-eagled in mid-air, falling, always falling—into the Thames, in front of a tube train, off the flat roof of the block. And as he fell I heard again and again that rending cataclysm of a sob: "Don't call me sir! I'm only thirty-three!"

In the morning I found out from his bank that he had taken his currency in American dollars and, as an emigrant, had arranged for more to be sent out to him through a bank in Los Angeles. I cabled and then wrote to him there several times but never received a reply. Finally I made inquiries through someone I knew who had gone out to Hollywood with a film contract, and learned eventually that Froy was making a modest though quite a comfortable living filling fat men parts in third-rate slapstick.

His specialty was a drunk sequence in which a host of devoted but diminutive buddies valiantly rallied round to save their big buddy from the cops. Sometimes they were firemen, sometimes musicians, sometimes a baseball team; once it was ice-hockey, with the whole thing played on skates and a whale of a goalkeeper.

The variations were infinite, but the theme distressingly the same, and I saw from the stills sent me that he appeared exactly as he must have caught sight of himself back in that Grooming Department, shaven poll and all. It never failed, so I was assured, to convulse the customers.

But for me that naked, stricken look of his had now become tragically ludicrous. It had never occurred to me, as it ought to have done, that he might commit that sort of suicide.

The Easy Chair

Heading for the Last Roundup

Bernard DeVoto

THE most effective disseminator of propaganda is the man who spreads it innocently. It is possible that some of my readers took part in the radio program which I proceed to describe. It is certain that almost everyone who took part in it spoke the lines provided for him in good faith, trusting the organization which had provided them. He would not voluntarily have used his position as a leader in his community to support a series of misrepresentations and misstatements. But that is exactly what the organization in question beguiled him into doing.

That organization is the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Its Radio-Television Section sends to local chambers scripts to be broadcast in a weekly program called "The Business Viewpoint: A Radio Report to the Community from its Business Men." On March 10, 1953, it thus sent out its Series A, Program 56, "The Public Lands." The program is in the form of a dialogue between two business men, and has blanks at the proper places so that the right local names and allusions can be inserted. Thus the local chambers would be led to co-operate in the campaign I have frequently described here: to turn over our publicly-owned natural resources to exploitation by private parties.

A small but powerful group of Western stockmen have taken the lead in this campaign and their prime objective is the Forest Service. They hope, first, to deprive the Service of its power to regulate their use of the public grazing ranges and, ultimately, to buy at two cents on the dollar such national forest lands as they may want. This would

so breach our long-established conservation policy that private interests would forthwith be able to get hold of the far more valuable publicly-owned timber, oil, minerals, and hydraulic power. And that shining vision explains why the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has put its power and prestige at the service of the stockmen's propaganda. It has elaborated and reissued the stockmen's misrepresentations in a series of press releases. It has reproduced them in an official pamphlet, "Policy Declaration on Natural Resources." They appeared in a much publicized speech by its president, from which I quoted when I discussed land frauds in the *May Harper's*. Observe that this speech was an official address by the President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce—since then his term has expired—and that he was voicing the propaganda line of the livestock pressure group.

Perhaps not altogether altruistically: he is himself a stockgrower. He is vice president and director, and his brother is president, of a large New Mexico stock company which uses public grazing ranges. His company holds grazing permits from the Bureau of Land Management for 3,000 cattle, 10,000 sheep, 250 horses, and 165 goats. From the Forest Service it holds grazing permits for 180 sheep, and crossing permits, spring and fall, for 3,000 cattle and 10,000 sheep. A big operator.

The canned radio speech is a rehash of these familiar distortions and misstatements. It is misleading throughout but for the most part too puerile to deceive anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the facts—as of

course neither the local speakers nor their audiences would be expected to have. I select from it a few statements that will be endlessly repeated in the developing, post-tidelands attack on the public lands. Remember that the operation against the Forest Service is the key to the whole campaign. If "a larger measure of local control" can be achieved by turning the national forests over to the states for private sale, then all the other public reserves will follow as a matter of course.

The voices of our radio dialogue open with a standard gambit. They are shocked by the large amount of land in the United States which is in federal ownership, and by the fact that the states in which that land is located collect no taxes on it. Revealing that their target is the Forest Service, they say that the federal government owns 91 million acres of timberland. They say that this amounts to 40 per cent of all commercial standing timber. They compare this shocking figure with "a country where socialistic ideas are popular," Sweden: there, they say, in spite of socialistic ideas only 25 per cent of the timber is publicly owned. Here one of the voices should be fed through a patch-board to the echo effect, so dire is its message: "Some of the Western states are owned almost lock, stock, and barrel by the government. . . . The national government owns 87 per cent of all the land in Nevada."

Sensation! In Nevada, perceive, socialism has ceased to creep; it has broken into a gallop and will ride us down. The audience, its fear of Big Government aroused, is to envisage six-gun bureaucrats wrenching the state away from its citizens.

THUS an innocent local speaker is induced to mislead an uninformed audience, and we may call this lying by intimidation. The basic reason why 87 per cent of Nevada is in public ownership is that more than 70 per cent of it is land which the government proved unable to give away. When the national domain was virtually closed, in 1934, three-quarters of the state was still open to entry under the various Acts of Congress designed to give it to settlers. It had been thus open for many decades but no one had homesteaded it. It is the very dregs of the public domain, waterless and sterile. It could not be given away now, and if someone could be

induced to take it, it could not pay a tax. Such land constitutes nine-tenths of the federal holding in Nevada. The Chamber's propagandists could hardly have avoided knowing as much. But Nevada's creosote-bush desert may help them get a loop on publicly-owned timber, oil, minerals, and power elsewhere.

Scrutinize the rest of that preamble. The Chamber plucks its statistics from the air and must be flunked in arithmetic: I can find no tables that give the areas it cites and its percentages are in error. Actually there are 74 million acres of commercial timberland in the national forests, 16 per cent of the total in the United States. How did the Chamber arrive at its 91 million acres? Is it adding in timberland on Indian Reservations? That is private property. Is it including state, county, and municipal forests? They are publicly owned but not federally owned. And if the total is 91 million acres, however arrived at, then it constitutes 20 per cent of our commercial timberland, not 40 per cent. (Double by inadvertence?) And by the way, the less socialistic Sweden imposes government regulation of cutting and a good many other scientific forestry practices on private forests.

When technicians of political distortion say that public lands pay no local taxes they are telling the truth, but not enough of it. This half-truth will be hurled at Congress innumerable times, as the technicians work to get the public storehouse of natural resources knocked down to desirous corporations. What the Chamber of Commerce neglected to mention to its uninformed audience was the payments made to states and counties by the federal government in lieu of taxes, and the revenue-sharing payments that are the same thing under another name.

These payments vary from class to class of the public lands. The national forests pay 25 per cent of their gross receipts to local communities. Lands under mineral lease pay 37½ per cent of royalties received. Land-utilization projects of the Soil Conservation Service pay 25 per cent of net receipts. Federal Power Commission projects pay 37½ per cent of the license fees of power sites. Wildlife refuges pay 25 per cent of net receipts. Grazing districts under the Bureau of Land Management pay 12½ per cent of gross receipts, lands under the same bureau not in grazing districts, 50 per cent. There are some

lump-sum payments, such as the \$300,000 paid annually to Arizona and New Mexico by the Hoover Dam Project. Perhaps a few exceptions are theoretically conceivable, but a generalization will hold: if these properties were in private ownership they could not pay anywhere near so much in taxes to local governments.

In 1952 Forest Service payments to Idaho from timber sales were three-quarters of a million dollars, to Washington almost three million, to California more than three million, to Oregon more than four million. In 1951 Wyoming got four million dollars from mineral leases, Colorado nearly two million dollars, New Mexico one and three quarters million.

There are also indirect benefits in cash. The federal government shares the expense of fire-protection in state and privately-owned forests. In 1951 the state of Washington received more than half a million dollars for this purpose, Oregon just less than three-quarters of a million. Federal highway aid is paid at a higher rate in the public-land states than in the others, and this too is in lieu of taxes. Mention of such facts, however, would have spoiled the propaganda effect.

NEXT the radio voices profess to be alarmed by the additions that are made to the public lands, purchases by a land-hungry, tax-obliterating centralized bureaucracy. One of them says with horror that since the turn of the century "the government has added 45 million acres to its holdings—and has consistently been trying to acquire more." You can see the Forest Service fairly pushing New York City into the Hudson.

Here are some classes of federal acquisitions: dust-bowl and other submarginal land that had to be retired from cultivation; tax-delinquent lands bought in other forms of local relief; lands acquired by gift, such as the Rockefeller donations to the national parks; lands bought by towns to protect their water supply and given to the government for protection; similar tracts bought at the solicitation of threatened communities. The Chamber of Commerce also neglects to say that its total includes large areas bought for military and atomic installations—to mention them would have impaired the picture of the Forest

Service as out of control and dangerously encroaching on our liberties. For the same reason it neglects to say that by far the largest part of its total actually attributable to the Forest Service consists of purchases made under two acts of soundly Republican Congresses, the Weeks Act and the Clark-McNary Act. One authorizes the Service to buy land for the protection of watersheds, the other to buy it for reforestation and the establishment of forests.

The Forest Service conducts this activity under the direction and supervision of a body set up by Congress, the National Forest Reservation Commission. It includes representatives of both houses of Congress and the Secretaries of the Army, Interior, and Agriculture. It has long been engaged in a scientific program which has given the South and the East the national forests they so greatly prize—before it there were national forests only in the West. Purchases under these Acts in the West have been negligible, 8,000 acres in Nevada, 22,000 acres in Utah, and in most of the other states none at all. Whereas purchases amount to more than a million acres each in Arkansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia, and Wisconsin; to more than half a million acres each in Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and West Virginia. Weep for the disappearing West.

These forests are among the finest achievements of our conservation policy, a vital step toward reducing our serious scarcity of wood, invaluable for recreation in the heavily populated East and for the protection of its watersheds. Most of the land that was bought for them had been logged and was tax-delinquent; eroding, a fire hazard, it was a public danger; it was good for nothing except to grow trees. The Forest Service has changed it from a public liability to a public asset of constantly increasing value. And note this, which the Chamber of Commerce fails to point out: every purchase was consented to by the state involved. Otherwise not an acre could have been bought.

SO FAR the program has confined itself to distortion and misrepresentation; now it experiments with falsification. One of the voices says that the government has its

eyes on 35 million acres of private (it should have said, non-federal) timberland, which it wants to add to the national forests. That is true; the figure was proposed by a study of future needs and ways of meeting them. The voice goes on to imply, however, that the Forest Service is going to take this land by some kind of seizure, by somehow forcing it out of the hands of its helpless owners. The speaker describes the system by which the Service sometimes exchanges tracts of timber for other tracts or for cut-over land—but describes it with stark dishonesty. He intimates that the Service forces private owners to make exchanges, that it does so in avoidance or defiance of congressional intent, and that by so doing it defrauds the U. S. Treasury. And he says in a remarkable fabrication, “the idea has not been to save the taxpayers money. It has been to increase the size of United States forests and decrease the taxable lands from which they have been taken.” The bureaucracy wants to bankrupt the states: I conclude that here one of the cowboys took over from the professional script-writer.

What are the facts? Practically all the timber sales which the Forest Service makes are for cash, after competitive bidding. Sometimes, however, it exchanges mature timber for immature timber, which it will scientifically husband for future use, or tracts of timber for tracts of logged-out land which it will reforest.

These are comparatively small transactions, and *almost all of them are initiated by the timber operators who profit from them.* If there was no profit for the operator, there would be no exchange; no one is pointing a gun at him; usually, if he did not dispose of his land in this way, he would let his title lapse by non-payment of taxes. Sometimes, however, there are value-for-value exchanges, from which the Forest Service profits directly as well as the operator. The Service makes an exchange to consolidate isolated small holdings or rationalize forest boundaries, to conserve scenic or recreational values, or to protect threatened portions of watersheds. No coercion is possible. No private owner is compelled to make an exchange and it is safe to say that none does unless he profits by it.

Look at the program's total, 35 million acres of contemplated future acquisitions. Of this, 23 million acres were long since approved for purchase—approved not by the ravenous Forest Service but by the body I have mentioned, the National Forest Reservation Commission—and this entire area is in the East. Not an acre is in the West which the Chamber of Commerce represents as being everywhere reduced to the helplessness of any clump of sagebrush in Nevada. The remaining 12 million acres are a small total, when you consider that they are spread over all the national forests, the forests which are and must always be the foundation of our entire conservation program, and when you consider what the future is going to demand of them. Sometime I will describe here the purpose of the contemplated acquisitions.

THE rest of the Chamber's dialogue consists of repetitions of the stockmen's propaganda assertions, even more childish than the one I have just discussed. No one who knew anything about the subject could take it seriously. The point is, however, that it was written to be broadcast to a public which was assumed not to know anything about the subject and therefore, so the Chamber hoped, could be induced to support the attack on the public-land system, the attack on the public's own property.

Just how does the U. S. Chamber of Commerce get that way? It is entitled to adopt any public-lands policy it may desire to and to advance that policy by any honest means. But it is not, I think, entitled to mislead and misinform its member chambers, the private persons whom it thus uses as stooges, and the public at large. The Chamber has lost status, it has become suspect.

This, however, is only a specimen of tactics that can currently be observed in many places. They are deliberately dishonest tactics. You will hear many repetitions of them; you will hear them, especially, repeated in Congress, as the bills to make corporate property of the public lands are taken up. See to it that no one is allowed to get away with them. See to it that no one imposes them on your Congressman.

How Red Was the Red Decade?

Granville Hicks

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine, who joined the Communist party at an early age and wrote for its publications under his own name, left the party in 1939. A year or so later he was drafted into the Army. Toward the end of the war, when he had achieved fairly high rank and was in a responsible position, a newspaper reporter exposed his erstwhile party connections, and he was flown to Washington to be interviewed by an important government official. "Is it true," the official asked him, "that you once wanted to overthrow the government of the United States by force and violence?" "I guess so," X said, and then added, "but that was only one of a lot of foolish ideas I had when I was young." As if wondering what further depths of iniquity were to be revealed, the official inquired apprehensively, "What ideas?" "Well," X said, "for a good many years I was perfectly convinced that sooner or later I would sleep with Greta Garbo."

A lurch for a movie star, like many other indiscretions, can be easily forgotten, but not, as things are today, membership in the Communist party. Some of the leading citizens of the town in which I live were members of the Ku Klux Klan in the nineteen-twenties. Personally I think it is more honorable to have belonged to the Communist party than to have belonged to the Klan, but I quite understand that that isn't the issue. The Klan is dead, and the party, unhappily, isn't. No Klansman has been exposed as an agent of a

hostile foreign power, and the wearing of a white sheet has come, with the passage of time, to seem as ridiculous and innocuous as a passion for Greta Garbo.

The irreducible facts behind the present turmoil over communism are the danger of a war with the Soviet Union and the proven activity of some American Communists in the Soviet cause. Some liberals, in their dismay over the rise of McCarthyism, seem to overlook these facts, and that may be why they have been losing their fight against McCarthy. The majority of Americans are determined, quite rightly, to defend themselves against the Communists, and if they have accepted the leadership of McCarthy, that is in part because liberal leadership often seems blind to fundamental realities.

When, however, the reality of the Communist danger has been admitted, we must go on to say that the nature and extent of that danger are being grossly misconceived. For four or five years the basic misconception, as Alistair Cooke pointed out in *A Generation on Trial*, has been the equating of communism, 1935-39, with communism, 1948-53. At bottom, I now have no doubt, the party was the same in the thirties as in the forties and fifties, but what most Communists and fellow-travelers thought about the party in the earlier period was very different from what most people, including most of those who were members and sympathizers at that time, are thinking about the party today. In the

Granville Hicks, who has long been a well known student of American social and intellectual history, was also an avowed Communist from 1935 to 1939. This is his frank estimate of the influence of communism in this country in the thirties.

first hearings on communism in education of the House Committee on un-American Activities, I listened to the testimony of Robert Gorham Davis, while waiting my turn, and I confess that I felt amazement—and some slight nostalgia—as he talked about the little band of Harvard Communists to which he and I had belonged in 1938-39. Even I had forgotten the way it was.

TODAY that qualitative misconception, if I may call it such, is being compounded by a quantitative misconception. A year or so ago *Commentary* published an article on civil liberties by Irving Kristol, now executive secretary of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, an anti-Communist organization to which I belong. In the course of the article, which made many valid points, Mr. Kristol asked:

Did not the major segment of American liberalism, as a result of joining hands with Communists in a Popular Front, go on record as denying the existence of Soviet concentration camps? Did it not give its blessing to the "liquidation" of millions of Soviet "kulaks"? Did it not apologize for the mass purges of 1936-38, and did it not solemnly approve the grotesque trials of the Old Bolsheviks? Did it not applaud the massacre of the non-Communist left by the GPU during the Spanish Civil War?

I know that the answer is supposed to be, "Yes," but to each of these questions I am obliged to reply, "No." Some liberals did some of these things, but I think it can be demonstrated that "the major segment of American liberalism" never did any of them.

Mr. Kristol, I imagine, is not old enough to have taken part in the events of the thirties, and I think he is being misled by a group of individuals who ought to know better. These persons were anti-Communists, or at any rate anti-Stalinists, in the later thirties—*i.e.*, at a time when Stalinists were in a position to talk back. There may have been some excuse then for their exaggerating the influence of the Communists, for they were on the receiving end. As the years have gone by, however, it seems as if they should have revised their estimates. Actually they have piled exaggeration upon exaggeration, until a myth has taken shape.

To be specific, I will quote from an article by John Chamberlain in the *Freeman*:

Long before Communist Harold Ware . . . planted his cell in the Department of Agriculture in Washington . . . the Communists were busy with Objective No. 1, which was the capture of New York, the word capital of the United States. This job was pulled off in the thirties. . . . In time, the infiltrates achieved a wide amount of power to give and withhold jobs, to accept and to refuse manuscripts, and to exalt or to sabotage books and articles. . . . By their oblique control of writing in the thirties and early forties, the Communists managed to poison the intellectual life of a whole nation—and the poison has lingered on.

This is now what might be called standard opinion in certain anti-Communist circles. I have heard a prominent Socialist speak of "the Red stranglehold on the moving pictures and radio." A magazine editor recently told me that "the American educational system has not yet recovered from the way it was debauched when dominated by the Communists." Again and again the assumption is made that the Communists did in fact dominate American intellectual life for a period of ten or fifteen years. And this myth has spawned another myth: the myth of the persecution of the anti-Communists. W. H. Chamberlin, also writing in the *Freeman*, gave it definitive expression:

It is highly probable that, if a fair, honest count were made of persons who were victimized during the war and immediate post-war period because they were "premature anti-Communists" and of those who have been called to account for real or alleged pro-Communist leanings, the number of cases in the first category would exceed the number in the second.

The basic document in the creation of a distorted view of the thirties is *The Red Decade*, which Eugene Lyons, another disillusioned sympathizer with communism, published in 1941. So far as facts go, the book is largely reliable, but the impression it gives is false. My response to the book may be conditioned by my distaste for the names Lyons calls me—for those I deserve even more than for those I don't. This is all part of my

past, and my attitude is likely to be biased. But when I summon to mind all I know about communism in the thirties, I cannot square my recollections with Lyons' picture.

II

AS A Communist in the thirties, I felt, and rejoiced to feel, that I belonged to a movement that was growing in power. Thanks to the Depression, the party had greatly increased its membership and, even more greatly, its influence, and its influence continued to grow during the entire period, 1935-39, in which I was a member. Yet as a writer, a publisher's adviser, and a teacher, I was never conscious of the kind of power in the intellectual world that John Chamberlain attributes to the Communists. Far from capturing "the word capital of the United States," we won only small and precarious victories.

Let me tell of what I know, beginning with the publishing business. I suppose that in the thirties almost every publishing house in the country had at least one Communist or Communist sympathizer on its staff. In many instances the political views of these men and women were known to their colleagues and superiors; in others they were suspected; in others they were more or less successfully kept secret.

It is also true that many books sympathetic to communism were published in these years, and frequently, I am sure, it was a Communist editor who brought in a Communist book. It is fatuous, however, to conclude that these books were always, or even as a general rule, "put over" by these editors. What some people are able to forget is that there was a market for left-wing books in the thirties. One need not postulate a Communist conspiracy, for example, to explain why Covici Friede published John Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power*; in the atmosphere of 1933 the book was bound to be popular. The firm of John Day, co-operating with the *New Masses* in offering a prize for the best proletarian novel, was a victim not of a conspiracy but of an illusion that proletarian novels would sell. When Harper & Brothers published the early books of Richard Wright, when Harcourt Brace published Ella Winter's *Red Virtue*, when Doubleday Doran published *Red*

Medicine by Sir Arthur Newsholme and John A. Kingsbury, when Random House published Angelo Herndon's *Let Me Live*, when Knopf published Agnes Smedley's books on China, these eminent firms were simply behaving like publishers.

The Macmillan Company published my book, *The Great Tradition*, in 1933, with full awareness that it purported to be a Marxist study of American literature. In 1935 they not only brought out a revised edition that was even more explicitly Communist but brought it out in co-operation with International Publishers, the official Communist publishing house. In 1936 Macmillan published my *John Reed*, a biography of a Communist by a Communist, and were happy to have it selected by the Book Union, a book club whose Communist leanings were obvious to everyone. And during all this time the president of the company was an outspoken conservative, and none of the editors, so far as I ever discovered, was a Communist or a Communist sympathizer.

I know something about the situation at Macmillan in the thirties, for I was one of the firm's literary advisers. Naturally my judgments were influenced by the fact that I was a Communist, and this was taken for granted by the editors. It was so definitely taken for granted that I couldn't have put anything over. I recommended a certain number of books that were sympathetic to communism, but I recommended them for what they were and on the grounds that they would sell. I also recommended, on the same grounds, some anti-Communist books, including Arthur Koestler's first novel, *The Gladiators*. On the other hand, the company published at least one Communist book—Henri Barbusse's *Stalin*—that I never saw until it was in print.

The policy that I followed in my work for Macmillan was, I like to think, a matter of integrity, but it was also plain common sense. After all, an editor or adviser who recommends a series of unsuccessful books, whether out of bias or out of bad judgment, doesn't last long. For that reason, Communists in other publishing firms were obliged to adhere generally to the same policy, whether they liked it or not. "Infiltrees," as John Chamberlain calls them, were probably responsible for some of the pro-Communist books pub-

lished in the thirties, but they accomplished less than he thinks—and less, I am sure, than they thought at the time.

AS PEOPLE forgot then and forget now, it is one thing to get a book published and another to get it read, as the fantastic story of Modern Age Books shows. This firm, which was founded to publish both reprints and original books in paper-bound editions, was financed by Richard S. Childs, who, to the best of my belief, was not a party member but was scarcely a militant anti-Communist. Its pioneering experiment in publishing paper-bound books, an enterprise that became so spectacularly successful in other hands, proved a failure, partly because there wasn't sufficient study and preparation but also because the Communists took the firm over.

Modern Age did a lot for the Communists. Heaven knows how many it employed in one capacity or another, and some substantial advances fell into Communist hands. Moreover, many party-line books were published. Some of these, including my own *I Like America*, did fairly well, but the majority were flops. Even when the party pushed them for all it was worth, they would not move. Childs poured in money, but the firm tottered and fell, and a lot of loyal Communists went looking for jobs.

The story of Modern Age is in some ways comic, but it has, in my nostrils, a bad odor. When I think of the indignation that would have convulsed me in the thirties if there had been a publishing house staffed by Fascists and devoted to Fascist books, I cannot feel complacent about Modern Age and the part I played in its operations. If there were such a house in existence today, I would denounce it as promptly and as heartily as I would have denounced a Fascist concern in 1939—or would denounce one today. Yet it would be easy to exaggerate the evil that Modern Age was able to accomplish. If some of its books may have had a wide influence, most of them, I believe, were bought almost exclusively by people who were already convinced Communists. And the company was ruined, in no great length of time, by its Communist activities.

In *The Red Decade* Eugene Lyons has a chapter called "Intellectual Red Terror," in which he argues that pressure was used to pre-

vent the publication of anti-Communist books and that such books, if they appeared, were attacked and vilified. I know of only one attempt to suppress a book, and Mr. Lyons mentions only one, and they happen to be the same: a concerted effort, in which I refused to take part, was made to try to persuade Viking Press not to publish Benjamin Stolberg's *Story of the C.I.O.* It failed. Perhaps there were other attempts that succeeded, but the fact remains that many anti-Communist books were published in the thirties, none more successfully than Mr. Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia*. All the writers he mentions as victims of the intellectual red terror—John Dewey, Max Eastman, Ben Stolberg, James Farrell, John Dos Passos, William Henry Chamberlin, etc.—found publishers in the thirties. Nor was Lyons the only writer who was able to express his disillusionment with the Soviet Union; he himself speaks of Andrew Smith, Fred Beal, Jan Valtin, Freda Utley, and the Tchernavins.

OF COURSE these books were attacked in the Communist press, in language as virulent as that employed by Mr. Lyons. And in the heyday of the Popular Front there were, as he says, strategically placed reviewers who, if not Communists, tended to reflect the Communist line. But it was not my impression then, and it is not my impression now, that the Communists had things their own way. I wrote an article for the *New Masses* of October 2, 1934, in which I argued, with considerable evidence, that the *New York Times Book Review* assigned almost all books on Russia to anti-Communists, usually Russian enemies of the Soviet regime. I further pointed out that the editor and several of the principal reviewers consistently went out of their way to sneer at and belittle American writers known to be sympathetic to communism. Mr. Lyons can call my article part of the "intellectual red terror" if he wants to, but no one will deny that the *Times* had more influence in the world of books than the *New Masses*.

Some time later (December 7, 1937) I wrote an article on the book reviews in the *Nation*. Both the *Nation* and the *New Republic* had played a part in the leftward swing of the intellectuals, and in the later thirties both adopted editorial positions that were in gen-

eral agreement with the Popular Front line. The *Nation's* book section, however, was under the direction first of Joseph Wood Krutch and then of Margaret Marshall, both of whom were anti-Communists. Miss Marshall drew a large share of her reviewers from the rapidly expanding group of men and women who, after some contact with Stalinism, had grown disillusioned. A number of them were Trotskyites. Pro-Communist books, I pointed out, were given to such reviewers as Abram Harris, Edmund Wilson, Ben Stolberg, Louis Hacker, Sterling Spero, Suzanne LaFollette, Anita Brenner, James Rorty, Philip Rahv, Sidney Hook, and James Burnham, all of whom could be counted on not to like them. The *Nation's* book review section was an organ for those anti-Communists who, according to Mr. Lyons, had such a bad time.

We felt—make no mistake about it—that we were the victims, that we were the ones who were being persecuted. The big magazines, those that paid good money, were notoriously hostile not only to communism and the Soviet Union but to virtually all the ideas advocated by the Popular Front. An individual writer for one of these magazines might be a Communist sympathizer, but he was both smart and lucky if he got away with any propaganda. Kyle Crichton, for instance, a staff writer for *Collier's*, saved his radical ideas for the articles he wrote for the *New Masses* under the name of Robert Forsythe; he did not try to put them over in *Collier's*.

III

IN FACT, communism scarcely made a dent on any of the mass media—the popular magazines, the movies, the radio. Congressional investigations have revealed that some Hollywood writers and actors were Communists or fellow-travelers at one time or another. The investigations, however, have not shown that these Communists influenced in any significant way the content of the moving pictures. I remember back in the thirties how excited we were over advance reports on “Blockade,” which, we were told, was going to strike a great blow for the Loyalist cause in Spain. But when the picture appeared, it did not even indicate on which side the hero was fighting. During the war a couple of pic-

tures appeared that were favorable to the Soviet Union, but no more favorable than our official policy at that time. The Hollywood Communists have no doubt been useful to the party, to which they have given large sums of money and which they may have helped in other ways, but I am still waiting for someone to point out to me an American movie that actually contains Communist propaganda. And if there ever has been any propaganda, it has been a tiny drop in a large bucket running over with traditional American sentiments.

The same thing is true of radio. There were commentators in the thirties who seemed to accept the Popular Front ideology, but most of them were exceedingly cautious. As a rule, the Communists in radio who have been exposed have been actors or script writers—as unable to influence policy as their Hollywood brethren. The Communists in the radio industry may have exerted a malign influence, particularly in the unions, but they have not been able to get away with much propaganda.

The black picture that Lyons paints hasn't much relation to the reality that I recall. Speaking of “the intellectual and moral red terror,” he says, “It could bar you from house parties on Park Avenue, jobs in Hollywood, places on the relief rolls of your city, fair treatment in the columns of great conservative papers, a hearing before supposedly broad-minded public lecture forums, access to federal projects.” Perhaps Communists did all these things at one time or another in one place or another, but the suggestion that they could do them all the time and everywhere is ridiculous.

If we need further proof that Lyons exaggerates the Red influence, he furnishes it for us. In the spring of 1939 a group of men and women, calling itself the Committee for Cultural Freedom, endorsed a statement that Lyons had prepared, denouncing totalitarianism as it existed in Germany, Italy, Spain, Japan, and Russia. “More than 140 men and women in intellectual pursuits had signed this statement by the time it was made public in May,” Lyons says. “Scores of additional adhesions to this basic formulation of free men's faith came in from all over the country.” And this in spite of the intellectual red terror!

There was, of course, a Communist counter-

attack—an open letter protesting against “attempts to bracket the Soviet Union with the Fascist states.” Mr. Lyons gets a good deal of understandable amusement from the fact that this letter appeared just nine days before the Soviet-Nazi nonaggression pact, which made a lot of those of us who signed it feel silly—and worse than silly. But perhaps the important thing to notice about the pro-Soviet letter is that its signers seem rather less distinguished than the signers of the anti-Soviet statement. Comparing the two lists, one gets the impression that anti-communism—and this was anti-communism, not just non-communism—was the dominant intellectual force. If it was not on August 14, 1939, it certainly was a fortnight later.

It is also important to observe that five of the signers of the Committee for Cultural Freedom statement had been among the fifty-two intellectuals who had endorsed the Communist candidate for President back in 1932, and that at least half a dozen more had been in some sense fellow-travelers. Even in the thirties, when communism seemed to be so powerful, it was constantly losing adherents among the intellectuals. The party used the intellectuals for all they were worth, but it was aware, as most people today are not, that there were limits beyond which most of them could not be used. To say this is no kind of defense of myself or anybody else, nor is it intended as one, but the fact has to be taken into account.

IV

THIS fact is particularly important when we turn to another field, the teaching profession. Many teachers, especially college teachers, were Communists or sympathizers in the thirties. Like other intellectuals, they saw the Great Depression as proof of the collapse of capitalism. They had, moreover, some special grievances against the status quo. Not only had they been badly paid even before the Depression; many of them had been considerably pushed around by the business men who dominated the boards of trustees of the private colleges. Teachers were constantly being told about the glories of freedom of thought and speech, but in practice they discovered that discretion was essential to professional advancement. In an article

that I wrote after being dismissed from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, I called teaching “the timid profession,” and the phrase still seems apt. But if most teachers conformed, a certain number rebelled.

Again it is hard to remember how much the atmosphere has changed. Today Communist teachers are charged with disloyalty to the government, with conspiracy in the interests of a foreign power, and with the surrender of intellectual integrity. In the thirties, however, Communists were charged, quite simply, with being anti-capitalists. Week after week in the spring of 1935 Acting-President Edwin C. Jarrett of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute maintained to all comers that my dismissal was purely a matter of economy. But in speaking to the alumni at Commencement time, Jarrett said: “We were founded by a capitalist of the old days. We have developed and prospered under the capitalistic regime. The men we have sent forth and who have become industrial leaders have, in their generosity and for the benefit of the youth of the country, richly endowed us. . . . If we are condemned as the last refuge of conservatism, let us glory in it.”

That same June Silas H. Strawn, former president of the American Bar Association, was the Commencement orator at Middlebury College in Vermont. After saying, “One of the guarantees of the federal Constitution is the freedom of speech,” he continued: “Recently we have heard much about ‘red’ activities in the colleges and universities of the country. I am unable to sympathize with the elastic conscience of those who inveigh against the capitalistic system while on the payroll of a college or university whose budget, or whose existence, is due to the philanthropic generosity of those whose industry and frugality have enabled them to make an endowment.”

No member of the Middlebury faculty was likely to miss the point, for earlier that spring each of them had received a letter from President Paul D. Moody, significantly headed, “Don’t rock the boat.” “We do not want our students to be thoughtless,” President Moody informed his teachers, “nor do we want to tell them what to think. But we do not want them to go off at half cock. Least of all do we want them to go out of class quoting us as anarchists, Communists, athe-

ists, free-lovers, as, I regret to say, now and then some student does. In all that is said about capital and labor, public utilities and government ownership thereof, marriage and divorce, social customs, the liquor question and a dozen and one other matters, we cannot be too guarded." He concluded: "I should feel justified in requesting, in these days as I might not in others, the resignation of any who are unwilling or unable to subordinate their private views to the interests of the College. . . . I hope that what I have said will not be regarded as in any way a desire to dictate what you shall think, or to interfere with your private views."

Such outspoken attacks on academic freedom cannot justify the acceptance of a system that denies to teachers even a vestige of freedom and that punishes even accidental divagations not with dismissal but with execution; but they help to explain why some teachers were in a mood to adopt desperate remedies. Most of the teachers who turned to communism refused to admit the extent of Soviet tyranny, but, whatever excuses they invented to salve their consciences, they did know that academic freedom was sharply restricted in Russia. What they told themselves was that academic freedom was also restricted in the United States, and that one had to choose between communism and real or incipient fascism. The second proposition was false, but the truth of the first gave it a certain plausibility.

The number of teachers who were Communists or fellow-travelers was never, of course, more than a tiny fraction of the teachers in the country. The vital question, however, is how much influence they were able to exert. The other day, speaking at a college for teachers, I was asked whether, if I were a college president, I would permit Communists to teach. I replied that this was a problem on which my views had changed more than once. At the moment, I said, I was inclined to feel that I would retain, or even hire, an avowed Communist who was competent in his field, but that I would fire anyone who had concealed his Communist affiliation. I put this forward not as a solution of much practical importance but as a way of indicating that I saw little reason to be afraid of communism when it was in the open.

My answer shocked a young woman, who

drew a startling picture of a Communist teacher, luring his students on with his pleasant manners, winning great popularity among them, and seducing vast numbers to their eternal damnation. When she had finished, I could only say, "You don't have much faith in the other teachers." Her kind of argument, which I have heard again and again in a variety of forms, always assumes that Communist teachers are phenomenally persuasive—and non-Communist teachers phenomenally dumb.

My own situation at RPI was not unlike the situation the young woman and I conjured up. My position as fellow-traveler was well known, for, writer-fashion, I had recorded my conversion, step by step, in the public press, and from January 1, 1934, on, I was on the editorial staff of the *New Masses*. Because my position was known, I had to behave in my teaching job as I behaved in my Macmillan job: I leaned over backward to keep my biases out of the classroom, and I called attention to them when they forced their way in. But even if I had done my level best to convert my students, how much headway could I have made against the several hundred members of the faculty who were thoroughly committed to the capitalist system? The exponents of capitalism, moreover, felt perfectly free to express their views in the classroom—this was not at all the kind of thing Acting-President Jarrett had in mind when he deplored the raising of "controversial" issues—whereas I, whatever my wishes, had to be restrained.

LATER, for one year, I was a Counsellor in American Civilization at Harvard College, and I was a member of a Communist party branch made up of faculty members. It was this branch that was investigated last February by the House Committee on un-American Activities, and testimony indicated that its maximum membership was fifteen. As I pointed out to the committee, fifteen Communists, all in the lower academic grades, is not an impressive proportion of a large faculty—1,878 teachers, according to the *World Almanac* for 1939—especially at a time when the intellectual atmosphere was favorable to communism and the party's Popular Front line was supposed to be especially appealing to teachers.

After I had been subpoenaed by the House Committee, I tried to recall as much as I could about the meetings of that branch. We discussed many different subjects: Marxism, the Soviet Union and the way it was maligned in the capitalist press, the dangers of Fascism, the Spanish Civil War, the policies of the university administration, our plans for the Teachers Union, and the manifold and exhausting activities that were part of the Popular Front movement. But I could not remember that we had ever talked about how we could carry on Communist propaganda in the classroom. The testimony of the other witnesses completely confirmed my impression. The point is, I think, that, although we were or believed ourselves to be convinced Communists, and were anxious to win converts, we knew there were limits. Some of us felt there were limits beyond which we should not go; all of us felt there were limits beyond which we could not go.

Many Communist teachers, I am sure, went just as far as they could in presenting the Communist view of their subjects, but few of them were so situated that they could go very far. How much influence they had on their students is anybody's guess, except that it was much less than is supposed by those who, like the young woman I just mentioned, have swallowed the myth of the irresistibility of the Communist arts of seduction. There were many students in the thirties who joined the Young Communist League or belonged to one or another of the party fronts. Some of them, I am sure, were influenced by Communist teachers, but for the most part they were responding to the same influences as the teachers were. Communism was in the air, and a certain number of people were bound to catch it.

And again one must take account of the operations of disillusionment. Of the Communist teachers I knew, the majority broke with the party a long time ago. The others, I may say, have mostly been driven out of academic life, some because they were exposed as Communists, others because their dogged fidelity to the shifting party line rendered them obviously incompetent as teachers.

Disillusionment is a phenomenon that has not been sufficiently examined. As I have pointed out, most of the men who are responsible for the myth of the Red Decade—and

most of the highly articulate anti-Communists in general—were themselves, for at least brief periods, under Communist influence. They recovered, and so did a larger proportion of their associates than they are willing to admit. I have already observed that five of the fifty-two signers of the 1932 Manifesto for Foster and Ford were ardent anti-Communists even before the Soviet-Nazi pact. Many of the others joined the anti-Communist ranks shortly thereafter. When the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in 1949, the list of sponsors included nine of the names that had appeared on the 1932 Manifesto. To me it is appalling that there could be nine so-called intellectuals who could follow the party line for seventeen years. But, statistically speaking, nine out of fifty-two isn't much of a showing.

The significance of disillusionment, moreover, is not merely statistical. The fact that so many intellectuals have been disillusioned suggests that a lot of them were not very good Communists to begin with. The public has been educated by extracts from the writings of Lenin and Stalin to an understanding of what membership in the Communist party is supposed to mean, and the autobiographies of such persons as Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, who tried hard to be good Communists, have helped to create a picture of the perfectly disciplined party member, ready to obey without hesitation any command his superiors may give him. That is unquestionably the party ideal, but it is an ideal to which many Communists do not measure up, and in the later thirties, when it was seeking a respectable façade, the party did not even attempt to impose this ideal upon the intellectuals. Therefore, even if it can be shown that there were so many party members at such and such a time in such and such an institution, it does not follow that there were that many docile agents of the Soviet Union. Some of these people, if the party had tried to use them as agents, would have quit on the spot, and the party knew it.

V

TO SAY all this is not to extenuate the mistakes made by the intellectuals, myself included, who swallowed com-

munism. I am saying that we were suckers, and to a great extent we were, but it is no defense whatever for an intellectual to say that he was duped, since that is what, as an intellectual, he should never allow to happen to him. We were taken in by ideas we should have seen through and people we should have suspected. And, being writers and publicists, we proceeded to take in other people, which is why the party was willing to bother with us in the first place. There is no telling how much damage I may have done, and though I have tried hard in the past fourteen years to undo it, I am by no means sure that I have succeeded.

Nor am I suggesting that communism should be taken lightly today. Communism has never been so thoroughly discredited in the United States as it is right now, and if we could think purely in national terms, it would be nothing to worry about, but we have to think in terms of the world situation, and Communists as actual or potential agents of a hostile power are a danger not to be scoffed at. We must constantly be on the alert to meet their propaganda, and, as a nation, we must be able to combat their espionage and sabotage. If the danger is sometimes exaggerated, it is nevertheless a danger.

All I am trying to do is to destroy a myth. In his contribution to *Socialism and American Life*, one of the most careful students of the subject, Daniel Bell, writes: "Although communism *never* won a mass following in the United States, it did have a disproportionate influence in the cultural field. At one time, from 1936 to 1939, through the fellow-travelers in the publishing houses, radio, Hollywood, the magazines, and other mass media, it exercised influence on public opinion far beyond the mere number of party members." That, I think, is absolutely true, but although the influence of the party undoubtedly was disproportionate to its membership, it was not unlimited. The notion that communism dominated American culture in the thirties is false.

The notion has to be corrected, not only

to keep the record straight but also to counteract the damage the myth of the Red Decade is doing to our national morale. Every time somebody says, "Boy, the Reds nearly got us in the thirties," his listeners shiver, thinking, "It might happen again." The significant, the hopeful point, as Frederick Lewis Allen suggests in *The Big Change*, is that it never did happen. Even in the early thirties, when millions of people were hungry and desperate, the Communists barely polled 100,000 votes. Even in the later thirties, when the Popular Front had captured the allegiance of many intellectuals, they made little impression on the solid anti-communism of the great majority of the American people. Even when it tried to disguise itself as twentieth-century Americanism, communism could not count more than a few hundred thousand sympathizers. A hundred thousand disciplined Communists might be something to think twice about, but most sympathizers were as far from the Leninist ideal as most churchgoers are from the Christian ideal, and they soon found plenty of reason for backsliding.

That communism should seem thoroughly evil to most Americans today is natural enough. What is encouraging is that it seemed highly unattractive to all but a handful fifteen and twenty years ago, when our system appeared to be on the skids and when much less was known than is known now about Communist tyranny and aggression. Fifteen years ago I would have asserted that the American attitude towards communism was a result of misinformation and prejudice, and certainly it wasn't a purely rational thing. But it wasn't wholly irrational either. Most people felt that, however terrible the crisis was, we could figure out some way of meeting it. They didn't see any sense in tearing up the system, no matter how badly it was working, and trying one that looked good on paper. And they viewed with what turns out to be fully justified suspicion the Russian denial of national self-interest. In short, if we were suckers, most people weren't, and it seems to me that that happy fact deserves to be publicized.

Close-Up of a *“Workers’ Paradise”*

What’s Happening to Labor in Red Hungary

George May

IN MY forty months in Red Hungary, I found few sights more fascinating than the Budapest Opera House on festive nights. Then the “diamond horseshoe” is filled with workers’ wives in their Sunday best. At the spacious buffet, the medium-size Party bosses, factory managers, writers, and officers engage in a display of hearty cameraderie. As for the top leadership, it has its own lounge, with better foods and choicer wines, to which it repairs after some strenuous oratory.

This is the new Red aristocracy. It is the cream of the 100,000 workers and peasants who have been given responsible posts in the Party, State, Army, and Secret Police, and of the 70,000 others who have become “Stakhanovites,” or production pace-setters. Its composition is fluid, for those who fail the Party are promptly cast out; but for each person who is purged there are half a dozen aspirants waiting eagerly for a chance at this well-fed honor.

The backbone of the new Red aristocracy is workers. As almost any Communist theoretician will tell you, the worker is the pride, watchman, and vanguard of “the toiling masses.” Without him, power can neither be seized nor retained. It is by him—and for him—that the new, strange Communist world is being built. As Hungary’s Mátyás Rákosi explained a year or so ago in a remarkably Machiavellian essay, the secret of victory for the Communists lies in control of the Secret

Police—combined with control of the working class suburbs.

For the worker who marches in step with the Party, life is good. He is given preference in admission to Party membership, in acquiring a new job, or in moving into a house vacated by some deportee. A rigid quota gives his children preference in entering universities; and if they are dullards, the Party will see to it that they graduate nevertheless. Rich bonuses (known as “cultural” prizes) are given to those writers and painters who make a hero of the worker—or, still better, the Communist worker. And an artist whose father was, say, a bricklayer has three strikes on his less fortunate rivals.

So important is proper working-class descent for any self-respecting Red that Rákosi’s own family tree has been twisted to fit the new requirements. His father was actually a village shopkeeper, but has now been promoted by Communist biographers into a starving and rebellious worker, and *his* father has been converted into a village blacksmith who fought alongside the great Kossuth in the “freedom fight” of 1848.

IF YOU are a visiting Western “good-willer”—and I have seen hundreds of them pass through the satellite states—you may be tremendously impressed by the workers’ new exalted status. I remember meeting Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Britain’s “Red Dean,” who,

after a quick glance at life in Hungary, pronounced it wholly blissful. A week is enough to inspect the new "workers' apartments" for the Red aristocracy, to visit the former country clubs converted into rest homes for the "Stakhanovites," to see the new "workers' clubs," to talk to factory managers who only yesterday were humble ditch-diggers, and even to go through a chocolate factory, where sturdy and untidy girl-Stakhanovites are swinging around heavy trays of candy.

But a week is not enough to discover, for instance, that the box of chocolates given each visitor on departure costs a week's salary for most workers; or that the new aristocracy forms but a tiny portion of the working class; or that the majority are ill-fed, badly-clothed, over-worked, sullen, and preponderantly anti-Communist. I shall never forget the thin-faced, middle-aged worker who stood next to me at the bus stop in Budapest, near the tunnel which leads to the city from the exclusive districts where the new Red elite now lives in the villas of former merchant princes. A large Soviet-made ZIS automobile suddenly emerged from the mouth of the tunnel, complete with a driver and a bodyguard, and curtains concealing the passenger in the back seat. My neighbor turned to me, examined my tweeds, decided I could not be a Secret Police agent, and said acidly: "Ashamed! Ashamed to show their faces to us after all those promises!"

The Communists did not break their early promises out of choice. They do sincerely want the worker to be their friend and the Party's mainstay. But, having won power, they have discovered that the laws of cost, quality, and supply apply as much to Communist-run countries as to the capitalist world, and that a choice has to be made between high production and the workers' welfare.

"The Party's one over-riding goal," cries Rákosi; "is increased production." Similar cries echo throughout the entire Red world. And so nineteenth-century speed-up methods, long abandoned in the West, are revived under a variety of new names. Piece-work is restored as a triumph of socialism ("to each according to his output"); all labor is frozen; absenteeism, under a Supreme Court ruling, is made punishable by internment; and managers are given the power to fine the worker,

forbid his move to a better job elsewhere, or denounce him to the Secret Police.

The prime instrument of the new Red sweatshop is the "norm." This is the amount of work an average person can do in a day or an hour. The wage is tied to the "norm," and everything over the "norm" is supposed to bring the worker a bonus. But in Communist practice something quite different has happened. A dozen times a year, each factory goes through the agony of what is known as a "work race." Hungary, for instance, had four of them in the first 105 days of this year—to "honor" Rákosi's sixty-first birthday, Hungary's "liberation" by the Red Army, and the trumped-up, one-ticket election, and to mourn Stalin.

In such "work races," each worker is induced, by threats or reward, to exceed his "norm." A girl who packs fifteen boxes of candy an hour is persuaded to pack twenty. But a few weeks later the "norms" are revised as "outdated," and the girl's "norm" is changed to twenty an hour. This is what she now has to pack to earn her living wage. At a chocolate factory I visited (somehow it is always chocolate factories that most Westerners are allowed to see), a hollow-eyed woman told me she had been working there for two years and was still earning 480 forints (\$45) a month—"Only now I have to do half again as much work as I did last year."

There are, of course, consolations. During the unprecedented "work race" in honor of Stalin a couple of years back, everyone who exceeded his "norm" was given a cardboard portrait of the teacher of humanity, suitable for hanging. And there are always things one can laugh at. Thus, during one of the "work races," the Budapest doctors undertook to reduce the hospitalization of each patient by three days—and Budapest wags predicted that the time would come when the ill would be cured before they fell sick. In another "race," street-car conductors pledged themselves to reduce accidents by exactly 13 per cent. And in still another "race," at a State bank, the winner reported that she had performed 480 per cent of her "norm." When the incredulous bank manager came down to look at the champion, she turned out to be the charwoman. Sharp tongues wanted to know how she managed to clean 480 per cent of the rooms in the bank, but nobody ever dared to

ask the question in public. You see, she was of working-class descent.

II

TO KEEP the graph of production rising, the Communists use both the whip and the carrot. There is, in fact, known to be a department of the Communist party that does nothing else but consider the most efficient use of the whip.

How is the whip applied? Late last February, Mrs. Lajos Gál, wife of a Várpalota miner, received this note:

Dear Comrade Gál,

I write this letter because I think you know that your husband missed two work-days this month. I am certain that if you knew what he was losing by these absences, you would not have permitted him to stay away.

Our party and government have offered each honest miner free working clothes. These your husband has forfeited by his absences. The value of the clothes is 876 forints (\$84). He has also lost his coal allotment, valued at 175 forints, as well as his loyalty [attendance] bonus, worth 350 forints. Thus, your husband has lost 1,401 forints, apart from the two-day fine of 70 forints and deduction of two days from his summer vacation. If you, Mrs. Gál, will add all this up, you will see that your husband's irresponsible absence has cost your family 1,471 forints. We know that you have two little children, and on these 1,471 forints you could have bought winter coats, dresses, toys, and many other things for your little Jani and Valeria. . . .

In the great Tatabánya coal mines, the Party has now taken to holding mass meetings for miners' wives. At such gatherings, Party viragoes exhort their listeners to go after their husbands with rolling pins. And *Szabad Nép*, the Party mouthpiece, early this spring printed a series of reports indicating that miners' homes, schools, and even hospitals were being denied coal, in order to browbeat the miners into producing more. "Why are the patients recovering slowly? Why is the health of your children endangered in the unheated schools? It is because you are not giving enough coal to our industry!"

The Party accepts no excuses. "We speak contemptuously," says a "People's Educator"

[agitator], "of those who claim they cannot remain below for the full work-day because of the foul air in the mine. . . ." Nine days after a fire breaks out underground, miners are exhorted to go below to work in the unaffected shafts. And last winter, many miners worked knee-deep in water, on threat of being fined if they did not.

Communist punishments are infinitely varied. They may be as mild as the pillorying of "shirkers" over the factory loudspeakers or on "disgrace boards"; or they may be as fearful as internment and forced labor.

Under a State decree issued early last year, workers guilty of "lax discipline" may be denied payment for their lunchtime. Workers guilty of producing rejects may be fined up to 15 per cent of their monthly wage. And to keep absenteeism to the minimum, sick workers are denied their wages for the first three days of their indisposition. If the sick man remains at home, he will be visited by a Party snooper, who will not only try to find out if the absentee is shamming, but will also tell the wife what the husband's sickness will cost the family. If the patient is sent to a hospital, he will not tarry there. A doctor mindful of his own career will see to that.

But perhaps the most fearsome exhibition of the whip is at the kangaroo courts. These are held from time to time in workshops, in railroad depots, or even in "cultural houses." The victims are hand-picked, for easier denunciation, and are charged with all the crimes the Party is seeking to dramatize at the moment, from tardiness to wastage. The People's Prosecutor denounces the defendants as "ex-Fascists," "Social Democrats," or "Wall Street hirelings." He details the damage they have done to their fellow-workers and the nation. He blames them for the factory's failure to meet the Five-Year Plan. And each time the frightened defendants open their mouths in self-defense, they are shouted down by a Communist clique. "Shut up, you capitalist hyenas!"

Men sentenced in the kangaroo courts usually end in "corrective labor camps." Such camps are scattered across Hungary—or any other satellite country—and their inmates are engaged primarily in working on the new heavy industrial projects, such as the Inota power plant, the bauxite mines of Gánt, or—that pride and joy of Socialist construction—

the brand new Hungarian city of Stalinváros [Stalingrad]. "Willful absentees," "saboteurs," "hoarders," thieving Party bosses, political un-reliables—tens of thousands of them—work side by side for a few cents a day, and at night they are returned to their closely guarded; barbed-wire corral.

Practically everyone in Hungary—myself included—has met someone who has served in such camps. It is easy, therefore, to understand why each kangaroo trial results in a spurt of production. Fear is a powerful stimulant.

BUT if the whip is used freely, so is the carrot. There is no day when the Communist press does not list the blessings showered on the worthy. There is no subtlety about it. Thus, it is a rare Hungarian who does not know, to the last forint, the earnings of Imre Muszka [Muscovite], a "Stakhanovite" turner. When he is not visiting Russia or orating at Party meetings, Muszka is busy challenging all comers to a work-race. A figure straight out of Red mythology, Muszka, in one eight-hour day last March, produced 1,350 per cent of his "norm." For this feat he was paid \$50. But there are many other favored workers, and the newspapers—with the same ecstasy with which we tell of the doings of movie and baseball stars—lovingly report their names, their earnings, and the worldly possessions they have acquired with their paycheck—everything from a pair of baby shoes to a crystal chandelier.

The privileged get the first call on new housing, or on the homes of the thousands of middle-class "undesirables" who have been expelled from the towns. They are in line for managerial posts in the growing industry. If they are equipped with strong lungs, they may rise in the Party apparatus. If they are weary, there are special rest homes for them, to which the rest of the proletarians are not admitted. And some are permitted to shop in the special stores reserved for Red VIP's.

One example of the use of the carrot is the provision of new "night sanatoria" for the miners of the Komló coal mines. "It has been discovered," the Party press reports, "that many miners, although working full schedule, require permanent medical care, rest, and special diet." In the decadent West, such workers would probably go into a less strenuous pro-

fession. But not at Komló. Here, the former palace of the Bishop of Pécs has been converted into a sanatorium. When the miners end their day, they come here for a shower, a medical check-up, a meal, and a bed for the night. Sixty at a time, the miners spend a month in this restful atmosphere, in which their ailments presumably vanish.

III

THE bulk of the workers, however, never get a taste of the carrot. For them it is a dispiriting battle for survival on a steadily declining real wage. Muszka's fabulous \$50 a day is what most semi-skilled workers will earn in a month. State employees average between \$60 and \$80 a month; skilled workers between \$75 and \$110.

These are all nominal wages. Each Five-Year Plan and "peace" loan—always strictly "voluntary"—takes roughly 10 per cent out of the annual wage. There are also monthly deductions for union dues and for subscription to the Party newspaper. Since 1950, workers have had to buy "bundles for Korea" and "stamps for Korea," or contribute a day's pay a month. Whenever a new volume by Stalin or Rákosi appears on the market, the workers are expected to queue up with the money—as much as a day's pay. And there are, of course, always the "donations" of a day's work to some "father of the nation." In the past winter, thousands of Hungarian and Czech miners worked Sundays for no pay as a "gift" to Fathers Rákosi and Klement Gottwald.

The low wages form one-half of the pincers. The other half is the combination of high prices, scarcity of goods, and quality so shoddy it seems incredible to the Westerner. Imagine you are a man earning \$70 a month, or a woman earning \$60, and see what you can buy at the following prices at the State stores:

Woman's half-length topcoat	\$ 75.00
Woman's full-length topcoat	150.00
Woman's cotton dress	35.00
Woman's shoes	25.00
Man's woolen suit	150.00
Man's shoes	35.00
Pork, lb.	2.00
Lard, lb.	1.80
Butter, lb.	3.00
Cheese, lb.	1.50
Soap, cake	.25

A fair indication of the general impoverishment is the fact that my own six-year-old, patched-up, moth-punctured flannel suit, which I left to a friend in Budapest, was sold to a State "commission store" (a glamorized pawn shop) for \$50.

And while the people go ragged and eat sparingly, the press is filled with reports about the soaring Hungarian—and declining Western—living standards. In a recent speech, Ernő Gerő, the nation's economic boss, said in effect: "Comrades, your empty dinner bowl is an illusion. In fact, you have never had it so good. In 1952, you have eaten 32 per cent more flour, 25 per cent more sugar, 46 per cent more fats than in 1951." [1951 was a year of rationing and near-famine.] And to make the pill still sweeter, *Szabad Nép*, in an April issue, combines a story by the American Communist Joseph Clark and charts by the Chicago *Tribune* to show that the American worker is hungry and bankrupt.

IV

PROPAGANDA is fighting a losing battle against the speed-up and the price tag. If, eight years ago, Rákosi counted on the support of the working-class suburbs, today he would probably revise his assumptions. In fact, in a recent report to the Party, he has already bewailed the workers' hostility, their wholesale cheating, and their obstinate grip on ultra-nationalism and anti-Semitism.

I can bear witness to what Rákosi was writing about. The washroom walls in some Budapest factories have to be scrubbed each night, to remove the day's crop of anti-Semitic and anti-Communist remarks. In the pubs of Csepel, the industrial heart of the nation, I myself have read on the walls such penciled remarks as *Nem, nem soha!* (No, no, never!), first used as a protest against the dismemberment of Hungary after the first world war, and now directed against the Soviet domination of the country. And no one who has ever stood in a long queue before a food store can possibly forget the bitterness and anger of the workers' wives.

Working-class resentments are some of the most significant phenomena in the satellite world. Usually they find expression in anti-Communist and anti-Soviet talk. But often they are translated into action. I am con-

vinced that there is as yet no anti-Communist underground—workers' or any other. The strength and scale of the police machinery make any such organized effort foolhardy and dangerous. But there *is* resistance—shapeless and leaderless, but involving thousands of *individuals*.

Under the Communist law, strikes are forbidden and absenteeism is punished. Yet, last winter, well over half the workers in some coal mines were absent on some days. The State withholds pay from the sick; yet in March as many as 13 per cent of all the workers at some mines were listed as "ill or faking illness." Many workers go to fantastic lengths to escape the backbreaking toil. The case of men who rubbed onion into self-inflicted scratches, to produce a bad inflammation, is classic in Hungary. And when the State demands a full day's work for a day's pay, it is met with cheating on a spectacular scale. There have been literally thousands of "wage frauds" listed in *Szabad Nép* during the past three years, involving entire factories, industries, and ministries. The managers have to live with the workers, and they wink at the cheating. Ernő Gerő complains that the managers are not fining the men for producing "rejects." "They want to be good guys," he tells the Party's Central Committee, "and they don't want to hurt anyone. They don't realize that they are sawing off the limb on which they themselves are squatting." At the huge MAVAG Locomotive Works in Budapest, the value of rejects in the first nine months of 1952 was \$900,000; the fines totaled \$14.

Is the damage malicious? Much of it is undoubtedly caused by exhaustion or incompetence. But much is also, very plainly, deliberate. A Czech radio station finds essential parts of equipment ordered in Hungary missing. A year passes before the parts are replaced. Precision instruments are packed so inexpertly—or is it expertly?—that they reach their destination unusable. Thousands of tons of high-grade steel are found to be defective. At Stalinváros, production is already a year behind schedule. Machinery designated for export to the Communist countries shows an exceptional ratio of defects. From time to time, one hears of sabotage trials and Draconian penalties. But the sabotage continues undiminished.

Thus "vigilance" becomes one of the key words in the Communist vocabulary. Party members are exhorted to watch for signs of disaffection. They are joined in their snooping pursuit by "People's Educators" and "Worker-Correspondents." The trade unions, purged and re-purged of "criminal Social-Democratic tendencies," have long become the Party's tool in maintaining "work discipline."

In an effort to keep up with the Five-Year Plan, and to make up for the fabulous rate of rejects, the managers cheat and resort to overtime. The seven-day week no longer shocks anyone, nor, according to Party admissions, does the twelve- to fourteen-hour workday. "In our metallurgical plants," says *Szabad Nép*, "there are workers who have had no day off for three or four months. . . . This is dangerous to their health." The Party rants and passes resolutions. Ernő Gerő warns the managers to protect the worker's right to a weekly day of rest. But it does not help. For it is the Party itself which demands more and more production—at whatever human cost.

V

ONCE the State disregards the costs, the sweat and suffering pay off. It should be of significance to us that the former backyard of Europe is undergoing a tremendous revolution. Hungary's own Stalingrad may be well behind schedule, but—as I have had a chance to observe personally—it is a spectacular project and, when it is completed, communism will have acquired another major industrial base. The same is true of the power

and industrial complex at Inota, on the Czech-Hungarian border; of the new Komló mines; or of the Tiszaörs irrigation dam. These projects are matched in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Romania—and one cannot dismiss them lightly. One of these days, we shall wake up to discover a great new Communist-controlled industrial belt on the Red edge of Europe.

There is another facet to the revolution. To man all these gigantic projects, the Communists are draining the villages, the kitchens, and the schools of potential factory hands. In Hungary, for instance, the industrial labor force has been gaining 100,000 to 200,000 new workers each year since 1950. The process is already straining the food supply of the countries that once fed half of Europe. Will it also produce social and political stresses?

Many signs indicate that some stresses already exist. There is no housing for the villagers induced to become miners. Men with "victory gardens" frequently stay off their industrial jobs to cultivate their patches, and the Party all but bludgeons them into giving up these little pieces of land. Housewives, dragooned into factory or mine jobs, defy the Party to return to their children.

All these by-products of the new industrialization join the vast mainstream of labor resentment. And though shapeless, these massive hatreds, in the end, are directed against the new factory bosses, the Communists, and the "benevolent" neighbor to the East. The West cannot allow itself to be complacent about what is going on in the satellite world. It should give serious thought to the implications and possibilities of labor unrest. Somewhere in it, there is genuine pay dirt for us.

Blind Date

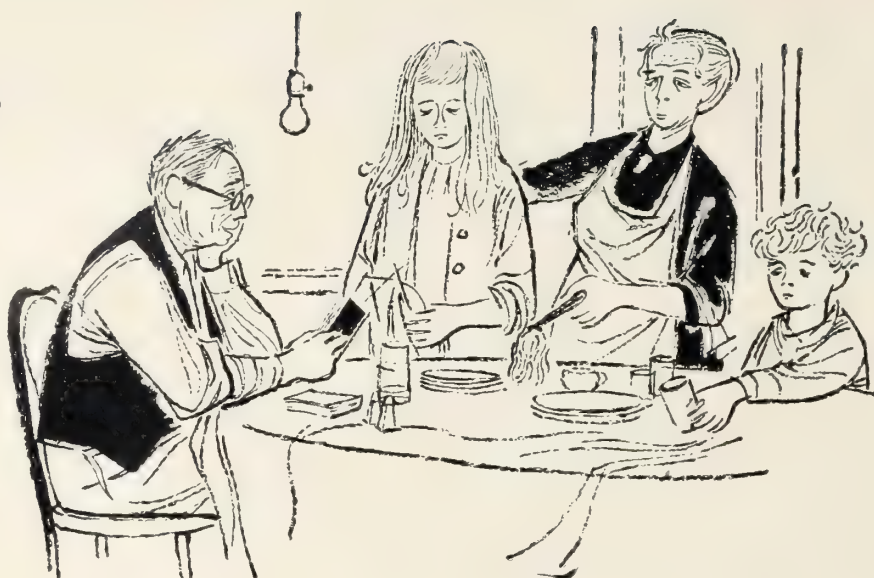
E. A. MUIR

EVERY morning my younger son
is sent to end my last short doze;
since it's slow work, before he's done
with leaps and calls and tender blows
he makes my dreams rise up before
and race me through ten years or more.
At last I take reality,
after dreaming it's his brother,
after dreaming it's their mother,
after wondering who it might be.

The Flower

A Story
by Miriam Rugel

Drawings by
Marilyn Miller



EVERY year, around the time of the high holidays, Deborah's mother tried to save the soul of her father, who was an atheist. She seemed to believe if she could persuade Deborah's father to go to synagogue just once a year, on Rosh Hashanah, which is New Year's, or on Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement), he would turn into a real Jew, a religious Jew. She never succeeded, but she never gave up trying, either.

The year Deborah was thirteen her mother tried, too. It was fall. They were doing the supper dishes in the little kitchen behind their Family Shoe Store.

"It is time we wrote in for *shule* tickets, Morris," her mother said. "Dry every fork twice, Deborah. For you one drying is not enough. You hear, Morris? This year, two tickets!"

Her father was sitting at the kitchen table, reading a book he had bought at an auction. Catullus. When he had bid up to fifty cents for it he hadn't known it was in Latin: now he had to learn enough Latin to get his fifty cents' worth. When Deborah's mother spoke, he laid aside a small dictionary and turned his mild eyes to her.

"'Religion is the fairy tale of morality,'" he said. He looked at Deborah and her brother Davie. "Santayana," he told them. "To be moral, I don't need fairy tales."

"Don't quote me," her mother said. "Merely write in for two tickets."

There was silence.

"It's a good thing, I think, to sit in a

synagogue once a year and listen to the words of a rabbi," said her mother.

"If you think, then go," answered her father.

"Alone?" asked her mother.

Silence.

"I'm a widow? I married a goy? I'm divorced?"

Silence.

"It's wrong to enjoy a cantor's singing, to pray a little, to sit together in a family like *menchen*?" *Menchen* meant respectable people, substantial people. When her mother said, "Be a *mench*!" she meant be a person of worth, dignity, self-respect. "It hurts," she continued, "to remember once a year you are a Jew?"

Her father looked up so you could see the way his hair, just brushed with silver, grew high in a wave above his full forehead.

"To remember I'm a Jew I don't need a synagogue. The Jew remembers he is a Jew, not by religion only but by blood. Across the centuries and all the countries of the world, the blood remembers. The memory of suffering is a blood memory."

"Thank you for the speech and that's sufficient this evening," said her mother, swinging her eyes toward Deborah and Davie. "Kindly pick up your feet, I will give the linoleum a lick and a promise."

Her father picked up his feet and continued tranquilly. "Several times a week I remember I'm a Jew and several times a week it occurs to me it would be better if there were no

Jews and no Gentiles, but only people, together. Who recognize their human dignity and so behave."

HER mother wiped up the whole floor, polished the sink spigot, and arranged the sweet potato vine the way it was right for her. Then they all went into the store where the chairs were comfortable and her mother opened the newspaper to the Evening Story which was her favorite relaxation. But she didn't relax.

"Every year," she said, "I think this is the year we will go, together. Every family on the street, every relative, can go. Only my family. By my family each day is like the other and my children are raised as goyim, God forgive me."

"God will forgive you," said her father.

"Me, maybe," her mother answered. "So what good will that be, without you?" She folded the paper. "Every year the families sit so nice together—"

"What is this together?" interrupted her father. "Together! In the real synagogue, the orthodox synagogue, the wife is forbidden to sit with the husband. Upstairs she sits. Separate."

"That's old-fashioned," said her mother. "In a million synagogues today the wife sits downstairs. By right. By the husband!" She sighed. "All day Yom Kippur the families sit, from early in the morning until sundown not a morsel of food, not a sip of water passes their lips, only prayers, and just before evening, just before the Shofar is blown, the children come bringing the mother flowers." She was silent. "This is a beautiful thing to see."

"Why do they bring flowers?" asked Deborah. "For what?"

Her mother looked at Deborah.

"For honor," she answered softly. "For honor to the mothers. All year the mothers pay attention to the children, so once a year it can be vice versa." She was still looking at Deborah and the way she looked reminded Deborah of the way she watched, from the store door, when the ladies passed outside, going to a matinee. "In the afternoon, movies!" she always said. "Imagine." And now she looked the same, only a hundred times more so. And Deborah's father had stopped reading.

"Flowers . . ." he said. "This is religion? With flowers. Tell me. Where is it written that on a certain day at a certain time the children must come with flowers? Show me the reference."

"Who knows reference?" said her mother. "What is done in the synagogue under the rabbi is reference and religion and that's all."

"All? I have read in the Talmud, in the Commentaries, the interpretations, you understand, and nowhere have I met a point of law concerning flowers. For the very good reason that this law does not exist. So this is not religion, not tradition even, but a custom—merely. An isolated custom without basis, which I have never seen outside your synagogue—"

"How should you see? Did you trouble to look? All right. We invented. But in the synagogue on Bridge Street, the orthodox synagogue, who invented? They bring flowers. And in the big synagogue, the biggest of all, between the bank and the movie, who invented? There they bring the biggest flowers. And in my mother's synagogue, ever since I was a little girl, I saw and I brought, with the first pennies I earned I ran to bring my mother Yom Kippur flowers. Yes, and to your mother also I brought—this you didn't know—I brought and your brother Nathan, he brought, yes, to your own mother in her own synagogue on Cassell Street we both brought, and religion or custom, invented or not invented, she was happy. Believe me, she was happy."

Her father was back in his book.

"*Scriptsit* . . ." he said restlessly. "What could it mean, *scriptsit*?" But he did not open his dictionary. "They put on a new man in the office," he said. "Jim Boyle. An inspector. I invited him for supper tomorrow, but don't prepare. I will prepare."

"Boyle?" said her mother. "It's Friday, he'll eat fish. I'll make flounder. Children, to your lessons! Mrs. Marks stops by the window. Open the door, Morris. And, please, do not begin to whistle when she does not buy the first pair!"

DEBORAH went to her lessons, but she thought more about her mother's face when she had spoken of the flowers. She thought of the way her mother would sit in the synagogue, alone on the holiday.

Ashamed because there was no family beside her. She thought of how, on the Day of Atonement, all the mothers would be brought flowers; all her aunts would be made proud by their children; her friends, Hannah and Hortense and Anne, would bring flowers and only her mother would sit. Without honor. And although she admired her father and went to Sunday School only on Purim when the boxes of candy were passed out, still when she thought of her mother her heart hurt.

She understood what her father meant when he said he needed no synagogue to remember he was a Jew. Every day she, too, was reminded because every day on her way to school Larry Hannigan chased her, throwing a stone or two, and shouting "Jew! Jew! Your grandfather crucified Jesus!" So she knew. But, shamefully, she was less disturbed by the name-calling than the name-caller because that year when she was thirteen she was deeply in love with Larry Hannigan, his red hair and his wild eyes and his brave reckless way in the classroom.

She knew about being a Jew and she knew about being an atheist. Sometimes at night when Hannah or Hortense stayed over, late, late, after they had giggled and gossiped and read Davie's *Casanova* translation in secret, she would be awakened by a hand on her shoulder; she would hear a frightened whisper: "Listen! Somebody's yelling, somebody's fighting!"

"Nobody's yelling. Nobody's fighting," she would answer grumpily. "That's only my father arguing with the priest about God."

And even in the dark she could feel her guest's horror at the thought of a priest in their house. But Father Callahan was the closest of all the friends who came here; her father and the priest had argued the Resurrection for three years. And long after Hannah or Hortense slept again she would lie awake and listen, hearing names like Darwin, Thomas Paine, Hardy. But no matter how long she listened nor how hard she thought, she could never decide definitely for herself whether she was an atheist or not.

Her mother made no mention of synagogue for more than two weeks. The store was very busy because everyone wanted new shoes for the holiday. Once she and Davie ate sandwiches for two days running. Her mother kept a little jar of boric acid solution ready

with which to bathe her eyes, because looking up and down shoe shelves is hard on eyes. And after his day's work in the installment office her father helped in the store, too, and came into the kitchen more and more often between customers to whistle, savagely.

It was almost twelve one night when they locked the door. But as soon as she drew the blind, her mother started.

"Everyone has tickets!" she said. "There's no time left for deciding."

"Who's deciding?" asked her father. "Religion is the veil man draws over his soul to hide the nightmare of his own inadequacy."

"Don't quote me! Without argument, write and send!" Her mother began to throw dollar bills out of the register, hunting the check-book she always hid too well to find. "Already only the back rows are left. Who wants to sit in the back row?"

"The front row is nearer God? He is deaf, the closer you sit to the Torah the better He hears your prayers?"

"For once forget you are smart! Be dumb. Like me. Or will it be this year like always? Will I sit in my brother's seat free for an hour while he goes out for a breath of fresh air? Will I be again the *schmorrer*, the beggar who begs whether he must or not? All because I have a husband who thinks he is smarter than anyone else but is only more stubborn!"

"Don't yell," said her father calmly. "'As rain breaks through an unthatched roof, so passion through the unreflecting mind.' Buddha. Do I deny you your religion? Would I take away the cripple's crutch? Therefore should you object if I prefer walking through life on my own legs?"

Her mother sat wearily.

"A husband I picked. . . . I could have married the owner of the factory where I met your father. In limousines I could be riding. But he wasn't smart enough for me, that factory owner. And besides every time he walked me home your father followed, two steps behind, whistling! But I could have married that factory owner."

"Or the poet," said her father. "Remember the poet, Sarah? He went to Italy for inspiration, you had to take up a collection to bring him home?"

"He was a fine boy, that poet! Now he's a judge. And him, too, I could have married."

"Beyond a doubt. Your mother was a beautiful girl, her house was crowded with boys. Especially the poet. Only him, too, I followed and in case your mother didn't know I helped him not only back from Italy but on his way, also."

Her mother wouldn't smile.

"Maybe I shouldn't go, anyhow," she said. "I have no dress."

"Get a dress. Tomorrow I'll come home from work early. I invited Komorowski from the office but he follows Thoreau, he eats nuts only. Chopped nuts and raisins."

NEXT day her father was home by noon. He brought nuts to chop for Mr. Komorowski and he brought a synagogue ticket for her mother.

"The second row!" her mother said, when she saw it. "What's the matter, God is deaf, He can't hear from the cheap seats? I won't buy a dress."

But she went to look at them, anyway. Before she left she told Deborah's father, "Please. Don't insult anybody. If a customer asks off half a dollar, give off. It's the holidays."

As soon as she had gone, Deborah took out the little razor box in which she saved money. She had saved for a long time, ever since she had seen the advertisement: "HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T DRAW? Pictured Above, Miss Althea Crumwell, \$50 Cartoon Sale After Three Lessons." The course was ten dollars and money was serious in Deborah's house. But she didn't care about starting all over. She had made up her mind the night her mother had told of the flowers. She, too, would go shopping the day before Yom Kippur, like her friends Hannah and Hortense. And for once she would sit beside her mother on the holiday and they would be *menchen*, too.

And that night was a fine night for Deborah. Oddly, few customers came. Her father was busy with Mr. Komorowski and all evening her mother talked to her, about how handsome her father had been as a youth, how everyone in the factory had respected him, and how, all day as they worked together, he had sung to her in his beautiful voice, songs nobody else in the world knew, especially their favorite, "Let's Go to America," taught to him by his father in the old country.

And she gave Deborah four long strips of the brown wrapping paper, which was expensive but wonderful to draw on because you didn't have to bother with pages.

On Rosh Hashanah her mother looked happy, even if she did have to go to *shule* alone. She wore the new dress, wine-red with steel beads around the hem, a hat exactly the same color, and her ring with the three imitation diamonds. She looked younger, not tired, more like the girl her father had called beautiful, the one with the house crowded with boys, the stranger Deborah could not picture. But she didn't give up, even at the last minute.

"For an hour," she said to Deborah's father, "you wouldn't need a ticket. They would let you in."

"Enjoy yourself," was his answer.

"I am not going to enjoy! I am going to pray for my sins."

"Tell me," her father said. "A woman works



shoulder to shoulder with her husband. Fourteen hours a day she works her children should have all the advantages, her house shines, between she cooks and she washes, at night she falls into sleep like a diver from the cliff-top, and this woman has sins? In her leisure she takes a lover? She squanders the milk money on horse racing? Dummy," he finished gently, "pray for the politicians. Yourself, enjoy!"

Yom Kippur comes ten days after Rosh Hashanah. That year it was Thursday. On Wednesday Deborah went to a real florist. She bought, not flowers, but a plant. A great golden chrysanthemum. The pot was wrapped in shiny green paper, fluted around the top edges. She hid it in the basement behind the stock of galoshes where her mother would not be going. She watered it so it wouldn't get thirsty. She told no one, not even Davie, so the surprise would be complete.

At sundown, according to custom, they closed the store. They had a large holiday dinner, prepared by her mother between the rush of this last day. They had chicken soup with the matzo meal balls a little lumpened by hurry, challah, roast chicken, kasha, honey-cake. After, her mother sat with closed eyes, limp in the chair, motionless except for rubbing her fingers which were shiny and swollen.

"Children," she said, "the dishes! Tonight I can move no more."

At nine o'clock Davie and her father began to crack walnuts, but Deborah did not break her Yom Kippur fast because this year she wanted to be truly a Jew and taste the flavor of virtue. She did not drink water and she decided that in the morning she would not wash as her ancestors had not washed in all the countless years before her, but had thought only of atonement and of how on this day, in the Book of Life, God counted the sum of their sins and observed the depth of their repentance.

She watered the plant and went to bed, counting her own sins: she had been greedy in the movies, eating more candy than she gave David; she had lied about not wanting breakfast and gone every morning to Hannah's for hot chocolate; she had bragged about school marks without humbleness or modesty.

But most of all she lay picturing the face of her mother when tomorrow she, Deborah, would walk down the synagogue aisle and silently offer the flower and saying no word take her own place as Jew. She pictured her mother's face. And she fell asleep, feeling hungry and pure.

And in the blackness of middle night, deep in her sleeping, she heard noise. She heard her father's voice and it was strange. She leaped out of bed without knowing she had wakened and she trembled with the knowledge of disaster before she ran into their room.

HER mother lay on the bedroom floor. Her littleness was twisted in the folds of a white nightgown. Over the littleness her father bent, his two hands extended without purpose. Deborah saw he had tried to raise her mother and she ran to help but her mother motioned with the hand at her chest, negatively.

She said, "Don't—move—me." She said, "I hope—this pain—passes."

"Get whisky!" her father ordered. "Get the doctor!"



Davie called the doctor. Deborah ran down the black stairway into the store but her fingers would not unbolt the door. Davie did it. The doctor came with his bag and ran up the steps faster than she and yet everything seemed to her to move very slowly. He kneeled on the floor beside her mother with a long close look and then he moved very surely with his instruments and hypodermic. Deborah held her mother in her arms and she felt the needle's pain. She looked at her mother's lips and their blueness and into her eyes where she saw what she had never seen there before. She had seen love in her mother's eyes and anger and a great willingness for the fight which is living, but she had never before seen fear.

"Now!" said the doctor so bravely. "Now she'll be better." And he stood. And he walked into the hall and motioned to Davie. "Call my home," he told Davie. "Tell my wife not to expect me."

Deborah knew her mother heard. She knew because her mother's eyes, which had been filmed with the fear, now focused into a terrible question. Her mother moved. She turned wholly to Deborah's father and the hand which had been clenched at her chest took his hand. She smiled. She said, "Children—" Then she sighed, her eyes closed, and her head which Deborah had been holding felt heavier for an instant. And Deborah thought her mother was sleeping. The doctor came swiftly back and bent over them both and Deborah heard him say, "It's over." And she heard her father's cry, "Do something!" and the doctor's answer, "There is nothing I can do." And she saw her father stand and draw back his arm and she heard his fist drive into the wall and she watched the wallpaper and the plaster crumble. Then she understood they were saying her mother had died.

She knew nothing after that but her father. Her father began to talk. He talked to her mother all night. He never stopped talking. People came; the doctor drugged him and put him in Deborah's bed. She and Davie sat beside their father all night. And he talked. Sometimes he whispered and sometimes he rose in the bed, shouting. He went back to years Deborah did not know to places she had never seen to things she had never known had happened. He lived through a whole

life with her mother and she listened and felt her cheeks freeze. And no matter what he said, long after his voice was a thread of hoarseness, he came back to one clear wondering question. He asked, "*Sarah, where are you?*" And he said, "*My darling, come back.*"

When the light began to break she left Davie beside him and went to her mother's room. Her mother lay alone. A blanket had been drawn across the slight figure; one corner had slipped and exposed a small foot. It was perfect, the toes, instep, ankle. Beautiful and perfect as though newly made. But it was marble.

She sat on the radiator and felt nothing but coldness. She stared into the face which was strange to her in its stillness and she bent close above it and whispered. She said, "*Sarah, where are you?*"

It was the first time in her life she spoke and her mother did not answer.

She went down to the store and down the store steps to the basement. There were people in the kitchen, crying; they didn't hear her. She crawled back of the galoshes and she brought out the flower. It seemed larger than yesterday, more golden. In the wavy basement light it glowed. She touched the bright petals and they were soft and living. When she felt their aliveness and thought of her mother she believed for the first time her mother was dead.

And she said, "God? Is this all, God?"

She looked around the lightening cellar, into its corners, and up through its narrow window. And she went on in her mind, with labor. She thought, "To live. To work and love. To want things—movies in the afternoon, honor from your children— And then, before anything is finished— Is this all?"

She listened. Through the floors of the house she heard her father, sobbing.

And she said out of the numbness and the astonishment inside her, "God? *Why didn't You let her get the flower?*"

But there wasn't any answer.

SHE walked up the half-flight of steps through the trapdoor and around to the street. The dawn was no longer gray. The new air was beautiful. She looked, as though she stood on a height, at the stores, the houses, the school across the way, all spiked with radiance. She saw every part of

the street with such clearness her eyes ached. She thought of the street in the daytime, the children in the schoolyard, the people criss-crossing. She thought of the pattern this street made and every other street in every other country in the world, the roads, the paths, boats on the sea, trains up a mountain, and she thought, "All this cannot just have happened." She looked at the trolley track before her and she thought of the trolley which rode it and this seemed to her the biggest miracle of all. And she thought, "All this cannot be accident."

She looked at the high sky which became more blue every moment and she said, "God? If You are God, send a sign. Give me a sign!"

But, though she was patient, she saw no sign.

She went back to the house and dressed and crept back into the basement for the flower. She hurried but again, as last night, every movement seemed weighted and endless. She carried the plant across the street and through the schoolyard and down an alley into the woods that belonged to the farmer. There was still this one farmer in the neighborhood.

She walked into the wet greenness where every spring she searched for lilies-of-the-valley and through the clumped trees where the crazy man had once chased her and to the private little knoll where the grass was worn thin with her sitting.

And she said, out of the ball of hardness and fury which was as much a core as the heart is, "God, why didn't You let her have the flower?"

And when there was no answer she set down the pot and she kicked it and stamped on it until no bit of the shining paper was left and the curly petals were ground into mud-diness and slime.

On the way to the synagogue she stopped at a bakery and bought two rolls, one for each coat pocket. She walked up the synagogue steps into the auditorium and when she sat on a bench-end nobody stopped her. The room was hot and smelled old. On the platform the rabbi was pale in his black robe; the cantor stood facing the Sacred Ark, chanting in tremolo. Over them the six-pointed star hung, ancient and mysterious, reflecting the rays of the Eternal Light. Two men, prayer-shawled, walked up the steps and with tenderness lifted the twin rolls of the Torah and descended to the people.

When the Torah reached the second row she looked for her mother's seat and she saw the bench was crowded. There was already no room left for her mother. And when the people bent humbly forward to kiss the white satin and stiff gold fringes, she tore off a piece of one roll and sat, staring into the face of the rabbi, chewing loudly on the day of fast, chewing and choking against the first tears she had felt for her mother.



The Wellesley Experiment

A Pioneer Undertaking in Psychiatry for the Community

Morton M. Hunt

AN UNPRETENTIOUS three-story white frame house stands at 162 Washington Street, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. Inside are a number of plainly furnished offices filled with piles of books and journals, a couple of untidy playrooms, and very little else. In these unglamorous surroundings a handful of people are conducting an experiment perhaps as important as any being performed in any laboratory in this country. It is the first major attempt to apply psychiatry to a whole community in a preventive, rather than curative, fashion.

Nearly everyone is aware of the remarkable results of preventive medicine in the physical-sickness field during the last half-century. In 1912, for example, 81.8 out of every 100,000 persons in the United States caught typhoid fever, and 139 out of 100,000 caught diphtheria. In 1949, thanks to sanitary measures, immunization and isolation of cases, the number had dropped to less than 3 per 100,000 for typhoid, less than 6 for diphtheria. Pneumonia, influenza, and tuberculosis have had similar, if slightly less striking, histories. But there has been no corresponding drop in the field of mental illness. During World War II, 38 per cent of the men turned down for military service were rejected for neuropsychiatric reasons; a huge proportion of common ailments like asthma, ulcers, and arthritis, which are on the increase, are now generally considered to be psychosomatic in origin; and

some 650,000 hospital patients—half of the total number in American hospitals—are confined because of mental sickness. Suicide ranks about eleventh in causes of deaths in the United States, far exceeding polio.

Many psychiatrists and clinics recognize that simple neuroses treated early can be stopped from becoming serious mental breakdowns later. But without organized attempts to apply preventive techniques on a wide scale, the psychiatrist of today is like the doctor of 1900 who used to spend his time treating hundreds of cases of smallpox and diphtheria.

Broadly speaking, a theory of preventive psychiatry rests on a few generally accepted assumptions: the Freudian assumption that most of the adult's mental ills are the results of weaknesses built into his personality during childhood; the theory that people are apt to break down when they have to live or work with other people who impinge on them in a distressing way; and the hypothesis that at certain important changeover periods in the individual's life there is a maximum danger of damage. The Wellesley experiment works on all these assumptions.

Wellesley, which includes Wellesley Hills, is a well-to-do suburb of Boston, scarcely the place one would choose to study as the breeding ground of disease, mental or otherwise. But Wellesley in a sense chose itself. Some years ago progressive elements in the town

set up, with the assistance of the Friendly Aid Society, a citizens' committee on mental hygiene to give psychiatric help to problem children. The chairman was Dr. William Rice, minister of the Unitarian Church in Wellesley Hills, and the committee received \$1,000 a year from the Boston Community Fund Drive. The members soon discovered that the money was nowhere near enough and also that it was all going to patch up disturbed children after they had got into trouble instead of trying to head off their disturbances. In 1948 they suggested to Dr. Rice that he call his friend, Dr. Erich Lindemann of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and get his ideas on a larger program for the whole community.

Dr. Lindemann, a plump, pink-cheeked, German-trained physician and psychoanalyst who came to this country in 1927, had for ten years headed the psychiatric out-patient clinic of Massachusetts General and had been interested in making psychiatry available to more people. In the course of interviewing and treating numbers of widely varied patients he had investigated and written papers on such problems as the emotional complications of major surgery, the effects and treatment of profound grief, the social analysis of suicide; and he had come to believe that predictable crises in the lives of most people could cause emotional disturbances which might be circumvented or greatly reduced by preventive techniques applied in advance. Dr. Rice's telephone call gave him an opportunity to put his theories to the test and he agreed to head a town-wide program for Wellesley.

The first problem was funds. Dr. Lindemann rushed off to New York and returned with five-year backing from the W. T. Grant Foundation, the annual allowances from which have ranged as high as \$69,000. The second problem was harder. The mental hygiene committee wanted to be sure Wellesley citizens wouldn't be guinea pigs in any rash experiment and that no embarrassing secrets would be bared in any fashion. Neighborhood resistance to psychiatry in general expressed itself in the difficulty the project had in finding headquarters. It took almost a year to smooth this out, but by early 1949 the project was innocuously entitled "The Wellesley Human Relations Service" and set up in the former home of a recently dead,

much-loved local doctor, under the control of an executive committee of leading Wellesley citizens and a steering committee representing several graduate schools of Harvard University. The Harvard School of Public Health handled the project administratively and almost all of the actual work was under the direction of Dr. Lindemann.

He assembled his staff from various fields. There are, or have been, social case-workers, psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, and psychiatrists. The full-time staff usually consists of from eight to ten people with another dozen or more doing part-time special research and consultation. By midsummer of 1949, a small but growing stream of Wellesley citizens were dropping in at 162 Washington Street; by the end of 1952, some 2,000 people had been reached directly or indirectly by the practitioners of this newest form of medicine. What has Wellesley's Human Relations Service proved or learned about psychiatric immunization techniques during this time?

II

FIRST and foremost, HRS has focused its work on children, their environment, and the crises in their lives. One such inevitable crisis is going to school. For several hours each day the child is cut off from his home and forced to live in another society. Children who are unprepared for this have trouble in their first year or two—and most of them continue to have trouble because of their bad start. Predicting which children will not adjust well to school is like diagnosing an illness in its first stages: it gives the doctor a chance to get to work before serious trouble sets in.

Sigmund Gruber, a husky young clinical psychologist, has tried to work out a pre-school diagnosis in HRS. The spring before children are scheduled to enter the Wellesley kindergarten, their mothers meet with school officials for a briefing and the children get various health tests. The first year HRS was in operation Gruber asked these mothers if they would be willing to have their children take a school-adjustment test. Most of them were curious and agreed.

Gruber examined fifty children. He let them play and smear paint, he talked to them

and their mothers, and he introduced them to a special doll house, his own modification of a familiar type of "play therapy." The dolls for his house—of all ages, both sexes, and various hair and skin colors—were in a box and Gruber handed them out only as the child asked for them. The choice of dolls, the things the child did with them, the extent to which he could concentrate on playing a game or telling a story, and other factors were all indicative of what Gruber called "task-orientation," or, in plain language, whether the child could start something and stay with it. If he could, he should be ready for school and society. If he merely banged the dolls about, had no idea of family life in the doll house, got bored quickly, hated the mother doll, wanted the psychiatrist to go away, and so on, he was probably not ready. At least, this is what Gruber hoped his test proved.

Of the first fifty children he tested, thirteen seemed fine, thirteen definitely unready, and the rest somewhere in the middle. The next year, Gruber sent observers into the kindergarten to follow up on the children. From a series of complicated observations they reported back that almost all the unready children were, in fact, having trouble in one way or another; six were even referred by the school to the HRS clinic for special psychiatric help. Almost none of the children given an adequate rating by the doll-house test presented any serious problems.

The doll-house test, which locates an important weakness or predisposition in children, takes only an hour of the child's time and costs HRS—for the services of three staff members and follow-up observations a year later—about \$35 per child. If future funds make it possible, the test could locate many "unready" children in time to allow simple case-work procedures, consultations, and other techniques to ease family tensions and fit the child for his coming plunge into the outside world.

ON THE applied, clinical side, HRS works closely with the public-school administration. Its staff members take part in the week-long fall workshop for teachers just before school opens; during the year they confer with individual teachers who want to know what makes a specific child "bad" and what to do about him; and they are always

available to parents of children with problems whose teachers may suggest they consult the Service.

Sometimes what appear to be disciplinary problems are easily solved by very elementary applied psychology. One second-grade teacher came to the service to ask for advice about a restless, aggressive boy who had created a permanent state of wildness in her class. The class, an HRS sociologist discovered, was one of two into which a very large first grade had been split. The split had cut across the school "gangs" who had been together the previous year. Why not, the sociologist suggested, ask each child to write down which classmates he'd like to sit next to, giving three choices? This would enable the teacher to reseal the class and put friends together. It would also give the children a chance to let off classroom tensions by the mere act of choosing, of ventilating their feelings, and of expressing their likes and dislikes. A week later the teacher called back on the phone. "It's unbelievable," she said. "The problem has vanished."

Obviously most problems are not so easily corrected. A child who has real difficulty learning, paying attention, or getting on with other children needs more extensive help, and so does his whole family. For the child's personality is, after all, largely the result of the total pattern of emotions, command, loyalty, and affection in his family. "We have one boy, for instance," explains Dr. Suzanne van Amerongen, HRS staff psychiatrist, "who was a disruptive smart aleck in class, but outside class was unable to defend himself and was the butt of all the children's jokes and fights. Here in the office we can help him work out his blocked aggressions and give him a sense of being respected and wanted. But when he goes home at night he is still forbidden to do anything naughty or rude or noisy; he is still ignored and rejected. Without a change in his family pattern we can do him only limited good."

So HRS psychiatrists and social workers try to speak to the parents of such children and gradually get *them* into the routine of coming to the office about *their* emotional problems. They do not attempt anything like a psychoanalysis of these parents: that is not part of a preventive psychiatry program. But they can, for example, make a too-strict mother see that she is merely repeating a pattern that she

learned—and detested—when she was a child. And having seen this she can begin to shed the pattern with their help. Nor do staff members need to probe deeply to awaken parents to the fact that the reason their “problem” child, the oldest, is unable to learn to read is that he misses the love and attention they are now thoughtlessly giving almost exclusively to the younger children or a new baby.

Preventive psychiatry cannot get anywhere near the root of a compulsively neat mother's basic neurosis, but it can, by teaching her the bad effects of early toilet training, get her to ease up in her demands on her child. And a relatively few hours of discussion with a trained staff member can show a father that his own deep anxieties about making a good impression in the neighborhood are contagious and are making his children tense and hostile in school. A harder problem, but one that still does not necessarily require deep analysis, is to lead a mother who unconsciously resents her child to realize that the child knows it is not wanted. Once she recognizes this, she may want to understand the reasons for her own hostility, and then perhaps begin to temper or change it. In some cases, HRS has persuaded a seriously troubled parent that psychoanalysis is a good investment and referred him or her to an analyst.

Occasionally, HRS staff members actually rearrange a family situation. In one family, a woman with a strong aggressive drive vented her excess energy on one child to such an extent that he developed chronic stomach trouble and became sickly and mentally retarded. When the Service began to work on the mother and child, the woman switched her surplus energy and aggressiveness to her husband in the form of frequent fights and nagging. It was obvious that her trouble was too deep to yield to short-term methods, so for the sake of the family as a whole, the staff psychiatrist got her interested in the idea of work outside the home and helped her find a job as foreman in a small factory—a job that called for strong, positive traits and let her blow off her surplus emotional steam.

As a result of its experience, the HRS staff believes that the greatest hope for preventive psychiatry lies in very gentle tinkering with the over-all family situations: a little reduction of tension here, a modification of a habit there, a bit of additional self-understanding,

a small infusion of reassurance and confidence. These things can change a tense, potentially neurotic family into a reasonably well-adjusted organism. Using this kind of limited, short-term therapy, HRS has seen an estimated 75 per cent of the nearly four hundred families it has treated show improvement or even complete “cure.”

THE Human Relations Service has spread its lines of communication through Wellesley. All of the town's eight Protestant ministers are enthusiastic about its work and refer to it the family problems' in their congregations that they think need psychiatric attention. So do several Catholic priests; and Monsignor Lord, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Church, while he feels the Church itself has a highly important role in preventive work, agrees that the clinic has given fine remedial service to people already in real distress. Twenty town doctors have referred patients they suspected of suffering from psychosomatic complaints to the Service; and the Friendly Aid Society, the Department of Public Welfare, the Salvation Army, the Junior Service League, the Visiting Nurses Association, and a score of private clubs and associations try to steer cases of severe emotional disorder they come in contact with to the clinic.

HRS has also entered the field of direct education, as another means of forestalling incipient emotional troubles. It has sent its members to speak at PTA meetings, men's clubs, neighborhood societies, and professional organizations, spreading the gospel of prevention and the facts about the referral clinic, and breaking down the prejudice against seeking help for mental disorders.

One of the staff psychologists, Dr. Pearl Rosenberg, has inaugurated a series of parents' group meetings. These began when HRS ran a small ad in the *Wellesley Townsman* inviting parents to a free child-study group. The response was so great that seven groups representing about 125 families were set up, meeting two hours a week for three months. At first Dr. Rosenberg and her assistants lectured briefly on such subjects as aggression, dependence and independence, curiosity and learning, and so on. Gradually they let the groups themselves take over under their direction. The women became wonderfully adept

at seeing little faults in one another and enormously resourceful in suggesting solutions to one another's problems. One mother was troubled by "disobedience"—her little girl refused to wear slacks. "Why should she?" asked another woman. "You wear frilly things all the time. She wants to be as feminine as you. That's not disobedience." At the next meeting the first mother appeared in slacks. "No more problem," she reported briefly.

The subjects under discussion became more complicated as the course progressed and the women and the psychologists took up the fatherless family, mothers-in-law, the role of women in the modern home, sibling rivalry, sex education. When the series was over, half a dozen mothers had decided on their own to come to the clinic for more thorough help. Nearly half the rest (an unusually high proportion for a direct mail query) answered a mailed questionnaire sent out by HRS, and every response said the discussions had been immensely helpful.

Dr. Rosenberg herself, after studying the questionnaires, concluded, "We taught them some elements of mental hygiene. But they taught themselves a great deal more. In any case I believe there definitely was a considerable over-all lowering of the tension levels in the families concerned."

Dr. Rosenberg applied the same technique to the first-year student nurses at the Newton-Wellesley Hospital. Throughout the nation about one-third of all new nursing students leave within a few months because of the severe discipline and emotional problems involved in nurses' training. Dr. Rosenberg led the girls in group discussions about being away from home, the reasons for strictness in the hospital, petting and necking, the causes of psychosomatic complaints, the psychological motives behind fighting with their families during weekend leaves, and any other topics that came up. The class proved surprisingly good when they got onto ward duty, with a minimum of giggling fits, faintings, and nausea. Even more important, all the girls except two stayed, when ordinarily about fifteen would have been expected to quit. An unexpected twist, however, is that half the class began flunking its studies—apparently the level of nervous tension was so lowered that the girls stopped worrying about grades. The hospital in return stopped

worrying about them and decided they'd catch up later when they got deeper into the routine and the habit of study. By the end of the first semester the girls had begun to catch up and in one subject, chemistry, had bettered the national average.

III

ALL of these efforts come under the heading of applied clinical work and account for about two-fifths of HRS's time and money so far. The other three-fifths has gone into research. Preventive psychiatry cannot take the pulse of an abnormal family until it knows what the pulse of a normal family is, and Dr. Lindemann rapidly discovered that very little has been written about normal families: how often they fight, who is boss of which department, who punishes the children; who handles the finances, and so on. Two of HRS's staff sociologists have spent the major part of their time trying to find the answers to these questions and to map out the normal family—at least the normal, slightly-lower-than-upper-middle-class Wellesley family.

Their findings indicate that average "normal" fathers tend to expect too much of their sons, to magnify small faults, and to overlook genuine symptoms of distress. Mothers and fathers alike suffer from too little knowledge of child psychology: from too much reading of popular magazine articles they have acquired imperfect understanding and a high degree of worrisomeness about their own function as parents.

A rather startling impression, gained during more than four years of experience in Wellesley, is that better than one-third of the *supposedly normal* families actually harbor major emotional disturbances and mental problems, many of them serious enough to limit efficiency, happiness, and full functioning. This does not mean that Wellesley is a seething inferno of neurosis; as far as anyone knows, its rate of mental illness is neither higher nor lower than that of the average American community. The point is that behind the over-all external appearance of health throughout our nation, there is a hidden reservoir of maladjustment from which flows the tremendous stream of neurosis, psychosis, and psychosomatic sickness.

Frederick Richardson, a lean, austere-looking HRS anthropologist, has been doing another piece of research. By his laborious attempts to devise a way to analyze people and their physical surroundings, he hopes to correlate the rate of mental illness with such factors as the size of the family, the density of population, how long the family has been in one neighborhood, how good a house it lives in, and its racial and cultural background. He may then be able to discern from among these many interwoven elements which ones seem to be most closely connected with a high rate of mental sickness.

Another anthropologist, Dr. Beatrice Whiting, is doing a theoretical study of "affiliation needs." Children all want to belong. But no one knows how much it damages a child not to belong. If it were exceedingly dangerous, parents might think longer before moving from one town to another. Dr. Whiting is trying to find out how much the child's need for affiliation and his resulting dependence on his parents are affected by moving from place to place or from one social group to another.

Dr. Kasper Naegele, one of the two sociologists who investigated "normal" Wellesley homes, is now studying the fundamental nature of childhood isolation in school. How many friends does a child have? How many does he think he has? How many of those he thinks of as friends do not think of themselves as his friends? And how well do these facts correlate with actual observations on how well a child gets along in school? In the Wellesley High School, Dr. Naegele found that 15 per cent of the boys are not selected by any other boy in the school as a friend. He is trying to determine whether these boys are the most maladjusted, or whether it is the boys who *think* they have friends which they really don't have.

Dr. Lindemann himself is interested in learning to identify what he calls "pathogenic personalities"—people who do not themselves feel mentally ill but who tend to make others neurotic. One, for instance, is the mother who enjoys having a small dependent child and therefore tries to keep him from developing self-reliance. Another is the inwardly rebellious Milquetoast who has never himself dared to fight but is unwittingly encouraging his sons to be bullies. The domineering

woman and the domineered man, both of whom may themselves enjoy their roles in marriage, are liable to raise children who will find it difficult to adjust to normal sex roles in adult life.

"Eventually," says Dr. Lindemann, "preventive psychiatrists will have to spot and treat pathogenic persons as public health officials now spot and treat 'carriers' at the outbreak of a contagious disease."

WELLESLEY's Human Relations Service is a real first. There has been an active mental hygiene movement in this country for half a century, but there has never been as thorough an attempt to offer preventive psychiatry to a whole community. Several projects in other parts of the country have developed one or more features of the Wellesley service, but none has approached its integration. How well then has it succeeded?

The difficulty is that no categorical answer can be given. There is no way to compare Wellesley's mental health against that of any other community. No two communities are the same, and besides no one knows in detail the real incidence of mental disorder in Wellesley or any other American town. There are some facts and figures, however. In a little more than four years, HRS has clinically handled 386 families, thereby affecting some 1,500 persons. In roughly three-quarters of these families, there has been improvement of emotional problems; about 1,100 persons have thereby been benefited.

What the mental health of these families means to the community can be guessed, in part, by the sources which referred them to the clinic. Of 257 children, 101 were sent by the schools, 45 by private physicians, 48 by their families, and 63 by various other sources. Adult referrals came almost equally from physicians, clergymen, and the patient's family or friends. In addition, 125 families representing, say, 500 persons participated in Dr. Rosenberg's group discussions and so did fifty student nurses. Adding in the school teachers who had their own anxieties lessened and various and sundry friends and business contacts of all the patients, perhaps 2,000 human beings living in Wellesley, which adds up to 10 per cent of the total population, have had their lives touched by HRS.

Wellesley itself by and large approves the program. Superintendent of Schools Lyman Owen says his program of co-operation with HRS has been mutually helpful, and all of the teachers with whom I spoke were unanimous in their praise. Dr. John Brines, speaking for Wellesley doctors, says the medical profession is grateful for the presence of HRS. Dr. Rice, the Unitarian minister, seconded by most of the other clergymen in town, told me, "A man who is in charge of a congregation can see the multitude of good results the Service has had." And the townspeople themselves are beginning to be aware of what HRS means. Because the Grant Foundation funds will run out in 1954, a citizen's committee has been making a survey to see whether Wellesley would spend \$25,000 a

year of its own money to keep the clinical end of HRS going. Thus far the reaction has been extremely favorable. It looks as if the Wellesley project would be in operation for some years yet.

What is far more important, however, than the continuance of this particular project, is the fact that, from HRS's accomplishments, a working hypothesis has moved toward becoming an acceptable theory. It is now reasonable to suppose that techniques of prevention can do in the field of mental illness much of what they have done in the physical-sickness field. The experiment in the white clapboard house on Washington Street may be the forerunner of one of the greatest advances in mental health in the history of man.

Noon Hour in Bryant Park

SYLVIA WRIGHT

FLY Schlitz,
Fly high,
And Blue Cross,
Fly
Economy Air Coach,
And Crompton Velvet Velveteen Corduroy.
The hot sun fries,
The pigeons rise,
High, white,
The blue sky
Cries
I.
J. Fox
On Bryant Park.
I and the other girls lie
On the steps of the Public Library, faces to the sky,
Basking in xoj .f .I
But sly,
For we know that every guy,
Passing by,
Turns from grass and sky
To eye
Breast and thigh.
Cry hey, Schlitz,
Hey, Blue Cross,
And Crompton Velvet Velveteen Cordureye,
Cry hey, Fly Economy Air Coach,
Cry hey,
The old try.

Why Be Secretary of Agriculture?

He does a lot of things he doesn't like, some of them obviously foolish. The politicians, the public, and the press don't like them either—but he has to do them anyway. One of the country's leading economists tells why.

J. K. Galbraith

AMONG the many mysteries which surround the government of the United States there is none more impenetrable than why anyone should want to be Secretary of Agriculture. In comparison with the returns from a first-rate Iowa farm, the pay is not handsome. The hours are long, the criticism is constant, and along with these more commonplace handicaps of high office, the Secretary has an added one that is uniquely his own. Unlike other Cabinet officers he must continually do things which he does not want to do, for which he knows he will be severely condemned by politicians, the press, and public, and which, worst of all, he knows himself to be intrinsically foolish. In the early days of the New Deal a few imaginative commentators did manage to picture Henry Wallace as a man who dispatched little pigs out of pure sadism. That was doubtful. There is no doubt whatever that, in 1948, 1949, and 1950, then-Secretary Charles F. Brannan viewed his famous potato-buying operation—an enterprise which in the aggregate cost the country some \$350,000,000—with the utmost repugnance. Left to himself his procurement of this crop would have been limited to what Mrs. Brannan bought at the local Safeway. But he had no choice but to become the biggest potato dealer in history. The great

part of his purchases was either fed to livestock or allowed to spoil.

There is no chance that being a Republican will spare Ezra Taft Benson from this strangest of occupational hazards, the compulsion to do palpably unwise things that mean certain trouble. Last February, although he had adequate legal power to do otherwise, he committed himself to a butter-buying program for the ensuing year which, with the season of highest production ahead, promised to augment, vastly, a 100-million-pound stockpile. Worse still, these purchases would insure a retail butter price of between twice and three times that of margarine at a time when per capita consumption of the latter was about to equal butter and growing phenomenally. (Margarine is now transcendent, not only economically but politically. Ten years ago all Iowa trembled when the dairymen of the state rose in their wrath to smite some Iowa State College faculty members who had spoken in restrained praise of the nutritive qualities of oleomargarine. Last winter, the dairymen could no longer keep the Iowa legislature from legalizing colored margarine.) There is no reason to think that Secretary Benson wants to be held accountable either for a large and somewhat rancid inventory of butter or for accelerating its already rapid

obsolescence. His instincts would appear to be entirely to the contrary. Yet that is what he is inviting.

II

THESE unfortunate compulsions are the result of a farm price policy which even after twenty years, and despite many solid virtues, has not faced up to its own consequences. It regularly prescribes short-run decisions which mean perfectly predictable embarrassment and expense in the very slightly longer run. No one can say that these decisions have done any profound damage to agriculture or the economy at large. But they are an impressive tribute to our capacity to afford foolishness.

The problem of farm prices begins with the unwillingness of a clear majority of American farmers to entrust their fortunes to the free market. This reluctance cannot be dismissed, as a fair number of urban Americans do dismiss it, as a kind of economic cowardice. Agriculture is the extreme case in the American economy of what economists have come to call pure competition. Farm decisions on what to produce and sell are made independently by thousands and hundreds of thousands of individuals. No one of these individuals has any appreciable control over that production or over prices. The General Motors or U. S. Steel executive who speaks feelingly of the virtues of the free market is, in fact, speaking of a much more controlled and controllable phenomenon than anything within the experience of the farmer. A modest reduction in demand for automobiles or steel does not bring a prompt and thorough-going revision of automobile and steel prices. Initially, at least, only the rate of output changes. And the unions are similarly protected—the burden of a reduction in demand for labor is borne by the small minority who lose their jobs. The general structure of wage rates, and therewith the income of the great majority of employed workers, remains unaffected.

When the demand for a farm product is curtailed, by contrast, there is a prompt and horizontal reduction in the price. Production, if it is reduced at all, is reduced only under the compulsion of the price change. There are other industries which approach agriculture in the freedom and impersonality of their

price movements, but it is also true that those who deplore the farmer's failure to see the virtues of the free market speak, almost without exception, from the security of a much more sheltered position.

None of this would be terribly important were there never any danger of depression. But whatever its deeper causes, the immediate manifestation of depression is a reduction in demand for most or all products. And it is evident that the effect of this on the farmer will be very different from the effect on most other industries or on labor. Farm prices will fall promptly; elsewhere the initial effect, at least, will be smaller output at much the same prices as before. The farmer's money income drops, which is always unpleasant, and his real income drops even more, which can be decidedly painful.

History admits of no doubt as to the seriousness of this tendency for the terms of trade to turn against the farmer in depression. In the great price slumps after World War I and between 1929 and 1932 and in several lesser setbacks, farm prices dropped promptly while those the farmer paid remained comparatively stable. In times of burgeoning demand, to be sure, this price behavior is reversed—through the early forties farm prices rose more rapidly than farm costs. But in human affairs, the fact of good fortune at one time is never a plausible justification of misfortune at another time.

III

IT is the desire for some protection from this highly discomforting price behavior in time of depression that, more than anything else, underlies our farm price policy. Clearly the problem that troubles the farmer is real; accordingly his desire to win some of the same inflexibility for his own prices that he finds in those he has to pay is firmly grounded. Not for years has any candidate for public office with a serious interest in the farm vote challenged this desire. For all these and other reasons, some kind of government support to farm prices is here to stay.

It might be well were this recognized, for debate on the largely academic question of whether there should be price supports—whether or not the farmer should be returned to the bracing atmosphere of the free market

—has largely excluded consideration of the practical question of how price supports could be made to work better. In fact they do not now work very well. They strongly favor a few politically strategic farm products which happen also to be ones that can be stored. There is no general plan for managing and disposing of the inventories of farm products which any support system is bound to accumulate. And the support price-system has never been clearly related to the different jobs that it is supposed to do.

IV

I HAVE spoken of price supports in general, an error that is sanctioned by all but universal usage. In fact there is not one price support policy but three, and, depending mostly on the accident of where he lives and what he grows, the American farmer may have an exceedingly firm and favorable price guarantee for what he sells or his prices may receive no support at all. The best known of the three policies, and the one a surprising number of people assume to hold for all agriculture, is that applied to wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco, rice, and peanuts. These, the so-called basic commodities, must by law be supported at not less than 90 per cent of parity.

Parity is still the 1909-14 price of the product adjusted for the increase in farm costs since then, but it has also recently been modified by formulas to make it reflect more up-to-date relationships between prices of different farm products. Urban Americans once confessed their lack of diligence and elementary arithmetic when they complained that they could not understand parity. Now they have a real point. There are probably not more than a hundred people in the country who could extemporize an accurate and detailed explanation of *old* parity, *new* parity, and an additional transitional parity which was designed to be a bridge between the two. The best one can now do with parity is simply to call it a good though not exorbitant price.

The basic commodities are, of course, intrinsically no more important than any others—they enjoy their designation because they are basic to the fortunes of a sizable number of legislators who are intelligently aware of the fact. Of total farm output, the basics comprise not more than a third.

A second group of commodities, called designated non-basics, are also assured of support by law. But for these—currently wool and mohair, tung nuts, milk and milk products—the Secretary of Agriculture has the power to set the price anywhere between 60 and 90 per cent of parity. (For dairy products it must be at least 75 per cent of parity.)

For the remaining farm products, including meat, fruits, and vegetables, the Secretary is under no compulsion to do anything about prices. However, with the lone exception of potatoes, he does have authority to provide price guarantees up to a maximum of 90 per cent of parity. After the great potato fiasco Congress specifically outlawed price supports for this crop until something was done about controlling production, and when supports were withdrawn production declined sufficiently to make such action unnecessary—indeed a huge surplus in 1950 was replaced, in the next year, by a serious shortage. In recent years, the Secretary has used his discretionary powers sparingly. Last year only some eight products, four of them feed grains, received formal support. A few more were assisted by *ad hoc* government purchases to keep up prices.

There has never been any serious pretense that the parity formula gives prices of roughly comparable generosity for different crops—it has long been very favorable for wheat and other field crops where mechanization has greatly reduced costs since the base years. It is relatively niggardly for animal products where there has been no comparable technical revolution. (A postwar revision of the parity formula was meant to iron out these anomalies but did so only in part.) Accordingly a policy that supported all farm prices at any given fraction of parity would, in itself, be discriminatory. However, the present policy of singling some products out for mandatory support at 90 per cent, of specifying support for others at lower levels, and of providing no price supports to still others is a rather remarkable example of unequal treatment under law. The cotton producer has a firm price guarantee; the neighboring livestock farmer, who may be pioneering a better balanced system of agriculture for the South, has none. There is even less justification for a system which gives a Midwestern corn grower a guaranteed price but which ordinarily leaves

the poultry man, for whom corn is a major cost, to the mercies of the open market. Hog producers have long resented the same discrimination, and a poll by *Wallace's Farmer* last winter showed a three-to-one majority wanting something done about it.

During the campaign last autumn both candidates expressed deep concern over the difference in treatment of different farmers. Neither was very explicit as to remedies, and it can be assumed that neither had one. If the government is to guarantee a minimum price, it must underwrite that guarantee with a promise to buy whatever cannot be sold to the public at large. Procedures for giving effect to such guarantees are now routine. By direct purchase or through loan arrangements which enable the farmer to get the equivalent of the guaranteed price while holding the product himself, the Commodity Credit Corporation has admirable machinery for getting or keeping crops off the market. Unhappily no similar progress has been made on the counterpart problem of getting rid of inventories the government so acquires.

For such durable and storable products as corn, wheat, and cotton this is not too serious. Because of last year's large crop and a subsequent sharp drop in wheat and cotton exports, the government will end the present crop year with sizable holdings of these staples—perhaps as much as a billion dollars' worth of wheat and \$300 to \$350 millions' worth each of both cotton and corn. If there is a large crop next year these holdings will be getting uncomfortably large. But it is possible to store such products, and there is always the chance that some disaster will make the policy look like an act of almost incredible foresight.

Meat, milk, eggs, butter, fruit, and vegetables cannot be so easily or cheaply stored. Accordingly support prices for these products must be closely linked to a design for disposing of them. Apart from the provision of small amounts for school lunches, no such design exists and this plus politics is the reason producers of perishable products are treated less favorably than the wheat, corn, and cotton farmers. Before all farmers can be treated alike some way must be found of disposing of inventories of perishable farm products.

More than equity is involved. No very good case in economics can be made for encourag-

ing cotton, corn, or wheat production over that of animal products or fruit and vegetables. A precisely opposite policy would accord more closely with the tastes and peacetime nutritional needs of the American people. Also the absence of a disposal policy for perishable inventories is the thing which, more than anything else, gets the Secretary of Agriculture into bad trouble. While producers of basics enjoy their present price guarantees the Secretary cannot resist the demands of other farmers for help when their prices go sour. And when he yields—or is required by Congress to do so—he must pile up perishable inventories without the slightest knowledge of what will be done with them. So it is now with butter; so it has been with many other products in the last twenty years.

Finally—and this is true both for storable and perishable products—were there a good way of disposing of inventories there would be far less need to worry about production control. If cotton and wheat yields are large this year production controls will have to be imposed, and this will be in spite of a round-house denunciation of such nonsense in the last Republican platform. A much more mystifying problem of what to do about excessive supplies of dairy products is just ahead. Could these supplies be fed into use, it is obvious that the threat of such regimentation—to resurrect a harsh word that some past critics of the farm program may soon wish to forget—would be considerably less imminent.

V

DURING the last twenty years, there has been no shortage of ideas on what might be done with government surpluses of farm products. And in farm policy, once an idea acquires adherents it never completely dies. There is still a happy notion that our surpluses can somehow be sold abroad if we are only sufficiently aggressive in our salesmanship and, perhaps, do a bit of judicious price-cutting now and then. A strong case can be made for an orderly multilateral arrangement for making surplus staples available to people who need them on terms they can meet, and in the last few months there has been a marked revival of congressional interest in such proposals. However, any notion that high-pressure salesmanship plus

dumping will solve the surplus problem—an idea which is also enjoying a revival—can be written off as foolish. People do not respond to the salesmanship, however potent, if they have no dollars to spend. There is no reason to think that dumping will provoke any less retaliation than in the past. There is something gratifying, on occasion, in encountering a policy for which flat failure can be predicted with perfect confidence.

In the thirties, it was possible to think of people on relief as the logical consumers of any extra food. Just before the outbreak of World War II, this expedient generosity was regularized in the Stamp Plan—an arrangement for giving relief clients coupons with which to buy surplus products. Now, of course, there is a shortage of people on relief. Moreover, the Stamp Plan was comparatively costly and cumbersome for the results obtained. These are among the objections to a proposal, long advocated by Senator Aiken of Vermont, that the Stamp Plan be revived and that all families whose income does not now allow them a satisfactory diet be made eligible.

The most recent suggestion was that put forward by Secretary Brannan after the 1948 elections: prices of perishable farm products would simply be allowed to find whatever level in the market that would insure their use. The government would then make up the difference between the price actually realized and the guaranteed price with a direct subsidy. It would do no buying of perishables at all. Few ideas in American history have had a more unfortunate fate than the Brannan Plan, and not the least of its misfortunes was in being dubbed a Plan. In its essentials Mr. Brannan's recommendation was conservative: prices would be determined by the free play of supply and demand, the government would refrain from rigging markets even as Adam Smith would have wished. Were this plan now being applied to butter, Secretary Benson would be totally relieved of his unwelcome obligation to buy, on occasion, several million pounds a day; prices of butter would be nearer those of margarine; and dairymen would not be watching a steady and perhaps permanent disappearance of their customers. The eventual cost to the government would not, in principle, be greater, nor would the income of

dairymen be less. But in a notable triumph of semantics over sober debate, the Brannan Plan became solidly identified with socialism and for reasons that would be mystifying to any Socialist. In the last four years, Republicans and Democrats alike have mentioned it only to proclaim their total lack of interest in the idea.

There were serious faults with the Brannan Plan. The prices it guaranteed were unduly high, and the farmer cannot be blamed for wanting, if possible, to get his income in the form of a price rather than a government check. But the problem Secretary Brannan tried to solve remains. Farm policy will continue to produce messy and incoherent results so long as prices are supported without a companion arrangement for disposing of what is bought.

VI

THERE is a final reform in farm price policy that is long overdue—although, curiously, it is also one that has received slight attention even from careful students of farm policy. This is the provision of more flexibility in price supports in relation to the varying conditions in which they are brought into play. Flexibility has, indeed, been a magic word in farm policy for a number of years. Instead of the present system of guaranteeing the prices of the favored basics at 90 per cent of parity, there are ardent advocates—among them the leaders of the American Farm Bureau Federation—of reducing the level of support for any product, in accordance with a sliding scale, as surpluses accumulate. Legislation—the Hope-Aiken Bill—to give effect to such a plan was enacted by the 80th Congress although it has never been allowed to go into effect.

However, this is not the kind of flexibility that is needed. Farm prices decline for different reasons, some healthy and some otherwise. What is needed is a policy sufficiently flexible to take account of these differences. The strongest case for a firm support policy is when depression threatens: it is then, as I have argued, that the terms of trade turn against the farmer. To allow his prices to fall unchecked and in advance of other prices and incomes is not only a cruel and unusual punishment for the farmer but may well accentuate the general downward spiral.

But farm prices can fall for other reasons. During this last year they fell because crops were large and foreign markets have been drying up. Prices for an individual product can fall, as in the recent sad case of butter, because a competitive product is capturing the demand.

When prices fall for these latter reasons, the case for price supports is by no means as good as when they are used to check a general price recession. In the case of a bumper crop, the larger volume compensates, at least in part, for lower prices. (For most farm products, unhappily, any given expansion in output causes a more than proportionate decline in prices.) When export markets are weak, price guarantees by the seller are fairly certain to make them weaker still. One reason for the sharp drop in our wheat exports this year is that, in face of the competition of good crops in Canada and other exporting countries, we have been pricing ourselves out of the market. High fixed prices for a product like butter, which is losing its market, can be disastrous. The precise medical parallel would be to prescribe bleeding for anemia.

In the past we have always sought for a farm price policy which would serve equally in

prosperity and depression. In fact we need one policy for good times and another to counter a general recession in demand. In good times prices should have a maximum freedom of movement. To interfere with such price behavior can be damaging even to the not-very-long-run interest of the farmer himself. If, the good times notwithstanding, some crop or product is in serious trouble, relief should take some form besides price guarantees. When depression threatens, on the other hand, we should be ready to put a firm floor under farm prices.

It is comparatively easy to outline such a policy; it would be the work of a wizard to write it into law. Almost certainly the execution of such a policy would require that considerable discretionary powers be vested in the Secretary. But the penalties of finessing the tough problems of farm policy, including that of finding either a substitute for government buying or an orderly outlet for what it buys, should by this time be clear. Until they are faced, that policy will not serve the best interests of either the farmer or the country and it certainly won't be good for the reputations of those who administer it.

By Swancoote Pool

DAVID McCORD

Going back more years than I care to remember brings me to a sultry July afternoon when Arthur called and suggested we try the tench at Swancoote Pool, and to it (with desire for its peace rather than the fishing) we slowly cycled. Of the many baits with which tench can be caught we found lightly ledgering with wasp grub usually gave the best results and so in accordance with usual practice we soon got going opposite our favourite lily beds.

—Confessions of a Carp Fisher by "BB,"
Eyre and Spottiswoode, London, 1950.

THE genial wasp provides the grub,
The tench provide the fun;
Eschewing roach, carp, dace, and chub,
I crouch behind a leafy shrub
And ledge them one by one:
Grandfather, father, son.
So easy is it done.

And lightly ledgering anon—
Whatever that may be—
Into a quiet world withdrawn,
My hypertension goes—is gone
With every tasty tench I see
Until it's time for tea.
Then lily bed for me.

What Makes Architecture Modern?

Harrison Gill

IF WE were in a position to look back and assess the creative achievements of our own time, it seems to me almost inevitable that we would unhesitatingly point our finger at architecture as the most extraordinary of the twentieth-century arts. We might be tempted to talk about "functionalism," or about the growth of cities upward, or the break with traditional systems of ornament, or new concepts of planning. But if we did, we would miss the point, for something has happened to architecture in our time that is far more basic than mere external appearances or interior plans. A change has taken place in our concepts and methods of building that distinguishes it from all architecture of the past. It is not the invention of any one man or any one school of designers. It is, rather, the meeting in architecture of the mathematician's formula, the metallurgist's research, the engineer's slide rule, the technologist's powerful machine, and the artist's ability to synthesize all of these in a new form.

The key to what has happened is *tension*—it has been designed into the structural members which make modern buildings possible. Transparent glass enclosures, such as the United Nations and Lever House, can be built only because materials in tension rather than walls bear the load of the building. It is not primarily the modern methods of glass manufacture that have enabled us to bring daylight into houses and office buildings—Gothic architects could do that, and very beautifully too. What the medieval architect could not do was to eliminate the maze of flying buttresses, weighted with pinnacles and broad buttress piers which obscured his glass curtain like a tangled forest crowding around a cabin.

The essential element of any kind of architecture is its structural system, and it is this, rather than the skills of craftsmanship, or individual genius, or even the function of the building, that ultimately determines the form that it shall take. In those cultures which only knew how to construct masonry walls and columns with horizontal lintels and beams of stone and wood, builders could span only short distances, no matter for what use their building was intended. It made no difference how expertly men could carve nor how cultivated their tastes might be nor how creative and clever their architects were, they were limited by the *vertical weight system* of structure, which is what every child uses when he builds with blocks in the nursery. This, the simplest of all structural systems, was the only method known to the ancient civilizations of Greece, Peru, and Yucatan.

The Romans, however, adopted an entirely different structural principle which was based on what is called the *diagonal thrust system*. The essential ingredient of this system is the arch in which the stones or bricks of which it is constructed thrust their weight outward as well as downward. Each half of the arch rests part of its weight against the keystone and the rest of the weight pushes out and down to the point at which the arch starts. To take the force of the thrust, the work is done by very thick walls or by buttresses.

This new system in which the arch and the walls and the buttresses shared the labor of holding up the roof instead of putting the full weight on the walls alone made possible the vaulted ceiling, and large unobstructed enclosures could be roofed for the first time. The great Roman baths, Hagia Sophia, and Reims cathedral were designed by architects

no more gifted than the Greek and Egyptian architects who used the post-and-lintel system. They were constructed by no finer craftsmen, and they were the products of no more perfect philosophy. They were merely the product of a new structural system that had originated obscurely in Mesopotamia and which came to its finest flower in western Europe in the Middle Ages.

The external appearance of architecture has gone through a great many stylistic changes since the time of the late and lacy Gothic cathedrals. The formal buildings of the Renaissance grew into the ornate structures of the baroque period, and baroque became frivolous in the rococo palaces. But for five hundred years no important advance was made in architectural theory and no new principle of structure was devised. Ultimately, in the nineteenth century, architecture, unfed by new ideas, became increasingly anemic. It became, indeed, more nearly archaeology than architecture, and a jumble of styles resulted, all of them throwbacks—to Gothic, to classical, to Romanesque, even to Egyptian.

But a new structural system was in the offing. Indeed while the architects of the nineteenth century were digging around in the past for inspiration, a brand-new concept of structure germinated and began to grow quite unnoticed by the leading practitioners of the day. That an idea so drastic could unobtrusively become the essential idea of modern architecture without being recognized for what it was seems to us strange. It was overlooked, we are forced to believe, because of a blinding cultural time-lag. The new idea was the conscious and rational use of tension as the basis of a structural system.

II

LET me explain what I mean by a structural system, which is nothing more than an idea applied to building materials. The materials used in the construction of any buildings have only a few characteristics of strength. Their color, texture, durability, inflammability, resistance to heat, to freezing, to moisture, and to sunlight are all factors to be considered when selecting them, but their basic structural qualities are only two: resistance to compression and to tension stresses.

Resistance to compression is the ability to resist being squeezed. A sponge has no such resistance, a pine board has some, but not as much as a block of stone or a steel billet. Strength in tension implies some flexibility, and the ability of a material to spring back to its original shape after being pulled. A strip of rubber, obviously, has great flexibility and springs back readily, but rubber is not strong in tension. A steel cable used for a tugboat towline, on the other hand, is extremely strong when it is pulled. In all architecture before our time only the compression strength of materials was taken into consideration by the builder and the designer. Rocks like granite and basalt were the strongest, and great feats were performed with marble, limestone, sandstone, travertine, and even with man-made stones—burnt brick and mass concrete. When loads were not too great, sun-dried brick, adobe, sod, and logs were used to resist the forces compressing them. The builders who used the arch, rather than the post-and-lintel, merely carried the use of materials in compression to its ultimate capability. Just as no power loom can produce any weave unknown to the cloth-makers of ancient Peru, so no modern engineering techniques can surpass ancient Egypt in column and lintel construction or Byzantium or Gothic France in the construction of the vault and arch.

The use of materials to resist tension stresses is at least as old as civilization, but the application of the theory to permanent building is very recent. Rope was invented to replace vines and strips of hide—the most ancient materials used in tension. Rope lacked durability and for thousands of years its use was confined to guy ropes for tents (the first demountable prefabs), to stays and halyards of sailing ships, to harness and to cart traces, and to the primitive jungle suspension bridge. All of these tension members were organic materials. Only metal in tension can compete with and balance the strength and weight of stone.

Let's look for a moment at the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, the greatest structure of the Renaissance. Its romantic influence dominated architectural thought and emotion for several centuries, but as a structure it is not what it seems to be. Here is what Frank Lloyd Wright caustically said about Michelangelo's

extraordinary tour de force: ". . . Buonarroti got his dome up higher than all others, got it out of the building itself up onto stilts! . . . History relates, however, that a hurry-up call had to be sent in at the last moment for the blacksmith. . . . A grand chain was needed, and needed in a hurry, too, to keep this monumental grandeur up there where it was, long enough for it to do its deadly work." The distinguished Swiss historian of architecture, Sigfried Giedion, glosses over the chain with: ". . . the iron rings which Michelangelo used to hold together the cupola of St. Peter's must be considered merely as a fastening." What both Wright and Giedion, and, so far as I have been able to discover, all other writers have completely overlooked is that Michelangelo, in meeting an emergency, used metal in tension on a monumental building and thereby anticipated our era of construction by several hundred years. Wright's ethical objection to the use of the chain and Giedion's failure to recognize its historical implications should not obscure the fact that, though Michelangelo was acting on impulse to meet a threat of having his dome crash, he had acted more like a twentieth-century engineer than a sixteenth-century artist.

III

THE earliest design for a truss is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, but it was not until the year 1800 that trusses with true tension members were understood and applied to bridge design. Earlier attempts to use tension members, in China and at least once in Italy, seem to have been applied by guesswork. In 1789, wrought iron in tension was used in the roof design of the new Théâtre-Français in Paris and in 1801 the inventor of the steam engine, Watt, devised the first I-beam for use in the floors and columns of a factory. But all these structures were the result of placing iron in tension to balance compression without any accurate calculations or any scientific basis for measuring the stresses and strains.

It was not until after the middle of the nineteenth century that builders fully understood and applied the use of steel in tension on a calculated basis. By-guess-and-by-God was no longer the rule by the time Roebling began to hang the Brooklyn Bridge on a

spider web of steel cables in 1868, or Major William LeBaron Jenny designed the first true steel frame building in Chicago in 1883 or M. Eiffel built his astonishing tower in Paris in 1889. In the decade between 1880 and 1890 the theoretical basis for the design of ferro-concrete construction, in which steel is used to meet the tension stresses and artificial stone takes the compression, was fully developed. Nothing now stood in the way of the age of tension in building design. No significant building has been designed on the vertical-weight or the diagonal-thrust principles since then.

Suspension cables, reinforced concrete, all trusses, the I-beam and the H-beam, the plate girder and the skeleton frame, and even the American wooden floor joist and two-by-four stud all have one thing in common; they are all designed in tension. And yet critics and architects have consistently missed this central idea in trying to explain what makes modern architecture modern and sets it apart from the architecture of the past. The Chicago architect, John Root, hinted at it when he wrote in 1890: "So vital has the underlying structure of these buildings become, that it must dictate absolutely the general departure [*sic*] of external forms." A store building in Holland is described in *New World Architecture* in 1930 with this comment: "Neither post-and-lintel nor arch construction could make this building stand up: it is the result of metal introduced into construction, in this case as a core to a concrete member." This author misses the point entirely. Metal in tension is never a "core," for at the core stresses are neutralized. Tension is near the surface. Giedion comes a little closer when he comments on Le Corbusier: "It has been his aim to incorporate in the house the floating counterbalance of forces"; and again where he describes reinforced concrete bridges in Switzerland, designed by the brilliant Maillard, as being "taut" or in a "state of continual tension."

There is one man who comes still closer—Piet Mondrian, the Dutch non-objective painter who taught at the Bauhaus in 1923. In 1942, while he was visiting America, he wrote: "Plastic art affirms that equilibrium can only be established through the balance of unequal by equivalent oppositions. . . . Beginning with the natural form and ending

with the most abstract forms . . . expression becomes more profound. Gradually form and line gain in tension," until "by means of abstraction, art has interiorized form and color and brought the curved line to its maximum tension: the straight line." He sums up his philosophy with, "I recognized that the equilibrium of any particular aspect of nature rests on the equivalence of its opposites. I felt that the tragic is created by unequivalence." Mondrian was talking about painting, but had he known more about mechanical and architectural tensions he would have realized that his ideas applied equally to the structure and aesthetics of modern architecture.

The "equivalence of opposites" is not gibberish, as it may seem. Tension is a pulling force, compression is a pushing force; they are direct opposites, and it was modern architecture that put them to working against each other. For thousands of years men had not known how to use both at once.

BUT what did this use of tension do to architectural style? All buildings constructed on the post-and-lintel or on the arch were, of necessity, symmetrical in design. The load of the roof had to be equally distributed, whether on posts or on walls supported by buttresses. If we were to slice through the Parthenon or Notre Dame in Paris, we would find that the materials on either side of the central axis were exactly the same. But if we slice through a great cantilevered grandstand, for example, we will find that its most astonishing characteristic is asymmetry. The enormous pull on the members of the upper and outer surfaces of a cantilevered structure are in direct opposition, and yet equal to the compression stresses in the under side of the roof and the inner side of the support. Thus the age-old necessity, dictated by a structural system based on compression alone, disappears.

Many people believe that our new architecture is dependent on the use of steel. They are quite mistaken. It is dependent on tension—whether the members are steel or wood. The house built of two-by-fours with what is called a balloon frame, is a house built of tension. We are so familiar today with two-by-fours that it is difficult for us to realize how revolutionary this American invention was when it was first introduced in the early nine-

teenth century. In the spring of 1896 Frank Lloyd Wright, for example, built a wooden windmill tower at Spring Green, Wisconsin. It was slender and sixty feet high, built of two-by-fours and wood sheathing, anchored to a heavy stone foundation. The light-weight wood construction was designed in perfect tension balance, and it has withstood the storms for over half a century, far beyond the life of steel windmills built at the same time. Essentially it used the principle of the skyscraper and, as you can imagine, it elicited the same kind of ridicule and misgivings that the original balloon frame built of two-by-fours had earlier in the century.

Trusses of wood have been used ever since the theory of truss design has been known. Today new types of connecting members and the use of plywood have fully integrated wood construction into the tension design system. During the periods of steel shortage in World War II and since the beginning of the conflict in Korea, architects have turned more frequently to the use of wood in tension designs, and many techniques that they developed to meet an emergency shortage are becoming standard practice.

The basic engineering conception of all tension design is to place materials economically where they are needed structurally and nowhere else. This was not true of any previous structural system. By tests of material and the development of mathematical formulas the system was crystallized and applied not only to bridges and skyscrapers, factories and homes, but to airplanes and automobiles, ships and furniture.

As we enter the Age of Tension, man, for the first time, comes closer in his methods of building to the forces and mechanics of nature than ever before. The oak tree holds its own against the gale only because its roots are strong enough to resist the pull of the wind and the fibers of its branches restrain the buffeting with their tautness. The ability of a stalk of corn to stand erect lies in the tensile strength of its outer layers. Man and beast can move and work because of the elastic tension of tendon and sinew. All living things exist in a state of constant tension; only the inanimate and the dead rest in place by weight alone, rock piled on rock and slab leaning against slab. All truly modern building is alive.

After Hours

Wall Hung

HAVING heard rumors of the revival in America of one of the most ancient and long-neglected art forms, I called recently at the studio of a mild-spoken young man named Jan Yoors to confirm them. Yoors is a weaver of tapestries. He arrived in New York after a harrowing career in British Intelligence, the OSS, and Spanish and German concentration camps. He speaks half a dozen languages, including Romany, is a gypsy by adoption. Having spent a number of years wandering over most of Europe with Gypsy caravans, he finds the view from his studio window on lower Fifth Avenue somewhat less than expansive. "The Gypsies," Yoors said to me, "are a proud, independent, and passionate people. The kind of life they lead gives you an opportunity to be a man."

A proud, independent, and passionate tapestry confronted me as I walked into Yoors' studio. It was six by sixteen feet and had just been completed for a private customer. Massive horses and riders in solid and vivid red, green, yellow, brown, orange, gray, and blue charge through the surf against an ultramarine background. "I usually use about fifteen or twenty colors," Yoors explained, "and I don't try to imitate easel painting, as some of the European weavers do today. They use as many as forty thousand different colors, and have terrific technique—but I think it's more terrific if you can exploit the possibilities of tapestry without letting the technique run away with you."

The tapestry at which we were looking hung on a huge loom of the upright or *haute-lisse* variety, which Yoors uses in preference to the smaller, flat *basse-lisse* commonly used

by other designers. It took six men to carry the top beam of the loom up to the studio. Once that and the rest of the bulky loom were hauled aloft, Yoors with the help of his wife and sister-in-law managed to assemble it. I asked him how. "It was crazy," he said.

Around the walls of the studio are cartoons that Yoors has made and which he plans to execute on the loom. He dyes his own yarn, using the colors of the cartoons as guides, suiting the dye itself to the different surfaces and conceptions in the tapestry. He and his wife and sister-in-law do the weaving. "It takes six or eight months to weave a tapestry this size," he said, pointing to an enormous cartoon of a scene from the Apocalypse, "and when we're through we destroy the cartoon. Some *ateliers* make three or five tapestries from the same design but for some reason never four. Mine are all originals; I couldn't duplicate them if I wanted to."

Yoors hopes to stir up interest in tapestry for its decorative and architectural values; he believes that it does something for a wall that can't be done by painting, sculpture, or stained glass. In his spare time he is writing the story of his life as a spy, Gypsy, and—to the best of my limited knowledge—the only living maker of original, wall-size tapestries in the Western hemisphere.

Where Are the Other Fifteen?

TELEVISION, I had thought until recently, is primarily a reportorial medium, and it is at its most effective when nobody knows what is going to happen next. I'm not so sure, any more. The most surprising, and in some ways the most human, thing I have ever seen on the TV screen was one evening

some months back when a girl who was prettily speaking a commercial suddenly stopped speaking, stopped smiling, and her eyes closed, her head drooped, and she slid slowly down and out of sight in the lower left-hand corner of the screen. She had fainted. The program, which was a trumped-up quiz sort of business with a crew of experts being inhumanly clever, suddenly took on some of the aspects of humanity. We, the audience, were assured that the young lady had merely fainted, that she was coming around nicely, and that we need not worry. It was a nice thing to know that the girl was all right, that her strange behavior was genuine and not part of the act, and that TV when it is "live" always has the element of chance in it. It is the element of chance and immediacy that makes it such a remarkable medium of reporting.

But there are some reportorial functions that the camera performs which are as stylized as any carefully staged and rehearsed studio show and in some ways as abstract as a ballet by Martha Graham. To these shows the viewer must bring a warehouse full of experience, knowledge of folklore, and imagination, to know what is going on at all. There is no more extreme example of this than the televised baseball game.

Several weeks ago my wife and I went to have dinner with a couple who became American citizens only a few years back. They are middle-Europeans by birth and both husband and wife are artists and consequently more visually acute than most people. It is their business as well as their pleasure to look at whatever passes before their eyes with an intensity that most of us do not have. When we arrived, they were watching a baseball game on a newly acquired TV set; they were fascinated but they were mystified. "Do you understand what goes on here?" the man said to me, and I said I did. "Can you explain it to me?" he asked.

I said, "Sure." I never said an untruer word.

"Is this man with the stick against those other three men?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "the man with the stick is the batter and the man who is throwing the ball is the pitcher and the other man is the catcher. The man in the black suit is the umpire."

"What does the umpire do?" he asked.

"He decides," I said, and I knew right then that I was in trouble, "whether the balls that the pitcher pitches are balls or strikes."

"You mean sometimes the ball the pitcher throws is not a ball, it is a strike?" It was clear to him now that sometimes the pitcher threw the bat.

"And why is there only one man on one team and two men on the other?" he wanted to know.

"No," I said, "there are nine men on each team."

"Nine men?" He thought I was kidding him. "That makes eighteen. I only see three. Where are the other fifteen?"

"Out in the field," I said "and on the bench."

"The field?" he said. "The bench?"

"Look," I said, "maybe I'd better draw you a picture of a baseball diamond." His eyes were on the screen.

"The man swung his stick and now he's running. Where is he going?" The camera shifted to first to catch the put-out. "There's one of the eighteen men, isn't it?" my friend said with obvious satisfaction.

I drew a diagram of the diamond on the back of an envelope and indicated the positions of the players. My friend looked at it. "You mean there are a lot of men standing out there? Waiting?"

Nobody, I decided, who didn't already know could ever figure out what a baseball game was about by watching it on TV. For one thing, you have to know what a baseball field looks like because you never see the infield and the outfield all at once on the screen; you see the battery, you see the infielder or outfielder who makes the play, and you sometimes scan the field with the camera, but most of what you know is going on you supply from your imagination out of a fund of knowledge that began to accumulate as soon as you were old enough to throw a ball and swing a bat. All that you see is an abstraction in the form of a few sketchy figures, which reminds you of what you know and from which you automatically construct the complete canvas. Like any good piece of reporting a televised baseball game is a series of vivid incidents that take on a very definite shape, that contain elements of truth and elements of surprise, and suggest a great deal more than they explain. In some respects

what you see is carefully edited—you see what the cameramen and the director who selects which picture goes on the air decide you should see. The element of chance, however, is always there.

"I will buy a book that will tell me all about baseball," my friend said. "Then I will understand." I couldn't bring myself to tell him that there wasn't any such book, couldn't be any such book, but I shuddered at what he would make out of an official rule book, and I mused to myself about how little of the truth even the most extraordinary reportorial medium can convey unless you know the basis of the truth already.

Gently, Sirs

THE pendulum of style swings far and fast, and sad is the fate of all who meet a trend coming in the opposite direction. Recently we have entered a new cycle, and—dedicated to the proposition that my *garde* is just as *avant* as yours—I will undertake to describe it without being wholly certain which of us is going where. "Here in America . . ." writes Joseph A. Barry, the executive editor of *House Beautiful*, "the battle between modern and traditional architecture has been intelligently fought and won. . . . One more battle, however, is still to be won: the battle between *good* modern and *bad* modern houses." If everyone will take up his or her position on this issue, we will proceed in a spirit of serene impartiality. *Sauve qui peut*.

First of all, let me shield myself by asserting that I yield to no one in my admiration for *House Beautiful*. The magazine is a "service" publication in the best sense of that abused term, and its services have far exceeded those of touting for decorators, publishing the latest wallpapers, and exhorting gardeners to get down that rock mulch while the sukebind is still in flower. *House Beautiful's* April number was built around a book—Lyman Bryson's *The Next America*—which admirably mixes vision and hope of a dawning age in which individuals will be themselves and be damned to tyrants. But in the same issue *House Beautiful* discovers Sin.

"Something is rotten in the state of design . . ." runs one of the head-notes. "After watching it for several years, after meeting

it with silence, *House Beautiful* has decided to speak out. . . ." In the body of the text the magazine's editor-in-chief, Elizabeth Gordon, is even more to the point. "What I want to tell you about," she writes, "has never been put into print by us or any other publication, to my knowledge. . . . There is a well-established movement, in modern architecture, decorating, and furnishings, which is promoting the mystical idea that 'less is more.' Year after year, this idea has been hammered home by *some* museums, *some* professional magazines for architects and decorators, *some* architectural schools, and *some* designers."

She need not be so vague. The phrase "less is more," though not precisely in the sense she implies, is more or less permanently associated with the architect Mies van der Rohe; and—as this and the next issue of *House Beautiful* make clear—it is Mies, together with admirers and disciples of his like Philip Johnson—that Miss Gordon has in mind. By "some" museums she means the Museum of Modern Art, by "some" magazines she means the *Architectural Forum*—or the two Luce publications, *House + Home* and the *Magazine of Building*, into which it has asexually separated itself—and by "some" architectural schools she means Illinois Tech and Harvard, or at least the Harvard of Gropius and the Bauhaus tradition. Lest there be any mistake, on a subsequent page a small chart is provided, listing the characteristics by which the foul fiend may duly be recognized—flat roofs, too much glass, stilts, smooth surfaces, open plan, distaste for ornament, and the rest of it. With little subtlety, *House Beautiful* informs us that Mies's predecessor as director of the Bauhaus was a Communist.

STRIPPED of its overtones of murderous outrage, *House Beautiful's* argument is hardly new. The "attack" on modern architecture and design has been going on for years (certain modest reservations about the International Style and the Museum of Modern Art doctrine, in fact, have been appearing in the pages of this magazine for almost a decade now). What is new about Miss Gordon's and Mr. Barry's onslaught is (1) the especially elevated moral, if not patriotic, plane on which it is conducted, and (2) its effort to separate "modern" into two dis-

tinct categories, respectively known as the *good* and the *bad*, on preposterous grounds.

In a *reprise*, the month following, Mr. Barry goes to work on Mies again with a detailed account of the unhappy experience of a lady doctor near Chicago who hired him to build a house; architect and client, to sum up the situation, have ended suing one another. It is the *Ur-mess*, with Mies at his Miestest. "Someone, somewhere in America, I suppose," writes Mr. Barry, "had to bring the most extreme theories of the International Style into actuality for a close, hard look." He congratulates the lady of the house for having built it and for now detesting it, since "her findings might be considered final." Well, perhaps, though there *was* a fellow named Blandings who wasn't too satisfied with his house either. If in this case the lady did not want a glass box on stilts, it is curious that she should have gone to Mies in the first place, since he is scarcely known for anything else. The client must be presumed to have had her eyes at least half open when she okayed the design—or, putting it another way, people who want to throw stones shouldn't live in glass houses. The blame for misdirecting her, according to Mr. Barry, falls on "certain American intellectuals, the highly placed and highly vocal ones, . . . [who] are mortifying their flesh like medieval flagellants as if in penance for a guilty conscience. . . . They make life so hard for woman by scoffing at modern aids for her comfort, labor-savers for her time, that one might conclude that women are the object of their attack." As polemic this may be lively, but as architectural criticism it is far from satisfactory.

If you wanted to, you might condense the complaints about modern architecture as seen-by-those-who-inhabit-it into the one word "leaks," l-e-a-k-s. It is a desperate and somber literature, overloaded with lost illusions and impossible purities, but it is scarcely the stuff of high tragedy. Though I share *House Beautiful's* delight in the revival of ornament, or return to richness, I extend them the hand of blood brotherhood only on the condition they stop talking nonsense. They do the cause no credit by attempting to paint the opposition in the colors of conspiracy, or to picture it as a malevolent and vengeful underground which somehow silences dissent with the threat of unfavorable

reviews in journals of design. When Lyman Bryson looked forward to a Next America in which there would be vigorous debate on aesthetic questions, I doubt that he anticipated quite this combination of dark mutterings and loaded innuendoes.

One of Miss Gordon's arguments—elsewhere amplified by Mr. Barry—is the socioeconomic one that allies the International Style with collectivism, poverty, and the innate hatred of comfort. One has the impression that it is somehow a subversion of the prosperous, fun-loving, democratic spirit. "They," she says, "are promoting unlivability, stripped-down emptiness, lack of storage space, and therefore lack of possessions." However you interpret it, this is the most palpable balderdash. As Miss Gordon may be reminded the next time she tries to buy a little black dress, elegant simplicity is expensive. For myself, if I ever overcome my present lack of possessions sufficiently, I can think of no greater luxury to afford than one of Mies's Barcelona footstools—which will go on being costly and handsome, no matter how loudly shouted at, until someone produces an economical copy.

Mr. Barry and Miss Gordon are right, of course, in suggesting that the battle over "modern" in any other terms than these is over. As the *Wall Street Journal* puts it in a succinct headline: "Few Fans for Queen Annes." You would have great difficulty, I think, in finding an architect anywhere in the country under the age of thirty-five who makes a living from "traditional" building, and this is a generation that takes "masters" like Mies and Gropius and Breuer and LeCorbusier just as seriously as it takes Louis Sullivan, H. H. Richardson, Bernard Maybeck, or Senmut, the paramour and architect of Queen Hatshepsut. I have the same impression *House Beautiful* has that many young architects are becoming impatient with the dogmas they grew up with, and the same impression, too, that they have learned a lot in the process of adopting and rejecting them. But I am wholly unconvinced that a haggle of slurs and maledictions is an adequate substitute for the responsible and respectful interplay of more than one style, more than one model, more than one point of view.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Lower Than The Angels

Gilbert Highet

IT MUST be twenty years since John Collier published one of the most brilliant satirical novels of our time, *His Monkey Wife*. It has long been out of print; my own copy has been storrowed*; but I am longing to see it reissued. It told a perfect love-story. A brilliant but frigid and erratic hero found his affections gradually enlisted and his heart finally conquered by the devotion of a patient and faithful lover, who watched him with understanding eyes, educated herself to be worthy of him, and through the power of love brought out the best in them both. She was not a woman. She was a large female ape. But love conquers all.

The book was a satire both on love, and on our pathetic resemblance to the other animals. The second of these themes has now been treated again in a slighter work, sometimes witty, sometimes undeniably disgusting, sometimes kindly and far-sighted, and sometimes cheap and ineffective: Vercors' *You Shall Know Them* (translated by R. Barisse, Little, Brown, \$3.50: the July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club). This is a meditation on human and animal nature posed as an exercise in logic. The problem is this. In a remote island, a society of higher animal-beings has been discovered. They may be either men or apes or something in between. They have four hands; an intermediate anatomical structure; the power to make stone tools; a rudimentary social organization; erect posture; no religion; no developed language. But they can interbreed with human beings. Are they animals—who can be used, as we use horses and cattle—or men, with rights and with souls?

Most of us would think that beings covered with fur and incapable of human speech were animals. In fact, M. Vercors fakes the problem here, by saying that some human stocks have a merely rudimentary language resembling the grunts and squeals of apes. This is quite untrue: all human languages are complex, their complexity apparently corresponding to that of the truly human brain. However, his book is best taken as a thought-provoking discussion of the concept of racial superiority which still turns up from time to time, and still needs destruction. For another satiric fantasy on the painful link between human soul and animal body, see Jean Dutourd's *A Dog's Head* (well translated by Robin Chancellor, Simon & Schuster, \$3). Both these books are recommended astringents.

Good and Evil

AUDREY LINDOP'S *The Singer, Not the Song* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.75, Literary Guild July selection) is a brisk story about one of the great themes of our century: the conflict between the worship of God and the worship of pure power. The setting is an out-of-the-way Mexican town; the two protagonists are a saintly priest, half-Irish and half-English, and a cold part-Spanish part-Indian bandit, known as The Evil One of the Cats so as to stress his resemblance to Satan. The story tells, episode by episode, how Father Keogh moved into the town where his predecessor, after bravely resisting the religious persecutions of the Mexican revolution, had been forced almost underground by the bandit; how he met the threats leveled against the church and him-

* Stolen, I mean permanently borrowed.

self; how he organized the underlying good feeling of the townsfolk and combined it into a long-neglected spiritual society; and how at last his enemy broke out into destruction, though only a limited destruction. The end is a field producing flowers and fruit, instead of a desert.

I wish it were as easy as that.

As I read the novel, it absorbed me, and then as I thought it over it disappointed me. It looked like a crude simplification of the conflict, in which one side was made unusually noble and the other unusually simple. Most of the problems actually facing Christianity in Mexico are virtually omitted. Orozco, Rivera, Lombardo Toledano, and other influential persons might not exist. It looks as though the book had been written by a woman who spent some time in a limited section of Mexico and then returned to western Europe to create a morality-tale with a subtropical setting. Sometimes the book resembles those films in which a sheriff (John Wayne) moves in on a tyrannized cow-town and outwits the local *jefe de bandidos* (Robert Mitchum). Young Catholics who like an exciting yarn will probably enjoy it. Others will like the crisp characterization and the well-paced story; but they may think that the troubles of our time can scarcely be reflected in a drama which, on a tiny stage, opposes a strong and saintly priest to the Devil, with Cats. They will prefer Don Camillo and the mayor.

The painfully vivid life of Mexico, its people and its sun and its strange earth, its brutally violent history, and its bitter hatred of the gringo, are far more richly described in a novel by a promising young writer named Geoffrey Wagner, *The Passionate Land* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50). The plot is fearfully melodramatic and improbable—not that Mexican politics are not frequently both melodramatic and improbable, but that it is poor invention to conjure up a war between Britain and the Mexican Republic as a possible result of the murder of an Ambassador, and to present an English capitalist as organizer of a quasi-Communist party. Still, Mr. Wagner writes eloquently, and draws dozens of different characters with skill and subtlety. I do not know the country enough to say whether his horrible pictures of its abrupt contrasts (romantic guitar-music played by a musician whose nose is rotted off

with syphilis, old women frying live caterpillars for luncheon) are true or exaggerated; but they are bitterly memorable. If Mr. Wagner learns how to construct a credible story, he will have an interesting future.

Men and Events

ONE of the chief difficulties in writing history is to explain how important the personalities of individuals are in shaping the lives of large national and cultural groups. There is a temptation to treat them only as the products of historical forces, or else as irrelevant to the course of events: naïve theorists and mystics usually do this; but it is not serious historical thinking. Here, as in nearly every other field of human knowledge, we have a factor of the irrational, the incalculable, the ultimately inexplicable.

The difficulty is illustrated by a group of biographical studies recently issued: Allan Nevins' *Study in Power: John D. Rockefeller* (Scribner, \$10), Harold Nicolson's *King George V* (Doubleday, \$7.50), Virginia Cowles' *Winston Churchill* (Harper, \$5), and *The Diplomats 1919-1939*, edited by Gordon Craig and Felix Gilbert (Princeton, \$9). The most valuable for students of political history is certainly *The Diplomats*: a thoughtful, capably written, richly documented set of studies of Foreign Offices, ambassadors, and international statesmen, it shows the extremely powerful influence, both for good and for bad, which the foreign representatives of the powers exerted on world history between the wars—sometimes no doubt by their intelligence and dexterity, but surprisingly often through the mere shape of their personality, the quirks of their character. I recommend this strongly for serious reading. The Rockefeller book is thorough but dull: partly because Rockefeller himself was a dull man (shrewd, of course, and ruthless, and farsighted, but uncultivated, introverted, small even in his greatness) and partly because Mr. Nevins has been trying sedulously neither to damn him as a robber baron nor to sanctify him as a glory of our culture. Even so, many readers will find him too gracious to Rockefeller and his associates, who gave away many millions with vast generosity, but first extracted them from the public by devices which may have been wicked and certainly were

ferociously greedy. It seems never to have struck the millionaires of that epoch that 48 per cent *a year* on their investments was an excessive reward, and that they could have fed full enough without getting all four feet into the trough and squatting down. On the other hand, Mr. Nevins does very well to show that without their work the oil industry might never have been properly organized, and that their unusual talents were valuable assets to an expanding nation.

The life of George V is similarly respectful, but it has a more sympathetic subject. The old king, with his beard and his gruff voice, was a substitute-grandfather for many of his people, as anyone who heard his annual BBC message from Sandringham will testify. It is interesting to watch how his strong character was created by his own will power, assisted by fifteen years of active service in the navy, and how it matured through the severe trials of his reign. He had his faults. He worried too much about etiquette. He did not train all his children successfully. But compared with other rulers of his time he stands out as a wise statesman who understood the essential value of stability. The book is well written, sometimes discreetly eloquent. Some of the footnotes are mildly amusing, like a courtly whisper behind a plump white hand.

By all odds the most dramatic of these works is the Churchill biography. This is very nearly a model life of a difficult subject. It is written with a brisk gusto worthy of its hero. It is full of valuable research—for instance, it gives verbal quotations from parliamentary debates of half a century ago, with Hansard references, and it is packed with personal reminiscences which Miss Cowles has gathered from Churchill's old associates. It is prepared (as Sir Harold Nicolson and Mr. Nevins are rarely prepared) to acknowledge the mistakes and follies committed by its central figure. It is clearly and vividly constructed, and solidly rooted in social history. Inevitably there are a few mistakes: Asquith's competence and motives are occasionally misdescribed, Cape Dutch is usually called Taal, not Tael, and so forth. But these are unimportant. The real disappointment of the work is the small space it gives to

Churchill's greatest achievement, his work in the second world war. It is unfair to spend thirty-one pages on his career as a Liberal from 1905 to 1908 and only forty on the far more important period from 1939 to 1945; and it distorts history, because the Former Naval Person was more than a politician then, he was a strategist and an organizer comparable to Eisenhower himself, and his work in that field deserves detailed study and description. Apart from this serious fault, the book is a fine piece of reading.

Chains for Minds

SUPPOSE you wished to give college students a warmly favorable view of communism: how would you go about it? Many methods have been tried in the past thirty years, and others will doubtless be invented. But one of the best would surely be to fit Communist prejudices into their minds *as a basis* for the rest of their studies, so that, while continuing to learn and think, they would distort all their education to fit that bias.

This is apparently the intention of the first of a new series of *College Paperbacks* issued at a dollar each by Henry Schuman Inc. It is a lucidly written little piece of propaganda called *What is History?* by V. Gordon Childe. Mr. Childe is well known as a prehistoric archaeologist, but not as a historical philosopher. In this handbook he works through and discards various widely-accepted theories of the pattern of history, in order to build up to *History as a Creative Process*, which turns out to be Dialectical Materialism as expounded by Marx and Engels. His final chapter is full of Marxist distortions and oversimplifications, carefully disguised so as to be acceptable by an eighteen-year-old. It ends with the stirring sentence: "One great statesman of today has successfully foreseen the course of world history": this turns out to be the late Josef Djughashvili, called Stalin, who could not even foresee the fact that Hitler was going to attack him two years after their alliance was signed. This book seems to me to be a cheap piece of deception disguised as a dispassionate textbook: so slanted that a middle-of-the-

road teacher would find it hard to use as an unbiased text even for discussion, while a skillful fellow-traveler could implant its patterns as firmly as a tattoo. Another book in the same series, F. W. Walbank's *Decline of the Roman Empire*, leads toward a similar conclusion. Speaking as a teacher, I must say that I should be very sorry if such a grossly incomplete and partial view of history were presented to students at the outset of their college careers; and I cannot congratulate the Schuman firm on their new series of *College Paperbacks*.

These books neatly illustrate one aspect of the problem of academic freedom. They remind us how few young students have a critical sense strong enough to enable them to resist the winning and authoritative suggestions of a manual or a teacher. In fact, there is a fundamental difference between teaching students communism and teaching students about communism. Any competent sociologist can do the latter; Communists will do only the former, and are therefore (even if disguised in academic robes) to be classified as propagandists rather than calm scholars and unbiased teachers. This point is eloquently made in Sidney Hook's *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No* (Day, \$3.75), in which an experienced teacher, himself apparently a Socialist and certainly a disciple of John Dewey, rips open the specious "liberal" phrases which the enemies of our society use to screen their real aims. For instance, he shows that anyone who belongs to a paramilitary revolutionary organization such as the Communist party, with its stringent rules of recruitment and thought-control, cannot claim to be believed when he calls it "an ordinary political group" or demand immunity from "guilt by association." Mr. Hook's book is not the complete survey of Communist strategy and tactics on the "intellectual front" which is urgently needed; but it is valuable reading for those who wish to see their way through on phase of that long-planned and skillfully-conducted operation. A later phase, the intellectual enslavement of entire nations, is brilliantly and tragically described by Czesław Miłosz in *The Captive Mind* (translated by Jane Zielonko, Knopf).

3.50). O Science, what crimes are committed in thy name!

Comedies of Yesterday

REMOTE, eccentric, melancholy, slow, an Austrian intellectual called Robert Musil spent many years in writing a long satiric novel about Austro-German society, centered in Vienna during 1913 and 1914. Although the book was never finished, it had stanch admirers. Its only entered into their souls. The best part of the novel has now been published by Coward-McCann as *The Man Without Qualities* (fluently translated by E. Wilkins and J. Kaiser, \$4). In Dr. Johnson's words, if you were to read it for the glory, you would hang yourself. Like most Austrian things, it is both incomplete and overelaborate. It speeds up and slows down and loiters and lingers and murmurs like a Mahler symphony; and after 360 pages it leaves us (without completing a single piece of its complex pattern) in a state of suspense without excitement. Yet, if you can accept this incompleteness and savor Musil's chatty, intelligent, disillusioned style for its own sake, and watch his characters employing with a graceful though obsolete elaboration, you will enjoy the novel. Extremely witty, it is worth reading for Musil's meditative moods and satiric descriptions alone. We knew that, in some lives and some times, tiny incidents are often more significant than loud crises, and cool reflection is more stimulating than hot action. I have not read Italo Calvino, to whom the experts compare him; but he strikes me as being very like Proust—with the poetry diminished and the comedy enhanced; something like Kafka, though less grim and hopeless; something like that crazy paradox Paul Klee; and other like a parody of those pre-World-War I reminiscences which still appear occasionally, called *Memoirs of Three Capitals*, illustrated by ancient photographs of pomp princelings and millionaires, and decorated by sumptuous but ingestible menus. Faint music in the distance:

As I walk along the Bois de Boulogne
With an independent air. . . .
I missed a delightful novel in the month of its publication: Ardyth

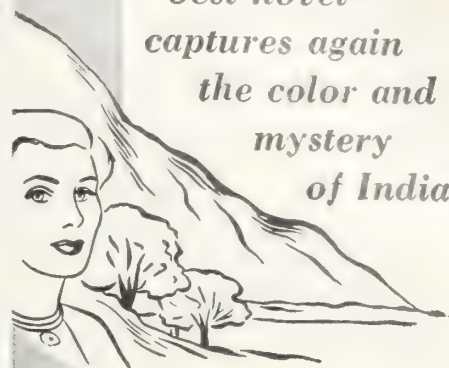
Kennelly's *Good Morning, Young Lady* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95, Literary Guild selection for May). I have just read it with considerable enjoyment, and I think Miss Kennelly is a clever and charming writer. It is the best-balanced and most perceptive story of growing-up that I have seen for a long time. A little girl is left parentless: she goes to live with relatives in Salt Lake City; she gets little schooling; sustained by her fancies and dreams and by a few books given her by a friend, she works as a housemaid and a laundress; dreams and realities gradually sort themselves out for her; she becomes a woman. All this is told with an adroit blend of childish innocence, childish keen-sightedness, unspoiled generosity, and unsophisticated goofiness, which makes the girl Dorney a creation of which Dickens would have been proud. The novel is cheerful and usually comic, because few children lead tragic lives; but it is not saccharine. Family hatreds of alkaloid bitterness surround Dorney and try to blight her. An ugly neglected woman, a sad deformed child, and two beautiful selfish hussies enter her life, all helping somehow to educate her; she knows one thief and one murderer, and she sees feminine cruelty almost at its worst. But youth is optimistic, and so she emerges from these little jungles not unscratched but undiscouraged. The appearance of Love at the end is rather dreamy and unreal, but so, when it first appears to everyone, is Love.

Fall of Empire

The Dark Angel, by Mika Waltari (well translated by Naomi Walford, Putnam, \$3.75), is a historical novel in the shape of a journal kept by an eye-witness of great events. It tells the story of one of the hugest disasters of Western history—the fall of Constantinople, the capital of the eastern Roman empire and the citadel of Greek Christendom, to the Turks. It was published 500 years almost to the very day after Sultan Mohammed II stepped upon the altar in the church of Hagia Sophia and trampled the cross underfoot. This is a gloomy, powerful tale. Told from the standpoint of the Western world and of Christianity,

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Saturday Review \$3.50

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The Viking Press, New York 17

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—RICHARD LOCKRIDGE,
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it is tragic—since it is also the story of the dissensions between the Greeks and the Latins (French, Italians, and others), and between Roman Catholics and Orthodox Greeks. Once before the Turkish entry, Constantinople had been invaded and occupied: the Latin crusaders captured the city at the climax of the Fourth Crusade; and during this last struggle, the help which came to Byzantium from Italy was carefully limited. "Better the Turkish turban than the Pope's tiara!" cried some of the Greeks who considered Roman Catholics as schismatics or heretics. And in Rome, when the powerful Orthodox empire fell, there was perhaps a sense of relief; yet, as the book ends, we see the Sultan proclaiming that he will soon stable his horses in the churches of the Pope.

It is natural to see parallels to the recent history of the twentieth century in this story. On one side, ruthless tyrants, dedicated to the worship of power; on the other, kingdoms and republics and religious groups divided by jealousy, cupidity, and mutual distrust; on one side, fanaticism and hot simple appetites, and on the other, high civilization, aesthetic delicacy, sensitive refinement, and worry. Yet the book is not hopeless. Being a Finn, Mr. Waltari knows that gallant resistance even against overwhelming odds is a victory and guarantees a renaissance. This is not, like Koestler's *Age of Longing*, a work of despair, but of courageous resolution.

While recommending the novel, I must warn readers that their pleasure may be diminished by one technical defect. The hero and narrator is another version of Mr. Waltari's favorite personage, the aging disillusioned traveler. It is hard to see what he is doing in a city which is about to be besieged by a hostile army; he is mysterious and vague; he has no apparent mission. Throughout the main body of the book we feel him unsympathetic; he may be a Turkish agent, a selfish renegade, a disinterested observer. And we feel it hard at the end to believe that, in so many pages of diary, he should never have recorded his true nature and the spiritual tie which bound him to the city. Apart from that, this is an able book on a superb subject.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Singing Sands, by Josephine Tey.

Nearly everyone but me seems to have read at least one other of Josephine Tey's books—*Miss Pym Disposes*, *The Franchise Affair*, *To Love and Be Wise*, *The Daughter of Time*—and so is not surprised, as I am, at the excellence of this one. It is an Inspector Grant detective story, full of mystery, atmospheres, and poetic (literally) clues. The detecting goes on in a romantic Scottish setting among people who are "nice" in the best sense. Their talk is amusing and kindly, and even the murder seems mannerly: Inspector Grant, getting off an overnight train for a vacation in Scotland, sees the porter trying to wake up a dead man. If you've missed Miss Tey's other books don't miss this last one, posthumously published. Macmillan, \$2.75

The Light in the Forest, by Conrad Richter.

Mr. Richter's novels—*The Sea of Grass*, *Trees*, and the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Town*—are too well known to need description. They all tell of the white man's struggle with a new environment. Whether dealing with the early days of the Texas grass lands or of settling in the Ohio wilderness or of early Ohio town life he always recreated a credible world whose problems were very real to the reader. In this novel he has tried more difficult theme. A white child stolen and adopted by the Delaware Indians, is returned to his parents eleven years later, in 1765, by which time he has become more Delaware than the Delawares. But recreating the interaction of two utterly different cultures is not the same as recreating attitudes—all within the same culture—toward new ways of living, and the book fails to come wholly alive. One is never satisfied with either the Indian's or the white man's ideology or motivations as set forth here. One identifies oneself with the boy's longing for Indian forest life and ways (beautifully and sensitively described) but there a

times when the references to his father, the Sun, his sister-in-law, the Creek, his brother-in-law, the South Wind, set one right back to first grade and Hiawatha. The problem undertaken does seem too large to solve convincingly in 200 pages, sensitive as they are. Knopf, \$2.50

Wait, Son, October is Near, by John Bell Clayton.

Mr. Clayton has a wonderful way of describing farm country and farm life and of knowing how they react on small boys. He has done several short stories combining these elements ("The White Circle" and "MacIntosh Tells Me" in *Harper's*), and now this novel. In the foreground of the story is the earth turning—the planting, the long summer afternoons, the harvesting—and birds, animals, and the relationship between ten-year-old Tucker and the little Negro girl, Teaberry. In the background, only half apprehended, is the world of adult antagonisms. When suddenly these antagonisms impinge on the world of the child and nature, the dreadful climax of the story is reached. Personally I felt that the climax was too strong for the slow, slow build-up. I was not convinced of its inevitability. But this is a moving story ably told if perhaps too long drawn out. It might have been better as a short story. By the author of *Six Angels at My Back*. Macmillan, \$3.50

NON-FICTION

Lost Trails, Lost Cities: An Explorer's Narrative, by Colonel P. H. Fawcett. Edited by Brian Fawcett. Between 1906 and 1921 the British Colonel Fawcett headed seven expeditions in the unmapped jungle world of the Amazon Basin. He was in search of the boundary between Peru and Bolivia and more specifically of the lost cities which Indian legend made him believe existed in the heart of the wild mountain jungle. His dream, become an obsession, set him off on the eighth expedition in 1921 (from which he never returned) more confident than on his first. These are his records and letters painstakingly edited by his younger son. . . . This is adventure and exploration of the old school. There are hairbreadth

escapes and excitements of all kinds. It is a record of great courage and dogged persistence. But whether because he never came back from the last expedition so that we never have the final answer, or because it all seems so far away and long ago, it lacks for this reader the immediacy necessary to keep one continually absorbed. Funk & Wagnalls, \$5

Douglas Fairbanks, the Fourth Musketeer, by Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks.

Douglas Fairbanks' best monument is in the swashbuckling, devil-may-care, eternally young silent movies—"Robin Hood," "The Mark of Zorro," "The Three Musketeers," "The Thief of Bagdad." His personal life, like the lives of so many actors and actresses, seemed to wither in the limelight. It was neither pretty nor happy, and this book's mawkish attempt to overglamorize the Doug-Mary romance does nothing to better it. And in all its 276 pages there are only sixteen pages of photographs. What that seeker-after-eternal-youth needs is either a pictorial record of his career or a literate biographer-interpreter to set him properly in his time and profession. This is a wishful-thinking family chronicle that does him little honor. Holt, \$3.95

Women Today: Their Conflicts, Their Frustrations, Their Fulfillments, edited by Elizabeth Bragdon. An entertaining, controversial, and (to a woman) occasionally too revealing look at woman and her problems, from twenty-six points of view. Twenty-six different personalities (seven of them men) look at her with interest and excitement if not always with compassion. (See Merle Miller on "Marriage à la Mode.") Miss Bragdon has done an excellent job of arranging an assorted and piquant menu of problems—love, marriage, children, divorce, career—served up by a variety of authors. To *Harper's* readers it should be a satisfying meal. Seven of the twenty-six articles appeared first in this magazine, and an eighth was written by editor Russell Lynes. Bobbs-Merrill, \$4

Best Articles 1953, edited by Rudolph Flesch.

This editor chooses five out of

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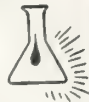
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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
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twenty-five articles from *Harper's Magazine*. Seventeen other magazines contribute the other twenty articles. As the editor points out in his preface, "best" in this case can only mean best in the opinion of the editor, but it is an interesting selection with which this magazine would be graceless to quarrel. A partial list of the authors includes (outside the *Harper's* articles) Nathaniel Benchley, Milton Mayer, Peter Drucker, John Tunis, Roald Dahl, Gerald Johnson, and Ernest Hauser. The articles are listed under five headings: "People," "How to Live," "Sharp Focus," "Perspective," and "Of Human Spirit," and with these areas as guide lines the subjects discussed are varied, lively, and informative. Hermitage, \$3.50

The River and the Gauntlet, by S. L. A. Marshall.

This uncompromising book, in which there seems to be scarcely a word that isn't narrative, recounts what happened to the Eighth Army in Korea during November 1950, when the Chinese Communists first entered the war. The story is not a pleasant one, and General Marshall tells it with few concessions to civilian squeamishness or lack of military experience. Yet his harrowing tales of individual bravery and endurance, based on personal interviews after the battle, have a profoundly moving and cumulative effect even for one who follows the technicalities with difficulty, at best. What he has written is almost a novel, with morals and overtones one doesn't remember seeing in the newspapers. To judge from what General Marshall says about it, the defeat we suffered on the Chongchon River was an American epic that deserves to be taken to heart.

Morrow, \$5

FORECAST

Old Faces, New Novels

I thought last month that the list of summer and early fall novels was impressive enough. But since then a dozen or so more have been announced from names that promise excitement. Cry the Beloved Country's Alan Paton has *Too Late the Phalarope* on Scribner's July list and the Book of the Month has chosen

it as the August selection. In August Little, Brown will publish *Spinsters in Jeopardy* by Ngaio Marsh and *Time and Time Again* by James Hilton (Literary-Guild selection for September). Houghton Mifflin announces *The Narrows* by Ann Petry for the same month. . . . In September there is good news for Captain Hornblower enthusiasts in C. S. Forester's *Hornblower and the Atropos* (Little, Brown); there is also Louis Auchincloss's new novel, *A Law for the Lion* (Houghton Mifflin) and Alfred Hayes' *In Love* (Harper). October will bring a new novel by Ignazio Silone, *A Handful of Berries* (Harper). And in November Little, Brown promises another Jalna book—*The Whiteoak Brothers: Jalna 1923*—by, of course, Mazo De La Roche. There is great excitement at Knopf over John Hersey's newest, also for November, *The Marmot Drive*, his first novel since *The Wall* and his first novel with an American setting—Connecticut. And with a long look ahead, to the spring of 1954, we can see that Lael Tucker, who wrote *Lament for Four Virgins*, has a new novel on the Random House list, *Festival*.

Miscellany from the Fall Lists

The subjects of the non-fiction books for fall are as varied as the colors of the autumn leaves. There will be André Malraux's book about art translated by Stuart Gilbert—*The Voices of Silence*, from Doubleday. There will be a travel book by the inimitable Ludwig Bemelmans, *Further, Dear Father* (Viking). Yale will publish *Drinking in College* by Robert Strauss and Selden D. Bacon, a study based on the drinking habits of 17,000 men and women undergraduates in twenty-six colleges. The same press will bring out more Gertrude Stein's unpublished manuscripts—*Bee Time Vine and Other Pieces* with a forward by Virginia Thomson. Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickok have edited a book called *Women in Politics* for Putnam; Albert Lynd, under Little, Brown imprint will attack progressive education in *Quackery in the Public Schools*; and Joseph Her Jackson has compiled for Crowell a picture book, with text, called *San Francisco*. . . . Diversity, the name is publishing.

The New Recordings

Super Sound

Edward Tatnall Canby

SPECIALLY made records for the hi-fi enthusiast result from the recent demand for distortionless sound—and they're quite an interesting phenomenon. They are to the average record, even the good one, as a sports racer is to a four-door sedan. They are designed from beginning to end for sound quality and even the sound itself, strangely, is subservient to that end.

The "ordinary" record (now 45 or LP) is, after all, largely devoted to its own content of information. Our records exist first of all to convey a message. Normally, the content is chosen first, recording techniques applied afterward for best results under the circumstances. The LP record itself compromises sound quality in favor of long playing time because of the recorded content. Some concerns go so far, these days, as to choose repertoire with a shrewd eye for pure sound-appeal—not the message, mind you, but the effectiveness of the sound itself as "high fidelity" material. Nevertheless, even these companies continue nominally to place content first, if by a small margin.

But once the balance of intention is truly upset, the product is something decidedly novel. Not only for the reversal of procedure, the recorded material being chosen specifically for its "absolute" sound value, but for the extraordinary care with which the entire processing is carried out from start to finish, including the recording setup itself as well as the actual sound source. Even the physical disc is different. For best quality, regardless of message, technical opinion now favors a hybrid record, turning at 78 rpm but cut with microgrooves like those of our LPs and 45s. It plays on any normal equipment, runs a bit longer than the 45 Extended Play disc.

What to record—if we want sound for sound's sake? A viewpoint that deliberately chooses sound content purely for sound quality in the hearing is bound to turn up some odd material! Odd it is, but there is

much to be learned about recording from it. Three categories seem favored at the moment: sound effects (thunderstorms, railroad trains, etc.), solo organ or piano music, and what I can best call chamber jazz, for small groups of instruments recorded at close range. The resulting sounds are certainly fabulous. On good equipment the lowered distortion is strikingly apparent in comparison to all but the finest of standard records.

But what interests me particularly is that these records, above all the jazz ensembles, are also extremely effective on very ordinary home equipment, low fidelity, though this was not the makers' intention. The worst table "squawk box" still can display these discs as clearly superior for sheer presence and realism. The explanation is significant for the whole recorded art.

It's clear to all who have had much of a look at the recording business that there are optimum sound conditions for recording, both in music itself and in the surrounding acoustics, which are very unlike these most favorable to "live" music. In the recorded medium the entire traditional hierarchy of preference in purely physical sound is turned about. These new records, engineered totally for the recorded situation, are by their very intention striking examples of the purely physical ideal for most effective musical sound on records—notably in the remarkable jazz discs.

Listen to these, then, and line up in your mind the composers of the past according to this specification! You'll come up with a novel repertoire, full of the sound of winds and woodwinds, brass and percussion. Chamber music in all its forms will, of course, be far in the lead; symphonic music will foot the list, if we want optimum recorded sound. It will be clear, too, that whether dissonant or not, the modern composer has generally been moving closer and closer to the new physical ideal. Even his large orchestra has a better

hi-fi sound than, say, that of Schumann or even Beethoven.

Measured by these new standards, is it any wonder that recorded music has already gone so far to change our taste, toward the more advantageous smaller forms?

Super-sound Records

Audiophile Records AP-1 through 10, to date. (See catalogue: Saukville, Wis.)

I've only heard these in public demonstration but you may trust the quality—the company modestly rates its discs Grade A and Grade B, the latter being equivalent to the best usual LPs. The Grade A items are all 78 Microgroove 12-inch vinylites. AP-1 and AP-6 are Dixieland Jazz (Harry Blons); AP-7 and AP-8 are "Syncopated Chamber Music," with Red Nichols; AP-10 is "softly modulated" popular favorites. Robert Noehren, organist, plays Vienne, Liszt, and the like on two Grade B LPs and one Grade A 78.

Cook Records. (Cook Laboratories, Stamford, Conn.)

This series, perhaps the earliest of its type, made a sensation with the now famous "Rail Dynamics" and a fabulous summer thunderstorm (it would not play on many pickups, thanks to the violence of the thunder). The series is tending toward musical sounds now. Music lovers will not find much of intrinsic musical interest, but a large theater-style double organ, music box melodies, piano thunderings, and the like produce extraordinary physical sound effects. Microphoning technique is not as good as the physical quality of the recording.

Turntable Records. (P. O. Box 622 Hollywood Sta., Hollywood 28.)

Test pressings of HF-1, this company's first in a series, are nothing less than extraordinary—but, in true hi-fi absent-mindedness, the company forgot to identify for me the content of the two sides! Turns out to be intimate jazz of a very good grade, to my partial ear, stunningly recorded with extremely low distortion and excellent acoustical qualities of balance and liveness. Ten-inch 78 rpm. microgroove vinylite.

Back to Normal

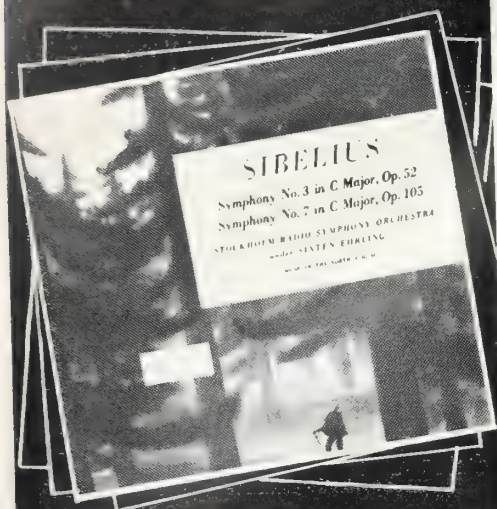
Bartok: "For Children"; 40 Pieces on Hungarian Folk Tunes (1907-8). Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M E3009.

Prokofiev: Music for Children, op.

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By Edward Tatnall Canby

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In layman's language, Mr. Canby explains the operation of a radio-phonograph, where to buy the separate parts, how much they cost, and how to house them for superb sound reproduction. He gives you facts and principles about various types of "hi-fi" equipment so that you can choose the combinations most suitable to your own financial and performance requirements. HOME MUSIC SYSTEMS is illustrated with photographs and simple diagrams. The Appendix gives you names of "hi-fi" magazines, lists of radio parts catalogues, and "hi-fi" supply houses. With this top-notch guide, you can easily build and enjoy a superb high fidelity music system in your own home at tremendous savings.

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65 (1935). Shostakovich: *Six Children's Pieces* (1945). Bloch: *Enfantes* (1924). Milhaud: *Touchez Blanches*; *Touchez Noires*. Starer: *Lullaby for Amittai*. Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M 3010.

Few big composers have been able to write good music for children or about children—for it is the ultimate test, demanding simplicity and consummate skill, a respect for children's dignity, an understanding of the child's unmatched capacity for sensing beauty. It takes a superb and understanding pianist, too, to perform such music as this, with subtlety and without condescension. Pressler's playing could not be more happily projected; he is serious, careful, grave, reverent, above all wonderfully musical with an impeccable sense for phrasing and proportion.

The forty little Bartok pieces are true music for children to play—I can remember being delighted by several of them in my early lessons. Clear, simple folk tunes, ingeniously set with a friendly and humorous touch—ideal material for any beginner pianist; grown-ups will find them as absorbing as do the kids. (They grade from elementary to medium.) Prokofiev's memorable little pieces ("Summer Day") are more sophisticated, but as suitable to childhood at all ages; they are reminiscent of the wide-spaced, sensitive beauty of the late Beethoven "Bagatelles." Shostakovich, true to form, is tinkly and a bit smart-aleck; his pieces don't stand up to the others. The Bloch "Enfantes" are lyric, very pianistic miniatures which seem to me, however, to have a romantic poignancy rather beyond the young child; lovely adult beginner's music. Two Milhaud French trifles and a short bit of modern dissonance (Starer) complete the side. Altogether, two invaluable records for pianists and piano teachers (but do they ever listen to records?) and one of the best piano recordings I've heard, into the bargain.

Mendelssohn: "Scotch" Symphony. (A) London Symphony, Georg Solti. London LL-708. (B) Pittsburgh Symphony, Steinberg. Capitol S8192.


The last of Mendelssohn's symphonies in spite of its number, three, this work ranks next to the familiar "Italian" in easy listenability. Its Scotchness consists merely in a vague sense of nostalgia that, in the Romantic convention, indicates "north"—as in Sibelius—plus a tune or two that might conceivably have been Scots, but probably wasn't. A convenient title to some ingratiating and characteristic Mendelssohn, of the late

and sadder-but-wiser period of his short life.

Two remarkably different recordings, the contrast not easy to classify. Solti's, on London frrr, has the sharp, close-up detail work, especially in the strings, that the frrr technique provides. It's wholly unnatural, but—in the recorded medium—surprisingly satisfying, especially in this music where the sparkling detail work of strings and woodwind is a joy to hear in such ultra-clarity. The Steinberg version on Capitol, in contrast, is recorded at a considerable distance in a big hall, probably via the one-mike technique. Technically it has a more literal concert-hall sound, but inevitably the detail work is largely lost in the grand blur, which is in this case a decided musical liability. (Other types of music might fare very differently in the same two situations.) With these physical differences to take into account, it isn't easy to judge the two performances themselves. Solti's, I'd judge, is warmer, rather relaxed, and perhaps lacking in intensity in the climaxes; Steinberg's is furiously accurate, fast, rather chilly to my ear, though climaxes are realized to the full. I'd choose the London version, simply to hear the wondrously light chatter of the Mendelssohnian strings at such gratifyingly close range.

Mahler: Symphony #7 ("Song of the Night"). (A) Radio Berlin Symphony, Rossbaud. Urania URLP 405 (2). (B) Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WAL 211 (2).

Your opinion of Mahler in general is likely to determine your point of view in any musical discussion of this huge, dogmatic, inspired, obstinate, endlessly long symphony! The dedicated Mahler lovers may like it the more, perhaps, for these very qualities; but others who feel greatness in the man (myself included) may find this opus a tough one. Urania's Rossbaud version, presumably from older taped broadcast material, is somewhat muddy in sound and lacks highs, though the acoustics of the hall were excellent. Westminster's, newly made, bristles with hi-fi cowbells, guitar, mandolin, and great batteries of percussion and brass. Discounting the physical difference again, I'd suggest that Rossbaud takes the work with grain of salt and a phlegmatic resignation—which isn't bad, though it makes for added length. Scherchen worries his Mahler with a furious energy which for some of us, merely emphasizes the symphony's frustrations. But the tonal clarity of his version sustains interest for the uninitiate.



Winston Churchill

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And If So, Why?

Elmer Davis

Europe's Invisible
Brick Wall

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Mathew and the Mau Mau

Sandy Sanderson

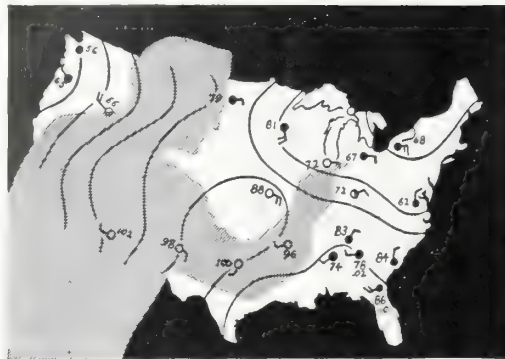
My Kitchen Hates Me

Sylvia Wright

Richard Rodgers: Composer Without a Key
by Eckert Goodman

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Don't shoot the



Weatherman

We don't know about the weather where you live, but in our town this year people seem to bemoan the weather more than usual.

Weather has always been a billion-dollar thief. Hurricanes . . . dust storms . . . tornadoes . . . floods . . . hail . . . crops washed away, blown away, or burned. Millions of dollars just to tidy up after weather has paid its visit.

The unknown facts about winds, waves and weather have long challenged the curiosity of research men. For example, in 1940, studying the composition of smoke, Doctors Langmuir and Schaefer of General Electric were asked to help the government in the improvement of gas masks. Then they developed a white screening smoke to protect our troops from enemy aircraft.

Tougher problems followed. Air Force pilots found that they lost radio contact flying through snowstorms—a condition scientists call “precipitation static.” Another headache was the icing of plane wings.

General Electric scientists took these problems to the icy summit of blizzard-swept Mt. Washington, where 60-mile winds and 5-below temperatures are

average in winter. There they began to probe deeper into the mysteries of cloud structure and the growth of cloud particles.

At the same time, weather studies continued back in the G-E Research Laboratory. Then came the historic day in November 1946 when a cloud was first persuaded to dump its snow to order—all because it had been fed a few handfuls of dry ice.

The study of precipitation static, then of aircraft icing, had developed through cloud studies to the first “man-made weather.”

Because of its importance and wide application to the nation generally, all data from these other experiments were handed over to the government. A contract followed between the government and General Electric for more

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Personal & Otherwise

ONE way to define poetry is to call it language which has been jostled out of its conventional ruts—language capable of bumping unexpectedly into things. Usually, when we speak of poetry, we mean the kind which is consciously (or even self-consciously) created by professionals. But a good deal of poetry just happens, and when it does, it sometimes hits harder than the kind which carries the brand-label.

P & O was reminded of this by reading the rules for staying young which Satchel Paige—the St. Louis Browns' nigh-on-to-fifty-year-old pitcher—gave to a *Collier's* interviewer. They begin on what seems to be a purely practical note of dietary caution: "Avoid fried meats." Prose would have stopped there, but not Mr. Paige. "Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood," he says. And then, without a pause, comes rule two, which is unmatched outside of the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes: "If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts."

Rules three, four, and five have a charm of their own: "Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move. Go very light on the vices, such as carrying on in society; the social ramble ain't restful. Avoid running at all times." But with rule six we leap again into pure poetry. It begins innocuously enough, with what seems like a routine exhortation. But don't be fooled; there's a sting in its tail:

"Don't look back; something might be gaining on you."

That last rule of Mr. Paige's is one which might have served as the motto for *Peter F.*

Drucker's article on "Europe's Invisible Brick Wall" (p. 47). For forty years, as Mr. Drucker says, Europeans have been looking back—"toward the Golden Age of 'prewar'"—and "something" has indeed been gaining on them. That "something" is economic stagnation.

Mr. Drucker argues that there are three primary causes for Europe's inability to break through the "invisible brick wall" which presently obstructs its economic growth. The first of these is lack of faith in the purchasing power of money—an understandable lack in countries whose currency has so recently and so frequently been wrecked by inflation. The second is the general failure to understand that mass production requires mass distribution. And the third is the shortage of managerial talent.

Mr. Drucker's discussion of these problems, and of what America can do to help Europe solve them, makes it quite clear, by implication at least, that the problems are social and political as well as economic. When he says, for instance, that Europe's failure to create a mass-distribution system reflects a prevailing belief that middlemen are parasites and that the market is God-given in size and class composition, he is in effect saying that the social structure of European society is at the root of its economic difficulties. That is why, later in the article, he urges America to send over "people who, while competent as engineers and business men, know that an economy is not just gadgets; that both its goals and its foundations are social and moral."

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Since the United States came into existence at the very moment when industrialism was just beginning to influence men's lives, our dominant social and political institutions have been in part shaped by its demands and it, in turn, has been pretty thoroughly integrated with American manners and customs. We tend to forget, therefore, that in many nations industrialism has never really been domesticated, and is still at odds with powerful habits and attitudes which were formed in the pre-industrial era.

By and large we are aware that this is true of such nations as India or China, where industrialism has only recently been introduced. But we find it hard to imagine that England or France—which were more “industrialized” than we were a century and a half ago—has any such difficulty. And because we are unaware of the problem, we are impatient when our industrial assistance to European nations fails to produce the beneficial results we expect.

If American engineers and business men want to understand the “social and moral” foundations of Europe's economy, P & O knows no better primer than John E. Sawyer's brilliant chapter on “Strains in the Social Structure of Modern France” and David S. Landes's chapter on “French Business and the Businessman” in *Modern France. Problems of the Third and Fourth Republics*, edited by Edward Mead Earle (Princeton University Press, 1951). Both of these essays, in spite of their immediate concern with French problems, are relevant to other European countries as well. Both, in spite of the scholarly context for which they were prepared (a conference sponsored by the Institute for Advanced Study) are highly readable. And both, so far as P & O is aware, break new ground.

Mr. Drucker, whose piece led us off on this tangent, is well known to *Harper's* readers as a lucid and illuminating commentator on business and industry, and the author of a number of important articles and books. His most recent piece for us was “The Medical Insurance We Need Most” in our May issue. The present article grew out of his observations (and conversations with European industrialists and business men) during a recent lecture tour in Italy, France, and West Germany under the auspices of the International University of Social Studies at Rome.

Something May Be Gaining On Us

IF THERE is any doubt left in anybody's mind, after reading “The Fetish of Atomic Secrecy” (p. 31) by **Paul Block, Jr.**, that our present “closed-door” policy is fatal to America's atomic supremacy, let him consider the following quotations. They are chosen from among dozens of such which appear in the reports of the productivity teams, sent to this country from Europe to learn how American industry achieved its supremacy.

(1) From the report on *Grey Ironfounding* (September 1950), page 5: “It is surprising to find that even close competitors are readily shown the production methods of their rivals, and that a free and full description of all processes is readily available. Groups of foundrymen meet quarterly to discuss together a complete breakdown of their costs, and as a result management generally is up to date and keenly aware of extravagant cost or inefficient production.”

(2) From the report on *Cotton Spinning* (March 1950), page 16: “The attitude of the average American towards the spreading of technical information is exemplified by the freedom with which we were allowed to inspect the mills. . . . It is true that some mills still preserve technical secrecy, but it is the belief of the great majority that free exchange of technical information is in the interests of all and they put the belief into practice.”

(3) From the report on *Steel Founding* (September 1949), page 34: “There is free interchange of ideas and information within the trade. . . .”

So it goes, in one industry after another. One of the secrets of American success in competitive industry is not to have secrets. It may well be true, as Satchel Paige says, that one of the rules for keeping young is “Don't look back; something may be gaining on you.” But in technology—even in atomic technology—keeping young isn't the point. Keeping alive is what matters, and if something is gaining on you, you better know it.

Mr. Block, whose article on atomic secrecy grew out of his investigations for the Freedom of Information Committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, is both a newspaperman and a scientist. Presently publisher of the *Toledo Blade* (for which he once worked as a reporter

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P & O

and later as an assistant editor and co-publisher), he has also been an editor and publisher of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*. After graduation from Yale in 1933, he studied at Columbia and Harvard, and in 1943 he received his Ph. D. in chemistry from Columbia. Since then, in the interstices of his newspaper career, he has put in a year as an industrial fellow at the Mellon Institute (working on iodine) and several months as an honorary fellow at Yale's school of medicine (working on synthetic compounds related to the thyroid gland). He has also served as professor of chemical research at the University of Toledo. He is a member of the American Chemical Society, the American Institute of Chemists, the New York Academy of Sciences, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, as well as of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

Item:

SEVERAL readers have written in answer to P & O's request for more information about Archytas and his wooden dove, to which we referred in the course of our comments on Orville Wright's "How We Invented the Airplane" in our June issue. Thanks to E. K. Liberatore of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, we now have the following passage from *Aulus Gellius* (130-180 A. D.):

"The Greeks . . . and Favorinus the philosopher, a most vigilant searcher into antiquity, have, in a most positive manner, assured us that the model of a pigeon formed in wood by Archytas was so contrived, as by a certain mechanical art and power to fly. So nicely was it balanced by weights and put in motion by hidden and enclosed air." Gellius concluded that the dove had been powered by "some lamp or other fire within it which might produce such a forcible rarefaction." If that is not the original jet-propelled aircraft, what is?

Clouds and Seedings

... P & O would have wagered, six weeks ago, that you couldn't raise even a cloudlet of controversy by telling a college graduating class not to

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join the "book burners." But we found out differently when President Eisenhower did just that at Dartmouth on June 15; as the columns of excited comments mounted in the press (including the President's own amplifications and restatements), one comforting conclusion emerged. Nobody, but nobody (after Hitler), was in favor of burning books. That at least was settled.

If the episode had any import—and we feel free to interpret it as we please—it was a protest on the grand Presidential scale against infringements of freedom of thought. In a subtler, more specific, and more philosophic way, *Elmer Davis* is making the same protest in "Are We Worth Saving?" (p. 23). Mr. Davis's subtitle crisply indicates his willingness to face the consequences of putting his question in the first place. In his exploration of the proposition "And If So, Why?" he sets forth the meaning of the American dream of freedom and exposes both the seducers and the bullies who would take it from us.

Elmer Davis, news analyst for ABC and wartime head of the OWI, prepared this essay for the Literary Exercises of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on June 8, 1953, before the book-burning ruckus. It has appeared only in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* and is here presented to a wider audience.

•••In *Eugene Walter's* "Troubadour" (p. 38), the little romancer who sings for his milk and cake is of no epic proportions, and the wild drama of his song is submerged in the lyric atmosphere of dusk, with perfumes of green grass, the glow of lightning bugs, and the stealthy glee of children's voices.

Eugene Walter, a native of Mobile, Alabama, began his writing at the age of ten with poetry and plays. He served in the Civilian Conservation Corps, in the U. S. Corps of Engineers, and during the war in AACCS in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

Since the war Mr. Walter has been an actor and designer in theater groups in many places in the United States, was founder and first manager of the Mobile Symphonic Society, and has worked for the New York Public Library. His published work

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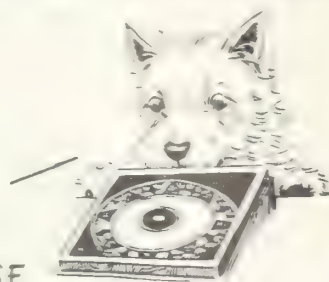


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has appeared in little magazines in New York, Rome, Paris, Amsterdam, and London. "Troubadour" appeared last winter in the *Paris Review*, while Mr. Walter was studying at the Université de France.

Willis Pyle, who illustrated "Troubadour," is usually busy making drawings that gad about on a motion picture or television screen. Before and after his stretch of three and a half years in the Army, he worked in the California movie studios, where he helped give life to "The Near-Sighted Mr. Magoo" and "Gerald McBoing Boing." Now in New York, he has recently directed and animated "The Peppermint Tree," a twelve-minute cartoon based on a poem by John LaTouche, in which Miss Carol Channing does all the voices, both male and female.

...Eckert Goodman, the author of "Richard Rodgers: Composer Without a Key" (p. 58), claims to have been following and playing the composer's work for more than twenty-five years—ever since a family friend rendered "Mountain Greenery" on the Goodmans' piano back in 1926.

Mr. Goodman's account of his own musical career is not exactly flattering, but since it is difficult to paraphrase, we let him speak for himself:

After suffering through several years of piano lessons as a youngster, I gave up the instrument in the early twenties for the then-more-highly-favored (among juveniles) ukulele. It wasn't until I got to college that I took up piano playing again.

Moving into new dormitory quarters in our sophomore year at Harvard, my roommate and I discovered that we had inherited a scarred and battered upright piano that looked as though it might have been a veteran from a Klondike beer hall. . . . Once more I started piano lessons, enrolling in a Boston school and taking up where I'd left off at the age of twelve. I also enrolled in courses on harmony and musical history at Harvard and began practicing assiduously.

The songs I later wrote myself evoked the antipathy of most of Tin Pan Alley's better-known song publishers. One of them announced succinctly that my melody leads jumped so abruptly and illogically that a better melody could be produced by a chimpanzee beating a

piano keyboard with both hands at random. I pointed out that such popular successes by Richard Rodgers as "Manhattan" and "You Took Advantage of Me" also skipped around in most unconventional fashion, and was reminded that Rodgers had also been acclaimed for such songs as "My Heart Stood Still," "The Blue Room," and "I've Got Five Dollars," whose melody lines are so simple, natural, and unerring that they might have been written as a child's finger exercise. There didn't seem to be any way of getting around this obvious fact, so I promptly decided to give up composing and devote myself thenceforth to a fuller appreciation of the works of Mr. Rodgers and others.

Having abandoned music as a profession, Mr. Goodman became an editor and writer. He has been on the staffs of several magazines, including *Story Magazine*, *Town & Country*, and *Mademoiselle*, and is at present writing picture captions and Sunday feature stories for the *New York Daily News*.

In collaboration with his father, Jules Eckert Goodman, he wrote the play, "Many Mansions," which was produced on Broadway in 1937, and he collaborated with Esmé Davis on the book, *Esmé of Paris* (1943-44). Articles of his have appeared in many magazines, and during the war he received a special citation for combat reporting and public relations work for the XV Corps in France, Germany, and Austria.

Ivan Opffer's portrait of Richard Rodgers was drawn from life by this Danish-born artist who has portrayed an enormous number of distinguished persons in this country and abroad, including five British Prime Ministers and many artists and writers, from Joyce and Shaw to Gorki and Sinclair Lewis.

•••"Inflation in Your Ballot Box" (p. 66) presents *John Creecy's* analysis of one stubborn problem in local and state politics for which so far no real solution has been found. Mr. Creecy has been with the *Detroit Times* for the past eleven years, as reporter, rewrite man, and assistant city editor, specializing for much of that time in governmental, transportation, and social problems connected with urban living. With his

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

In a few score years, all who read these lines will have vanished from the earth.

Every day, almost a hundred thousand human beings finish their earthly span and pass off into the vast beyond. Our turn will come we all know, but when, where and how we cannot be sure.

No merely human being ever has been able to look into eternity and tell us what it is like. No scientific knowledge or instruments can pierce the curtain that divides this world from that into which all of us must eventually journey.

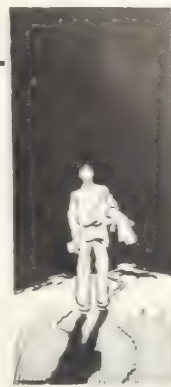
All we know about God's eternal plans for us... all we know about what lies beyond the grave... comes from the God Who made us and to the extent He has seen fit to reveal it to us.

But we can face eternity without fear. For have a definite answer to the mystery of death. With the facts God has put at our disposal through the inspired books of the Old and the New Testaments, the Catholic Church always has given, and gives today, a definite answer to the important questions raised by the fact of death.

Man's life in this world, the Church tells us, is a preparation for the world to come... a testing-time which ends with our death. What happens after that depends on whether death finds us loyal to God, or opposed to Him and the way He expects us to live. "... it is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgment" (Heb. IX:27).

Christ gave us (Matt. XXV) a description of God's judgment which leaves no room for doubt that our worthiness of everlasting reward will be judged solely according to the way we have lived our lives on this earth.

Death does not bring merely a long, unconscious slumber, but rather a quick awakening to the irrevocable

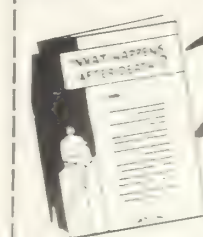


judgment of our Creator. Nor does it bring us a second chance to prove ourselves or to amend our erring ways. In our own hands rests the opportunity... and upon our own heads the responsibility... to determine if death shall be the threshold to everlasting life among the blessed, or among the lost.

Men blessed by youth and good health often feel that death for them is far away — something to be worried about only in the twilight years. Some scoff at the suggestion that an everlasting hell could be permitted by a merciful God. Others seem to think that God will treat them kindly if they live reasonably moral lives, even though they pay Him no special honor which is His due.

If you would like more information on Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, the end of the world and the resurrection and judgment of all men... we shall be happy to send you an interesting pamphlet, in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Write today for your copy of Pamphlet No. D-14.

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

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Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled
"What Happens After Death?" D-14

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI





Time for a Checkup?

Who knows, maybe it is. You get checkups on everything else — your health, the kids, your car.

So why not your investments, too?

After all, times change—and so do security values. The stocks you bought five years ago may have been just fine for your purposes *then* — but what about now?

Maybe your objectives have changed.

Maybe other stocks offer far better opportunities.

Maybe there are definite weak spots here and there in your portfolio.

That's why we think every investor should get a good financial checkup from time to time . . . find out just what his investment program looks like to a practiced, impartial observer.

And if you'd like to know what *we* think of the stocks you own, we'll be happy to tell you.

Our Research Department will mail you an objective review of your present portfolio, give you all the facts they can about any particular stocks you may want to buy or sell, or prepare a complete investment program for any sum, any objective.

There's no charge for this service, either. Whether you're a customer or not.

If you'd like an investment checkup, just write us a letter about your situation. You simply address—

WALTER A. SCHOLL
Department SW-27

**MERRILL LYNCH,
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70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 104 Cities

P & O

wife and two children, he recently sought a personal solution to urban problems on a wooded acre beside a branch of the Rouge River twenty miles from downtown.

Mr. Creecy was born in Rushville, Illinois, and later lived in St. Louis, and in Fort Madison and Keokuk, Iowa, shuttling back and forth between urban and rural life. In St. Louis he took a job as publicity man for the Chamber of Commerce but moved on to the *Star-Times*. When he subsequently went to Detroit, he had made the big-city bracket for sure, but he has kept one foot in the woods and knows how people think in and out of town.

Stanley Stamaty, whose drawings illustrate "Inflation in Your Ballot Box," has been working at art as a career since he abandoned his baseball ambitions at the age of fifteen. Though his drawings have appeared in several hundred publications here and abroad, he says the greatest challenge to date was an eleventh-grade grammar book assignment involving concrete illustration of dangling participles, floating adjectives, and perambulating pronouns. Mr. Stamaty studied at the Cincinnati Art Academy and lives now with his wife and son in Elberon, New Jersey.

... "The Blue Charm" (p. 70) is a fisherman's yarn by **Paul Hyde Bonner**, the diplomat-author whose novels, *S.P.Q.R.* and *Hôtel Talleyrand*, published by Scribner, climbed on the best-seller lists in 1951 and 1953. At the success of *S.P.Q.R.*, Mr. Bonner's first experiment in fiction, undertaken at the age of fifty-eight, the author was amazed, for he had spent his previous adult life in business and government. Thereafter, he admits, he was inoculated with the writer's virus.

Mr. Bonner, who was born in Brooklyn and educated at Harvard, served in the infantry in France during World War I and as a Pentagon colonel in the Air Force in World War II. Between wars he was a textile industrialist and from 1945 to 1950 he served abroad, first in Paris as Central Field Commissioner for Europe for Foreign Liquidation and then in Italy as special adviser to our Ambassador on the Treaty of Peace and as special assistant to the Chief of the ECA Mission to Italy.

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The tourist can enjoy every sport and relaxation in Old Mexico, under skies that are always blue. Dance, swim, lounge at luxurious spas, attend the exciting seasons of music, theatre, and ballet at the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City. Bullfights, glamor, romance, and happiness all year with springtime weather. Your travel agent will tell you.

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Chicago: 333 N. Michigan Blvd. • New Orleans: Whitney Bldg.
Los Angeles: 511 W. 6th St. • Miami: 40 Columbus Arcade
Houston: Pan American World Travel Bldg.

Though his novels stem from Mr. Bonner's knowledge of diplomatic circles in Rome and Paris, "The Blue Charm" is a product of his secret passion for fly fishing for trout and salmon. As he wrote to P & O, "These sports I have pursued from Maine to California and from Donegal to Calabria. In fact I shall be off again soon to throw a Blue Charm into the waters of the Ballynahinch in Connemara."

•••**Auro Roselli**, author of "Guerilla Warfare As It Really Is" (p. 77), was born in Italy thirty-two years ago. A student in Turin when the war came, he was drafted and sent to the military school at Aosta which trained officers for the Italian Alpine troops known as Alpini (the ones with eagle feathers in their caps, not to be confused with the Bersaglieri, who wear mere cock feathers in theirs).

After two months in the academy he was arrested on charges of having participated in an anti-Fascist student plot while in Turin, and six months later he was tried and convicted. For twenty months he was in jail, most of the time in a penitentiary in the Po Valley where he met many Slav partisans and began accumulating the ideas and experiences upon which his present article is based. After Badoglio's *coup d'état* in July 1943, he was freed, and two months later he joined a partisan group in the mountains of Piedmont. Later he worked with the resistance organization in Turin, leading escaped Allied war prisoners to Switzerland. During one of these expeditions, his convoy was captured but he managed to escape to Switzerland, where he was interned in a concentration camp for six months. Returning from Switzerland, he organized and commanded a small partisan unit in Lombardy until, in December 1944, he was once again forced back into Switzerland and there met partisans, Maquisards, and refugees from all over Europe.

When the war was over, Mr. Roselli went to Milan and became a free-lance writer for newspapers and magazines, making a specialty of pieces about American subjects. In November 1949 the weekly magazine *L'Europeo* sent him to New York as its correspondent, a job which he

"You don't make milk by stinting on the feed"

Thus simply, Secretary of Commerce Weeks stated in a recent address a profound business truth which is frequently overlooked.

"If the regulated industries are to render their full services to the nation," the Secretary said, "it is my judgment that the regulatory bodies must allow earnings adequate to attract and support the equity capital they can use effectively for economies, improvement and growth." And he observed further that "the courage and inventiveness that risks great sums for improvements and economies in the future does not naturally emerge from men who have not the credit to raise the money nor the assurance that they would be allowed a return on it when their dreams come true."

That has been the situation of the railroads. Earning a return on their investment which over the years has averaged less than 4 per cent, the railroads have not found it possible to attract the equity capital they could "use effectively for economies, improvement and growth."

Nevertheless, by drawing heavily on their reserves and by sharply increasing their obligations for the purchase of equipment on the installment plan, the railroads have put into service since the end of World War II more than 500,000 freight cars and almost 18,000 new diesel-electric locomotive units. For these and other improvements they have spent more than a billion dollars a year.

Such improvements mean not only better service to the public but also more efficient railroad operation, with costs and rates lower than would otherwise have been necessary. And as research opens up other possibilities, there will be other opportunities for railroads to make improvements which will mean still better service at the lowest possible cost.

To take advantage of these opportunities, the railroads will need not only "the courage and inventiveness that risks great sums for improvements and economies in the future," as Secretary Weeks said, but also the cash and the credit which, in the long run, can come only from "not stinting on the feed."

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Sail aboard the fine passenger liner s. s. *African Enterprise* or s. s. *African Endeavor*... 17 glorious days between New York and Capetown. These ships call also at Durban, Port Elizabeth and Lourenco Marques. Fine food, comfortable accommodations, friendly service on the fair-weather route to

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See your Travel Agent for reservations, or

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P & O

continued to fill until April 1951, when he went to Montreal to take up his present job, working for the International Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Edward Melcarth, who made the illustrations of guerrilla warfare, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and educated in Europe and at Harvard. He served in the Merchant Marine during the war and has lived abroad from time to time, having spent part of last year in Venice. Last year he was awarded a grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

...One of the frightful effects of the Mau Mau uprising among the Kikuyus of Kenya has been less often noted than it should be. This is the disaster it brings to the ordinary native citizen who cannot accept its rule. In "Mathew and the Mau Mau" (p. 83), **Sandy Sanderson** tells the story of one such personal tragedy. Mr. Sanderson is an American newspaperman who has been traveling in Europe and Africa for the Salt Lake City *Tribune*.

... "My Kitchen Hates Me" (p. 90) is **Sylvia Wright's** third contribution to *Harper's*, the first having been an exasperated essay, "Get Away from Me with Those Christmas Gifts," and the second a dreamy poem, "Noon Hour in Bryant Park." Neither of these compositions nor the dossier which P & O possesses about Miss Wright's professional experience satisfactorily explains why she knows so much about the inner workings of a kitchen. Through discreet inquiry we have learned that Miss Wright, who is a blonde with a New England accent, did some of her growing up in a family home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and some more of it in a summer house on Fishers Island, to which she is likely to repair at times these days when the Pullman kitchen in her small New York apartment kicks up an especially nasty fuss. The "slide" from kitchen to pantry and the soapstone sink, we feel sure, belong to Cambridge or Fishers Island; the ankle-high oven might be Manhattan-born. We have found out also, from gourmet friends, that Miss Wright is an inspired cook who has an especially light touch with leftovers.

After her graduation from Bryn

World's Worst Proverb

It keeps coming up with boring insistence—the proverb "One picture is worth ten thousand words."

In one word, worth one word, "nonsense." We love pictures and use them profusely and remarkably well, we think, in *HOLIDAY*. But we also love words and use them, in *HOLIDAY*, in a way no picture can duplicate. Writers such as James Michener, Irwin Shaw, Clifton Fadiman, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., Joyce Cary, Budd Schulberg, to list just a few, produce their own kind of masterpieces with a typewriter.

It is a pleasure to report that our readers like both the words and pictures in *HOLIDAY* just as they are, neither standing alone, neither usurping the other, neither pretending to have a ten-thousand-to-one edge over the other.

P. S. In the August issue you'll find words and pictures on Utah, Yugoslavia, Thousand Islands, and an unusual piece on fishing by H. L. Davis.

P & O

Mawr, Sylvia Wright broke into the publishing world by way of two secretarial jobs which served to give her a living while she edited for publication *Islandia*, a novel depicting an imaginary country which had been written years before by her father, Austin Tappan Wright.

She has worked for several magazines, served overseas for the Office of War Information, and written articles on subjects of a bewildering variety, from French tapestries to industrial developments in Puerto Rico.

The illustrations for the kitchen-wary are the work of **Donald Higgins**, a young Southern artist, who studied at Hendrix College in Conway, Arkansas, at the Richmond Professional Institute, and at Pratt Institute. He is free-lancing now in New York and made the cover drawing for the 1952 Christmas issue of *Harper's*.

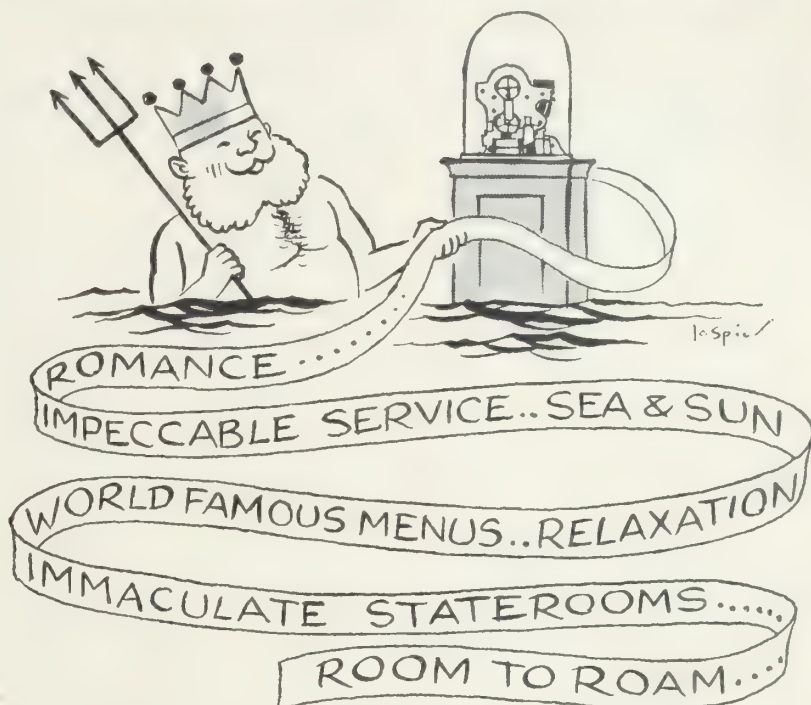
•••The drawings for "After Hours" (p. 94) are an innovation this month. The witty interpretation of Mr. Harper's adventures is by **N. M. Bodecker**, the Danish cartoonist who is at present in New York sending drawings back to the Danish paper, *Politiken*, and contributing to American magazines.

•••"The Sportsman" (p. 37) appears this month well in advance of **David McCord's** new book of poems, *The Old Bateau*, which Little, Brown will publish in November. Mr. McCord told us that, although as a child he toted a gun on his uncle's ranch in Oregon, he hasn't gone hunting for anything since he was fifteen and never expects to again. "I wrote 'The Sportsman' as a most earnest satire on the kind of American who does go out for killing's sake, who shoots more than he needs or is legally allowed, etc."

A second sonnet in this issue is the one by **Robert Berkowitz** (p. 89), his fourth poem in *Harper's* this year.

"Swing Song" (p. 76) is by **Elizabeth Enright**, whose story, "One for the Collection" in the May 1953 issue, inspired a small flood of enthusiastic letters from our readers. Miss Enright has three sons and has written several books for children.

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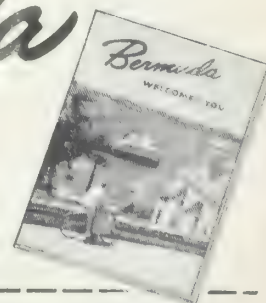
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LETTERS

GOP Impasse—

To the Editors:

In his illuminating article about the Republican party ["The Republican Prospects," June], Mr. Rovere overlooked one of the funniest aspects of the new Administration: a lot of Republicans apparently believed their own campaign propaganda. This has led to some ludicrous and painful situations.

For example, most of the business men who followed Ike to Washington really seemed to believe they could save billions by cleaning out "waste, inefficiency, and corruption." Now these horrid evils certainly do exist in some of the crevices of government, and a good housecleaning will be a fine thing. But it won't balance the budget—as the Republicans are just beginning to discover. One of Ike's economizers recently reported with shocked surprise that even if he could fire every civilian working for the government—postmen, FBI agents, forest rangers, cabinet officers, and all—he would trim the federal budget by only about 13 per cent. The Big Money, he had found, goes to the military, and to pay for past wars.

You can see how disillusioning this fact is to business men who had always thought their tax money was being poured down New Deal rat holes.

In like fashion, many of the New Broom boys were convinced that all bureaucrats are loafers. Several cabinet officers introduced themselves to their subordinates by saying, in effect: "From now on you bums are going to have to work eight hours a day."

The truth is that most civil servants are conscientious and overworked fellows who have been toiling ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day for years. Some of them still do. But others listened in silence to the new bosses' exhortation—and started leaving their offices precisely at 4:30.

ROBERT E. L. CAPERTON
Chevy Chase, Md.

Big, Beautiful Ads—

To the Editors:

I am told that Robert L. Heilbroner is in his thirties. So much the sadder that in "Where Are the Ads of Yesteryear?" [June] he tumbles into the pitfall of the old—confusing the glow of memory with the glow of past achievement, and comparing the recollected ten-strikes of an earlier day with the common run of present-day performances.

Isn't he aware that in another ten or twenty years the sound of "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot," that streamlined and speeded revision of "John Peel," will strike him to the quick with its lyric simplicity? Or that in the Piel's beer television commercial, the sight of successive O's falling one by one into the middle of the word "Smoother" will seem to him to represent American inventiveness at its peak? Or that he will fall into an ecstasy over the bearded man who descends from the BOAC plane to the accompaniment of a slogan classic in its restraint: "The Man from Schweppes Is Here"?

Nonsense, Mr. Heilbroner. Young though you are, your arteries are your undoing.

MARTIN J. HIGGINSON
New Canaan, Conn.

To the Editors:

Re your remarks about advertisements in *Personal & Otherwise* in the June issue, I wonder if you have run across a rather interesting book which attempts to analyze American society and mores in terms of advertisements. It is *The Mechanical Bride: Folklore of Industrial Man*, by Herbert Marshall McLuhan, published in 1951 by the Vanguard Press.

Research I have been doing recently in 1916 and 1917 issues of the *New Republic* tends to corroborate Mr. Heilbroner. For instance, here is an ad from the May 20, 1916, issue: "Time! Arnold Bennett and Providence have endowed us all with twenty-four hours a day. Carnegie and, the lowest worker in his mines,

Wanamaker and his youngest errand boy, Rockefeller and the garage workers who sell his gasoline—all have the same. But until Ingersoll made the watch accessible to the millions, only the *well-to-do* had time; poor people *guessed* at it—and continued poor." The text is signed by "The Man Behind the Counter" and is followed by a very brief summary description of Ingersoll watches at the bottom.

As for modern ads, among my favorites have always been the series of cartoons captioned "Almost everybody in Philadelphia reads the *Bulletin*," and showing a bewildered little man in a difficult situation surrounded by oblivious newspaper readers.

MRS. CHARLES B. FORCEY, JR.
Wausau, Wis.

To the Editors:

In connection with the very entertaining article on advertisements in your June issue, I wish to mention my favorite ad:

CHANEL

The greatest name in perfume.

The fact that it needs a full page to be truly effective does not detract from its quality. I have always considered that the ad-man who had the courage to be so simple was in his own way a genius.

MRS. GEORGE CHOLET
Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

Complex Oedipus—

To the Editors:

"Goodby to Oedipus" by Helen Eustis [June] is one of the finest things that have been printed for years. . . .

There is such great need for young parents to know the truth of the saying, "The only freedom is in obedience." In working with children and young people, and being a mother myself, I know that the basis for the large majority of "lack of security" feelings came from the fact that the child was treated as an adult, and he

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Where and How to Go. What to see. The Costs.



CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute, Nassau, West Indies, Mexico, Jamaica, 200 PAGES Illus. Hotels, Restaurants, Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRAC-TIONS: Silver Springs, Fla., Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Natu-ral Bridge, Va., one of the 7 Natural Wonders of the World; Monkey Jungle, Goulds, Fla. Send \$1.00 for postpaid copy to The Gimlet, Dept. 75, 551 Fifth Ave., New York.

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Ramsey Lakes, Maine

RANGELEY LAKES HOTEL
Another Distinguished Sheraton Hotel. Every facility for glorious vacationing.

Boston, Mass.
SHERATON PLAZA
Another Distinguished Sheraton Hotel. Ultimate in Service and Cuisine.

Philadelphia, Pa.
BARCLAY
Where a stopover is a Revelation in the Art of Fine Living.

Baltimore, Md.
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Preferred by Folks of Distinction. Renowned for Personal Service.

Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM
10 minutes from White House. 900 Beautiful rooms. Offering room registration service from drive-in garage. Superb dining rooms, dancing, entertainment, also coffee shop.

Jacksonville, Florida

GEORGE WASHINGTON
The Wonder Hotel of The South — Delicious Food, Excellent Service.

Daytona Beach, Fla.

SHERATON BEACH
Directly on Ocean. Wonderful Food. Friendly Personal Service.

St. Petersburg, Florida
SEVINGREE HOTEL
An address of Distinction. Convenient to Everything. Air Conditioned. Wonderful Food.

St. Petersburg Beach, Fla.
GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS.
Completely Furnished. Ideal for a perfect vacation. Right on Gulf of Mexico. Low Summer Rates.

Redington Beach, Florida

TIDES HOTEL & BATH CLUB
On Gulf of Mexico Near St. Petersburg. Perfect Beach Location. Fresh Water Swimming Pool. Finest Cuisine. Open All Year.

LETTERS

knew he was incapable of handling adult decisions and problems.

The universe is patterned upon law. . . . To deny the child early familiarity with this fact and to neglect teaching him how to obey is cheating him of his birthright—to be a well-balanced, happy, and self-confident individual.

Congratulations to *Harper's* for stepping out in front to fill this need of understanding the child.

LAUREL E. KEYNAN
Denver, Col.

To the Editors:

It was the Oedipus subject of Helen Eustis' article that attracted me to buying *Harper's* this month. What a cruel disappointment, although from the lightest and most frivolous standpoint the article contained some humanities and also definitely a sense of humor. But in its more serious aspects it is still a treatise on the harm a mother can do her son, without that thing called luck.

Miss Eustis, like millions of other women, seems pretty sure—though she does bring in some pliable doubt, thus making herself lovable to the reader—that she is a little bit brighter than the rest of us in curbing her sentimentality over her “darling boy.” But she allows herself nauseating phrases, and it is nauseating to the reader to see on the last page of the article, in speaking of her son's approaching adolescence: “Without half trying I could get as sentimental about the impending transition as the mother of a bride. . . .”

I think we should stop and think seriously what is making so many mixed-up men when we read an article such as this, obviously written by a woman of some sense and sensibility, who chooses phraseology to make her struggling motherhood and her attempts to do right into a kind of spectacular and sensational love affair. . . .

Anyway the article only strengthened the belief in a very obvious fact: fathers are too truant these days from bringing up their sons. Mothers, not even Miss Eustis who certainly has her good points, cannot do it alone without serious danger to their man children.

BONNY McLEAN NEAR



A Message to

Church Leaders

The world's most extensive experience in church financial counselling is as near as your telephone. By simply contacting the nearest Wells office you can receive confidential advice on your church's financial problems, and competent counsel on its fund-raising potential. Wells counselling services are available to all churches and church leaders, no charge or obligation.

A most important advisory service is the Study & Plan Conference. In this meeting, held at your church, a Wells official guides the responsible board or committee through a study of the church's financial situation, and helps develop group agreement on a sound plan of action. Since January 1, Wells has conducted 1,100 Study & Plan conferences; has completed successful fund-raising canvasses for an additional 210 churches.

If your church has a financial problem, phone or write Wells today. Our advice is in no way dependent upon church's ability or intention to employ professional canvass direction.



Wells

Church Fund-Raising

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CHICAGO, 222 N. Wells St., Central 6-0506
WASHINGTON, D.C., 327 Wyatt Bldg., Sterling 3-7333
NEW YORK, Empire State Bldg., Oxford 5-1855
CLEVELAND, Terminal Tower, Main 1-0490
OMAHA, W.O.W. Bldg., Jackson 3100
FORT WORTH, Electric Bldg., Fannin 9374
ATLANTA, Mortgage Guarantee Bldg., Alpine 2728
SAN FRANCISCO, 41 Sutter St., Garfield 1-0277
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NEW YORK CITY, Ritz Tower

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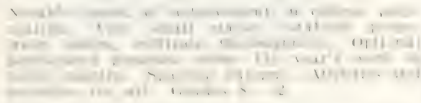


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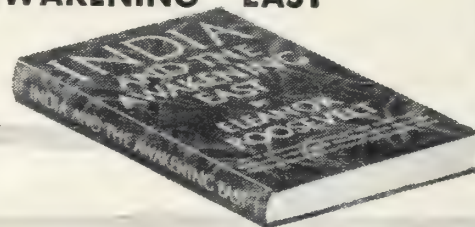
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Harper's MAGAZINE

Are We Worth Saving?

And If So, Why?

Elmer Davis

A CENTURY or so ago a Harvard graduate wrote a hymn whose opening line, plausible enough when written, turned out to be one of the most inaccurate forecasts ever set down:

The morning light is breaking, the darkness
disappears.

The final couplet of that stanza, however, would—with the omission of a single word—be a fairly accurate picture of the world today:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean brings
tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion, prepared for
Zion's war.

Commotion indeed; but it is not Zion's war for which they are preparing. Yet in his day the Reverend Samuel F. Smith seemed to have good reason for his confidence in the success of the missionary enterprises that were then spreading over the world; and not only in their direct success but in the derivative benefits that would flow from them. He had faith—not only faith in his religion; but back of that, like most men of his day, he had the general confidence of the Western world in

that golden afternoon, the immensely successful nineteenth century; an assurance that it had not only a religion but a culture which was so good in itself that it was the Christian duty of all who possessed it to extend it to less favored races.

To its intended beneficiaries that assurance must often have seemed arrogance. Especially as expressed in the most famous missionary hymn of the time—

By many an ancient river, from many a
palmy plain,
They call us to deliver their souls from
error's chain.

The call was audible mostly to the inner ear, but there it rang loudly.

Shall we whose souls are lighted by wisdom
from on high,
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life
deny?

Responding to that appeal, many men and women went forth into the foreign field, performed the most heroic, arduous, and often hazardous labors, and sometimes laid down their lives. We owe them the utmost respect;

Elmer Davis' Phi Beta Kappa Oration delivered recently at Harvard University is both an analysis of the essential faith of Western civilization and a challenging reply to those who question its principles and foresee its downfall.

yet I am sure we all wish that the appeal had been phrased more tactfully. The missionary techniques of Olaf Trygvasson no longer commend themselves; but at least, when he gave his subjects the choice between accepting the lamp of life and getting their throats cut, he didn't pretend that they had asked for it.

But Bishop Heber and the Reverend Samuel Smith profoundly believed what they wrote, as did most men of their time. The principal group that disagreed with them, the Hardshell Baptists, did so only in an even greater faith—that when God chose to save the heathen He could do it by Himself, without the help of contributors to foreign missions. Logically and theologically they seem to have had the better of the argument; but they were a feeble and dwindling group because the vast majority was inspired, for the most part unconsciously, by a faith which comprehended and transcended theology. The great Protestant missionary effort of the nineteenth century, like the great Catholic missionary effort of the sixteenth century, was the expression of a strong and vigorous culture—different phases only of the culture of what we call the Western world, though a Polynesian or even a Japanese might reasonably ask, West of what? In the sixteenth century the West was just awakening, with a delighted surprise, to an awareness of its own strength, which had seemed gravely in question in the opening phases of the Turkish onslaught. By the nineteenth century the West had no doubt that it was the culmination of all human progress to date, with even more dazzling achievements lying beyond.

In the middle of the twentieth century the principal questions in dispute among Western intellectuals seem to be whether the West can be saved, and if it is worth saving. The two most popular of recent historical philosophers both think the Western world is going down hill, and one of them seems to feel that it won't be much loss. Spengler appreciated the loss more than Toynbee; if he felt that it was inevitable, that was perhaps because he was an artist rather than a philosopher. Yet, though it may be only a coincidence, it is certainly a disquieting one that he and Toynbee, starting from very different premises, come out to about the same conclusion as to the phase of development that our civilization has reached; and still more disquieting, as to what

lies ahead—what Spengler called Caesarism, and Toynbee the universal state.

There are optimists of course who think that a really universal state—a world-wide state—could be created by some other means than military force; Spengler and Toynbee are not among them nor, to compare small things with great, am I. So long as Communists remain Communists any world coalition government would be subject to the same dangers, and likely to meet the same fate, as the coalition governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia; and there is still wisdom enough in the West not to run that risk. Others think that even if a universal state were created by military force, the result would not be Caesarism—provided of course that our side won. A couple of years ago Bertrand Russell was one of these; lately he seems to have become discouraged, and offers us the variant but not very cheerful prospect of a dual Caesarism, with Premier Malenkov and President McCarthy dividing the world between them, and collaborating to suppress dissent in both their realms. I do not suppose that Russell was entirely serious in suggesting this; he may only have been reading Orwell's *1984*, or he may have been reading the *Congressional Record*. Such a future seems improbable; but in the world we live in, no one can be sure that it is impossible.

II

SPENGLER is dead and can write no more; he has said his say; within his artistic scheme, the progressive deterioration of any culture seemed inevitable. Any man who keeps on writing and talking is likely to contradict himself; Toynbee has written so much that he has involved himself in about as many contradictions as Dr. John H. Watson, when he set down the history of Sherlock Holmes. A few years ago Toynbee seemed to have some hope that the creative minority of our civilization had not yet lost its creativity, not yet become a merely dominant minority, for the inadequacy of whose rule the internal proletariat would have to compensate by creating or adopting a universal religion; now he seems to think we have passed the point of no return. We passed it, apparently—or at least so he thought when he delivered the Reith Lectures last year; he may since have changed

his mind again—we passed it toward the end of the seventeenth century, when men became disgusted with the endless religious wars which neither side ever decisively won, and turned to secular interests—turned from preoccupation with preparation for the next world to consideration of what could be done with this one; and, increasingly, to what could be done with it through technology.

And for this apostasy, thinks Toynbee, God has punished us—punished the West by the loss of the East; not only our territorial possessions and our commerce there but our moral influence in an East which increasingly turns toward our Communist enemy. The East rejected our religion, and our technology with it, when they were parts of an indivisible way of life; it accepted our technology when it was divorced from our religion (and incidentally had become far more efficient, that is to say far more worth accepting) with consequences which became apparent at Pearl Harbor in 1941 and more recently in Korea. "The fortunes," he says, "of Western civilization in the mission field veered right around from conspicuous failures to conspicuous successes as soon as its attitude toward its own ancestral religion had veered around from a warm devotion to a cool skepticism." Which appears to mean, when the mission field had become the field of a new kind of missionary, offering no longer the lamp of life but oil for the lamps of China, and all that went with it.

History does not support this interpretation. It has lately been subjected to a number of searching criticisms—notably by Professor Michael Karpovitch in the *New Leader* and by G. F. Hudson in *Commentary*. Karpovitch, after pointing out that Toynbee is wrong on all the things that Karpovitch knows most about, suavely admits that no doubt he is right in other fields. Hudson makes a more general attack on the entire doctrine, to which a layman can offer only a couple of corroborative footnotes. The great success of Protestant missions—not to mention a vigorous revival of Catholic missions, and the beginnings of the penetration of the East by Western technology as well—came at a time when the cool skepticism of the eighteenth century had been buried under a new wave of evangelical fervor; when Protestantism was not only as vigorous but as dogmatic as the Catholicism of the Counter-Reformation. (I do not know

whether Toynbee regards Modernist Protestantism as a religion at all; but he can hardly deny that title to Fundamentalist Protestantism.)

What at present appears to be the failure of Protestantism in China seems to be due less to divine wrath at apostasy than to an intensified form of the thing that caused the eventual failure of Catholicism in Japan, when it had lost little if any of its energy and fervor in Europe—the fear of a suspicious and despotic government that religion had been merely the cover for imperialistic political intrigues. In either case there was little evidence on which to base that fear; but despots need little evidence—especially despots newly come to power, who still feel insecure.

IT MIGHT indeed be argued that the West, in its relation with the East, is being punished for its sins; but the sin is not apostasy, it is too great faith. The sin that is most surely and sharply punished is a mistake—however well intended, however it may have seemed at the time the thing to do. The punishment is often delayed, and falls on the descendants of those who made the mistake; often on innocent bystanders. "Those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them—think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?" We are authoritatively assured that they were not; the sin was that of the architect or the contractor, the punishment fell on people who only happened to be around. Many Europeans and Americans have suffered in Asia, and may presently suffer in Africa, for mistakes for which they were in no way responsible—mistakes made from the highest motives, as a result of faith.

For alongside the theological religion of the West, which in the past two and a half centuries has had its ups as well as its downs, there was growing up in Western Europe and America a secular religion, held as fervently by devout Christians as by rationalists—the faith in freedom, in self-government, in democracy. (Indeed the only living ex-President of Columbia University has more than once implied that only believers in a theological religion can believe in this secular religion too. The evidence for this cannot be found in history.) The Westerners who interpenetrated the East in the nineteenth century,

whether missionaries, engineers, business men, or administrators, mostly carried this religion with them. They made many mistakes; but it was devotion to this secular religion that led them to make what, from the standpoint of practical consequences, was the worst mistake the West ever made in dealing with the East. They educated the natives.

Not merely in the operation of modern weapons, for the greater convenience of Western powers warring among themselves; these were men of faith, faith in the whole Western culture of which this secular religion was becoming steadily a more important part. Many of those whom they educated sprang from cultures far older than ours, and in some respects more distinguished; but it was the Western culture that seemed to work; so it did not have to be forced on them; in this case they really did call us to deliver their minds, at least, from error's chain. We educated them in Western medicine and engineering, in Western government and law. And in the course of that education the pupils were exposed to the fact that there were such things as freedom and self-government and democracy—things which the educators obviously regarded as good for themselves; it was only a question of time till the pupils began to suspect that they might be good for everybody. Educate any man, of whatever race or color, in what he didn't know before and you are taking a chance; how he will turn out will depend somewhat on the education but more on his background and environment and on what was in him to start with; you may get a Nehru and you may get a Jomo Kenyatta. The one thing they have in common is a conviction that those who educated them, having fulfilled that function, ought to get out.

I have enough faith in that secular religion to believe that in the long run the consequences of this will be beneficial—as they seem to be already in the successor states of the Indian Empire. But that is no consolation to those on whom various towers of Siloam have fallen elsewhere.

III

THIS digression was necessitated by the fact that the most popular of contemporary historians has offered an explanation not only for our unsatisfactory relations

with Asia and Africa, but for the general dilemma of our times—an explanation which not only to me but to many of my betters seems no explanation at all. But what then is the matter with us? What have we left, if anything, that is worth saving?

This first and obvious answer, of course, is, "If we aren't worth saving, who is?" Faulty as we are, we seem infinitely preferable—by our standards—to the moral nihilism and intellectual rigidity of the Soviet system which is competing with us for the allegiance of the East; competing indeed, though with little success outside of France and Italy, for the allegiance of our own citizens. Unfortunately, we do not always seem preferable to those among whom our missionaries, and those of the opposition, are working; and if through force or deception they have once accepted the opposition's gospel they find that the choice is irrevocable. Rebels on the barricades would be blown to pieces by tanks and bombing planes; indeed the secret police would never let anybody get to the barricades in the first place.

G. F. Hudson—following Orwell—holds that modern totalitarian techniques would make impossible even Toynbee's last refuge for the disconsolate, wheresoe'er they languish—the creation by the internal proletariat of a universal church to compensate for the shortcomings of a universal state. "If Nero," says Hudson, "had had the resources of the MVD at his disposal, the early Christians would have been publicly confessing how in their vileness they had set fire to Rome on instructions of the King of Parthia." In the world we live in, freedom once lost is lost to stay lost. We had better remember that, in dealing with our internal even more than with our external problems.

Granted however that from anything that could be called an ethical viewpoint we are better worth saving than our adversaries, this is no proof that we are going to be saved unless we have the qualities that enable us to save ourselves. Faulty as was the western Roman Empire, it was far more worth saving than the barbarian tribal dominions that surrounded it and eventually overran it; but its own faults brought it down. This is worth mentioning since not only Spengler and Toynbee, but lesser men, have dealt with our predicament in terms of what befell civiliza-

tions of the past; and these analyses, however embellished with facts, or conjectures, from Chinese and Mayan and Sumerian history, all rest pretty much on the one case about which we have tolerably complete information—the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Many historians have attempted to explain it; almost all of them, even Gibbon—even Rostovtzeff—seem to me to explain it largely in terms of their own experience, and observation of their own times.

I SHALL not add to that confusion, but shall only point out one or two details in which our situation is different. We know now that the happiness and prosperity of the age of the Antonines, which so impressed Gibbon, was only relative; considerable no doubt compared to what had gone before and what was to come afterward; but behind the splendid front there was a dry rot inside. Economically the Empire was deteriorating, and intellectually too.

Economically the Western world is doing pretty well nowadays; and in the English-speaking and Scandinavian countries the problem that Rome never solved and that finally did more than anything else to bring Rome down has been solved with a fair degree of success—the problem of passing prosperity around, of seeing that everybody gets some of it. If France and Italy solved that problem too, the Communist parties in those countries would soon shrink to the hard core. Our civilization, says Rostovtzeff—lately echoed and emphasized by Professor Robinson of Brown—our civilization will not last unless it be a civilization not of one class but of the masses. This is a warning that might more pertinently be directed toward the Soviet Union than the United States, in so far as what exists in the Soviet Union can be called a civilization. As for Rostovtzeff's last despairing question, "Is not every civilization bound to decay as soon as it penetrates the masses?" we can only say that we shall in due course find out. We have started in that direction and we can't turn back.

The Romans, outside of the cities, never got started; and even there civilization was a narrowing pyramid, with a hollow top. The most notable thing about the age of the Antonines was its intellectual sterility, in a period of rest between calamities when the Western world

might have made vast advances, and fortified itself against the calamities that were to come; the classic case of what Toynbee calls the loss of creativity in the dominant minority. Are we losing it? Dr. J. G. de Beus of the Netherlands Embassy in Washington, who has lately analyzed these forecasts of the future, thinks the Western world is still vigorously creative—not only in science and technology, but in politics, domestic and foreign; and in art and letters as well.

It is perhaps fortunate that this optimistic view was set down before the recent sculptural competition in London for a statue of the Unknown Political Prisoner, where the prize was given to a contraption in wire that looked like nothing, unless perhaps a television aerial. As for letters, most of the most admired literature of the Western nations—especially the English-speaking nations—for thirty-five years past has been to all appearance the effluvium of a sick society. English literature, between wars, gave us an almost unrelieved picture of a nation in process of dissolution from its own internal weakness—a nation that would collapse in ruins as soon as somebody pushed. But the time came when somebody pushed, and it did not collapse; indeed the people who did the pushing eventually did the collapsing too.

Many American novelists have written about the late war. Most of their works would be intelligible if written by Frenchmen after 1870, or Spaniards after 1898—mercilessly candid pictures of the inner decay that led to calamitous defeat. But since we happened to win the war, something seems to have been wrong with the picture—not no doubt with the individual picture which each man saw; but with the total picture which few of them ever noticed.

This phenomenon is a symptom of what has been called the alienation of intellectuals from the life around them, which is taken very seriously by intellectuals. I cannot see that it makes much difference. The intellectuals wrote their books, which often sold widely; the society around them bought the books, read them, and ignored them. Indeed their authors usually ignored them when the chips were down; men who had spent their lives proving that the United States was not worth fighting for went out and fought for it like everybody else.

IV

THE first condition of the survival of any civilization is that it should win its wars. Rome did, till its armies wore themselves out fighting one another. I think that from the military point of view we could win the next war, if we should have to fight it, despite the weakness of our air defense in the northeastern approaches. But to win a war under modern conditions requires more than military strength—more even than preservation of a sound dollar. It requires political shrewdness, domestic and foreign, to a degree the Romans seldom had to practice. For five centuries after the battle of Magnesia they had virtually no need for a foreign policy, till the degenerate days when they found it necessary to make an alliance with one German tribe against another. The United States, as the *prima inter pares* of a coalition, has to deal with complexities convincingly set forth not long ago by the President, who has had more experience in dealing with coalitions than any other man since Metternich. It would not be easy to cope with them, even if he had the actual (though not the theoretical) power of a Roman Emperor; it is not so easy in a republic whose Constitution, as Woodrow Wilson once put it, permits the President to be as big a man as he can. If he cannot be or does not want to be a big man, there will be plenty of others who will volunteer to fill the vacancy.

What a civilization like ours which is not a universal state, but a coalition of independent powers, can do to insure its own continuance depends quite as much on how each state manages its own internal affairs. Here the Romans met the proximate cause of their disaster. When they had a good man at the head of the state all went well—unless he was a good man like Antoninus Pius; perhaps the most virtuous of all rulers of a great realm and certainly pre-eminent in manly beauty; but he appears to have been only a glorified Calvin Coolidge, who sat there and went through the motions while the problems piled up for his unhappy successor. But when the Romans got a bad man in, there was no way to get him out except by assassination or revolution. Over a period of ninety years almost every Emperor—and they were many—was got

out by one or the other of those methods—good men as well as bad.

The nations which embody Western civilization are no longer subject to that danger, but their political systems have other defects. Mr. Walter Lippmann remarks that if the free world is in peril, it is not because our enemies are so strong, but because the free nations are so badly governed; and they are badly governed because of the usurpation of power by the national legislatures. . . . Well—we must discriminate. In the nations of the British Commonwealth the supremacy of the legislature is the essence of their constitutions, and they have learned how to make it work. In the French Republic it is also the essence of the constitution; in the three-quarters of a century of the Third and Fourth Republics they have not learned how to make it work. In our own republic it is in flat conflict with the Constitution, and no wonder it doesn't work. It is an old story; long before the present publicized attacks on the State Department, and on the President's control of foreign policy, the principal problem of our government was congressional usurpation, usually through committees, of executive functions. Congress not only tells administrators what they must do, which is its right; but how to do it, which is not its right, and is wholly outside Congress's field of practical competence as well as of authority.

A Congress which ate raw meat during the last few years of a Democratic Administration has shown that it is not going back to a milk diet just because the Republicans are in power. Nor would it do so even in wartime unless compelled, as it has been compelled by every strong President. Until the question whether it would be so compelled again may arise, we might reflect that all the periods of congressional government in our history have been periods either of bad government or of do-nothing government. There have been times when we could afford a do-nothing government; we can afford it no longer. Still less a bad government.

V

BUT to return from this digression into the factors that will make it practically possible—or practically impossible—to save us; back to the original question, Why

should we be saved? What have we got that our adversaries have not that makes us worth saving? Our faults, God knows, are numerous and glaring enough; recognition of those faults is the chief cause of the loss of confidence that has afflicted so many people of the Western world. But we do recognize them; we do not pretend that our failures were decreed by ineluctable historical necessity; nor do we rewrite history according to the precepts of Double-think; to prove that they never happened at all.

What we have to offer, to the contemporary world and to the future, is a method; and the freedom of the mind that makes that method possible. Not an infallible method, but the best yet discovered for reaching increasingly closer approximations to the truth. It will never offer its conclusions with such assurance as does dialectical materialism—which, by a singular coincidence, always seems to produce the conclusions that are convenient for the men in power. It can only say, We have kept the door open for exploration of all possibilities, consideration of all objections, application of all possible tests; and this is what seems to be true. Maybe something else will seem more probable later on, but this is the best we can do now. Or, as the method was summarized long ago—Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

This method has been responsible for almost all human progress. Outside the Western world it does not exist, except in those parts of the East which have been influenced by Western thought; if it died here, it would die there too. President Conant has remarked that the right to think and question and investigate is the basic difference between the free world and the world of totalitarianism. It might well be the basic difference that would save us, if it came to a shooting war; and whether it does that or not, this one thing—the scientific method, and above all the freedom of the mind that makes it possible—is what makes us worth saving. As G. F. Hudson has observed, “To repudiate faith in freedom is to abandon Western civilization.”

The founders of this republic held that faith so firmly that its guarantee was embedded in the very first amendment to the Constitution—almost a part of the original document. Yet lately that faith has been repudiated by many of our fellow-citizens, if

indeed they ever held it; and in that repudiation lies our greatest danger; it is this, rather than any external attack, that might bring us down. That repudiation takes various forms, and appears on various levels. One phase of it was the recent attack on the Bureau of Standards and particularly the manner in which the Secretary of Commerce questioned its objectivity. As Eugene Rabinowitch lately wrote in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, the government has the right, if it should so choose, to subordinate the findings of science to the demands of business; but it has no right to attempt to coerce the scientists into adjusting their findings to those demands. That is Lysenkoism; it is something we had better leave to the enemy.

BUT far more widespread and more dangerous is the general attack on the freedom of the mind. George Kennan said at Notre Dame that it springs from forces too diffuse to be described by their association with the name of any one man or any one political concept; forces which perhaps were summarized by John Duncan Miller of the *London Times*, in the early days of McCarthyism, as a revolt of the primitives against intelligence. Unfortunately it cannot be denied that after centuries of education we still have plenty of primitives—some of them white-collar or even top-hat primitives; a sediment, a sludge, at the bottom of American society—and I am afraid a fairly deep layer at that; people who seem actuated only by hatred and fear and envy. All the products of ignorance; for their fear is not a rational fear of a very formidable and unfriendly foreign power; I have received thousands of letters from people like that in recent years and they do not seem interested in Russia at all. They appear to regard communism as a purely American phenomenon; what they hate and fear is their own neighbors who try to think. In the name of anti-communism they try to strike down the freedom of the mind, which above all things differentiates us from the Communists; in the name of Americanism they try to suppress the right to think what you like and say what you think, in the evident conviction—in so far as they have any reasoned conviction at all—that the principles on which this Republic was founded and has been operated will not bear examination.

That of course is not true; but if we do not stand up and resist the people who feel that way, this movement toward suppression will be successful. It is people who feel that way who provide the mass support for McCarthy; though of course he has an elite support as well, if it may be so termed, in the reactionary press and the Texas oil billionaires. He has already done serious injury to the United States government—especially to the State Department, on which we must chiefly rely for avoidance of war; and he has done more than any other man to encourage the spread of suspicion and distrust and hatred among ourselves, which is the best formula for losing a war.

We have now reached the point where, if agents of the FBI appear in the home town of a prominent man and begin asking questions about him, his neighbors know that he is either on his way to jail or is destined to appointment to high office in the United States government. I doubt if such confusion is healthy. I venture to remind you of the remark by Judge Learned Hand, in a speech so often quoted that perhaps you all know it by heart; nevertheless I remind you that he said he believes that that community is already in process of dissolution where each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy, where non-conformity with the accepted creed is a mark of disaffection; where denunciation takes the place of evidence and orthodoxy chokes freedom of dissent.

If we are not to become such a community, the friends of freedom will have to stand up and fight.

Some men who have sentimental predilections in favor of freedom lack the guts to fight. The State Department ran out on the appointment of Mildred McAfee Horton because it was afraid of a fight in the Senate. (This is not a conjecture or an inference; it is a fact.) The Department offered the charitable explanation that this would have been very unpleasant for Mrs. Horton. She didn't seem afraid of it at all; but it would certainly have been unpleasant for the State Department, which weeps with delight when McCarthy gives it a

smile, and trembles with fear at his frown.

For the last few minutes I have been talking, not about Western civilization, but about the United States. And without apology, for we are the principal component of Western civilization, at least in the material sense; if we go down it all goes down—and when we confront a totalitarian dictatorship, whatever goes down stays down; it doesn't get up again. And we shall go down, unless we recognize what we have to fight for, and have the courage to fight for it. What makes Western civilization worth saving is the freedom of the mind, now under heavy attack from the primitives—including some university graduates—who have persisted among us. If we have not the courage to defend that faith, it won't matter much whether we are saved or not.

I do not think Stalin could have licked us; I do not think that Malenkov and Molotov, Beria and Bulganin, can lick us. But McCarthy and the spirit of McCarthyism could lick us—no doubt without intention, but they could; by getting us to fighting among ourselves like the Romans, by persuading every man that he must keep on looking over his shoulder, to make sure that the man beside him doesn't stab him in the back. There is still enough vitality in Western civilization to save us, unless we insist on disemboweling ourselves.

I should perhaps have begun this sermon with a text, a text taken from the fourth chapter of the first book of Samuel, the eighth and ninth verses—the mutual exhortations of the Philistines before the battle of Ebenezer. "Woe unto us!" they said, when they realized that the Israelites had brought the Ark of God with them to battle. "Woe unto us! Who shall deliver us out of the hands of these mighty gods?" But then, realizing that nobody else was going to deliver them, they said to one another, "Be strong, and quit yourselves like men; and fight." And they did fight, and delivered themselves. So may we; but only if we quit ourselves like men. This republic was not established by cowards; and cowards will not preserve it.

The Fetish of Atomic Secrecy

Paul Block, Jr.

AFTER seven years of secrecy, suspicion, and suppression, atomic energy has again come to the fore as a topic for discussion in Washington and throughout the country.

Major changes in the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 are now under consideration for the first time since it was adopted. If they go through, a chain reaction may be set off which will do away with our absurd effort to develop the most powerful force of modern times without letting even ourselves know what we are doing.

What seems to have forced the issue was the Republican victory last fall. The Eisenhower Administration is opposed to further government participation in business. But the Atomic Energy Commission has predicted that industrial production of atomic power is possible "within the next few years." And if the government is not to produce it, then the law must be changed and new arrangements made so that someone else can.

In its initial approach to this problem, the AEC has opened up to re-examination the whole subject of atomic energy. Proposing that private companies be encouraged to invest in nuclear power, it has said that legal obstacles to private possession of atomic materials should be removed. And if this is done, restrictions on the dissemination of atomic information must necessarily be relaxed. Before putting their money into such ventures, private companies will want to have at least some idea of how they are going to get it back.

And that will bring us face to face with the whole secrecy question.

The argument for the present policy of almost total secrecy is familiar to all of us—and formidable. It is that any leakage of information about any aspect of our atomic program will benefit Soviet Russia and thus increase the danger which overhangs the United States; and that since we can't be sure just what the Russians do know and don't know, we might as well play safe and restrict almost all information about the project. The question I should like to raise is whether the atmosphere of secrecy is not, today, hurting us more than it hurts the Russians; in short, whether the time has not come when the veil of secrecy on all but a few critical matters of information should not be lifted.

This question has been troubling me over the past three years. For as a member of the Freedom of Information Committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, my assignment has been to serve as a one-man subcommittee on atomic matters. In behalf of the ASNE I have been trying to find out how all this secrecy about the atom is affecting (1) the right of the American people to free access to information, and (2) the right of American newspapers to print the news.

Without any clearance from the FBI myself, I could go openly to persons who had been cleared from A to Z; and without disclosing any secrets, members and officials of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Joint Committee of Congress could talk as freely as

Paul Block, Jr.'s conclusions about the fallacy of atomic secrecy are a development of his annual reports on the subject to the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Mr. Block, a political writer and publisher of the Toledo Blade, is also a research chemist.

they pleased to a newspaperman about secrecy *per se*.

I wanted to know how much secrecy is advisable, how much is possible, how much is inimical to the best interests of this country. With few exceptions, the men I saw told me that secrecy on atomic matters has been carried to ridiculous extremes where it is doing infinitely more harm than good.

When I first visited the AEC on this assignment, I was mystified by my reception. "We can't tell you anything," almost everyone I saw seemed to say, "but please keep holding our hand from the other side of that six-foot, soundproof wall!" Since then a number of men working on the atomic energy program have followed the example of the AEC's first chairman, David E. Lilienthal, and have tried to convince the public that atomic affairs are the public's business; and this, I believe, is because the men who know atomic energy best now realize that their objections to secrecy are no longer hypothetical but can be substantiated on the basis of experience.

THE effect of secrecy on the individual working in the field of atomic energy has been graphically illustrated by Dr. J. G. Beckerley, the AEC's director of classification. Explaining that the competitive international situation demands broader national participation in nuclear engineering than is now possible, he said: "Just imagine an aeronautical engineering student trying to study aircraft design, having access only to the Wright brothers' data plus fragmentary information on later aircraft!"

The effect of secrecy on the program as a whole has been described no less effectively by Dr. Kenneth Pitzer, dean of the college of chemistry at the University of California, who served for two and a half years as the AEC's director of research. He has said that the AEC setup, which includes fourteen advisory committees in addition to the three required by law, reminded him of an automobile with separate brake levers for each passenger: "At every road junction the driver not only had to discuss his preference of route with his riders, but he had to wait until all were convinced, because any one could stop the car," he explained. Then, pointing out that the power reactor territory had not been clearly mapped in setting up the rules and regulations to gov-

ern atomic energy, he added laconically: "It is not surprising that more time was spent stationary than moving!"

Because of secrecy regulations, the only way the public learns about what is happening in the atomic-energy field is through carefully planted stories about future developments which are leaked to Washington correspondents by government officials, usually with an ulterior motive. One of the more obvious of these "plants" was the recent series by the Alsop brothers, which many newspapers played on their front pages some weeks ago. In dramatic fashion the Alsops described how a group of distinguished scientists, working on Project Lincoln and in the Summer Study Group at MIT, studied this country's vulnerability to atomic attack and came to the conclusion that an elaborate air defense program, costing between sixteen and twenty billions, was needed to safeguard American cities from atomic devastation.

In newspaper circles that kind of story about that kind of proposal costing that kind of money has been known since time immemorial as a "feeler." But if men within the atomic program, feeling insecure and uncertain themselves, are trying to hurdle the secrecy wall in this manner and dump some of their problems in the public's lap, they are merely taking a leaf from the military's book. It is a matter of record that the most sensational and lurid revelations about atomic weapons have come from generals and admirals, and have been usually timed to coincide nicely with congressional consideration of appropriations.

It was in this manner that the American people, and the Russians, learned from General Collins that the Army was working on an atomic warhead for artillery shells; from the late Admiral Sherman that the Navy was planning atom-propelled submarines; from General Vandenberg and others that our Air Force is building up its atom-bomb-carrying potential and seeking an atom-propelled bomber. Such inter-service rivalry for the budgetary dollar is part of the old Army, Navy, and Air Force game.

Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson has charged that hostile countries have picked up vital intelligence from "security slip-ups," and issued a directive that the practice must stop. But the generals and admirals who have been

spilling atomic secrets along with others at their own chosen moment have been operating in the American tradition. Out of long experience they have learned that in this country even military decisions should be submitted to public opinion.

Permitting Pentagon brass to divulge at will what atomic scientists are forbidden under pain of death to reveal is not only inconsistent, but absurd. For surely scientists can tell far better than the military what scientific information will give aid and comfort to an enemy. The most useful aid and incentive to invention, for instance, is the knowledge that a thing has been or can be done. What was by all odds the most vital atomic secret was given away when we exploded the first bomb over Hiroshima. Knowing this, and knowing, too, how often the same scientific discoveries occur independently and almost simultaneously, scientists would be less inclined than generals and admirals to brag about our achievements—and encourage their duplication.

II

To understand our atomic dilemma better, it may be helpful to recall the steps by which we proceeded into it.

The explosion of the first atomic bomb hit the American people psychologically almost as hard as it did the residents of Hiroshima physically. Though the potentialities of atomic fission had been discussed in scientific circles for several years, the Manhattan District was our most closely guarded wartime secret. This, I think, largely accounts for the sense of awe, amounting almost to superstition, with which so many people regard the phenomenon of nuclear fission. Had they been permitted to read in the normal way about its evolution from scientific theory through engineering development into explosive reality, they might have taken it in stride. But because it was sprung on them so abruptly and has been hidden from them ever since, most people don't realize even yet that nuclear fission is as natural a phenomenon as boiling water.

Happily, the political acumen of the human race exceeds its scientific grasp. Despite their stunned amazement, control of atomic energy was one of the first postwar problems the

American people tackled. By the spring of 1946 a full scale debate on the basic question of whether this new force should be entrusted to military or civilian hands was under way in Congress, in the press, and throughout the country.

In the course of the discussions a number of problems which have plagued us ever since were anticipated: first, international control, which the Soviet Union promptly eliminated for us; second, the exchange of information with friendly nations; and third, the paradox of how we were to give our scientists, who had produced this wonder, the freedom to explore it further while we were letting the military conceal, for the sake of security, what they had done.

The issue was joined in Congress with the introduction of two separate bills. In the Senate, Brien McMahon, then a freshman Senator from Connecticut, offered a measure to put control of atomic energy entirely in civilian hands by turning it over to the members of the Atomic Energy Commission which he proposed. In the House, a May-Johnson bill emerged from committee which would have given the military the controlling voice in atomic matters.

Advocates of the McMahon bill, including many of the scientists who had worked on the atom bomb, paraphrased Clemençeau's celebrated dictum that "war is too serious a matter to be left to generals and admirals." Proponents of the May-Johnson measure, including then Secretary of War Patterson and then Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, insisted that in atomic matters security should have top priority.

As the controversy ran on, bitterness developed. Those who favored military control were accused of trying to establish "military fascism." Those who favored civilian control, especially Henry Wallace, who was then Secretary of Commerce, were charged with wanting to give our secrets and our security away to Russia.

At that stage of the dispute, the late Senator Vandenberg stepped in to propose the compromise which was called for. He offered an amendment to the McMahon bill which was acceptable to all but the extremists on both sides. Primary control of the atomic energy program was vested in the civilian AEC, but a Military Liaison Committee was created to

serve with it, to be kept informed on atomic matters, and to have the right to appeal to the President for the ruling decision whenever it disagreed with the AEC.

Significantly, as it has turned out, General Eisenhower, then Army Chief of Staff, was credited with paving the way for this compromise. One story, which may have gathered momentum as the event receded, is that he gave a group of scientists who called on him to seek his support for the McMahon bill a ringing statement in favor of civilian control. At the time, however, newspapers reported only that General Eisenhower helped bring about the agreement by saying that the Vandenberg amendment was completely acceptable to him.

As far as public opinion can be measured, the American people, too, seemed satisfied with this solution. Looking back, one may wonder how the same bill could be expected to encourage "that free interchange of ideas and criticisms which is essential to scientific progress" and at the same time prohibit, under penalty of death, the disclosure of "restricted data." But looking ahead, everybody hoped that it would work.

TO PROVE that the atomic energy program hasn't worked as thus intended is a simple matter. To explain *why* calls for speculation.

As far as I can observe, nothing has come of the fear that the military, given an inch, would take a mile. The military seems to be taking approximately the role envisaged in the law—and seems also to be the only party which is doing so. Of course, if the Military Liaison Committee has taken any disputes to the President for his decision, that's top secret. I'm inclined to doubt it, however, because it appears to me that the Atomic Energy Commission is doing considerably less than the supreme command job that was contemplated for it. In fact, the best evidence is that the Commission slowly is descending to the status of a contract-letting agency.

This may have come about partly because Mr. Lilienthal, the first chairman, was subjected to so much criticism from Congress that his successor, Gordon Dean, was deliberately selected to be more tractable. But regardless of that, the outcome would probably have been pretty much the same.

With the atomic energy program being carried on in secret, with Congress voting vast sums of money for projects it had to accept on faith, and with nobody answerable to the people for its administration, control just naturally gravitated to the Congressional Joint Committee, particularly its chairman. And since the man who had been so instrumental in setting up the program really called the turn in the final analysis, it became almost Project McMahon.

This brings the story down to late 1952, when Senator McMahon died and the Republicans won the election. The Joint Committee marked time for almost two months after the new Congress met before getting around to electing a new chairman. Mr. Dean, who resigned as AEC chairman, is still, as I write, waiting for his successor to be named. And the Eisenhower Administration, though contemplating changes, has not indicated how far these are to go.

III

AMONG the complaints against our atomic policy, the one which comes most often from scientists who work or formerly worked for the AEC is that secrecy has held back the development of atomic energy.

In his first report to the nation on the bomb, then Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said: "The work has been completely compartmentalized so that while thousands of people have been associated with the program in one way or another no one has been given more information concerning it than was absolutely necessary to his particular job. As a result, only a few highly placed persons in government and science know the entire story."

Such precautions may be necessary in time of total war—though they were not, as we subsequently discovered, as airtight as Mr. Stimson thought. In time of peace, or even of limited war, it is difficult to imagine a more demoralizing drag on inventiveness, development, and production.

Within the government program this policy, written into law, has made it difficult for the AEC to secure and keep in its employ topflight scientists and engineers to whom the unhampered search for knowledge is the very breath of life. It has curbed exploration in

the atomic field and almost certainly slowed down production. And it has had a frustrating effect on the brighter minds working within the field.

One informant, who left the program after being in it nearly a decade, told me that it took him many months to readjust to life "outside" and to realize how different things were "inside." A wry illustration of this difference was presented when it was decided to take down the fence at Oak Ridge—all except one section which was to be left along the highway where Congressmen could see it! Residents objected strenuously to the plan to make Oak Ridge an "open" town. After being shut in for a number of years, they insisted in all seriousness that it wasn't safe for an American community not to be surrounded by a fence. They said it would have a bad effect on crime, traffic, etc.

Apart from hampering the government's own atomic operations, secrecy has also prevented private industry from participating in atomic developments except on a limited scale. Even if this situation is rectified now, the entrance of private interests into the field will be difficult because their admission has been delayed so long. The government's physical plant has grown so large that subsidy may be required to guarantee a fair return on private capital.

Indications that meanwhile, under government monopoly, we are falling behind in atomic development, present themselves from time to time. When the new experimental cancer hospital was opened at Oak Ridge, it was found that the strongest cobalt radiation yet to be used therapeutically had not been produced in this country and must be imported from Canada, a nation with a relatively modest atomic program. Our government also had to look elsewhere for a practical radiation detector. The one best suited for mass production to meet civil defense needs had been devised by an outsider.

Experience in other fields has shown that it is in the pioneering stages of industrial development that the initiative and competitiveness of the free-enterprise system are most essential. It may be that New York City can take over and manage its subway system, perhaps as well as private companies. But if the city had set up a monopoly on transportation in the horse-car days, it is very doubtful

that rapid transit would have developed so quickly.

In any event, it is apparent now, as it was not seven years ago, that our whole economy will be affected by the way in which atomic energy is developed. We can continue government monopoly; we can have government ownership with some degree of private operation; or we can have government operations and private operations co-existing side by side. But this is a decision which the American people should make on the basis of much more information than they now possess.

ANOTHER complaint is that we are bound to have extravagance, inefficiency, and possibly corruption in the atomic program, unless there is some check on its vast spending. During my inquiries, I've had several hints that mismanagement could be found, but with one exception these were vague and pointed in no definite direction. There is considerable evidence that the AEC is one of the better run bureaus of the government. Nevertheless, I am convinced that when the history of the Commission is written we will surely find errors of judgment that have cost the nation millions of dollars. When decisions are made in a vacuum which permits mistakes to be concealed and evils to be hidden, this is inevitable. Furthermore, secrecy itself costs money, and the top secrecy imposed on the atomic program must run into staggering sums.

As one instance of this, I picked up a story from one of the reports of the AEC hearings before the House Appropriations subcommittee. Carroll Tyler, manager of the AEC's Sante Fe Operations Office, was arguing that a contractor, rather than the government, should operate Los Alamos and was trying to show why it would be cheaper:

"The losses that we would have, if we went into a government operation," he told the committee, "include \$566,000 for the complete FBI security clearance which would be required.

"The ZIA Company employees do not have to have this type of clearance, unless they go into restricted areas, in which case they get full clearances. But the employees for the steam plant, and the sidewalks, do not have to be cleared. We merely check references and local police files. We do not have to clear them

under the Act. If we employed them ourselves, that would run something over half a million dollars a year."

How many millions have been spent in clearing other steam-plant operators and sidewalk superintendents, I cannot say. I do know one case, however, where this clearance policy seems to have been absurdly reversed. At one plant, which supplies material for atomic projects, everybody had to be cleared, except the stevedores who hauled the material in and out. But they were the ones, of course, who were in the best position to obtain information about rate and scale of production, which military men say is generally most useful to the enemy!

A SINGLE incident should be enough to show the effect of atomic secrecy on civil defense. Project East River was an exhaustive study undertaken to find how to minimize "the effects of attack by atomic, biological, chemical, or other weapons on the population and industry of the United States." When it was completed, a ten-volume report was made on its findings. Among the volumes classified as secret was the one entitled "The Reduction of Urban Vulnerability."

Yet in another section of the report, the point is made that military secrecy carried to excess defeats its own objectives: "The withholding of information from the public should be limited only to that information which would result in far greater damage if released to the public, and thereby to the enemy, than might result from the actions of a poorly informed public. The simple criteria of merely 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy' are obsolescent."

So far, there has been no indication that the AEC has accepted more sensible modern criteria. To be sure, it has made more information on civil defense available, beginning in 1950 when it published a valuable book on "The Effects of Atomic Weapons." But in this volume, as in most of the others it has published, the AEC included a statement that classified information vital to the national security had been omitted. Nor has the assurance been forthcoming that all information useful for the protection of our population is eventually to be published.

Doesn't this account in considerable measure for the apathy toward civil defense which

seems to prevail? Millions of spectators watched with wonder the televised atomic explosion of Yucca Flats. It was precisely the sort of demonstration which Senator McMahon had said would make "a very impressive exhibit to the American people." So it was. But if that's all they are to be permitted to see or hear or read or do about the dreaded force, why bother!

In the Project East River report one sentence reads: "Much of the existing apathy derives not only from the magnitude of the problem but also from the mistaken impression that nothing much can be done about it."

THE gravest consequences of atomic secrecy are to be found not in the millions of dollars wasted or even in the many lives which could be lost, but in its effect on democratic government.

During last fall's campaign it was seriously proposed that General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson, who were receiving Central Intelligence reports to keep them informed about international developments, should also be given some briefing about the vast atomic energy program of a government one of them would head. Nothing came of the proposal. We have become so accustomed to the secrecy which beclouds the atom that we permit a great area of governmental activity to be blocked off from discussion, even during a political campaign when we are arguing over everything else under the sun. We take it for granted that neither the candidates nor the public will know anything about that forbidden subject.

In that case, though, how are they to speak with any authority on the many other subjects that can't be separated from atomic energy?

A lot was said about the budget and taxes during the late campaign, something about balancing the one and reducing the other. But even without the additional sixteen to twenty billion dollars proposed for our air defenses, atomic energy, which takes a large slice of our military expenditures, must enter into the figuring.

A lot was said about creeping socialism and big business and small. But the atomic energy program is the most socialistic thing we have at present and could lead our economy further in that direction. Or, depending on how it

is operated, it could make big business bigger and small business smaller.

A lot was said about maintaining our security and increasing our prosperity. But on these, and a score of other subjects, nothing will have any greater bearing in the long run than what we do with atomic energy.

IV

WHY is such stringent atomic secrecy maintained when there are so many objections to it from AEC officials, scientists and engineers, civil defense authorities, and others?

Fear of the unknown, I suspect, accounts for more of it than fear of spies. Because many persons consider it a mysterious thing which they can never understand, they prefer to keep it out of sight. Even though this unknown force can change their lives, or destroy them, they want to ignore it as long as possible.

Secrecy in depth, along the military lines of defense in depth, was the theory advanced by one of the top men in the atomic setup to justify it. He conceded that many of the secrets aren't really secret; he granted that many of the things we are hiding would do an enemy no good. But he contended that by trying to keep everything secret we can better protect the relatively few really vital secrets.

Another contention, often heard and sounding plausible at first, is that there is no need to disseminate atomic information more widely because so few persons can ever comprehend the scientific principles, the technical problems of nuclear fission. But the arguers on this score overlook the fact that the public being kept in ignorance about atomic energy consists of just about everybody. Scientists, engineers, and mechanics, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and the clergy are excluded. So are bankers, industrialists, labor leaders, and most of the Congressmen who pass the laws for the country.

And entirely apart from its physical aspects, how are we to cope with the social, economic, and political problems which atomic energy has created if the leaders in every field of human endeavor are denied almost all information about it?

It is high time for the veil of secrecy to be lifted on everything except a few current refinements in the manufacture of fissionable materials and the design of weapons. Only then will American scientists and industrialists be able to move ahead at full speed, taking full advantage of the American genius for bringing into play a diversity of talents; and only then will the American people be able to comprehend the vast power in their possession and cope wisely with the difficult problems of atomic defense.

The Sportsman

DAVID McCORD

PARTRIDGE and quail, of course. Occasional woodcock,
Snipe, odd rabbits, squirrels, crows, coot—in fact,
All superficial life in range: lock, stock
And double barrel. Acquainted mallards quacked,
Considerate geese veered, and the gun's impact
Was pleasant to his shoulder. What a flock
Of starling memories rose to re-enact
Each death in feathers falling like a rock!
Decembers in red flannel, cold but game,
He pioneered through bullet-spattered wood.
The generous heart cried *kill*. If poor of aim,
He used the knife to comfort when he could.
Then suddenly, for no conspicuous reason,
He up and shot himself—well out of season.

Troubadour

A Story by Eugene Walter

Drawings by Willis Pyle

IN THE country along the Gulf Coast, in summer, the period of time between the setting of the sun and total black night is full of sweet mysteries, and has the effect of making the world with all its traffic stop dead still. Minute the sun slips out of sight, a hush grows, plants and trees visibly relax. This is the hour of perfumes and emanations: moon-vines bloom, and pale ghosts grieve at the windows of vacant houses—invisible to some, and painfully visible to others. One smells strongly and suddenly the scent of green grass, of dust, the fecund richness of ditches and ponds; and after, all the white flowers that open at night. Under the oak trees the lighting bugs commence their play; dogs and even children are briefly awed. One feels that all the genii of the ancient world, who wait on the mind's back porch, could easily, if they chose, break the screen door and run in bare-foot, stealthy but gleeful.

On such a summer evening, after a furiously hot day, a lawyer named Tyler Scandrett sat on the front porch of a high old one-story house, shielded from the street by four camphor trees, and a hedge of abelia bushes. His sister, Miss Jeanie, who kept house for him, and who was given to extravagant dreams which she recorded in a gilt-locked diary, was stalking about the grounds with a hose, "cooling things off." Tyler, who had long since ceased to notice his sister—they'd lived amica-



bly together for thirty-five years—was staring at the luminous apple-green sky, and enjoying a remote and pleasurable nostalgia. He was wondering how it was possible that so many years had passed since he had played hide-and-seek among the oak trees on Mattison's property. This is the nicest part of the day, thought Tyler, almost makes those smelly cuspidors in the Courthouse possible.

He had eaten a superb supper and had helped Jeanie with the dishes. Now he gave himself to reverie while Jeanie, never still, played at rainmaking in the yard, conjuring the heady smells of wet black earth. Once she gave a little cry, and he asked quickly "What's the matter?" though he knew what she'd answer.

"That nasty toadfrog under the sweet olive," she said flightily.

"Well, you know he's there same time every evening; looks like you wouldn't jump by this time."

"Knowing his schedule doesn't make me love him any more than I do, and that's none."

He made a little sound that could be yes, or no, or my! ain't it so! but which was really the ultimate crystallization of an ancient bit of argument directed at Jeanie, something like: "You know perfectly well it's just a nurse's tale we learned as children that toadfrogs pee on you and make warts; the truth is they don't cause warts in any way—besides which they eat mosquitoes and are very cute, too."

When he made this sound (people who live long together can condense a hundred words into the *clack* of a cup set smartly in a saucer, or express paragraphs with a curl of the lips) she just said "Tsk!" with her tongue tipped against her teeth, and gave a jerk on the hose, which was how she boiled down: "Really, Ty, you act so superior 'cause you went to law school in Philadelphia, and spent a year in Panama, but I after all am two years older than you and a woman, I should know what makes warts, and even if it said in Dorothy Dix that toadfrogs didn't, I still could never learn to like the horrid things. I can't abide creepy-crawlies."

Their exchange finished, he dreamed again, and she slunk off under the mimosas. He was feeling, somewhere in his mind, that if he wanted, he could dredge up from his memory some bitter and rather revolting memories to set his teeth on edge. For a moment he let flicker an image of his father's face when they had quarreled on the day after the funeral, the father white with grief for his wife, suddenly livid at his son. Old quarrels, old moments of selfishness. . . . Having distilled the drop of bitterness to make more sweet the perfumed twilight he gently put away the past and concentrated his eyes on the houses barely visible through the trees. He could just make out their neighbor, Miss Mayhall, on her high gallery, fanning herself with a palmetto fan. Soon the streetlights would come on, one in a green veil of camphor leaves at the corner of the yard, another far down the street; then the interminable games of hide-and-seek would start. He sighed.

SOMETIMES the voices amongst the leaves saddened him; he'd sit quietly next to Jeanie (always busy with her own thoughts) listening with all his body to the rapidly chanted "Fife-ten-fifteen-twenny-twennifyfe-thutty," the muffled laughs, the cries of the hiders scattering through the trees, finally the exuberant "Coming-reddy-or-not!" followed by the silence of the search. How his body ached in that silence, for then he shared the tension of the concealed and the eagerness of the searcher; memories crowded in on him of Tommy Carly, Teensy McCorquodale, the Sanguanetti twins, his sister Jeanie with hair tossing. He asked himself how it was possible to have been so happy in those old days in the grove, and not to have known in the heart that one *was* happy, in a golden haze, in a forest of golden trees, in a lost time.

"Evenin'," said a small husky voice.

Tyler looked down through the bannisters, and there below the porch in the space consecrated to Grand Duke jessamines, was unexpectedly a little tow-headed boy. For one long instant Tyler felt the hairs ride on the back of his neck: this creature had surely sprung from the earth, or worse, from memory: Tyler could swear Bible oath that the boy had not crossed the yard. But he was there.

"Good evenin'," said Tyler, hesitantly, waiting to see what would happen.

"My name is James Allison More, Number Four, it makes a rhyme," said the boy, not smiling.

Tyler strained his eyes to see him, could only make out faded shorts and shirt, thin arms, legs with knobbly knees and a big red Mercurochrome splotch on one of them. A portrait of an anonymous child in a Southern summer, framed in a prospect of jessamines.

"Who do I have the pleasure to be speaking to?" the boy asked, with a solemn, courtly air.

"I'm Tyler Scandrett," was the gruff reply; then, "But your name will be Mud if my sister Miss Jeanie Elaine Scandrett spies you prancing in her jessamines."

"Oh my!" said the dignified child, jumping away from the flowers. "And where might this lady be now?"

"Watering the entire state of Alabama. I think by now she's reached the Georgia line." Tyler, recovered from the initial surprise of the child's appearance, was determined to bring a smile to the face of this solemn crea-

ture. But the boy only looked across the yard, now deep in shadow, toward the sound of the hissing nozzle and the plat-plat-plat of the dripping leaves. He said nothing, and the silence waited. Then to Tyler's relief, at that moment the street lights turned on, flaring up yellow amongst the leaves made brilliantly green where the light fell. The porch was suddenly embroidered with rich tracteries of leaf and bough; the light scooped all the bushes and garden beds back into their rightful shapes, and banished wraiths. The hedge sparkled wetly.

Tyler stared at the child. Light didn't help much. Was he seven years old, or eleven: with his high forehead, delicate ears, and tow-blond hair strutting in every direction at once? Who could say? From where had he appeared?

"I wanted so much to speak to the lady of the house."

"That's my sister, but you can easily tell me your business."

The boy looked at Tyler, scrutinizing his face. "May I sit down, sir?" he asked.

"Well, for Christ's sake, boy, of course you can. Come on up on this porch and take a chair. What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Oh no, it's not that," replied the boy.

"Are you a Moore with two o's, or with one?" demanded Tyler.

"One o. M-O-R-E. James Allison More, Number Four."

"I know, I know," said Tyler, quite good-humoredly now, "it makes a rhyme. Mine doesn't; you have the best of me there. But tell me, where are you from? You don't live here?"

"No sir, I am from Contraband Bayou, Louisiana, but I have been living in Atlanta."

Tyler couldn't think of any further conversation, so sat quiet, still wondering at the dignity of the boy. He heard the busy hose suddenly silenced, and after heard the crickets and katydids.

"Here comes my sister. Exactly what did you want to see her about?"

THE child said nothing. Jeanie appeared, pulling the hose back to its hiding-place under the Mexican lilac. They watched her. When she approached the steps she stopped and cried out, at which the boy ran down and snatched up something from the brick paving. It was the toad.

"Put him down! Put him down!" she cried, twisting her hands.

"Jeannie, you're a caution!" said Tyler, thinking how plainout contrary she was. But Jeanie was always sharp to strangers, no matter what their age.

"It's only a little toadfrog," said James.

"Put him down!"

"Yes'm," he said, and did so.

"Don't you know they'll make just perfectly gruesome warts on your fingers?"

"No'm, they don't *really* make warts." Tyler laughed at this.

"Who are you, little boy, coming down from this porch and catching my toadfrogs?" inquired Jeanie.

"Jeanie," put in Tyler, "you know you'd be happy to have that thing squashed dead."

"Deed I would not. I'm used to him. I'd miss him sorely. And look at poor Lila Triplett: she doesn't have a single bird left in her woods 'cause she goes out every morning and claps her hands at the blue jays. Minute we start squashing toadfrogs we can say bye-bye to Luna moths and Monarchs, too. To say nothing of cedar wax-wings. I think they *tell* each other where they're not welcome."

"Oh, Jeanie!" intoned Tyler, impatiently, in his best Courthouse drawl, "they's a big difference 'tween blue jays and toadfrogs case you don't know it."

"Oh, not so much!" said Jeanie airily. "Both toadfrogs and blue jays tend to mosquitoes: blue jays get 'em when they fly high, and toadfrogs get 'em when they fly low, and leave us thank the good Lord for that."

"Now you're using my arguments; I'd thank you to stick to the point. Besides, the reason Lila Triplett doesn't have any birds in her woods is 'cause to see Lila Triplett in the early morning light would scare anything away, bigger'n birds. You said yourself she looked like the ghost of a dust mop, but I say plain Medusa."

"Who's your friend, Tyler?" Jeanie's voice had altered now, she regarded the boy fixedly with her sad eyes.

"This is Master James Allison More Number Four, from Louisiana." The child smiled tentatively.

"Four horizontally or four vertically?" she demanded.

"Ma'am?" mumbled he, puzzled.

"Oh," interpreted Tyler, "she means are

you named for your papa and your granddaddy and like that, or just is there four people in your family named the same?"

"My papa and his papa and *his* papa," explained James. "But they all dead."

"Your papa is dead?" He nodded.

"What about your mother?"

"She's dead, too."

"Where do you live?"

"I been in Atlanta but I'm going home to Contraband Bayou, Lou'siana."

"Oh," said Jeanie, eying the downcast eyes and thin limbs, "you must be hungry!"

"Well . . . yes'm . . . but . . . you see, I'm hitchhiking to home . . . and I did think maybe you might be able to give me a little something to eat on the way. . . ."

"Why, of course, of course we'll give you something to eat. We can't have hungry children starving to death under our very noses, can we, Ty?"

"No, can't have that," he answered.

"I had my supper," James went on, "'cause a real nice man gave me a ride from Bay Minette, and gave me my supper."

"Well, in that case I'll fix you a nice lap-lunch to take with you," said Jeanie, patting

her hair, and starting quickly into the house.

"Have you come far today?" asked Tyler.

"From La Grange," answer James.

"Maybe James would like to wash up," suggested Jeanie, holding the knob of the screen door.

"No-thank-ya-ma'am." Then squeak-bang and she had disappeared in the dark hall.

A LIGHT breeze had sprung up, noticeable only as a kind of touch on the temples, and by the shifting shadows of the camphor trees. The voices of the children playing in the grove sounded and echoed from far away in the still evening. Sometimes the sound of a door slamming or of an adult laugh carried from clear over at Bonville Acres, the night was so tranquil. A chorus of children were sing-singing:

Draw a magic circle
And sign it with a dot!

This little finger *did* it!
This little finger *did* it!
This little finger *did* it!

Somewhere a lusty child's voice was crying out



The boy looked at Tyler, scrutinizing his face.



"It's only a little toadfrog," said James.

impatiently, "Hurry up, D.B.!" James sat quietly on the top step, watching the crazy shadows, somewhat chary of conversation with Tyler. They sat for a long time silent. Tyler, watching the boy, was thinking how terrible to be young and alone, yet how wonderful to be loose and wandering on the highroad, before the world's dimensions were reduced. James tickled his own dusty toes with a stem of grass, seeing how long he could stand it before having to scratch them.

"Is Atlanta a nice place?" asked Tyler.

"No, not specially."

"You have folks there?"

"My daddy was in the federal pen there, before he died."

This bit of news gave Tyler pause, narrowed his eyes. He studied James' tously hair and big gray eyes. This casual infant, he decided, has known a life of misery and drama. The boy's shyness, which first annoyed Tyler, now gained his respect: this is tragedy's own manner, he told himself.

"Why did they send him there?"

But then Miss Jeanie was heard switching down the hall from the kitchen. Out she came, carrying a bulging paper bag, and a tray with a piece of cake and a glass of milk.

"Here," she said, "little boys always have room for an extra dessert, I reckon. And in this bag I've put plenty of good things for Mister James Allison More."

He took the cake and milk and went to work on them, smiling boldly now, and looking less like a pixie. "It's real good," he mumbled through a mouthful.

"James says his papa died in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta," Tyler remarked conversationally to Jeanie. But she would never jump at a piece of news: she went on plumping up her cushion, then sat down in her rocker.

"What his papa do to deserve that?"

"You ask him."

James looked down at his feet. "He shot Mama." Jeanie and Tyler exchanged glances and raised their eyebrows.

"Maybe you'd like to tell us?" said Miss Jeanie.

"Papa was mad at the time," said James.

"A crime of passion," said Miss Jeanie, with real enthusiasm. "Oh, but please understand, I don't want you to tell us 'less you care to."

"Yes'm."

"Has it been a long time?"

"Yes'm, last summer. Well, like I said, my papa was real mad at the time. I ran out to the woodshed when I saw him take up his rifle. I heard them yelling inside. Mama came out on the back porch and Papa after her, real mad, and he shot her, and she fell across the laundry basket. Then he went back in and shot Dokie."

"Dokie?" exclaimed Tyler and Miss Jeanie together.

"That was a friend of Mama's. A very nice man. He worked for the Lilybud Cup Company, that's those paper cups for drinking fountains; that's how Mama and him got introduced, 'cause in the beauty school Mama went to in Lake Charles (she took the bus twice a week and on Saturday mornings) they had a big ole-timey water cooler, Mama used to put her Creme Soda in there to cool for lunch. Anyway Dokie used to come once a week to take their orders for paper cups. His real name was Mr. Harry Jimson, but he had this way of saying 'Okey-dokey' that made all the ladies at the Belladair Beauty School laugh fit to pop, so they called him Dokie."

JAMES swallowed the last bit of cake, and the last drop of milk, Miss Jeanie leaned forward and took the tray, deposited it on the fern stand beside her chair.

"Sweet Land!" she exclaimed, "why'd your papa kill Dokie?"

"Oh, Daddy didn't like Dokie being such a good friend of Mama's. Daddy is . . . was . . . a big quiet fella, he didn't talk much.

Mama would sometimes say, 'Clyde, if you don't say something I'll scream out loud,' and he wouldn't, he'd just eat his supper and look at her, then she'd scream out loud.

"Mama would say, 'All I want is to have a compliment now and again to make me feel like I'm alive and kicking. It's too much to expect to go to N'Orluns for the weekend sometime,' she'd say, 'but I do think I'd like to be told I look fairly pretty sometimes.'"

"You're telling the history of the world," said Tyler. "I know how it ends; but go on."

"Then Daddy would give her this look from under his eyelashes, kinda squinched up you know, and she'd say, 'Clyde, if you make that face again I'll scream,' and he'd go on looking like that, then she'd scream, and then he'd hit her hard, and she'd run in the bedroom and slam the door."

"Noisy household," muttered Tyler.

"Uh . . . how did your Daddy ever . . . meet . . . Dokie?" asked Jeanie, forgetting to rock.

"Oh Mama didn't want Daddy to ever meet Dokie, but I don't know, Daddy just found out about him. Dokie, you see, would drive Mama out from Lake Charles, and they'd stop at the Azalea Tavern for a few beers. Mama always said she was working hard at the Belladair Beauty School, 'cause she knew Daddy would raise the roof if he knew about Dokie. But Dokie was more fun than Daddy in a way; I mean he was always telling jokes, which Daddy never did, and playing tricks on people. Mama used to say, 'Dokie, you'll be the death of us all,' and he *was*, him and Mama at least.

"When Daddy went on night shift, Dokie would come to see Mama sometimes, and they'd sit on the front porch and talk and carry on till after I was in bed."

"Carry on?" asked Miss Jeanie.

"Well, can't you hear he's telling the story?" snapped Tyler.

"He wanted her to go to N'Orluns with him, but she always said, 'Gimme time, Dokie, we'll have to work this out.' Sometimes she had fights with Dokie, too. Not that Mama was mean, but she was real pretty, and she liked people to remember it. Mama laughed a lot when she was in a good humor, lotta times with Dokie. But once she and Dokie had a big fight, locked up together in the bedroom, and they tore the place up. I think they had some booze in there. Mama made

me say it was me broke the mirror of her vanity table 'cause she had spanked me, but Daddy didn't believe her for one minute, and he was like an ole bloodhound when he was after the truth of something. Sniff, sniff. So after supper that night, he just marched me out back of the house, and looked me in the eye, nobody could fib to Daddy when he did that, and he said, 'Did you break up house-keeping today, or did we maybe have us another visitor, that wasn't calling on me?' I just whispered, 'Another visitor,' and he said, 'That's all I wanted to know,' and he went in and spanked Mama with a board.

"After that, Mama stayed in bed for several days, without any make-up on or anything, Penny had to take all her meals right to the bed. Dokie didn't come around for a week. Then one day Mama sat up in bed and said, 'Suffering Cow, but I hope I'll never see another stick of Golden Oak again as long as I live,' and she moved all the furniture out in the back yard and painted it different colors. Daddy made her give up going to the Belladair 'cause he told her, 'Ione, you know everything you could ever learn in Lake Charles and more. You better stay home and keep house.'

"So she did. Then one day I was walking along the highway coming home from school, and here was Dokie waiting to pick me up, to ask about Mama, and to give me a present, all wrapped in fancy paper, from Adler's in N'Orluns, to take to her. And he gave me a fifty-cent piece for my trouble.

"Well, Mama was pleased as punch, 'cause they was a pair of ankle-strap sandals, color of lettuce, in that box. She strutted around that house all day, leaning close to the mirror, so she could see her feet in it. 'They're shurenuff chick,' she'd say over and over, 'shurenuff chick.' Then she'd trot around some more and say, 'I'd like to stroll into the lobby of the Roosevelt in these, and hear people say, "That is a girl with chick, furthermore in the latest style. No flies on her." ' I tell you frankly, Mama put a lot of store in being well-got-up.

"WELL, that evening when Daddy was at work here comes Dokie in the front door to see Mama, and she kissed him smack on the mouth, and said, 'Dokie, you have got real taste and that's something I like in people—real taste—yes,

when they have real taste and know what is chick.' Then Dokie calmly shelled out a *dollar-bill* to me and says, 'Skeezix, you go treat yourself to a good time, 'cause I have got to have me a long serious business talk with your mother,' so I went to see Bette Davis at the Bijou over in Chester City, and afterward had a chocolate malted at Chester Pharmacy and bought some comic books and caught the last bus home.

"Well, I could hear Mama raising the roof from a block away, with some mighty fancy whooping and hollering. I walked around the side of the house and looked in and here was Mama cavorting about the bedroom in her blue chinnel housecoat with her hair wilder than wild. And I was surprised to see Daddy standing there. I guess he'd come home from work unexpectedly. Then I saw Dokie sitting in Mama's little boudoir chair, with his hair rumped and his shirttail out. He looked sick, all white.

"Mama was yelling, 'Some girls in Contraband Bayou might be happy married to the original Frankenstein, but not me, I have spirit. I am an animated human being, more-over sensitive.' (Mama was originally from Bogalusa.) But Daddy didn't say a word. Just looked. Finally he kinda mumbled, 'Hmm,' and turned out the door. Mama kept on tromping up and down, but her hands were shaking.

"I went around back to go in the kitchen door, and there was Daddy on the back porch loading his rifle. I didn't poke then, I ran out to the woodshed. Then I heard Mama yell, 'Clyde, what the hell do you think you're doing with *that*?' Then she sort of giggled and ran out on the back porch and Daddy followed and shot her. Then he went back inside and shot ole Dokie right where he sat in there in that yeller chair. Dokie never said a word, just let himself be shot, can you imagine?"

"No!" cried Miss Jeanie in a loud voice, then collected herself and patted her hair. "Then what happened?" she inquired attentively.

"Well," continued James, his eyes shining, "I said to Daddy, 'You've sure done it,' and he said, 'I feel right relieved now that it's over,' and he said, 'Go over to your Uncle Plug's and stay there,' so I did."

"Weren't you sorry? Didn't you cry?"

"Sure, like anything."

Tyler cleared his throat and sat up straight. "Where was the trial?"

"In Baton Rouge. Then they took Daddy to Atlanta. But Daddy was the kind of person couldn't live behind the bars. Uncle Plug said, 'Either Clyde or that clinky has to give, stands to reason.' I don't know what happened, but we had word Daddy was dead, so we went for the funeral."

"Did Plug go too?"

"Yes, but he had to go back right away."

"Why didn't he take you back to Louisiana?"

"Oh, I can't tell, I can't tell any more!" cried James, his voice breaking.

"Now, now, now," sympathized Miss Jeanie, stroking his hair, "everything is going to be all right."

AND it was, suddenly, all right, because he looked up and smiled a little at them, and said, "Everybody's been so good to me, so very good," and fondled the heavy parcel she had given him. They sat silent for an instant, a little embarrassed, while voices of children floated through the trees and the insistent "Commmmmmmme on, D.B.!" was repeated from afar, against the music of insects.

Miss Jeanie rocked sharply, her eyes intent on a spot in the middle of the air. Tyler studied his rusty hands, his mind busy with vivid tableaux of life in Contraband Bayou. This child, he said to himself, has seen more of life's sprawling energy already than Jeanie and I ever have in all our years. Why, he asked himself, did I not accept that offer to work for the criminal lawyer in Pittsburgh?

"Where will you be staying tonight?" he said before he realized he had said it. "We could put you up here."

"Of course we could," added Miss Jeanie. "You must be dead."

"Oh . . . well . . . you're very nice," replied James, "but I have a ride promised me if I'm down by the college gate at ten o'clock, they's a boy driving to Louisiana. I better start."

"Hold your horses!" cried Jeanie, and ran in the house.

"Well, Son, I want to give you something might help out a little. Here." And Tyler pressed a folded bill into his hand.

"Oh, nosir, I couldn't, I really couldn't."

"Nonsense, take it."



Miss Jeanie collected herself.

"How'll I ever make you and Miss Jeanie know how much it's meant to me to talk to you. It's terrible not to be able to tell people your troubles. I never tell people I hitch rides with; afraid it might scare them."

"There, there, we must all try to help one another in this world, mustn't we?"

"Oh, yessir. Yessir, we must."

Then Miss Jeannie appeared with a jar of small pickles held behind her. "Here," she said to James,

"Hold out your hands and close your eyes, I'll give you something to make you wise."

When he did, she plopped the Mason jar in his cupped hands.

"Oh!"

"They're wonderful for traveling, especially when you get thirsty on the way."

"I wanta thank you," said the boy intensely, "from the bottom of my heart."

And he shook hands with Tyler, kissed Miss Jeanie, gave them both a long look, and turned and walked quickly off, glancing back only when outside the gate.

"I can never thank you enough. I won't forget this, you'll hear from me."

"Good-by," they both cried, waving. Then he was gone.

They sat quietly a few minutes on the porch,

then Miss Jeanie said, "Oh. Oh." and commenced to rock again, rapidly.

TYLER suddenly found the reason for movement, he had not written down the child's proper address. "Shoulda gotten his address!" he muttered, and streaked down the steps and across the yard. Had the child reached the corner? He tore through the privet that separated the front yard from the vegetable patch and careless of green-pepper bushes ran down a row to the corner of the property. He could see James standing with three other children under the street light outside the fence. Tyler slowed to a walk, panting as he passed amongst the musky tomatoes, which hold the warmth of the sun overnight.

"I think D.B. robbed a restaurant," a sharp little-girl voice was saying. It was a rosy fat girl with straight black hair and a sassy expression. She was eating something from the lunch prepared by Miss Jeanie. For an instant Tyler thought that James had been beset-upon by the wild Wheelervillians, then he realized that James knew them very well. The other little girl could only be James' sister, by her hair and eyes. She was eating a biscuit which she offered to share with a tow-headed boy of four or five.

"Here, Billy," she said.

"No," said Billy, "full-up."

God help us, a whole little troupe of homeless wanderers, thought Tyler. James is sharing his food with his fellow unfortunates. Through Tyler's mind soared a splendid image of a kind of Children's Crusade, begging the road from Atlanta to Lake Charles. Outcasts, he thought, offspring of the country's most desperate criminals, wronged babes, left to travel as they may, like cockleburrs, affixing themselves to whatever kind heart brushes against them. He stood frozen in a kind of wondering silence.

"You were gone so long, D.B., we thought you were dead," said the fat girl.

"I heard you yelling," mumbled James, without expression.

"Well, I thought maybe we had to come get you."

James was standing perfectly still, gazing into his brown paper bag. The fat girl had already rifled it, was eating a pickle, had gnawed it all away save the side she held it by.

"It's Betty Ann's turn now," announced she. "You can take Billy to be your starving baby brother, if he'll keep his trap shut."

"I'm not hungry," said Billy, "I'm full-up."

"Oh, let's don't do this anymore; let's go back," cried James passionately.

"Well, honey," the fat girl cooed to Billy, "you could play like you're starved, couldn't you?"

"No. I wanta play hide-an'-seek."

"He's rotten spoiled."

"Let's do play hide-an'-seek," pleaded James.

The fat girl stared at him. "What's eatin' you?"

"Oh," said Betty Ann, "I want to go alone. I'm gonna try that big white house. I'm gonna say my mother is dying of some dread disease in Birmingham."

"Don't overdo it," advised the fat girl. "Whud you tell 'em, D.B., to get this spread?"

D.B. alias James gazed toward the Scandrett house. "A story."

"Well, of course it was a *story*," said the fat girl. "It was some big lie. They musta believed it, huh?" James nodded.

"I'm going to say my name is Veronica," said Betty Ann.

"You're gonna make a big fat fool of yourself," observed the fat girl, with a shrewd expression.

"Let's go back," said D.B. "Let's go back."

"But it was your idea," shrilled the fat girl.

Tyler had winced when the truth fell on him with a mortal blow. Now he could no longer contain himself. "What the hell's going on here?" he cried, and they all jumped. Billy began to bawl.

"Oh-ho, an eavesdrinker!" sassed the fat girl, with a delicious laugh. "Hit him on the head with a pickle!"

And she tossed the wreckage of the one she had been eating, which sailed past Tyler's ear and landed *plosh!* in the tomato patch. D.B. stood motionless, gazing at Tyler with a sorrowful spaniel gaze. The fat girl slowly and carefully stuck out her tongue before joining the other children running giggling down the street. But D.B. stood as if magicked, his eyes searching Tyler's shadowed face. Clutching

his provisions, he began very slowly to walk away, taking the opposite direction from his friends. He walked in deliberate steps, placing his bare feet exactly, so stilted a retreat that Tyler was forced to cry out, "Good night, D.B. Don't get in trouble!"

At which D.B. turned his head a little, and mumbled, "'Night."

Tyler watched him a moment, then started back toward the house. Walking through the fresh-scented darkness, he came to realize that the night belonged to him, Tyler. Like the double mask of Janus over the Courthouse door, he had, for a moment, seen in two directions at once. This'll be my secret, he thought. Jeanie has her locked diary, I have lips that are sealed. Tonight will bear thinking about for some time, he told himself. As he slipped through the green-pepper bushes, a grin began to show itself on his face. It was hesitant in coming, but at last spread from ear to ear, till his face was almost luminous in the leafy night.



Tyler streaked across the yard.

A barrier in the minds of business men has stopped progress in Europe. Here are some hints on how we might help to break it down.

Europe's Invisible Brick Wall

Peter F. Drucker

WHAT explains the spectacular contrast between continental Europe's rapid recovery up to 1951 and her all-but-complete economic stagnation since then? In all the discussions of Europe's economic plight, in this country or abroad, this is the one question that no one ever seems to ask. Yet it is the key to an effective policy of American aid, and it should be the central question now that a new Administration is engaged in re-thinking our entire foreign policy.

The question is particularly pressing because our economic policy so far, ever since the end of World War II, has been based upon exactly the opposite expectation: that European recovery to prewar levels would be extremely difficult, but that further growth would be easy, once the prewar standards had been restored. Most of the criticism of the Marshall Plan, for instance, centered on the projected speed of recovery. Most European and many American economists felt it was quite unrealistic to expect that Europe would recover twice as fast after World War II as after World War I. American aid, they pointed out, while massive, was not going to be much larger than the total of American and British loans to continental Europe in the early twenties. And destruction was immeasurably greater. But that economic growth would be rapid, once recovery had been achieved, nobody seemed to doubt.

At that, even the most enthusiastic supporter of the Marshall Plan and ECA might have despaired of reaching the recovery goals if he had expected, back in 1947, that Russia's satellites in Eastern Europe would be forbidden by their Master to join in the effort. Yet although the ban deprived Western Europe in one blow of her best markets and her

largest and cheapest sources of foodstuffs, the recovery goals of the Marshall Plan were reached ahead of schedule. By the spring of 1951—just three years after ECA had got under way—per capita production and consumption in Marshall Plan Europe had increased by more than one-third and had reached the levels of 1938. Only western Germany took a little longer—until 1952; but German recovery had started a year later, and from such a low point that industrial production had to be more than doubled to reach prewar dimensions.

These were totally unprecedented rates of recovery. And although they could not have been achieved without the dollars of the Marshall Plan—let alone the stimulus of hope, courage, and leadership that America provided—they were much too spectacular to be attributed to American aid alone. Indeed, the recovery testified to so much European energy, resourcefulness, and hard work as to dispose, once and for all, of the slogan that "Europe is finished."

But this has made all the more puzzling the failure of the automatic growth which was expected to follow. The European economy has been, during these past two years, in "complete stagnation"; and this, the term used by the eminent government-appointed Europeans who make up the UN's Economic Commission for Europe, is euphemism. Actually, almost every European country has barely been able to avoid sliding backward.

Altogether, what has happened to the European economy during the past five years has been one of the most singular and baffling phenomena in all economic history: country after country moving forward at unprecedented speed until it had restored prewar per

capita production—and then stopping as suddenly as if it had run into a brick wall.

AND this is exactly what has happened, except that the wall is in the imagination and the emotions and thus, while invisible, is much harder to break through.

For forty years Europe has been looking backward—toward the Golden Age of “prewar.” For forty years the word “prewar” has expressed the summit of human aspiration and achievement, especially in the economic sphere. Indeed no European under fifty-five can remember a time when “prewar” was not the goal and the standard. This made recovery efforts easy; for recovery is restoration—a movement toward prewar conditions. But if the goal lies in the past rather than in the future, new growth is hard to work for and even hard to imagine.

Some months ago I sat down with a group of very young Frenchmen who had been sent to the United States to study the American economy. Most of the group were boys who had just graduated from college—boys so young as to remember World War II only as a childhood experience. Yet as they talked about “prewar” as the goal for this, the measurement for that, the ideal for something else, it suddenly dawned on me that “prewar” did not mean for these youngsters “before World War II.” It meant “before World War I”—the Golden Age of 1913. Whenever anything was suggested that did not seem to head toward this 1913 goal, these young men immediately stiffened and became suspicious.

This tendency to look backward shows in the workers' tenements that are being built in Paris today, which copy the horrible cold-water flats of 1900 to the point of having one toilet for six or eight apartments. It shows in the rebuilding of Germany's most thoroughly destroyed city, Cologne. In the wasteland around the Cathedral new office buildings are going up everywhere—heavy, six- or eight-story structures built to last. But these brand new buildings are set on the old street lines, so that the maze of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century streets is faithfully preserved—streets which are too narrow to permit automobiles to pass, streets which run straight for fifty yards and then veer off at a ninety-degree angle, streets so dark as to deprive the new buildings of light and air. Yet the alderman

who showed me around did not seem to understand that anything else could be done. “Obviously we have to try to restore prewar conditions as much as we can,” he said.

Lest any of us feel superior, let us recall our own experience. We too, in this country, have known something like a prewar fixation: its name was “1929.” For ten depression years, “1929” was our utopia, the restoration of which seemed the sum of our economic possibilities and hopes. This paralyzed our vision and our ability to move forward, very much as Europe's prewar aim paralyzes the Europeans. In the NRA we set up what might have proved to be a more restrictive cartel system than any that Europe has known. Our economists told us that ours was a “mature economy,” a euphemism for a stagnant economy. Our population forecasters predicted a sedately growing, if not a static, population—and we built our consolidated high schools on the basis of their forecasts, to our present chagrin. Many a business man refused to make any capital investment, no matter how attractive, if it would enlarge capacity beyond the dimensions of 1929. If you are disposed to blame the Europeans for the fondness with which they look backward, recall our own mood in the nineteen-thirties; and then remember that Europe has not endured a mere decade of hard times, but forty years of war, revolution, tyranny, and destruction.

Yet the prewar fixation of continental Europe, though quite understandable, is a major threat to the stability and defense of this country and of the Western world. The main goal of American economic policy toward Europe must be to help overcome it, to help Europeans to face forward rather than backward, and to tap for new economic growth the tremendous energy that produced European restoration; in short, to help make Europe capable of breaking through the invisible wall.

To this end, three things must be done:

First, there must be some tangible assurance that money will maintain reasonable purchasing power.

Second, mass distribution must take the place of class distribution. It must become recognized that selling is not an ignoble activity; indeed, that it is the duty of a business man to create and expand his market. And fiscal policy must encourage consumption in-

stead of throttling it as it does today in major European countries.

And third, a most radical change is needed in the method of recruiting management. Europe suffers from a desperate shortage of management personnel—one might even say a desperate shortage of management itself as we know the term. And the major cause of this shortage is the absence of opportunities to rise from the ranks; in short, the class structure of European industry and business.

Let me explain what I mean by these three requirements and why they are vitally important.

EVERYBODY knows that successive waves of inflation have wiped out savings and capital investments in many continental countries, if not in most. An investment of \$1,000 made in 1913 in the local currency would have disappeared altogether in Germany and Austria by now; would have shrunk to \$30 in Italy and to \$60 in France. That this has virtually destroyed the old European middle class and in turn has created social tensions is also familiar to all of us. But very few people in this country realize the tremendous psychological effect which the destruction of faith in money has had on the entire economy and on its ability to expand.

In the first place, almost everyone with any money at all tries to avoid investing it in his own country. How many billions of European refugee capital there are in this country, in Canada, in Tangiers, in Argentina, in Panama, and in a dozen other overseas hiding places, nobody tries even to estimate. But the amount of gold buried by French peasants under the manure pile in the barnyard or sewn into the mattress by French shopkeepers and housewives has been figured to be at least four billion dollars—some estimates run even higher. This is quite a bit more than all the American aid France has received under the Marshall Plan. Had this gold been put into productive investments, France would not have needed any foreign aid to recover. Altogether continental Europe simply will not produce the capital she needs for economic expansion unless her people regain confidence in the future purchasing power of the currency.

The lack of faith in money explains something else, too: why the investments actually

made in Europe today are so often unproductive. Instead of putting his capital into research or into new machinery—investments which would take ten or fifteen years to pay off—the European is likely to go in for “flyers” in the hope of making a quick killing of one hundred or two hundred per cent in a year or two. As a result, all over Europe there is a kind of pseudo-prosperity, an unhealthy flush of gambling ventures, the gains from which are likely to be salted away in a Venezuelan holding company or in Canadian gold mining stock.

Of all the changes in European economic habits during the past forty years this is probably the most pronounced; for nineteenth-century Europe owed much of its economic strength to its habit of preferring solid, long-term investment in productive assets to speculative flutters. It is also a very harmful change. For what Europe needs, in order to be able to expand, is the kind of investment that will not show spectacular results overnight—investment in research, in new processes, in new machinery, in new products and new distributive systems.

And the lack of faith in money also accentuates the European tendency to look backward. For one of the things that make “prewar” such a magic term is precisely that before World War I money was money. In 1913 one could know what to expect to get for it. As a result, most Europeans today—even people who are much too young to remember 1938—translate prices mentally into “prewar” money. And goods which did not exist in prewar days are unwelcome because nobody can figure out whether they are being offered at reasonable prices or not.

A Belgian department store manager, for instance, told me last winter that he found electric refrigerators almost impossible to sell. People really wanted them, he said, but shied away because they couldn't figure out whether the present price would have been cheap or dear when prices were “normal.” And he added a shrewd observation: “Our people are very much like the American tourist who has to convert European prices into dollars and cents to find out whether he would pay more ‘back home.’ Only our ‘back home’ is 1913.”

Unless the Europeans regain faith in the future purchasing power of their money, the European economy cannot obtain the capital

it needs, the capital will not be invested productively, and Europeans will not be able to look ahead and move ahead.

AN AMERICAN visitor to Italy would probably be astonished to find that there are several large Italian companies that have no domestic sales manager even though the domestic market takes 70 per cent of their product. But this fact is merely characteristic of the prevailing continental European attitude toward the marketing and distribution of goods.

This attitude reflects the still-prevailing belief that the "middleman" is unproductive and parasitic. But it reflects, too, something more fundamental—the belief that the market is God-given and immutable, both in total size and in composition. God apparently created a luxury market, a peasant market, a worker market, and so on—each of a definite size and incapable of expansion, each with the goods proper to it and each with needs, wants, and desires fixed once and for all. Actually the market which the average European business man considers to be God-given is the market of 1913. And the very fact that he is dominated by this idea makes it virtually impossible for him to look forward.

In addition, there are several European countries—especially France and Italy—in which the tax system blocks the development of markets, throttles any rise in the standard of living, and paralyzes effective methods of distribution. For it is based on a series of taxes on distribution, amounting in their total to 50 or 60 or 70 per cent of the retail price of manufactured goods. Since the taxes are normally levied every time the goods change hands—from the raw material to the final retailer—the French and Italian "transaction taxes" are low only when production and distribution are unspecialized and inefficient, and rise to astronomical heights wherever efficient production and distribution methods are used. The result is that neither French nor Italian workers can buy much with additional earnings; and as a natural consequence they refuse to work more than they must in order to buy their bare necessities. You might think that French and Italian industrialists would be outraged by such a system and would attempt to mobilize consumers to change it, as Americans would do. But

no—they all seem to take it for granted.

This tendency to regard the market as static is all the more amazing because most of the great business successes of Europe during the past thirty years have been successes of distribution. They were achieved by men who refused to accept the market as God-given either in size or in character, and who went out and created new markets for new products. Witness the success of the Italian automobile industry, which made one of the poorest Continental countries the most motorized one; or the success of Thomas Bata, the Czech shoemaker who sold his product through shoe stores rather than through "shoe salons" which workers and farmers were too bashful to enter, and through this and other devices made people buy a pair of shoes a year when they had previously bought one to last a lifetime. And witness, too, the way in which a Swiss grocer by the name of Dutweiler has shown that the European housewife likes to buy packaged and branded groceries by the self-service method—and buys much more if only she gets low prices and assured quality.

In Italy the most conspicuous success story today is that of a manufacturer of motor-scooters. First made only a few years ago, they are now seen everywhere—in fact they are being exported to the United States despite the freight charge and tariff. The price of these machines—which are beautifully engineered and carefully built—is about \$125 apiece; Detroit could hardly compete with that. Yet when the manufacturer found himself last year with a backlog of orders which it would take eight or nine months' production to meet, he cut the price by 20 per cent. His argument was one that no American business man could have improved on: "The time to cut prices is when your market is expanding."

But the most impressive lesson is that of Germany. For the tremendously rapid German recovery cannot be attributed just to "German industriousness" or "the German will to work"—though both undoubtedly exist. There is also the fact that, alone among the major Continental countries, Germany has a marketing system that really distributes: a mass-marketing system rather than a class-marketing system. And she has no sales or transaction taxes whatever. Instead she has

higher income taxes than any other Continental country—both on corporate and on private incomes—and the taxes are scrupulously collected. But since they are graduated, the worker keeps a good part of whatever money he earns. And the absence of sales taxes means that he can buy goods with his money, which gives him the incentive to work more and earn more—an incentive conspicuously lacking in France or Italy.

These achievements are familiar to business men and governmental economists throughout Europe. But they are not, so far, being widely imitated. By and large, neither the typical European business man nor the European economist or government official has yet grasped what we in this country have been learning over the past thirty years: that mass production is based squarely upon mass distribution and impossible without it. In France and Italy, where distributive facilities are almost completely absent in the small towns and the workers' quarters, the best way to achieve mass distribution would probably be through mail-order or catalogue selling. Almost everywhere in continental Europe it would probably require installment credit. And anyhow it would require pricing policies that would focus on obtaining the maximum market rather than the maximum profit on a small quantity. Whatever the methods used, Europe desperately needs a distributive revolution brought about by aggressive and creative marketing.

ON THE importance of restoring Europe's faith in money most thoughtful Europeans agree. On the need for creative marketing a good many of them agree—though they find a hundred reasons why it cannot be achieved in Europe. But if you were to say that the biggest shortcoming of the European economy is a shortage of management, few Europeans would understand you, let alone agree with you. Their steadfast reaction would be the answer a Belgian manufacturer gave me: "But I have never had any difficulty finding a man who wants an executive position." Indeed most Europeans would not even realize that his answer had nothing to do with the question.

Yet almost every Productivity Team that has come to the United States under the auspices of the Marshall Plan to study the causes

of our high American productivity has remarked again and again that the policies to which they themselves attribute our economic success could not be applied in Europe for lack of management personnel to do the work. And every team of American experts that has been sent over to study the European economy has come back with the conclusion that lack of management is the principal key to the troubles of the European economy.

In the United States we have today, proportionately, about four times as many technicians, managers, and executives as in 1913. In continental Europe this group is proportionately smaller—probably quite a bit smaller—than in 1913. We may have more managerial and technical people than we need—in public relations staffs, for example. But there can be little doubt that the proportionate increase in the number of educated and technically trained people has been a major cause of our economic advance. And certainly Europe—if only to run its present economy effectively—needs at least twice as many people capable of executive and technical performance as it has.

We are accustomed, in this country, to thinking of the cartel system in Europe as a major cause of the failure of European business to expand. But cartels are inevitable so long as there is a shortage of management. For the cartel, and the cartel alone, enables the European economy to function despite such a shortage. In the first place, the cartel does away with two-thirds or three-quarters of the job of management—marketing, labor relations, pricing, product development, etc. And whatever management problems are left—for instance, financing—are in many cases handled by the cartel for its members through the anonymous but all-powerful cartel secretariat. If, as Americans have long claimed, European expansion is not possible without abandonment of the cartel system, then European expansion is not possible without a tremendous increase in the supply of management people.

BUT Europe cannot get this increase without changing a basic social concept: that business management must be recruited exclusively from the "educated classes."

As I pointed out in *Harper's* last year,

Americans who are impressed by the class divisions which they see in European life are likely not to realize how readily people there can move from class to class. In many sectors of European society, opportunities to rise from the bottom are real, if not plentiful. But business tends to be an exception—to constitute a closed social system in which the classes are water-tight, a caste system which is as much taken for granted by the European socialist as by the business executive.

A few months ago I talked with a vice president of the Federation of German Trade Unions. The Federation might be called the biggest capitalist in West Germany, for it owns at least a quarter, if not a third, of the share capital of West German industry. This vice president spoke at great length about the importance of opportunities for advancement, and about the tremendous danger the caste system in industry presents to German social and economic stability. But when I asked him how the trade unions pick the management people to run the enterprises controlled by them he answered without a moment's hesitation, "Of course all the people we put in as management we take from the '*Gebildete Staende*'"—an almost untranslatable term which implies both inherited gentility and university education. And the man—who himself had begun working life as a tailor's apprentice when twelve years old—seemed totally unaware of any inconsistency. In fact he went right on telling me how impressed he had been, when visiting the United States, to find that a foremanship in industry was not just the final job for an older worker but might also be the first rung on the management ladder.

The fact that executive and management people are recruited exclusively from the educated classes means that the talents, resources, and abilities which are to be found in 90 per cent of the population are lost to business. The other 10 per cent may be very good in quality. Man for man, European management is far from being inferior to American management; only in France is it still true that business careers are shunned by the ablest of the young people. But however effective each individual in the privileged group may be, obviously the excluded 90 per cent constitute a bigger reservoir of talent and ability.

And as a result of two wars the educated

classes have been so pitifully thinned as to be totally inadequate today, numerically, for the needs of the present economic system, let alone for its expansion.

Furthermore, the denial of opportunities to the rank and file is a major cause—though of course by no means the only one—of the class hatred and class tension between management and worker. For it forces the abler workers into opposition to the "system." If this deep class hatred, which many observers regard as Europe's most dangerous illness, is to be eased, there must be a deliberate attempt to create opportunities for advancement.

Clearly this will be a slow and difficult task. It is one on which American advice will be especially resented. But nothing is likely to be done unless America takes the lead.

WHAT, specifically, can America do to help Europe overcome these obstacles to economic expansion? For the average European the best guarantee of the future purchasing power of his money would be a guarantee of its convertibility into the American dollar.

Of course it would be impossible for this country to give such a guarantee for any European currency as such. But we need not aim at making the franc, the lira, or the mark, as such, convertible into dollars. It should be possible—and possible at a fraction of the cost of the Marshall Plan—to provide a kind of limited guarantee which would give the European owner of capital enough confidence in his currency to make constructive investments in his own country. It should, for example, be possible to build up a guarantee fund in dollars for all investments made in a Marshall Plan country that meet standards laid down by our economic agency for Europe. The European investor would neither expect nor need a complete guarantee. Probably a guarantee of the purchasing power of one-third or one-half of his investment would be adequate—and even then the risk of total war would have to be excluded. It should be possible to build up such a guarantee fund at the cost of an annual "premium" of 2 per cent or so of the investments made by the Europeans, especially if we had one such fund for all of Europe rather than different funds for individual countries.

Such an approach would meet with resent-

ment on the part of European governments who would feel that it involved our interfering with their sovereign control over their currencies. There might be resentment, too, over our dealing with Western Europe as a unit instead of dealing with the European countries one by one. But however disturbing these resentments might be to the European governments and to the harassed American diplomats who would have to deal with them, the advantages would outweigh the disadvantages.

As regards distribution and marketing, it would probably be wise to focus new American aid on investment in new and better marketing and distribution facilities. This might mean investment in mail-order selling in France for example, or in new pricing methods in Holland. The money might go to a manufacturer, to a co-operative, or even—as was proposed by some people in ECA a few years ago—to a trade union willing to build a retail organization outside the cartel and to sell below cartel prices. But whatever the form used, American aid should shift its focus from the improvement of productive facilities to the improvement of distributive facilities.

Finally, there would seem to be only one way to bring about a change in the recruitment of management: to make it a condition of every American grant—whether made to improve marketing facilities or indeed to buy military equipment—that the recipient should develop a systematic policy of finding people in his employ who are capable of becoming technicians or executives, and of training, developing, and promoting these people. We should furnish all the technical and training assistance we can give—this is a field where American business has a lot to teach—but the job can be done only by the Europeans themselves. All we can do is to insist upon it and be willing to help.

AMERICAN economic aid to Europe after the war centered, at first, on repairing physical destruction, rebuilding destroyed plants, furnishing new equipment and machines, building power dams, roads, airports. This was the logical and right thing to do at the time. And furthermore it was easy. A machine works just the same way in Bergamo as in Cincinnati; even the Communists could not plausibly say the repair of physical

destruction was “American imperialism.”

Then we went into a second phase: rendering technical assistance to improve productive efficiency. We offered to Europe such things as “scientific management,” better production methods and the equipment to use these methods, industrial engineering, and production controls. This was much less easy to do, for these new methods meant in many cases changing the way things had “always been done”—and that provokes resistance. It also meant that most of the Americans sent to Europe were technicians talking about tools—and this in turn greatly strengthened the European conviction that America is a gadgeteering nation. In fact one of the greatest needs today is for us to send to Europe people who, while competent as engineers and business men, know that an economy is not just gadgets; that both its foundations and its goals are social and moral. Still this second step was necessary, for Europe needed better production methods very badly indeed.

Now it is time for our aid to go into a third phase. Aid in repairing physical destruction and aid in improving technical productivity have gone about as far as they can go. The expansion which is now required cannot be brought about by continuing along the lines of the Marshall Plan. There must be a fresh approach to the question of European aid.

I have no space here to speak of the need for a change in our American tariff policy to make this country “the good creditor” that it must be if the Europeans and ourselves are to work together in a satisfactory partnership. Or of the need for our helping Europe to support the burden of necessary armaments, and to stanch the steady hemorrhage of the Indochina war. But I do recommend that we do all we can to restore the Europeans’ faith in money; to bring about a “distributive revolution” in Europe comparable to the one this country has undergone during the past forty years; and to offer wider opportunities for advancement from the ranks in industry. For unless we base our foreign economic policy on giving Europe the means with which to batter down the invisible wall which today keeps her imagination, her energy, and her economic abilities imprisoned within their “prewar” confines, we shall never see the economically viable and independent Europe on whose strength our very survival may depend.

The Easy Chair

Summer Preface

Bernard DeVoto

THE Twenty-fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania is in the northwest corner of the state and consists of Crawford, Erie, and Mercer Counties. Topographically it is on the way to becoming Ohio; the landscape is still recognizably Pennsylvania but is less typical than the country just southeast of it. Though defaced here and there by the grime of heavy industry, it is for the most part a pleasant countryside. There is a fine diversity—the Lake Erie shore, a lot of gentle hills and some rugged ones, river valleys, small inland lakes, opulent farms. I have toured it minutely because some of the historical events with which I have been professionally concerned took place there, and it is a rewarding country for tourists. One's notebook fills with good place names, striking individualities in architecture, tangy local idioms, interesting effects in folklore and even costume. If the local cuisine is less spectacular than that of southeastern Pennsylvania, good restaurants are easily come by. Small-town hotels tend to be above average, metropolitan ones rather below it. A good country; one wishes it well.

It is depressing to record that this pleasant district had of record last fall 67,790 Communists, Communist sympathizers, and fellow-travelers. After, that is, a manner of speaking. After the manner of its Representative's speaking.

He is Mr. Carroll D. Kearns. He must be one of the best educated men in the House, formally at least: he is a Bachelor of Science, a Master of Education, and a Doctor of Music. His biographical sketch in the *Congressional*

Directory shows that he has had considerable experience as a teacher and a school administrator. He also says that he is nationally known as a concert artist. I assume that he is telling the truth, but does not that fact expose him to the suspicion of his colleague from the Eighteenth District of Michigan, Mr. Dondero? And it might be relevant to inquire into the songs he has sung on his way to a national reputation; have some of them been operatic and can we be sure that all of them have been chaste?

Since in last month's *Harper's*, Personal & Otherwise described Congressman Kearns's insinuation about me, I need only summarize it now. He entered in the *Congressional Record* a statement of what he called "activities" of mine which, so he said, "speak for themselves." Citing no authority but his own, he said that I had joined others in signing an ad in the *New York Times* which urged the abolition of the Wood-Rankin Committee and that I am on the council of the Society for the Prevention of World War III, "headed by Rex Stout, former editor of *New Masses*." I signed that ad and I am on that council. (Mr. Stout was never an editor of the *New Masses* and I don't know whether the highly educated Mr. Kearns ever took a course in ethics. He should have told his readers that the Society for the Prevention of World War III, an organization established by former members of the Writers War Board, is concerned solely with preventing the development of another totalitarian movement in Germany.) Mr. Kearns also said that the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee show that

an article published in the *New Masses* quoted from the "Easy Chair" that was called "Due Notice to the FBI." Again I assume he was telling the truth: the article has been quoted in scores of periodicals. He went on to cite the *Daily Worker* as showing that I opposed a proposal to outlaw the Communist party; in fact he cited it three times to make one act of public protest look like three acts of partnership with the *Daily Worker*. Finally, he cited the *People's Daily Worker*, a publication about which I know nothing, to show that on another occasion I denounced an action of the Un-American Activities Committee.

End of Mr. Kearns's statement of my "activities."

THERE is a technique here. I did publicly oppose outlawing the Communist party and I have publicly protested various actions of the Un-American Activities Committee—considerably oftener than Mr. Kearns noted. If those facts interest him, he could have got them from many newspapers, from *Harper's*, or from a number of other magazines. And if he did not care to read my FBI piece in the original, he could have found mention of it in any newspaper in the United States that uses a wire service, for Mr. J. Edgar Hoover went after it with an axe. Only one paper would serve his purpose, however. He used the *Daily Worker* because he wanted to imply that the piece was pro-Communist, as the others would show it was not, and that I am a Communist sympathizer.

As I have written to Congressman Kearns in reply, my lifelong opposition to communism is part of the history of American journalism and belles-lettres in our time. (I requested him to enter my letter in the *Congressional Record*. As I write this, several weeks later, he has not acknowledged receiving it, though the registry return-receipt shows that he did.) Mr. Kearns must know that quite well. I can only conclude that his defamation of me was not ignorantly irresponsible, but was deliberate and dishonest.

That defamation was Mr. Kearns's response to my criticism, in the April "Easy Chair," of the majority report of the Gathings Committee. He was a member of the committee and of its majority. I had criticized one of his official acts: he reached for the most useful six-gun in the possession of public officials.

Disagree with a Congressman?—fellow-traveler! Criticize a Congressman?—Communist! The epithet "Communist" is intended to make an official immune to criticism; it is meant to be a complete answer to any uncomfortable truth told about him. Maybe it would take the sting out of my criticism, maybe it would scare me into shutting up about the proposed limitations to the First Amendment, maybe it would deter others from criticizing Mr. Kearns or the report of the Committee. Don't tread on Kearns, see, or you'll be exposed.

I don't know whether there are people who believe that it is unpatriotic, even subversive, to criticize what a Congressman does. I do know that a lot of people find it useful to act as if they do. I point out that Mr. Kearns's action "speaks for itself"; it was a specimen of the deliberate terrorism that is the most dangerous force in American public life today. But I can't get steamed up about it, for Mr. Kearns wasn't very expert. His response to what I said about his Committee's report was contemptible but it was also clownish; call it second-rate and let it go. Nuts to this nationally known concert artist. Does he care to say anything in defense of the Committee Report I was criticizing?

I don't know whether the *Daily Worker* carried a story last November about the appalling number of subversives in the Twenty-fourth District. God help Pennsylvania: 67,790 people voted against Mr. Kearns.

I AM not going to wait around any longer to see whether this bush-league intimidator will run my letter in the *Congressional Record*, where he ran his aria about me. If he doesn't there are those who will, and I have cleared my desk, put a new ribbon in my portable, and taken my buffalo robe out of mothballs. I have a new car, so new that it still has the smell of steel and varnish that is headier than anything called Tabu or l'Heure Bleu and leads, I am sure, to more indiscretions. In the five years since I bought its predecessor Detroit's designers have rounded a turn toward common sense—or is it merely that the medicine men in the advertising department looked the other way for a moment and gave them a chance? There is no blind spot at either the right or the left rear corner, an innovation so intelligent that

advertising cannot possibly have approved of it. More amazingly, it is true, though barely true, that from the driver's seat I can see the right front fender and this has not been possible for twenty years. The revolution in glass has gone so far that there is an uneasy feeling of driving a conservatory and I have had a sun visor put on the windshield for I'm going out where the sun means business. I note that the windshield wipers will spit at the pressure of a button but whether they will wipe the windshield clear I don't know yet for I haven't had the car long enough to drive it in a rain. Up to now I have assumed that designing an efficient windshield wiper was beyond the capacity of Detroit's engineers.

Though the achievement required obstinacy and stamina, I succeeded in getting a transmission which permits me to shift gears by hand. I remain right-wing Republican in that I still believe that I can think faster and farther ahead than a car can and that my judgment of the road is better. To affirm my faith in progress, I got an overdrive but I intend to drive my car, rather than be driven by it, as long as Detroit will permit. I have no problem in relation to the ad-writers' hysterics of this year, power steering, power braking, air conditioning, and intercommunicating plant telephone system. They are not for my income-tax bracket.

This is to say that I am taking to the road; granted a reasonable adherence to the blueprints, I should be poking about the Wind River Mountains when this issue of *Harper's* reaches the stands. I last saw the Wind Rivers from the air and I realize with something of a shock that it has been seven years since I crossed the continent by automobile, that my last four trips West have been by air or train. The last five, in fact, if Denver is West, a question I hope to take up on the spot ten days from now. I have no objection to plane travel and very little to trains but the way to enjoy the American landscape is by car. And this trip is almost unsullied by professional motives, not altogether for it does have to be paid for after all, but more so than any of its predecessors.

IF I TRAVEL any portions of the Oregon Trail, that is, I will be under no pressure to test the waterholes for alkali or make a census of the wagon trains. I can look at the

Missouri River with serene detachment, keep my notebook in my pocket, and realize that for the moment it makes no difference on what date Lewis and Clark camped here. I will list the statues of Sacajawea that have been erected since I last made the tour, however, and maybe I had better revisit the Shoshones for an English reviewer of my book will not accept my calling her a Deirdre. She says she was a Shoshone Marina but I don't know how we test the assumption.

A Wyoming Senator has assured me that I need not wear a disguise while in his state, and this exhibits the realism that is becoming increasingly common in Wyoming, a realization that the tourist business means a good deal more than the stock business does. If I find occasion to drop in on any protest meetings of cowboys, it will be purely in the amateur spirit and because I like bad oratory. The D'Ewart Bill, which was the opening move in the campaign I have been writing about here for some time, has been stopped short as I predicted it would. Presumably the cowboys will not accept the moral but there is a fine chance that their Congressmen will.

I hope to see some dams too, again in the amateur spirit—and with no lugubrious sense that this form of Western architecture has become obsolete. The Administration has kept its campaign promises, achieved national solvency, and preserved the American way by cutting several hundred million dollars from the appropriations for the Bureau of Reclamation and the civilian branch of the Army Engineers. This notable triumph having been won, and on the front page at that, the dams will now be restored separately in deficiency appropriations and a line or two on page 28. For it doesn't count if you do it piecemeal—just as Mr. Roosevelt used to balance the budget by balancing the human budget. We have to cut expenditures to the bone and we also have to keep the Western vote and there are no party divisions about dams out West. Any expectation that either Reclamation or the Engineers will presently lay down the slide rule and the bulldozer may be recognized as lack of faith in our system.

It is the pride of an old hand to travel light and I am experimenting beyond prudence with nylon. I expect to get through the summer on two pairs of shorts but whether I will

get through it without unkind remarks by Western outdoor characters is open to doubt, for American know-how has succeeded in dyeing them only such a baby blue as my daughter would be wearing if I had a daughter. The socks too should succeed but I admit before I start that the shirts are a failure. The ads say that this new blend and weave are cool but the ads are lying and I expect to be wearing an army shirt before I cross the Mississippi. I unashamedly confess to a couple of gadgets. I have always carried a pocket compass professionally, for I have always been working with maps and at every stop have taken an azimuth and squared the map before doing anything else. It is solely in the amateur spirit that this time I have equipped my car with an automobile compass; it is as fascinating and as useless a device as ingenuity has ever constructed and it carries the maker's guarantee that you will drive off the road at every curve. For the small altimeter I have also installed I have neither excuse nor apology. Who knows when I may want to know how high a pass is and who knows but that the highway-department sign which tells may have been defaced?

IN A word, I like motoring. A good road is a fine thing but so is a bad one. If I have driven it before, I enjoy the way memory runs a couple of miles ahead of the car, bringing up out of blankness the knowledge that you turn right at the crossroads and stay on the same side of the river. If it's new to me, I like the veteran's assurance that I will make the right choices without thinking about them and the tourist's assurance that whatever lies along it will be worth seeing. If what's over the hill is a city slum, an industrial dump, or an eroding pasture, I'd rather see it than stay on the near slope. I even like to see things that make me mad, such as a gold dredge ruin-

ing a creek, which I will curse steadily as long as it is in sight. I like the agreeable illusions and delusions of the motorist, the fictitious Average that the veteran thinks he is maintaining, the unjustified conviction that one has recognized the most direct road or the most interesting or the most scenic. Most of all, I like to see the countryside flowing toward me, the hills gathering together toward a pass, the pattern of the drainage unfolding, the clouds coming up beyond the ridge. I have yet to see any dull topography but if there were you could make it fascinating by touring it in an automobile.

There is a kind of novelty in going West without a book in mind; what I have come to realize is that it's a valedictory feeling. A novelist with whom I once navigated the Missouri told me resentfully that I talked about the West, my native section, as I might talk about a woman I had divorced. It's time for the final decree. I've written all the Western history I'm ever going to. I would have to come forward in time for I've gone as far back as possible. Some of the characters I have had to deal with were tolerably tough, murderous, and careless of property rights. But the next volume would get into the downright swinish and I don't happen to like that West. It's the miners, who were big-time hogs, the timber operators who were big hogs on a smaller scale, and the cattle barons who were big hogs on the smallest possible scale. I'm willing to leave them to the movies and devote myself to more interesting history. Which means that next summer I'll stay home—touring New England.

But the contemporary West is a pleasant place, even pleasanter than Mr. Kearns's hot-bed of sedition. The blueprints call for me to see a great variety of mountains, deserts, upland meadows, lakes, and rivers. I should report next time from the Tetons.

Richard Rodgers: Composer Without a Key

Eckert Goodman

ON OCTOBER 22, 1950, Richard Rodgers and his collaborator, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, were guests of honor at the Waldorf-Astoria, at the annual dinner of the Hundred Year Association of New York, a group of century-old Gotham business enterprises and institutions. In a post-prandial speech of tribute, Deems Taylor, concurring with several other prominent speakers, predicted immortality for the composer, then added, "Dick Rodgers' music is so simple, we often forget how good it is."

Deceptively simple as much of Rodgers' music may be (some of it is far from that), the term is scarcely applicable to the musician. A complex of quiet contrasts, Rodgers has been for years an amiably agreeable enigma to friends, professional associates, and even, at times, to his wife and daughters. Besides rating as a first-class popular composer, he is a crackerjack business executive, an uncannily shrewd and knowledgeable producer, a highly articulate champion of what he believes to be the basic human and artistic verities, and an affable, yet often shyly diffident, husband and father.

At fifty-one, Rodgers stands a trimly stocky five feet seven inches. He has dark hair that is graying on the sides and thinning in front. An impeccable dresser, he favors well-cut, single-breasted gray suits with a pin stripe, and four-in-hand ties of a conservative pattern. Seen walking down Madison Avenue with the six-foot-one-and-a-half-inch, 200-pound Hammerstein, he reminded one observer of the banker-alumnus of a freshwater college accompanied by the football coach. His one physical recreation is croquet, which he plays with a vengeance, using heavy English balls and mallets, on a carefully groomed

lawn at his country place in Southport, Connecticut.

He hasn't smoked in years ("There's too much satisfaction in having given it up," he says). He drinks only occasionally but enjoys a mild Scotch and water before dinner. At a party given to celebrate the opening of "South Pacific," a friend remarked that if *he* were the composer, he'd certainly feel like "tying one on." "And miss all the pleasure of a moment like this?" asked Rodgers incredulously.

Calm and matter-of-fact in his attitude, Rodgers usually wears an expression of penetrating inquiry or alertly attentive contemplation. When something particularly amuses him, his smallish features light up fleetingly with an expression of eager expectancy. Those who know him well feel that he holds in check, beneath an outward shell of debonair casualness and wisecracks, an inner sensitivity and emotionalism so strong that he hesitates to reveal them even to himself. After finishing a song he particularly likes, his skin is often covered with goose pimples, and a chance remark by someone which inadvertently cast an aspersion on a favorite composition has been known to make him physically ill. After somewhat reluctantly playing over his newly completed score for "The King and I," at his wife's urging, for Leland Hayward, the producer, and Joshua Logan, the director—both old friends—he was so dripping with perspiration that he might have just come from a shower.

Mary Martin has said that, even after all the preliminary conferences and rehearsals for "South Pacific," she never felt she'd caught a glimpse of the inner Richard Rodgers until one night when she happened to glance down

from the stage apron and saw him leading the pit orchestra. His look of tranquil fulfillment and detachment from his surroundings gave the actress her first insight into the depth of feeling capable of producing the play's memorable score.

Robert Russell Bennett, Rodgers' longtime arranger, has remarked a little ruefully, "He must be a man with a beautiful warmth somewhere deep down in his blood."

AS A composer, Rodgers is sure, deft, meticulous in his work, and lightning-like in its accomplishment. During the past thirty years, he has written music that has been tender, sentimental, sophisticated, cynical, dramatic, and militant. But he has never written individual songs as Irving Berlin and so many other popular composers have. Most of his music has been done for show scores, and usually for particular characters or for specific scenes and purposes in those shows.

After lengthy preliminary discussions of the projected play, he prefers to get the lyrics (if any) first, and then set them to music. In this regard, he is particularly fortunate in his collaboration with Hammerstein, who prefers *writing* the lyrics first. Occasionally, as in the case of "People Will Say We're in Love," from "Oklahoma!", the collaborators have switched the situation around. And often, during his long partnership with the late Lorenz Hart, Rodgers found himself forced to do his melodies from scratch in order to have something to put under his procrastinating lyricist's nose.

Rodgers composes in his head, on blank sheet-music forms, on scraps of paper on which he has hastily drawn a music staff in lead pencil, and sometimes at a keyboard. He has worked out songs in taxis, in offices, at luncheon tables, in bed, and at pianos in his



home and in his New York office. He never plays a piano for relaxation or amusement. Some years ago, he used to go regularly to concerts and listen to fellow-composers' music over the radio and on records, but today he rarely does. He seldom visits night clubs and detests dancing, which his wife, like most women, dearly loves. Declining an invitation to attend a benefit ball with friends, Mrs. Rodgers once wryly apologized, "You forget that I happen to have the misfortune to be married to a man who hates music."

Those who have chanced to overhear Rodgers while he was trying out a new song on the piano (he dislikes being listened

to while at work) agree that he usually plays bass chords and carries the melody in a "wretched, miserable whistle." When rendering a number professionally, he sings the lyrics in what one listener has described as a "faint but true voice." He has no favorite key, setting his music in whatever scale sounds best to him, or best fits the voice of the singer for whom he is writing.

He flatly disclaims pretension in his work. "I'm a commercial theater kid," he has said with all but belligerent bluntness; "I don't write for posterity." On one occasion he stated firmly: "The only inspiration I get comes from the plot and the lyrics, and occasionally from a member of the cast, whose personality may suggest an added development of a character. No songs ever come to me—I have to go to them. This business of hearts, flowers, and music in the air is nonsense."

Be that as it may, the speed and ease with which Rodgers completes a job has become legendary in Tin Pan Alley and has baffled and dismayed his collaborators. "Hand him a lyric," Hammerstein says, "and get out of the way." Rodgers wrote the entire score of "Oklahoma!" in six working days. He did the song "Bali Ha'i" for "South Pacific" in five minutes, writing it on the back of the page of typewritten lyrics Hammerstein handed him during lunch at Joshua Logan's River House apartment. "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," from "Oklahoma!", used up eight minutes of his time. Background music for the last-act soliloquy in "Carousel," the words for which had taken Hammerstein three weeks of painful effort, Rodgers came up with in two hours flat. The score for "Victory at Sea," NBC's recent thirteen-hour documentary TV series, a work that considered in the aggregate is undoubtedly the longest sustained musical composition in history, took Rodgers relatively quite a while: he labored over it for nearly six weeks.

By the time Rodgers and Hammerstein were signed to do the songs for the film, "State Fair," in 1945, Hammerstein had already got more or less inured to his collaborator's whirlwind composition. Handing Rodgers the lyrics for the rollicking "It's a Grand Night for Singing," he excused himself for a few minutes to check some figures in their publishing records. While he was gone, Rodgers,

who had been softly thumping his office piano, appeared in the doorway and asked his secretary, Lillian Leff, where Hammerstein was. "Oh," he said when she told him, then went quietly back to his desk. Hammerstein, returning a moment later and seeing Rodgers apparently seated exactly where he'd left him, exclaimed triumphantly, "Hah, by this time I expected you'd have the song finished!" "I have," answered Rodgers quietly.

"Creatively," reflects Miss Leff, "he's really kind of frightening."

Writing only for specific characters or situations in dramatic productions, Rodgers has never kept a portfolio of unused songs or musical phrases and ideas, as many musicians do. Asked once if he thought he could average a new song a day if he had to, he unhesitatingly nodded, then added innocently, "But what would I do with them all? Who would want them?"

Sometimes, of course, like all writers, Rodgers gets stuck. He slaved for weeks, off and on, before he was satisfied with the eight-bar lead strain of "People Will Say We're in Love," and after failing one evening to come up with a melody he liked for "This Nearly Was Mine" (he felt that it should be a warm, full-bodied waltz with strong overtones of sadness), he got the whole thing in a "hot flash" while reading the newspapers in bed the following morning. He also emphasizes that months of preliminary discussion—and probably subconscious creation on his part—have gone into "Oklahoma!" and his other musicals before he and Hammerstein have started actual paper work on them.

Unlike most creative artists, Rodgers enjoys his work, even while he's at it. After a composition satisfies him, he sketches it out with a melody lead and indicated harmony chords. Later he does a complete piano arrangement, but he considers this procedure a chore. His chief orchestrator for years has been Robert Russell Bennett, and purists have sometimes suggested that Rodgers' disinclination to do his own orchestrations can be held as a gray, if not black, mark against him as a musician.

RODGERS' attitude toward his lyricists may be a partial explanation of the ease and rapidity with which he writes. He has always had deep respect for, and placed heavy reliance on, the work of his col-

laborators. "Once heard," he has written, "the words, when they are good words, may be superficially forgotten, but they are emotionally remembered. . . . I start thinking musically from the first idea expressed for a song. In the case of 'Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin',' I merely put the lyrics on the piano and the song wrote itself. . . . With the words for 'It Might As Well Be Spring,' there is an almost inevitable musical pathway leading from the words, 'I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string.' It's a lonesome girl singing. Therefore, the song should be feminine, young, nervous, and, if possible, pretty like the girl."

Occasionally, Rodgers takes a small hand in the lyrics himself. It was he, for instance, who suggested to Hammerstein that, for the sake of smoothness, the line "No more a smart [little girl with no heart]" be substituted for "I'm no longer a smart" in "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy." He also added the five-times repeated "I'm in love" at the end that bring the song to its smashing climax.

BECAUSE Rodgers has to spend so little time on actual composition and because of his amazing natural flair for administration, the larger part of managing the Rodgers-Hammerstein business partnership has fallen to him ever since the two men organized it in 1944—although the composer maintains that he "loathes" business, and has been "stuck" with this one. Lest anyone consider it a left-handed responsibility, it involves the supervision of two offices with ten to twelve employees, a music publishing house, and as many as thirteen play companies, totaling several hundred persons. In addition to sponsoring their own productions of "South Pacific," "The King and I," and "Me and Juliet," the team has put on seven plays by other authors, all but two of which were hits. They also own all rights to their more recent songs and to the operetta "Show Boat," which they bought from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the Jerome Kern estate in 1947. Unofficial estimates have put the business partnership's annual gross as high as fifteen to twenty million dollars, and the two men's annual income, before taxes, at above \$500,000 apiece. This doesn't count the approximately \$30,000 each receives annually from ASCAP (The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Pub-

lishers) for the performing rights of their myriad songs.

The main Rodgers-Hammerstein office is a tastefully plushy ten-room affair on Madison Avenue. Rodgers also maintains another one-room office at 234 West 44th Street in order to have a headquarters nearer Broadway. Their music publishing house, Williamson Music Inc. (so named because both their fathers were called William), is in Radio City.

Despite his insistence that he dislikes executive work, Rodgers appears to thrive on it. With typically precise promptness, he signs checks and vouchers, goes over reports and expense sheets, answers mail and telephone calls personally, and makes a point of seeing almost anyone with a legitimate excuse for calling on him. As a result, the office has assembled what is probably the most extensive list of young would-be actors, singers, and other Broadway hopefuls now extant.

Rodgers usually receives such callers from behind a small, antique table, uncluttered by telephones, interoffice-communication box, or filing trays—an arrangement based on his theory that it puts visitors at ease. He has never forgotten how uncomfortable he was made to feel as a rising song writer by having to face producers and publishers across huge executive desks.

During rehearsals of a new production, Rodgers is indefatigable. Working with his coat off, tie loosened, and shirt sleeves rolled up, he spends a considerable part of his time sitting in various parts of the house, listening to lines and music and deciding how they can be acoustically improved. He refuses to permit a note or syllable to be altered in the slightest way without his and Hammerstein's explicit approval. But if he is a perfectionist about other people's work, he is ruthless when it comes to his own, unhesitatingly pulling a song or musical interlude out of a production if he doesn't feel that it fits in or makes a real contribution. "I may like some of my music," he says, "but I'm not married to any of it." On opening nights, he usually sits quietly with his wife on the center aisle in the last row of the orchestra, where he can arrive unobserved and "run to the nearest exit in case of a misfire."

Richard Rodgers lives with his wife, Dorothy, a fair, slender, contained woman, and their younger daughter, Linda (when



she's not away at school), in a duplex apartment on New York's Upper East Side; and the three spend summers and frequent weekends at their Connecticut country place. The Rodgers' older daughter, Mary, a Wellesley graduate, was married last year.

Rodgers first met his wife when he was seven and she in a baby carriage, at a Long Island resort where his family and hers, the Feiners, had summer homes. He began courting her in 1926, and married her in 1930. Asked on one occasion whether he ever thought about his wife while writing his songs, Rodgers answered, "You might say that there's hardly a time when, consciously or unconsciously, I'm not thinking about her." He relies on Dorothy to a large degree for a first reaction to a new number. If she nods and says it's very nice, he immediately becomes worried. He's only sure he has something when he gets a more emotional response, as he did with "Hello, Young Lovers," which caused her to burst into tears.

Talented in her own right, Dorothy Rodgers, a former sculptor, is the designer of a special file for canceled checks and receipted bills which she sold to Macy's, the inventor of the Jonny-Mop, for which she received an initial payment of \$10,000 from a leading pharmaceutical house, and a practicing grad-

uate of the Cordon Bleu Cooking School—a fact she likes to demonstrate for house guests in spite of having four servants.

A REVIEW of the high spots in Rodgers' life resembles a mosaic in which the individual pieces have dovetailed with such logical and precise persistence as almost to suggest a predestined design. He was born on June 28, 1902, in a comfortable brownstone house on New York's West 86th Street, the younger of the two sons of Dr. William A. Rodgers, a successful general practitioner. "For the sake of color," Rodgers has remarked, "I probably should have been raised in a slum and discovered as a singing waiter, but actually I was always very well fed as a kid."

If he wasn't exactly a child prodigy, Rodgers certainly exhibited unusual early talent. At the age of four he was discovered, à la Mozart, perched on the stool before the piano trying to pick out a song from "Mlle. Modiste" which he had heard his mother play. At six he was playing the piano, by ear, with both hands. By the time he'd reached twelve, he was practicing and improvising for hours daily, under the tutelage of his mother, who loved music, and a private piano teacher. At fourteen he composed his first song, "My Auto Show Girl," to be followed shortly by a second, "Campfire Days," which he wrote while summering at a boys' camp in Maine. Indifferent to sports, and largely to his school work, he looked forward all week to the Saturday matinees of Broadway plays, which he saw regularly from a gallery seat bought with his weekly allowance.

When he was fifteen he wrote and conducted the score of his first musical, an amateur revue put on by the Akron Club, a local group to which his older brother, Mortimer, belonged, as a war benefit in the ballroom of the Hotel Plaza. A little later, a second, six hour show he'd written was presented in behalf of the Infants' Relief Society at the old Waldorf-Astoria, after it had been pruned by a twenty-year-old former Columbia student named Lorenz Hart.

At seventeen, Rodgers entered Columbia, and during the college's annual undergraduate competition for contributors to the Varsity Show submitted a complete score. It was accepted and he became the first freshman ever to have achieved such a distinction. Among

the alumni judges who picked his music was twenty-three-year-old Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, a graduate of the class of '16, who also wrote the words for one of the songs.

BEFORE he entered Columbia, Rodgers had been formally introduced to Lorenz Hart by a mutual friend who felt, with justification as it turned out, that they had complementary talents. The diminutive, temperamental, brilliant, and usually ingratiating Hart was a descendant of the German poet Heinrich Heine and the son of an indifferently successful promoter. He had left Columbia College to enroll in the university's School of Journalism, then quit that to translate plays from the German for the producing Shuberts. When Rodgers first met him, he was living with his mother, his brother Teddy, a budding comedian, and an old Negro retainer in Harlem. "I left his house," Rodgers reflects, "having acquired in one afternoon a career, a partner, a best friend, and a source of constant irritation."

After doing a second Varsity Show with Hart's assistance, Rodgers left Columbia to devote himself full-time to working with his enthusiastic collaborator. The pair were brought to the attention of Lew Fields, half of the famed Weber & Fields comedy team, by his son Herbert, who had been engaged to stage the dances for the second Rodgers' Varsity Show. They subsequently wrote a song called "Any Old Place with You," which was introduced in Fields' "A Lonely Romeo."

The first Broadway show which included more than one Rodgers and Hart number was "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," in 1920, and it was five years before they were able to sell another professional score. In the intervening period, they sang and played their songs for numerous song publishers, most of whom listened politely and then ushered them to the door. Hart finally returned to his translating and Rodgers enrolled in the Institute of Musical Art, which is now merged into the Juilliard School of Music. For three years, Rodgers studied harmony, counterpoint, musical theory, and composition, and, with Hart, wrote nearly thirty amateur productions for churches, synagogues, and schools.

By the spring of 1925, however, when he was twenty-two, Rodgers had become so discouraged about his future as a professional musi-

cian and so worried over a \$100 debt that he was on the verge of accepting a job as a children's underwear salesman at \$50 a week. He asked his prospective employer for a day to think it over. That night he got a phone call from a lawyer acquaintance inquiring whether he'd be interested in doing a semi-amateur review for the Theatre Guild, which was trying to raise money for some tapestries they wanted for their new playhouse. Fed up with amateur shows, from which he'd received neither remuneration nor recognition, Rodgers answered emphatically No. His friend explained that the show was to be presented by the Theatre Guild Junior Players, a group of young hopefuls studying under the Guild, and that it would be a good opportunity for Rodgers to meet the organization's famed head, Theresa Helburn. Rodgers was won over. He made only one proviso, that Hart be engaged as the show's lyricist.

On May 17, 1925, the "Garrick Gaieties" opened at the Garrick Theatre for its scheduled run of a Sunday matinee and evening performance. The next morning Rodgers and Hart were famous. The show was shortly put on a regular, eight-performances-a-week basis, and it ran for twenty-five weeks. One night at a Theatre Guild opening years afterward, when they had become an established musical-comedy team, Hart nudged the composer and, pointing toward the pair of tapestries hanging beside the boxes, remarked, "See those tapestries, *we're* responsible for them."

"Hell," said Rodgers with his usual candor, "they're responsible for *us*."

IF RODGERS has, perhaps, piped himself into the charmed circle of the immortals, he can also lay claim to fame as one of the most prolific song writers in history. In the twenty-eight years since the "Garrick-Gaieties," he has written the music for thirty-two shows, which, added to his earlier show and eight original movies, brings his total production to a staggering forty-one, an average of almost one and a quarter shows a year for close to a third of a century.

In addition to writing his musical scores, Rodgers has found time to supervise the film versions of nine of his stage successes, write a one-act opera, and compose a full-length ballet, "Ghost Town." "Guadalcanal March," a

passage from his "Victory at Sea" music, was played at Lewisohn Stadium last summer, and RCA-Victor have announced that they are shortly bringing out a long-playing-record album of selections from the TV score.

Among the twenty-seven shows Rodgers wrote with Lorenz Hart during the twenty-three years of their collaboration, four are particularly significant in tracing the team's development of what has come to be accepted as a new art form: the "musical play." These are: "Chee-Chee," an Oriental farce; "On Your Toes," a satire on the ballet; "Babes in Arms," an account of a revue produced by a troupe of show business kids; and "Pal Joey," with a book by John O'Hara.

As early as 1930 Hart, speaking for Rodgers and himself, told an interviewer that they envisioned "a new form of musical show for Broadway. It will not be a musical comedy and it will not be an operetta. . . . The songs are going to be a definite part of the progress of the piece, not extraneous interludes without rhyme or reason."

The program for "Chee-Chee," produced two years before, had already carried a note which irritated some of the critics: "The musical numbers, some of them very short, are so interwoven with the story that it would be confusing for the audience to peruse a complete list. Among the principal numbers are" (There followed a list of six songs.) The second act of "On Your Toes," eight years later, was climaxed by another innovation in light musicals, a satirical ballet entitled "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." But it was not until "Babes in Arms" in 1937 that Rodgers and Hart completely fulfilled their ambition of having every song a "plot number." Then, in 1941, came the thoroughly integrated "Pal Joey," which opened to mixed notices, several critics finding its subject matter offensive. Eleven years later, when "Pal Joey" was revived, most of the previously dissenting critics recanted their earlier notices, and the group wound up by awarding the play the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award for 1952.

The distinction between a musical play and a musical comedy, operetta, or comic opera may seem a fine one, but, in its way, it is at least as valid as Wagner's contention that he wrote music dramas rather than operas. How could anyone accurately describe a sardonic

work like "Pal Joey," whose hero is an unsavory, incorrigible heel, an operetta? Who could call "Allegro," in which a modern Greek chorus is used to emphasize the plight of a young doctor who has temporarily lost his sense of values, a musical comedy? Or "Carousel," an adaptation of Molnar's "Liliom," in which a braggart thief and murderer doesn't discover the error of his ways until after he's dead, a "comic opera"?

RODGERS' long partnership with Hart came to a tragic close in 1943. As the years went by and Hart's eccentricity increased, it became apparent that something more than mere neuroticism was involved. In 1942 he had to be hospitalized, and Rodgers wrote their last show, "By Jupiter," with him in the hospital, renting a separate private room and moving in a piano. When, later that year, Theresa Helburn asked Rodgers if he and Hart would be interested in doing a musical version of Lynn Riggs' play, "Green Grow the Lilacs," for the Guild, Hart had slipped so far that he was incapable even of evaluating the offer. Telling Rodgers that he could do what he liked about the proposal, he took off for an indefinite "vacation" in Mexico. After further consultation with Miss Helburn, Rodgers approached Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, to see if he would be interested in collaborating on the show.

Hammerstein, working mostly with other lyricists and script writers, had achieved a considerable reputation for his contributions to musicals by Kern, Stothart, Youmans, Gershwin, Romberg, and other composers. He also had to his credit the book and most of the lyrics of "Show Boat." But he'd been in a slump for more than ten years and, when Rodgers consulted him, had most recently completed a string of five successive flops. He readily agreed to work on the adaptation with the composer, and the combination, as the world was shortly to discover, was an artistic marriage made in heaven.

After the huzzaed opening of "Oklahoma!", Rodgers was embarrassed by the fact that he had achieved his biggest success with the only musical he had written without Hart. He suggested to his long-time collaborator, who had returned to New York in an apparently much improved frame of mind, that they revive their 1927 hit, "A Connecticut Yankee," add-

ing some new songs and sketches. Hart cheerfully agreed and the two went to work. During the show's opening performance, Hart was observed pacing up and down the back of the theater muttering to himself. When the final curtain came down, he couldn't be found. Two days later, he was discovered stretched across a hotel bed breathing heavily, and was taken to Doctors Hospital suffering from acute pneumonia. Three days later he was dead. Rodgers and his wife were sitting in the dark outside the door to his hospital room, during an air-raid blackout, when the doctor emerged to announce, as the all-clear sounded, that Hart had died.

RODGERS and Hammerstein weren't again on Broadway until April 19, 1945, when the Guild produced "Carousel." "Oklahoma!" didn't close in New York until May 29, 1948, after a record-breaking run of 2,202 performances. Its touring company played almost continually until May 29, 1951, when it came to New York for a return engagement. During its original Manhattan run, "Oklahoma!" grossed approximately \$7,000,000, and repaid its forty-odd backers at the rate of twenty-five to one. It has been estimated that at least 10,000,000 people have seen the show at one time or another, and music lovers have bought 1,000,000 albums of records of its score and some 2,000,000 copies of sheet music. At this writing the play's movie rights are still unsold.

Exactly how much Rodgers has contributed to the scripts of his musicals will probably always remain a secret between him and his collaborators. He has written that a lyricist "must be something of a musician to function well in his field, just as a composer should know something about words." It might be noted that it was he and not Hammerstein who was first approached, by Joshua Logan, on the possibility of making a musical out of James A. Michener's Pulitzer-Prize-winning "Tales of the South Pacific"; just as it was he whom Theresa Helburn had consulted on "Oklahoma!" Speaking of his work with Hart, Rodgers has said that the bond between the two of them was "a deep-rooted, almost psychopathic fear of something called formula." Of his work with Hammerstein, he observes, "We decide on what we want to do and then hope the public will like it."

Although he has worked in Hollywood on numerous occasions, Rodgers has little respect for the movie capital as a spawning ground for creative talent, and he has held it in something approaching contempt ever since he was accidentally credited with having written "Swanee River" as part of the score for "Mississippi," a movie he and Hart did for Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields in 1935. As to his future professional plans, he says, "The last thing I ever want to do is live on a past reputation. That's like saying 'I had an excellent meal last night, and I'm never going to eat again.'"

IT CANNOT be said that Rodgers' talents have gone unrecognized or that, like the prophet, he has been unhonored in his own land. He has shared Pulitzer Prizes for "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific," Critics' Circle Awards for "Pal Joey," "Carousel," and "South Pacific." He has won four Donaldson Awards for a year's best score, and shared an Academy Award for "It Might As Well Be Spring." In 1947, he was elected president of the Dramatists Guild of the Authors League of America, the first composer ever to be so honored; he is a trustee of Barnard College; and he has received an impressive list of other honors. A book containing twenty-four of his and Hart's songs was published in 1946, and in 1948 MGM produced "Words and Music," a somewhat imaginative movie based on his career with Hart. Rodgers and Hammerstein concerts have been a fixture at Lewisohn Stadium concerts for the past five years.

Such acclaim has made about as lasting an impression on Rodgers as an arpeggio on a piano keyboard. He's still the stage-struck boy who looked forward to the Saturday matinees of Broadway shows. Shortly after "South Pacific" opened, he was walking across 44th Street with a friend and stopped to admire a poster of Mary Martin. "What an artist," he murmured admiringly. His friend agreed. "And what a wonderful person," Rodgers went on. His companion nodded silently. "You realize," said Rodgers, "that I know her quite well." "You should," answered his friend, "you've helped to *make* her." Rodgers stared at him for a moment. He'd been so carried away with admiration that he had completely forgotten what show Miss Martin was starring in.

Inflation in Your Ballot Box

John Creecy

Drawings by Stanley Stamaty

AS A city dweller, I'm becoming rather piqued at my rural neighbors' stolid conviction that I'm not fit to be trusted with a full vote in matters of state government.

I'm from Michigan, where Joe Smith who traps muskrats in the Keweenaw Peninsula has nine times as much representation in the State Senate, and three times as much in the House, as his brother Jim who moved to Detroit a couple of years ago and got a job in an auto plant.

Before you squander any sympathy on me or Jim, allow me to point out that if you live in a big city you're probably in pretty much the same fix. In most states our country cousins have the legislature sewed up tighter than Joe Smith's winter underwear and seem to regard this as a natural and socially desirable condition. In many cases the framework of representative democracy with which the states began has been subtly wrenched and prodded out of shape, the better to protect the special interests of the rural people. City dwellers pay an increasingly major share of the taxes, but the benefits they receive therefrom seem gauged by a sort of state law of diminishing returns.

Perhaps the most candid expositor of the

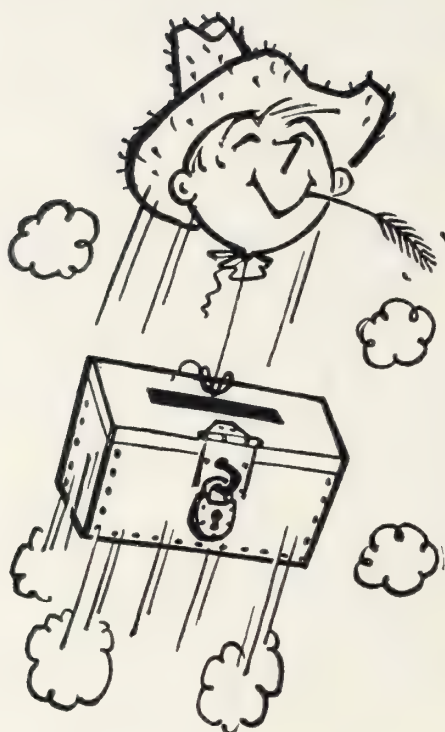
rural viewpoint in Michigan is State Senator Alpheus P. Decker of Deckerville (Pop. 719, including numerous Deckers). He has argued that "it would be a crime to the state of Michigan to give Detroit full representation on a population basis."

In seeking to prevent this misdeed he has zealously circulated, among citizens pondering reapportionment, reprints of an article by Roger W. Babson uttering the complaint that "Large cities are the main sources of poverty, gangsters, and immorality" and that "most big city voters are ignorant about government and are controlled largely by unscrupulous ward heelers."

On the other hand, the author concludes, "rural people have much better character and more time to think and read than do large-city people. . . . the votes of people in small cities and rural communities should count more than the vote of the ordinary city man."

This statement, with its apparent implication that full franchise might be permissible for the *extraordinary* city man, appears rather on the daring side when contrasted with usual apportionment practice as followed by our rustic lawgivers.

Most legislatures are supposed to be reapportioned every few years on a population



basis. Actually this seldom gets done, despite great and continuing shifts from rural to urban areas.

Of the twenty-six states whose constitutions require reapportionment after each decennial census, only eight have complied since 1950. Sixteen have not complied since 1940; ten not since 1930. Seven states have not been reapportioned in half a century.

States which are or until recently were grossly delinquent in carrying out constitutional mandates for reapportionment at ten-year (or shorter) intervals include: Alabama, last reapportioned in 1901; Colorado*, 1933; Illinois*, 1910; Indiana, 1921; Iowa*, 1931; Louisiana, 1921; Maine*, 1931; North Dakota, 1931; Oregon, Senate, 1907—House, 1899; Pennsylvania, 1923; Tennessee, 1900; Utah*, 1930; Washington, 1930; Wisconsin*, 1932; and Wyoming, 1933. In states whose constitutions say the legislature *may*, rather than *must*, reapportion, Mississippi has not done so since 1890; Minnesota* not since 1913. Delaware, apportioned in 1897, has no constitutional requirement. Connecticut, after fifty years, got around to redistricting its senate this spring, and as this is written reapportionment battles are raging in the states above marked with asterisks.

Even where the constitutions are obeyed the city people are often deprived of an even break by sly clauses foresightedly inserted by the country slickers. Sometimes—as in California, New York, and Pennsylvania—it is an arbitrary limit on the amount of representation any one city or county can have. Sometimes—as in Michigan—it is the granting of a seat to any county or group of counties which can muster *half* the regular population ratio.

Such gimmicks add up to a form of ballot box inflation, which cuts the value of a vote as effectively as monetary inflation cuts the value of a dollar.

AND if, as a desperate measure, the issue is carried to the voters as it was in Michigan last fall, it becomes clear that the embattled farmers still have a trick or two up their sleeves to pull on the city voters.

It also becomes disillusioningly clear that full representation for city dwellers is the last thing that some city dwellers want, and that when the chips are down the farmers are able to find powerful allies in the camp of the enemy.

Early in the year, in Michigan, there was an ominous flourish of initiatory petitions for reapportionment. The rural legislators, having—as Mr. Babson pointed out—ample time to read, were quick to decipher the handwriting on the wall. They undertook to quell the reapportionment uprising by getting there fustest with the leastest.

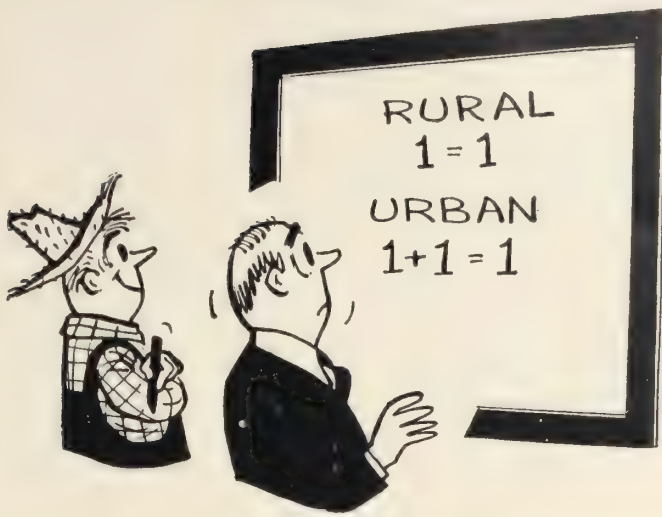
They broached, under the plausible title of "The Citizens' Plan for a Balanced Legislature," a proposal which would give the city people a slightly increased voice in the House but would even further muffle their feeble whisper in the Senate.

The city papers showered it with abuse, one terming it an "anti-Detroit plan" that the rural leaders were attempting to "jam through on grounds that Detroit citizens do not deserve a voice in government."

A few weeks later, however, the papers re-examined the plan and discerned merit in it.

Their change of heart followed the launching of a rival plan, sponsored jointly by the League of Women Voters, the AF of L, and the CIO, which called for restoring both houses to a strict population basis. The early public reaction to it was encouraging. But a flurry of alarm swept through the corps of lobbyists at Lansing. Most of them, including those for some groups which had no reason to fear that greater urban representation





governed by the degree to which we can be expected to vote wisely? Is a citizen's vote to be cut in half or less because he is likely to vote Democratic, or Republican, or Vegetarian? Or because he belongs to the United Auto Workers or the Detroit Board of Commerce? And if so, who is to be the arbiter of these qualifications?

It was claimed that area and socio-economic factors, rather than population, should be the base of at least one house of the legislature, in order to provide the checks and balances which are essential to good government.

If the legislature were merely a business or industrial council this might make a good deal of sense. But it is of course far more than that. It deals with interests that transcend area and economic classification.

If interests, rather than numbers of people, are to be fairly represented, some definite formula would have to be found for doing so. But how would you go about it? Everybody has legislative interests and many of them have no connection with the way in which he makes his living.

It is true that the city taxpayer in states such as Michigan, if given representational equality, could outvote the country taxpayer. And it may be true that rural interests would suffer. But I still can't see why this entitles the rural minority to a majority vote.

Obviously a fine solution for the problems of any minority is for it to acquire a majority

voice in the government. It is a solution that has been employed effectively in many lands, in many centuries; but I do not believe it is one to be thoughtfully endorsed by many people in this century, in this land where men are created free and equal.

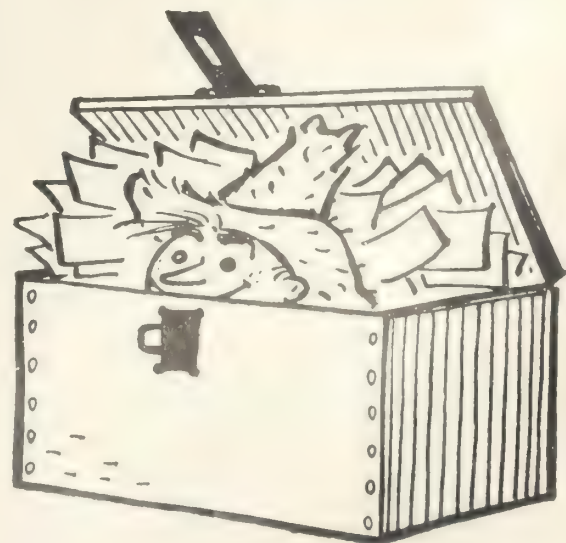
If the city dwellers overcome their mass humility and decide they are entitled to equal representation, what can they do about it?

It is hard to generalize, for no two states are identical in the details of their legislative organization. One thing that thirty-seven of them have in common, however, is that the legislature itself is its only reapportioning agency. Several states in addition to Michigan have amended their constitutions by initiation to place this trust in other hands.

This won't end all the urban-rural inequities, but it will at least insure that the rules, whatever they are, will be obeyed.

Changing the rules to remove anti-urban bias will probably turn out to be a good deal harder. Such a proposal would, of course, have to be tailored to the individual state. One generalization can be made. The proposal should be as simple as possible. If the city campaigners allow the ruralites to out-simplify them, as happened in Michigan, they won't stand much of a chance.

At best, the legislative outlook for the city-dweller is dim. If he really wants equal representation in his state government he'd better move back to the farm.



The Blue Charm

A Story by Paul Hyde Bonner

WHEN Tim saw Brigadier Charteris coming up the path through the rhododendrons, he stepped quickly back from the bank and entered the small pine wood. Stealthily, like a thief or a deserter, which the good Lord knew he was not, for it was his beat and no man on earth had a better right to be walking its banks, he crept up through the trees and shrubs, keeping himself well hidden from the river, until he reached a big stone on a rise of ground where he could sit and not be seen, yet have, through the leaves of a hazel bush, a commanding view of the pool. He laid his gaff carefully down on the turf beside him and watched.

The path from the inn, up which the Brigadier was coming for his day's sport on the Otter Beat, was on the opposite bank from where Timothy Murtha was keeping his hidden vigil. From the main road to the upper pool, it followed the stream in a bower of azalea and rhododendron, then suddenly it emerged in the sunlight where the woods and the shrubs receded, displaying the pool in a nice margin of grassy bank, like a cat's-eye set in emeralds. The streak in the cat's-eye was the long wedge of white water that bisected the dark still surface of the long pool. It was on the edge of the streak where the salmon lay, gaining strength for the next night's battle with the rapids ahead. To be sure, there were also fish, and good ones, way down at the apex of the wedge where the swift water subsided into the black stillness of the pool. But these would have to be reached from Tim Murtha's side and Tim knew that it was the old soldier's habit to save them for the late afternoon.

Brigadier Charteris stopped when he

reached the sunlight to survey his day's field of operations. He was carrying two rods in his right hand, a twelve-foot fly rod and a much shorter spinning rod. From his shoulder hung a poacher's sack of canvas and braided string, to which was attached a brightly polished metal gaff. He wore a worn and much mended tweed jacket of a greenish brown color and an ancient stalker's hat of the same stuff, which was hung like a Christmas tree with old and dilapidated salmon and seatrout flies. His black rubber hip-boots seemed unnaturally long and narrow, making him look like an ungainly crane, for he was a tall, spare man with a thin, weatherbeaten face and a cavalryman's temper.

The only thing new on him in ten years is the gaff, Tim thought, and spat silently into the hazel bush.

Charteris watched the water for a sign, his eyes concentrated intently on the sides of the wedge of white water. There was a splash as a fish showed in the center of the pool, just beyond the apex of the current. The Brigadier turned his head quickly, but not quickly enough to see it. Tim had, though. He had seen a monster of a spring fish with a belly already turning red. Charteris hesitated, then walked on to the head of the pool. He was about to lay his rods carefully down beside the little stone luncheon hut which stood near the rocks at the head of the pool when the monster leaped again. This time coming down on the water on his side with a smack that sounded like a cannon shot. Again Charteris, who had had his back to the tail of the pool, had not turned in time to see the fish. But it was clear from his actions, as Tim observed him, that the noise had unnerved him. He

was suddenly undecided. He could not make up his mind whether the provocation was worth changing a tactic that had remained rigid for ten seasons. Should he succumb to the temptation to fish the slow water before he had thoroughly covered the sides of the swift wedge?

A stubborn donkey of a man he is, Tim said to himself as he saw the hesitation in the Brigadier's posture. If it was me now standing beside him as it used to be, and if I was to say to him, General, if I was you, I'd have a go at that one. He's a bender, he is. A bit red maybe, but a powerful big salmon. What would he do? He'd wither me with them beady eyes of his, and Tim, he'd say, you should know better than to tell a man to be wasting his time on a spring fish that has been in the river since March and would be paying no more attention to a fly or a prawn than you would to a glass of buttermilk. We'll be fishing the fast water as we always do, he'd say, as stubborn as a Belfast solicitor.

Charteris made up his mind. As long as he was alone, with no gillie to witness the breakdown of his habit, he would go after that salmon. After all, he consoled himself, it was the only one who had yet showed, and it was patently wiser to try for known fish than to flag the water on speculation. Not that he approved of this changing of his calculated, proven tactic. He was, as a matter of fact, chagrined at his lack of stanchness, at his weakness in falling for the blandishments of a playful little summer salmon who could be as easily snared in the afternoon.

He picked up his fly rod, reached for his fly box in the poacher's sack, and carefully selected a low-water Blue Charm, his favorite fly for July on the Derryclare. As he snipped off the tired Silver Doctor, which he had used the previous evening for seatrout on the Ballymaam Beat and bent the new fly on his leader, he noted that the clouds were forming around the Twelve Pins which towered to the North of him, those peaks of the highlands which guard the haunted streams and loughs of Connemara. A good omen, he thought. A bit of shade over the water will help to hide the trailing gut.

Before starting on his trek to the far bank he checked his gear precisely: flies, leaders, grease, scissors, knife, scales, all safely stowed in the sack, gaff hanging ready, line greased at

the hotel before he started, everything, in fact, primed for the battle. Leaving the spinning rod by the hut, he walked slowly up the path to the stone bridge which crossed the river at the rapids. He did not approve of impatience.

Tim, watching from his aerie, could scarcely believe his eyes. The Brigadier was actually going to change his iron routine and start fishing the slack water. It was unprecedented, a display of folly, yet Tim knew why the sound of that fish smacking the water had caused it. There was a reason, a memory.

AT THE Derryclare Hotel for fishermen, each beat was assigned its own gillie, and each rod was made to rotate daily, beginning at the butt on Balinafad Lough and proceeding downstream until, on the ninth day, he was fishing the Roundstone Beat at the mouth of the river. The Otter Beat had been Tim Murtha's for fifteen years, and during that time, from March to September, from big spring salmon to fat autumn seatrout, he had gaffed and netted all sorts of fish for all manner of fishermen. He knew his stretch of water as well as any fish that ever rested in it, every rock, every eddy of the current, and every spot preferred by salmon and by seatrout. A lifetime of observation had taught him the size and color of lure that fish fancied under each condition of sky, wind, temperature, and height of water, for he had been a mighty poacher of these waters before the hotel had bought the property from the estate of a noble lord and had judiciously put him on the payroll as a gillie. If you met his standards of character and skill, he would, when asked, impart his knowledge and suggest the fly to be used. But if you were a braggart or a dunce or a novice without humility, he would let you flounder in your own way.

Only a miserable few of the guests who came to the Hotel were fishermen of the skill which Tim respected. The majority, the great majority, were heavy-handed duffers who had no inkling of how a fish liked to have a fly presented. Brigadier Charteris was unquestionably the best of the few real fishermen. Being highly skilled and with a delicate and intuitive wrist, he invariably killed fish when others failed and had retained his position as top rod on the river for ten seasons. Like all

champions, he was as proud of his record as he was contemptuous of tyros. His annual visit to the Derryclare was always of three weeks' duration—the last week in June and the first fortnight of July—which meant that, as a rule, his rotation brought him three times each season to the care of Tim Murtha on the Otter Beat.

For nine years Tim and the Brigadier had welded their forces in a perfect harmony of respect and admiration, in spite of the latter's irascible, dour, and dogmatic ways. Charteris had stated flatly, over his whisky in the billiard room, that Tim was the best damn gillie on the river. While Tim, who avoided direct statements as he would the ghost of the Clancy, inferred to his fellow gillies that the Brigadier was almost as pretty a fisherman as he was himself, which was the highest praise he had ever given any man with a rod in his hand.

THUS it had been on a bright July afternoon of the year before when the Brigadier, with Tim watching carefully from beyond a jut of rock on the downstream side where he would not interfere with the backcast, had started to fish the tail of the current on the Otter pool with a low-water Blue Charm. On the third cast Tim had seen the greased line swing around toward the bank, then suddenly sink as something drew it taut. The Brigadier had seen it too, and being a calm and practiced fisherman had let whatever it was that had taken the fly swim down to the stream-bed with it. After a suitable interval the Brigadier had whipped his rod tip smartly. Then all hell had broken loose. The center of the still, dark water had erupted like Vesuvius as a great salmon, a monster of a spring fish, had leaped a good four feet into the air, shining and glistening in the sunlight, his great rose-colored belly curving as he headed back into the river intent on freeing himself. But as suddenly as he had leaped the Brigadier had lowered his rod, for he was one of those sensitive fishermen who could feel a fish gather for a leap.

The fight had been one of heroic scale. On his first dash upstream the salmon had made two mighty leaps in the fast water, then had turned and run furiously downstream, taking out line until the black silk backing started running through the guides. At this the

Brigadier had raced down the bank, scampering over the rocky promontory like a mountain goat, leaping down in front of Tim, and floundering on through the reeds when he had been forced into the water by the azaleas which lined the banks below the pool. Out into the stream he had splashed until the water was inches from the top of his boots, and still the reel had sung as the fish continued downstream. Not once during all his dashing and scrambling had the Brigadier allowed his rod to waver from the perpendicular, that is, the butt of the rod, for the rod as a whole was bent into a letter C.

"By God, Tim, I don't believe he's going to stop!" the soldier had shouted when he had reached the limit of his depth.

"Try givin' him slack," Tim had called.

"I might lose him."

"Either way you might, sir," Tim had yelled to make himself heard above the roar of the rapids.

Without answering the Brigadier had quickly dropped the tip of his rod and the line went slack at once. Feeling no pull the salmon had stopped. Then, from the action of the line he could tell that the fish had turned and was swimming slowly upstream to his accustomed lair. The Brigadier had reeled in carefully, trying to match the progress of the fish without putting any weight on the hook. When the salmon had reached the tail of the pool, Charteris had retreated step by step, back to the bank, over the rocks, until he was standing on the spot where he had hooked him. Then gradually he had tightened the line until he could feel the fish solidly entrenched on the bottom. He had given the rod a few gentle jerks, but the salmon had not budged. Then he had ordered Tim to drop a few rocks on the spot where the line indicated that the salmon was sulking. Tim had picked up a stone the size of a brick and lobbed it into the pool. It must have annoyed the fish for he had moved upstream, not in a rush, but deliberately, until he was under the white water. Then the Brigadier, exerting rod pressure with great skill and delicacy, had turned him, making him swim downstream and toward the near bank.

He had seemed docile now, beaten. His great body had come up to the surface, swimming with only a languid motion of his tail. He had passed the Brigadier and was headed

for the point of the rocky peninsula. Tim had not moved, seeing that the fish was far from spent.

"Get out there and gaff him as he passes the rocks," the Brigadier had shouted.

"'Tis not ready he is for the gaff," Tim had cautioned.

"Hurry, you idiot! Gaff him now," the Brigadier had cried angrily, leaning on the rod in order to hold the fish in near to the point of the rocks.

It was a command. Reluctantly, feeling it to be a crucial error in judgment, Tim had climbed out on the rocks and, crouching, had lowered the gaff into the water behind the salmon's tail. Slowly he had moved the gaff forward while the fish, his jaw clamped on the taut gut, fanned the water and watched him. When the iron was under the salmon's midriff, Tim had come up quickly, but the fish had seen the motion of his hand and had turned like lightning, leaping at the end of the turn. The point of the gaff had merely torn a cut in its side, and the Brigadier, not expecting the leap for which there had been no warning, had failed to lower his rod so that the gut had parted at the fish's mouth.

Tim had turned where he was crouching on the rocks and had said, "A pity, sir. He'd go fifty pounds, that fish. Just as I told you, he wasn't ready for the gaff."

The Brigadier's face had been crimson with rage. The rod was shaking in his hand as if he had in mind beating Tim over the head with it. "You clumsy brute!" he had shouted. "You missed him. Any child could have gaffed him. I brought him to you on a platter and you jolly well made a hash of it. Next time I fish this beat I'll do my own gaffing."

He had reeled in his line, still shaking with fury. Before stalking back to the bridge he had said, "You ought to be sacked for this, Tim Murtha. You've lost me the best fish ever seen in this river."

Oh, there had been a great to-do about it at the hotel, which had lasted until Brigadier Charteris had left for Dublin and the Holyhead ferry. Charteris had stormed at the management and the guests, saying that Tim was a butcher who had no right to be a gillie at all, let alone gillie at the Otter Beat. Of course the management and the gillies and the waiters and the chambermaids had accepted Tim's side of the story. They knew how many

salmon Tim had gaffed legitimately and illegitimately and did not question his statement that the Brigadier had not taken his advice, the advice of the greatest expert in County Galway. Besides, the old soldier was an Englishman, and a crusty one at that, who never tipped more than ten shillings.

ALL this Tim remembered as he watched the tall, lean figure of Brigadier Charteris cross the bridge and stalk down the path that led to the spot on the grassy bank where the disaster had occurred. Although the manager had told him that he would not be needed when the Brigadier fished the Otter Beat this season, nevertheless Tim had decided that it would be more fun watching the old man fish than drinking Guinness at the Roundstone pub.

When the Brigadier came to that point on the path nearest to the hazel bush, Tim looked carefully to see what fly he had chosen. Even at ten yards he could make out that it was a Blue Charm, and he knew from the height of the water and the shine of the sun on the dark surface of the pool that it was the one lure which might tempt a salmon on this morning. Not that he thought for a moment that the old fish who had showed would be interested. Spring fish don't take in July. That old bruiser of a year back had been a freak exception, something which does not happen twice, certainly not in the same spot. Still, Tim thought, I'll be calling on all the Saints in Heaven to give that fish a mind to nibble at a wee bit of a Blue Charm with no dressing on him at all. From what I've seen of him he's as big as the other one, he is, if not a pound or two bigger.

Having reached his position, Charteris took the poacher's sack from his shoulder, unhooked the gaff and hung it on his belt, then deliberately placed the sack well back near the bushes, where, if anything should occur, he would not tread on it. The pool was placid now, giving no hint that any salmon were watching from its dark depths.

Charteris took his stance and stripped some line from his reel, shaking the fly in the sunlight. His first cast was short and tentative, covering only the water near the bank. It was meant to drown the fly, not to excite any appetite. He stripped more line and made a second cast straight out into the stream, then

watched his grease line float around in an arc as the current carried the fly down toward the jutting point of rock below him. Two more short strips of line and he cast again. This time the line was well out to the apex of the swift water. Again he watched (and Tim also) as the floating line curved gracefully, his eye focused on the knot at the end where the leader was tied. He noticed that the knot was cutting the water at a speed which the current did not justify. Then it disappeared below the surface and the line became taut with a steady downward pull. It was a sign which Charteris recognized from long experience. He observed it calmly, that is, outwardly calmly, with the inner excitement controlled by reason. A fish had the fly in its mouth and was sinking to the stream-bed.

Momentarily, at least, he had forgotten his experience of the year before. It never occurred to him that the taker was anything but a small summer salmon, or maybe a grilse. But not so Tim. He was holding his breath in anticipation, praying wildly for a repetition, knowing that where the fly was taken was where the monster had twice shown.

When he thought the fish had had sufficient time to get the fly well in his mouth, Charteris came up firmly with the rod tip in order to set the hook. The waters of the pool were raked as if by a torpedo. A great, boiling wake streaked to the opposite shore where the salmon broke the surface in a tremendous leap, straight up, nose to the sky, then giving his body a twist as every muscle was directed to shaking the fly from his lip. But the line had slackened even before the fish had reached the summit of his leap, for the Brigadier, on the instant of the first rush, had anticipated the jump and was prepared to meet it.

What he had not bargained for was the size and strength of this great salmon. Like last year's, he thought, as big, if not bigger. He could feel his nerves tuning every muscle of his body into a responsive spring of steel. This time he would have to do it alone, even if it took all day. He'd show them it could be done. No man is given two chances like this in a lifetime. It was a test, a measure of his skill.

After the third leap the salmon rushed downstream and the reel screeched as his line flashed through the guides. The black back-

ing came into sight as the fish dashed past the reed bed and Charteris was prepared to repeat his scramble of the year before. However, he had already made up his mind to try the slack line tactic before the salmon forced him to wade into the stream. It had worked once. It might work again. At all events, if the hook was firm, nothing would be lost.

It did work. The salmon checked his rush and turned, swimming slowly back to the center of the pool.

I TAUGHT him that one, Tim said to himself. He had risen from his rock, peering over the bush, knowing that as long as that salmon was on the line there was no chance of the Brigadier taking his eyes from the river. As the soldier's nerves had controlled his muscles, the gillie's had left his uncontrolled. He was shaking all over with excitement, whispering to himself in gasps, Holy Mother of God! The Saints be praised! 'Tis the biggest bloody fish that ever a man has seen! The father of all salmon it is!

As the fish neared the tail of the current, the Brigadier put the pressure on again, not wanting him to sink and sulk as the other one had. This brought on another rush, with another leap at the end of it, this time straight up into the rapids where the rocks were thick and jagged. The next rush was a return toward the bank at Charteris' feet. He reeled in furiously, but the fish was faster, swirling to the surface, seeing his antagonist and dashing off again, far over to the opposite shore.

If he keeps this up, Tim thought, he'll soon tire himself. A pink fish has no strength for a long battle. And if that lanky fighting cock of an Englishman has an ounce of brain in his head, which I doubt, he'll bide his time until he can coax him into the shallow reeds below the point of rock. But if he tries it before the salmon is on his side, showing the pink belly of him, he'll lose him as sure as he lost the last one.

Tim, of course, was prejudiced. A year ago he would have counted on the Brigadier to plan the kill correctly in view of the circumstances. But ever since that wrong command he was convinced that the soldier's head was as hard as his heart. He could not know now, watching the battle, that Charteris had already made the identical decision.

The salmon was tugging now in short, pug-

nacious lunges, trying to work his way toward some sunken piles which had once supported a pier on the opposite bank. Equally determined that he would not reach them, the Brigadier backed up the bank, giving every ounce that the gut would stand in an effort to pull the fish's head back toward the current. The pressure succeeded, for the salmon dashed upstream again, leaping out of the foam and whirling about in a frenzy.

On the next leap, which was directly below him, Tim saw something that made his heart skip a beat. As clear as could be he had seen the hook holding a small strip of torn skin on the salmon's lower jaw. Save my soul, he said to himself, if he takes another leap, he's gone!

He saw the Brigadier reeling hard, his rod held high, the tip bending to the weight of the salmon, and he wanted to cry out, "Ease him, sir. He's about to pull loose!" but he dared not. If he did call, and the fish broke, he would be blamed again.

Charteris had not seen the precarious hold of the hook. From where he was standing one would have had to have the eye of an eagle to note so small a thing in an instant. Besides, he was far too concentrated on the rod and the line and the general behavior of his adversary. He had observed, however, that after that last leap the salmon had seemed suddenly tired. He swam lazily now, rolling from side to side, closer to the surface than he had been. Charteris let him swim, holding him with only enough tension to feel himself in control. The fish passed the end of the current, his tail out of water, fanning slowly. A slight pressure of the rod made him head toward the bank.

Tim figured correctly that if this situation maintained for another few minutes, the salmon would swing past the rocks and close to shore. He could see that the salmon was close to exhaustion and that the Brigadier was letting him have his way. It was then that Tim made up his mind. Grabbing his gaff, he ran through the woods to a point below the rocky point, then, falling on his stomach, he wriggled through the bushes and slid down the bank behind the rocks so that the Brigadier could not see him. When he reached the water, he slipped in like an otter and pulled himself along on the edge of the rocks. At the tip of the point he waited

behind the biggest rock, watching for the salmon to come into view, with only his head and shoulders showing above the water.

Charteris was wondering if the fish was through, ready for the beach. He was in no hurry. After that first rush he had made up his mind to wait until he could see the salmon's belly before making any move to bring him to the reeds. He did not care if it took all day. This fish was worth lunch, tea, and dinner. But the beast was plainly tired, rolling as he was from side to side, letting the current ease him along. He watched the great tail, fanning its slow, pitiful way off the tip of the point. He would let it go on a bit. No trouble there. The tail disappeared behind the rock.

There was the noise of a tremendous commotion in the water beyond the point. Instinctively Charteris jerked pressure on the line. As he did so the weight evaporated and his fly went sailing through the air. "Damn! Blast! Bloody! Bitch!" he roared. "He's off!"

Through the smoke and din of his own anguish he became faintly conscious of the fact that the commotion beyond the point had not ceased. Dropping his rod, he jumped forward onto the rocks and looked down. There below him was Tim Murtha half submerged, his arms and chest pinning the huge salmon to the bank, one hand gripping the handle of the gaff so hard that his knuckles were white.

IT TOOK the two of them to carry the fish to the hotel and place it on the scales in the billiard room. Before Tim could lift a weight the entire staff, including the cook and two kitchen maids were standing about, shaking their heads, and saying, "Glory be!"

Charteris just stood there, looking strangely wan and contrite. He said nothing. In fact he had said very little since he had found Tim hugging the fish in the river, only a weak, "Miracle!" when he had seen the torn thread of skin which had held the hook. His eyes were on the salmon which was so large that he could hardly be kept steady in the pan of the scales. He seemed frozen, like a man in shock. He did not see Tim putting every counterweight in the house on the scales with trembling fingers, the stone floor beneath him holding a pool of water from his dripping clothes.

Not all the counterweights would budge the bar, so Tim had to ask the manager for a loan of some sovereigns. There was a breathless silence when the bar finally lifted a fraction of an inch. "Fifty-seven pounds, nine ounces!" Tim intoned.

"And the record for the river," the manager added, extending his hand to the Brigadier.

Charteris, still in a daze, shook the hand perfunctorily. "Barman," he said in a low voice, "bring me a bottle of your best Dublin whisky."

No one spoke while the barman went for the whisky, though the manager was tempted to ask how it happened that Tim had been on the Otter Beat, but a look at the Brigadier's white face made him think that perhaps it was not the right moment. The barman returned

with a bottle and handed it to the Brigadier. They all watched him take it and put it under his arm while he reached for his wallet and extracted a five-pound note.

Putting the bottle and the note together in his right hand, Charteris cleared his throat and spoke. "That fish," he said, "was held by a thread of skin on his lip. If it had not been for the magnificent gaff work of Tim Murtha, he would never have graced those scales." He handed the bottle and the note to the dripping Tim. "I salute the best gillie on this or any other river."

With his back as straight as a ramrod the Brigadier executed an about-face and marched out of the room. The color had returned to his face and the trace of a smile wrinkled his eyes as he heard the applause behind him.

Swing Song

ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

DEPART, return,
 Depart, return;
 He leaves the shadow, cleaves the light;
 Wingless, weighted, yet he's flown,
 And the long scallops of his flight
 Are shaped like rainbows upside down.
 Sampling blue as he ascends
 He gives the bold sun look for look,
 Then swoops and soars to wear again
 The knitted shadows on his back.
 Heavy pigeons clap the air
 And sparrows freckle it with flight,
 The park's as noisy as a fair,
 And he, on his festooning track,
 A pendulum of loud delight.
 Then to and fro and to and fro,
 See him come and let him go:
 Every time he flies away
 He makes a promise to the day
 When, childhood being frayed and furled,
 His two big shoes, his ready heart,
 The Pharos light beyond the sea,
 Shall carry him to other worlds,
 Away from me, away from me.
 Return, depart.
 Return . . .
 Depart.



Guerrilla Warfare As It Really Is

Auro Roselli

Drawings by Edward Melcarth

WHEN I see headlines such as "French Advance in Indochina," or "Communist Attack Expected Against Nasam," or "France Advised to Double her Troops in Asia," I can't help feeling that if the headline writer had ever been a partisan, he could never have thought of such expressions. For my experience as a guerrilla fighter in Italy has been enough to teach me that you never "advance" against guerrilla formations, because the true guerrilla doesn't occupy any definite position; that you do not "expect" a guerrilla attack, because the partisan cannot attack if you expect him; and that there is very little use in doubling the number of your regular divisions against partisan formations because regular divisions and partisan formations are incommensurable units, like infantry divisions and battleships.

And I sincerely hope that American officials understand guerrilla warfare well enough not to think in terms of such "advances" and "expectations" and such increases in regular forces, especially at a time when, with the new American foreign policy, an active way to tackle the guerrilla problem might be under study.

Guerrilla warfare is not war. "Guerrilla" is a Spanish word that means "little war," or better, "little, intermittent, exasperating, miasmal war." The word has an ominous sound in Latin languages. It brings to the mind the analogy of that little, intermittent fever which slowly consumes the human body. And in many ways a nation sick with guerrilla warfare recalls a body sick with tuberculosis. The causes are almost the same: weakness and infection. The nation was weak when



the guerrilla virus struck. There was no pride of citizenship among its citizens; there was lack of hope in the national recovery. It is under these circumstances that the cells in the national body give the virus a chance. The virus, in the case of the Communist guerrilla, comes from abroad and it is usually a well trained specimen, more often a colony, an organization which starts operating often under false labels in the weakest part of the national body.

BROADLY speaking, it can be said that the cycle of guerrilla warfare is divided into three stages. In the first stage the partisan is a part-time fighter. He works at his usual job, lives in his home, doesn't wear arms, often does not even know where the arms are, does not at any time occupy a military position, seldom knows who his commanders and his comrades are. He is a partisan simply because he has decided—or has been convinced—that he should be one, and has told the contact man. When the contact men—who in a Communist guerrilla outfit are trusted party members—have convinced the boss—who might be Stalin or Malenkov in person—that the time is ripe, the order

comes to start the cycle. It takes only two or three agitators to commit some act of terrorism against the ruling power, to kill some soldier, to set fire to some government building, to print some rebellious leaflet, or to do any other thing which may break the good or tolerable relations between rulers and ruled. If the rulers are as stupid as the Nazis were during the last war, they plunge headlong into the trap. They surround the village where the terrorist episode took place and kill everybody. If they are not so stupid it takes a little more time, and if they are intelligent and honest rulers and take care not to harass anybody but the real terrorists, the provocation fizzles out. In such a case the agitators should have been smart enough not to start anything.

But let's go back to the case where the rulers, who have reason to believe that the people hate them, react as if the people, not a few individuals, were responsible for the terrorist act. They take measures directed against all the people. A few more acts of terrorism competently organized by professionals, and the rule which was bad to start with, becomes unbearable oppression.

Now, everybody the agitators are interested in attracting to their cause believes the propaganda that the rulers are bloodsuckers, imperialists, warmongers, or tyrants who just can't let people live in peace. Of course the great majority of the civil population is still far from the thought of organizing against the rulers. Farmers especially (and guerrilla warfare breaks out mainly in nations and regions where most of the population lives on the land) can't see how they will live if the rulers compel them to flee their farms. They will be the last to join, or even to help, the first guerrilla formations. They hate the very idea of armed people and soldiers around their farm.

However, a number of young men to whom age and strength give a desire for manly enterprises will not accept the passive role of victims in a troubled world. They will take arms against it. They will welcome the contact with the organizer who gives them an active role in the struggle. It is not difficult for an able agitator to inflame the greater part of the youth in a humiliated, colonized, defeated, or occupied country. And when the farmer has a son among the rebels, or when

he has faced the fact that guerrilla warfare is there to stay and that anyway he is considered on the side of the rebels by the ruler's soldiers and therefore has no security for himself and for his belongings, then he joins the rebels too.

Of course, joining the rebels in this first stage of guerrilla warfare simply means making up one's mind that if and when the contact comes, one will ask for orders and will carry them out. To the eye of the regular soldier nothing yet is visible at the surface. Peasants till the soil, traders carry their goods to the markets, city crowds go about their usual chores. But the "little war" is on and when the soldier is off his guard the partisan strikes. It may be an act of sabotage to a railway, an ambush to a vastly inferior number of regular troops or, more often, a raid on some military or civilian storehouse in order to get arms, clothes, food, sometimes money. After the action the guerrillas hide their weapons and depart, and when the soldier arrives to re-establish order he finds only peasants, traders, and people going to their usual work.

II

WHEN enough arms, clothes, food, and money have been secured, some of the part-time raiders quit their jobs and become full-time partisans. This we might call the end of the first stage and the beginning of the second. The changeover comes soon in the country and late in the cities. In the big centers guerrillas become full-time professionals only in the days of the final insurrection. In the country or in the mountains or in the bush or in the rice paddies, they can live in military-like formations for years. The formations usually begin their existence in the least accessible regions and, in Communist units, are made up mostly of fugitives from towns and other regions. The Communist organizers prefer them

to the people of nearby areas because they are more dependent on the organization, have fewer friends and relatives around to talk to, and care less, when they go into action, whether the reprisal will be costly to the civilians of the surrounding region. However, some influential local element is always present either as a member of the partisan unit or a special agent for them, because the unit badly needs the help of the local population, especially of the peasants.

I think it is fair to say that the importance of the link between partisan and peasant cannot be overemphasized, and that the day when we read a report that says, "Today two peasants in the delta area were overheard saying that the partisans are a nuisance and the sooner the regulars wipe them out the better," we will know that the regulars have scored a big point. Such news as, "Today our troops have killed two hundred rebels," or, "Today our troops have recaptured two villages," means very little in the "little war" game.

The peasant feeds the partisan, shelters him, gives him all information on the size, strength, and movements of the regular forces.

Guerrilla warfare never starts in a place where the peasants are not hopeful of gaining





such an advantage—or getting rid of such an evil—that they feel it pays them to risk their life and their property. Moreover, in the case of the Communist-inspired guerrilla, the link between the partisans and the peasants is an essential and most delicate one, because the Communist spokesman has a tendency to talk in theoretical terms, over the head of the peasants, and to think that because the peasants have nothing to answer to his slogans, they are sold on Marxism-Leninism. Usually a peasant's answer to the Communist agitator comes later, and often it comes as a complete surprise for the Communist.

In Piedmont, for instance, the people of a mountain village helped the Communists to raid a military warehouse and afterward kept the booty for themselves on the grounds that they themselves, not the agitators, were “the people” whom the Communists had promised to help.

I saw misunderstandings like this happen in northern Italy many times during the resistance, and there is a good chance that the same thing can happen in Asia, since peasants everywhere are stubbornly human and the Communists are never found departing very far from their basic dogmas.

In this second stage of guerrilla warfare, guerrilla units grow bigger and stronger but try to avoid any engagement with the regular

troops. They cannot fight against an equal number of regulars. The regulars have better discipline and they control the main lines of communication. They can ask for reinforcements and receive them by the truckload, while the partisans can count only on the men and the weapons available at the beginning of the engagement. The partisans are therefore confined to “irregular warfare,” that is, attacking only when the enemy will not be in a position to fight back, and never accepting the challenge when the enemy comes looking for a fight.

TO THIS end the partisan exploits the advantages of four-dimensional warfare as perfected by the Russians over three-dimensional warfare as perfected by the Americans. The guerrilla fighter will move not only through the three usual dimensions but also through time; that is, he will hide into yesterday or into tomorrow whenever the regular hunts for him and he cannot or does not want to retreat. The regulars come and pass through crowds that were regiments, find ditches that were trenches, occupy villages that were military bases; and these will again be regiments, trenches, and military bases as soon as the regulars are gone.

Regulars and partisans have met in space but not in time, and only the partisans know

it. I realized the importance of this fourth dimension the day when in Italy I witnessed the arrival in a mountain village of a big Fascist force. They jumped down from their trucks and the officer asked the baker, the priest, some washerwomen, and two school children. "Where are the rebels?" I had no time to hear the answers but I can imagine how vague and contradictory they must have been. I don't even doubt that at first those who were questioned must have had an expression of genuine surprise. The question must have sounded incredibly silly to them, as it sounded to me after those few months of partisan warfare. Why, the baker, the priest, the washerwomen, and the two school-children *were* the rebels! They knew very well where the others were. Some were playing *bocce* at the *osteria*, some were with their families, some with their girls; a few were in one of the mountain stone houses which at other times were our headquarters.

Those in the village were warned in time; they packed some salami sandwiches and went into the woods. One was alone in a house near by and slept so soundly that he knew of the Fascist "occupation" only at night, when it was already over. I wonder what that Fascist officer wrote on his report—that he had "captured" the village probably.

AFTER the partisan has lived for a while in this second stage he becomes restless. This is his moral crisis. He gets tired of living in small units, always on the alert, almost always on the move, armed only with light equipment, dressed mostly in civilian clothes, compelled often to revert to the semiclandestine, part-time activity of the first stage. He wonders how long he will be hiding, escaping, retreating. Now that his unit is bigger and stronger he yearns for military status and respectability. This must be because he cannot face being labeled a "bandit" by the regular soldier. He wants to show even sooner than possible to the regular soldier that he is "regular" too.

I remember that one of my comrades, an intellectual, went all the way to Como (sixteen miles and two roadblocks for the round trip) in order to get a copy of the Geneva Convention on the prisoners of war. And that the day when two poor ignorant Fascists had fallen into our hands he had the time of

his life lecturing them on the provisions of the convention.

At this point the partisan commander has a hard time. If he doesn't let his men, especially the youngest, wear warlike attire, if he doesn't accept the many eager young men who come to join the unit, if he wants to keep his formation small, mobile, and inconspicuous, his men will grumble and their morale will sink.

It is worth noting here that discipline is always a sore point with partisan formations. The commander cannot sentence men to death for minor offenses, cannot drag along prisoners, must be extremely cautious in inflicting humiliating punishment lest the offender become an enemy; and one enemy is enough to lead a force of regular soldiers to the partisan camp. If, conversely, the commander gives way to his men's desires, they will load themselves with arms, wardrobe, and equipment, they will settle in the most comfortable of the camps, they will bring in every day some new object—a portable gramophone, perhaps, or a typewriter—"for the commander's office." What's worse they will develop an overconfident "Maginot line" psychology simply because they are many, fierce-looking, and well entrenched up in the mountains or deep in the bush.

III

THE partisans are most likely to fail as they make this passage from the second to the third stage of guerrilla warfare—the stage of the big military-like formations that dress like soldiers, engage the regular outposts, and try to overcome them and thus control large areas.

The two units I fought with, and every other whose defeat I heard of, were lost in this way. However, if the formation survives its growing pains and enters the third stage, it has a good chance to eliminate the military units which have been stationed against it. In the third stage, the task of the big and strong partisan formation is to make roads so insecure for the enemy that the latter will lose the advantage in communications he had at the beginning; and afterward to liquidate, one by one, the isolated strongholds. This latter task is much easier than one would expect from a purely military point of view,

because at this point the demoralized soldiers surrounded by a hostile population will feel like a blind man fighting against an undeterminable number of enemies. The soldiers know little or nothing about the strength, position, and movements of the partisans, while the partisans, with the help of the civilians, seem to know everything about the soldiers. Soon the soldier will begin to see things at night, to waste rounds and rounds of ammunition against a wandering goat, to tell his officers exaggerated stories about minor skirmishes. More often than it is generally realized the commander of an isolated military outpost makes a deal with the partisan commander through some civilian, and by means of some well staged action he "proves" to his superiors that the position is untenable and therefore he must be transferred to a more comfortable one.

With the withdrawal of the advanced military outposts and the consequent abandonment of large areas of territory to the partisan forces the "little war" ends. The bulletin of the government troops will go on for a while telling of guerrillas and guerrilla warfare, but it will be guerrilla warfare only in the wishful thinking of the regulars. More realistically, the rebels will know they are now engaged in an all-out civil war, in which two armies and two governments clash at a slightly confused battle line—quite a different thing from guerrilla warfare. Guerrilla activity will continue on a fifth-column basis behind the line, or lines, since by this time it is quite possible that the rebels, if they are Communists, are already "purging" the "reactionary elements"—which is the new official definition of those good old commoners, the peasants.

Anyway, up to the moment when by skillful use of purely guerrilla tactics the "little war" becomes a war and the partisan promotes himself to soldier, the guerrilla is confined to an "unfair" kind of warfare. He never bothers to look a soldier in the eye, he always tries to strike at his back. At his best—when he is fighting for a really worthy cause—he has a different set of moral values from the traditional military ones like Tolstoi's Platon Karatayev. At his worst he only *thinks* he is fighting for a worthy cause, yet the same rea-

sons justify him in his own eyes. For a partisan may be completely wrong on what he is fighting *for* but is not likely to be nearly so wrong on what he is fighting *against*, because it takes a lot of need, of desperation, of indignation to persuade a man to risk his life and property.

Any one who has ever tried to enlist people in a guerrilla war can tell how incredibly peaceful are the bakers, the priests, the washerwoman, the school children, and above all the peasants whom the partisan organizer needs as rebels or to give aid to rebels. If they are ignorant, his task will be easier, but even in this case somebody is to blame for that ignorance. And in any case, though it may be an unpleasant truth to swallow, guerrilla activity is a symptom of inefficiency, or brutality, or both, on the part of the ruler.

Let us go back to our comparison with the human body. The nation must be really weak for the guerrilla virus to thrive in it and to overcome the natural defenses. It may well be that some new wonder drug can and will work miracles; but the most reliable defense against guerrillas still consists first in doing everything to prevent the infection, and second in adopting the long and costly cure based on good food, fresh air, and rest for the human body; on prosperity, a liberal flow of ideas, and a reasonable security for the community.



An educated Kikuyu houseboy, a Christian who believed the African proverb, that "violence achieves nothing," had to face the Mau Mau. This is what happened to him.

Mathew and the Mau Mau

Sandy Sanderson

AT 12:30 P.M. Colonel A. J. Walsh (ret.), an inspector for East African Railways and Harbors, left his office in downtown Nairobi, Kenya. He got into his small British Ford and drove out to the European residential suburb of Kilimani where he lived to eat lunch alone, as was his custom. When he arrived, the gate before his one-story white stucco bungalow was closed. He honked the horn, but his Kikuyu houseboy, Mathew, did not come. It was not until Walsh had climbed over the white board gate, interlaced with barbed wire, that he saw the silhouette in the backyard.

Mathew Ngugi, son of Njeroge, was hanging from the limb of a tree. Under his feet was an overturned nail keg. Pinned to his shirt was a note. He was dead.

Colonel Walsh cut his houseboy down and called the police. In due course they came, but they were not particularly interested. It seemed a clear case of suicide. No Europeans had been threatened, no property destroyed, and no direct indication of Mau Mau activity could be discovered. The daily Kenya public information bulletin issued to the press at 6:00 P.M. probably would not even have mentioned the case if it had not been a light day: only three cases of stock maiming, two Kikuyus shot dead when they refused the command of a police patrol to halt, three ambushes of European cars (shots exchanged, no casualties), three robberies, the loss of one pistol, and four native huts burned down the previous night by suspected Mau Mau

arsonists. As it was, the information bulletin devoted two paragraphs to Mathew: one a summary of the facts, the other a translation of the note pinned to his shirt. It was addressed to his parents, and read:

"It is not your fault, my parents, but only the words of the Kikuyu and their despicable behavior which caused me to take this tragic step against myself."

II

THE WORLD little knew or cared about Mathew. His death was a ripple in the current of terror which flows through Kenya, eddying unseen into the rest of Africa. Violent death from other hands, never far from the African, now lives with the white man too, and suicide in such a climate—if it is given any thought at all—is dismissed as weakness but hardly a crime.

And yet, if only because Africans rarely commit suicide, Mathew's "tragic step" deserves notice. The mere facts of his existence may be revealing; what little we can know of his emotional life may be even more valuable, to help to explain not only Mathew but other Africans. For the darkest and most unexplored part of the continent for a white "European" is the mind of Africa's native peoples.

This, therefore, is about Mathew—a tall, gangling, twenty-year-old with not especially Negroid features, an embarrassed smile, even teeth, a fuzz of hair, big hands, and larger feet

—and how when his sensitivity to beauty, desire to improve himself, loyalty to parents, God, and employer, and considerable pride in being a Kikuyu were all outraged he put a rope around his neck.

It seems fairly clear that Mathew's suicide was more than his farewell note indicates: a general protest against the brutal actions of his tribe. Almost certainly Mathew had a *personal* Mau Mau problem. No black man apparently could or would (through fear) help him to solve it. And the gulf between black and white—the true tragedy of Africa—was so broad that Mathew could never approach and confess himself to a European, even to his own *bwana*.

Colonel Walsh was a good master, as *bwanas* go in Africa. A big, bluff, friendly man, he looks younger than his thirty years in the Royal Artillery Corps in two world wars, Burma and Indian frontier campaigns, would indicate. As a bachelor he demanded little from a houseboy; as a Briton (or rather, an Anglicized Irishman) he also made no great fuss over Mathew's rudimentary cooking. Mathew had been Walsh's "boy" since the Colonel had arrived in Africa three years before, and they "suited each other just fine."

Colonel Walsh, not an unkindly man, knew as much about his boy as most Europeans ever come to know. That is, he knew the name of Mathew's parents, he knew that Mathew had been raised in the native reserve near Nyeri (now one of the most active centers of terrorism), that he had gone to school at the Church of Scotland mission at Tumu-Tumu, that he was sensitive, could sing, and still liked church, and that he was building a house near Kerichwa Road outside Nairobi where he hoped to live with his sister and her husband when he himself married.

That is a good deal to know about your houseboy.

About Mathew's successor, a sullen fellow named Machalia secured from the Nairobi labor pool, Walsh knows nothing except his name, and hardly that. One morning recently Walsh found a cat's head, sometimes a Mau Mau warning sign, on his porch railing. He has not mentioned the fact to the police because he doesn't want to "stir up a lot of bother" and have patrols and armored cars in the neighborhood. Nevertheless, he takes the precaution of locking Machalia out of the

house at night, and he has finally acceded to friends' insistence that he get a pistol.

Walsh was one of the few European men (or women) in Kenya who kept no revolver, rifle, or Sten gun in his home, loaded and within easy reach after dark. Now, like many others, he carries his weapon to work each day because of the £100 fine and jail term if he permits it to be stolen.

Machalia receives the standard houseboy's wage for Nairobi: housing, food, and 60 shillings (\$8.40) a month. Mathew used to get 75 shillings, often a bonus of 20 more, plus all the food he wanted to take out to his family, and other extras. Walsh wonders a little sadly, for example, what to do with the pile of lumber beside the garage which he bought for Mathew's house. Machalia does not seem especially interested in building houses.

THERE were several ways to piece together Mathew's struggle with the Mau Mau. He spoke fair English, so that Walsh's impressions, of course, are useful. The Colonel thinks now that the Mau Mau insisted that Mathew rob or kill him and that Mathew found himself unable to. This seems likely.

Mathew was friendly although not intimate with several neighboring houseboys, and it was possible to talk to them in Swahili away from their *bwanas*. Mathew's parents, his pastor, his old schoolteacher offered some help, but none of it would have been enough if some six months ago Walsh had not bought Mathew a diary as a birthday present. Mathew kept it—a discreet and for the most part dull diary, filled with records of household purchases and notes on things that Walsh wanted him to do. Mathew had an idea that the *bwana* someday might ask to see the diary, and so there are only hints of what Mathew really thought.

Just ten days before his death, for example, Mathew wrote a single line for the day: the Kikuyu proverb *hinya nduri indo*—"violence achieves nothing." What he meant by it seems pretty clear, but what specific event or events provoked him to write it down we can only guess. Mathew is interesting because almost alone among Kikuyus he left us *some* indication of what he thought and felt in the present crisis. Diary-keeping, after all, is not a Kikuyu custom.

Mathew's diary begins with a visit to his

home in the native reserve. As a further birthday present Walsh had given him a fortnight's leave and a chit to the district commissioner asking that he be granted permission to travel to Nyeri. The governor had only just proclaimed a state of emergency in the colony and protectorate, and travel by Africans was (and, to a large extent, still is) forbidden.

It was probably here that Mathew had his first real Mau Mau shock. He was present when an angry mob of five hundred Kikuyus hacked to death Chief Nderi Wangombe, who had declared himself strongly against the movement. Mathew in his diary does not say specifically that he was present but there is this passage, written in Kikuyu after his return to Nairobi:

My uncle returned unexpectedly one afternoon with the cattle, wearing no clothes. He was very angry and said that Mwaganu [apparently his son] and two others had met him by the Gura River to tell him that he must go to a meeting. He said he did not want to go to a meeting because he must watch the cows. Mwaganu said that he would watch the cows. Other people came to tell my uncle he must go to a meeting. My uncle said he knew of the meeting and would not go. He took off his hat and cut it to pieces with his panga [a machete-like knife] to express his feeling. More people came to speak to my uncle and he took off his blanket and cut it to pieces to express his feeling more. Then the young men kept away from my uncle because of his panga and my uncle brought the cattle home and gave them up to Moses Mumbu to watch and went to speak to Chief Wangombe. Mwaganu said that because I had a white *bwana* I should come to the meeting. Because I was curious I went to the meeting *but I should not have.* [Italics underlined in the diary.]

The Kenya public information bulletin the next morning outlined what happened at that gathering:

About 3:30 P.M. four people came to Chief Wangombe asking him to reverse his previous opposition to the Mau Mau by attending a mass meeting and taking the oath. The Chief contacted a European Agricultural Officer, who left his camp nearby and went for help.

The Chief set out for the meeting with

his personal guard, a Kenya police constable, a tribal policeman, and a headman, all armed with rifles. The Chief had a pistol.

The guards at the meeting were armed with spears and pangas. The crowd of 500 Kikuyus shouted him down as soon as Chief Wangombe began to address them. In the face of hostile actions the Chief's guard fired over the heads of the people and then fled. Chief Wangombe was caught after a short chase and slashed to death.

The constable, a young Turkana named Jonathan, a recent graduate of the police training school, raced into the Gura River where about 30 tribesmen splashed about him and killed him. The European Agricultural Officer arrived on the scene with 23 police in time to shoot a man who picked up the constable's rifle. They also fired on a crowd gathered around the Chief's body shouting victory cries and raising their weapons.

The tribal policeman has not been seen again. The headman was wounded but saved his life by promising to take the Mau Mau oath.

Chief Wangombe was 70 years old and had been a chief since 1915. He was awarded the Certificate of Honor in 1930, the King's Medal for Chiefs in 1938, the Coronation Medal, and in 1951 was made an honorary Senior Chief. He was a progressive farmer and was well liked in his district.

A full investigation is being pressed.

NO ONE had yet tried to force Mathew himself to join the Mau Mau, it appears, because he returned to Walsh and Nairobi with relief but not with fear. He had not had a very good time at home, he wrote in the diary, because everyone in the reserve was upset by "events" and the subsequent investigation, with its arrests and denunciations.

Despite the incident of Chief Wangombe, Mathew probably had not yet made up his mind about Mau Mau. Presumably he was repulsed by its violence and primitivism, but almost surely he was attracted by its promise of land and independence for the Kikuyu. (Mau Mau is limited entirely to the Kikuyu; no other tribes in Kenya or elsewhere have taken part.)

Without talking to Walsh, Mathew apparently began to do a little research. It is not

clear what persons he talked to or what books he read, but about a month after his visit home he rather surprisingly delivered an oration to a neighboring houseboy who had casually mentioned "the land stolen from us." It was surprising to the houseboy because Mathew had never before made any noteworthy political declarations and (as Walsh agrees) he was usually diffident in the extreme about expressing himself on any subject.

As his neighbor somewhat resentfully recalled Mathew's remarks (he thought them very pro-European, but actually Mathew seems to have stated the case fairly), he had said that the "White Highlands"—about 7 per cent of Kenya's area—never belonged entirely to the Kikuyu, as the Mau Mau claim. A large share was grazing land taken by treaty with the Masai. The white men did not know, Mathew said, that Kikuyu families had purchased land from the neighboring Wanderingo, beginning in the sixteenth century, because hardly any Kikuyu were living in the "Highlands" in 1902-07, when the bulk of the British settlers arrived. Large portions of the land had returned to bush as a result of four successive epidemics—smallpox, rinderpest (cattle), drought, and locusts—which wiped out many families and forced others to move back to ancestral homes.

The houseboy did recall, at length, that Mathew had said that the Europeans nevertheless must be forced to pay for the land they had taken and to give the Kikuyus other lands with water. However, in 1932 a Royal commission sent out from London had tried to do just this. Mathew was angry with the Kikuyu Central Association (president: Jomo Kenyatta) because it had advised the Kikuyu to make such extravagant claims that little was achieved.

Mathew, suddenly vocal, had other things to say to various people at this time about other Mau Mau causes and effects: the breakdown in tribal control of morals, the failure of the Christian churches to replace it, the ever-rising population, the low wages paid Africans in cities which force them to keep families in the native reserves, the cruel repression of Mau Mau which had already caused more deaths in the name of the law than those by terrorism, the concentration camps, the forced retreats to already-jammed native locations, the collusion of chiefs and

witch doctors to extort money from the Kikuyus for compulsory mass "cleansing ceremonies" even in non-Mau Mau areas.

But then something happened which took Mau Mau out of the realm of intellectual debate for Mathew:

Squatters discovered the murder of Mr. Eric Bowyer, a 50-year-old European and two young Kikuyu kitchen boys at 7:30 A.M. on a farm near the forest and three miles from the post office on North Kinangop. They saw a light in the house. Receiving no reply to their calls, they entered and found—

(1) Mr. Eric Bowyer near the bath, stabbed in the stomach.

(2) Two Kikuyu youths done to death in the kitchen. Their throats were cut.

(3) The house completely ransacked.

Bowyer kept no firearms of his own, but it is understood that he had taken over those of Mr. Salmon about a week ago. The presence of these arms is believed to have been known to the staff. The panga, thought to have been used for the murder, has been found at the scene.

The murderers are believed to have descended from the forest onto Mr. Bowyer's farm, which they entered from the kitchen and thence through a passage to the lounge. Mr. Hylier, executive officer of the Naivashy Production Committee and a great personal friend of Mr. Bowyer, states that Mr. Bowyer was a most inoffensive man unlikely to have any enemies. He lived "almost as a hermit."

Two men with bloodstains on their coats and trousers and who have not yet accounted satisfactorily for their movements have been detained. There are some very good finger prints, indeed, which the CID are busy checking. A number of photographs have been taken. Police dogs are out under Chief Inspector Warner, who is following a trail in a northerly direction which leads into wooded areas. He has not yet returned to submit his report.

THIS led off the morning news, broadcast by Radio Nairobi in English, Swahili, and Kikuyu. The government had advised all Europeans to compel their servants to listen to news broadcasts, on the theory that it would encourage them to resist Mau Mau activists. Walsh did no compelling but he bought a small radio for Mathew to keep in

his room. It is doubtful whether the young Kikuyu was much encouraged by this broadcast.

"A terrible event has just occurred," he wrote in the diary. "I have just heard on the radio that the Mau Mau have killed Mr. Bowyer. The Kikuyus are worse than savages, they are animals. I am ashamed of my birth."

This was one of the few personal outbursts in the diary and the only use of the words Mau Mau. It was the last entry for eight days. Later, Walsh had no idea why the killing of another European settler had aroused Mathew. The earlier slaying of a woman doctor, her husband, and baby, whose throats were slit in their sleep, passed without mention in the diary.

Apparently Mathew had known Bowyer. His parents, visited in the native reserve, finally admitted this was so: he had been one of Bowyer's boys for six months before coming to Nairobi. He was sixteen then and it was his first job. He had never told anyone why he left Bowyer; possibly he was merely attracted to the big city. Bowyer, at any rate, seems to have treated his boys as kindly as Walsh did. It was also probable that Mathew had worked intimately with one of the houseboys who were murdered with Bowyer. At any rate he could well imagine himself in their place.

From this period on, the last month before his death, Mathew was a changed man. Walsh several times noticed his nervousness, asked what was wrong, but received evasive answers. On one occasion Walsh had a notion to inquire point-blank if the Mau Mau were "after" him, but he did not do so.

It probably would have done little good: Mathew confided in no one. And it may have been too late. After his death a small scar was found on his upper left arm, a scar which could have been made by seven tiny horizontal cuts of a Mau Mau razor blade. If so, Mau Mau happened to Mathew twenty-three days before his death.

III

HE WAS not in the habit of going out much at night; like Walsh he was a teetotaler, and this somewhat removed him from many other young Kikuyus who boast of drinking huge quantities of banana

beer. One night, however, Mathew recorded later, a group came to take him to a "party."

"I had no choice but to go. It was as I expected, a bad party," he concluded warily in the diary.

Walsh recalls that his houseboy was sick for two days, he thinks just about this time. Mathew could have been bullied into a beer-drinking contest; more likely his illness was an emotional reaction to Mau Mau initiation. This is conjecture, of course, but it explains his conduct after this date. Based on reports of other Mau Mau ceremonies, here is what would have happened to Mathew:

He was led in the dark, possibly but not necessarily blindfolded, to a native hut with clay walls and thatched straw roof in a fairly isolated spot. Many other people were in the hut, both sexes and all ages. Some were sullen, some exultant.

They crowded about a large circle formed by strips of cowhide. Inside the circle was a small altar and in front of it an arch about four feet high made of banana leaves and covered with branches of the kai (a kind of crab) apple. On top of the arch there were thorns with the eyes of a ram impaled upon them. A dog tail or two may have been attached somewhere to the arch.

The Mau Mau priest (dressed in no special way) stood behind the altar. He may have greeted Mathew with the words: "You have come to join us. Welcome." He then wrote Mathew's name in a large book.

If Mathew ventured to murmur, "No, I do not want to join," as indeed he might have, two husky guards stepped forward and beat him until he screamed, "I will take the oath!" It is not likely he would have escaped alive if he had continued to refuse.

The ram, its eyes already plucked out, was then led in, placed on the altar and killed with a panga. A crude trough on the altar caught the blood.

Mathew was led back and forth through the arch seven times. He was then brought to the trough and the priest touched him on the forehead with the blood seven times. Mathew was then required to take seven mouthfuls of the blood. He may or may not have been forced to take seven bites of the ram's heart.

The Mau Mau priest then told him: "Sit down and repeat the oath after me." He was given a bundle of seven sharpened sticks and

told to jab one into the entrails of the ram after each clause of the oath. The on-lookers, meanwhile, began to chant "Mau Mau . . . Mau Mau . . ." in a slow monotone.

Mathew then swore (1) not to inform against fellow-members of Mau Mau to the government or Europeans; (2) if called at night by the Society, to get up at once and carry out any instructions; (3) not to sell land to Europeans; (4) not to inform against those seen stealing European property but to hide it if given to him, otherwise the oath would kill him; (5) not to attend mission schools or church services; (6) if employed by a European who possessed firearms, to steal them; (7) in company with four others to kill Europeans when called upon.

Mathew's arm then received the seven small cuts from the razor, along with another newcomer's, and he was called upon to "suck your neighbor's blood as a sign that you will be true to him and to us."

He was told to bring his sixty-shilling initiation fee (almost a month's pay) and a ram the next time he was summoned. Then the Mau Mau allowed him to stumble out of the hut and away into the darkness with the parting words: "Remember, your name is in the book. Others will see it. . . ."

THE effect can be imagined. With one exception, Mathew apparently did not leave the house after this time until just before his death. Neighboring houseboys, all of whom deny being present at any "party," say they had not seen him for at least three weeks before the fatal day. However, Mathew did break his Mau Mau oath the next Sunday by riding with Walsh to church as usual, although he apparently never made any effort to communicate with his (white) pastor.

The fact that he went to church may have got him in trouble with the Mau Mau. The only information known about the movement has been supplied by courageous Christian Kikuyus forced to take the oath. The Mau Mau may have been afraid of Mathew; or, as Walsh thinks, they may have wanted him to kill his *bwana*. The Mau Mau, exceedingly erratic in its leadership, kills without apparent reason. Walsh had no gun then which Mathew might have been required to steal.

It may be wondered why Mathew did not go to the police. The police in Kenya are

white, and by now they are both frightened and casual in the use of force against the "coons" or "Kukes." There are cases, some authenticated, where Kikuyus seized in police raids have been brutally kicked and beaten simply because they refused to say *bwana* in addressing a European. The number shot "trying to escape" is also suspiciously high.

It should be emphasized that this attitude is not universal among white Kenyans; many are sickened by it. Others defend it as a security measure on the theory that a "respectful" (if not dead) African will not attack his master. At any rate, even if the police had been willing to listen to a houseboy there is little they could have done but post a guard around Walsh's house, which in itself would have been fatal to Mathew.

Two days before his death Mathew asked Walsh at lunch if he could ride into Nairobi. Walsh agreed to pick him up again at 5:00 P.M. on Kerichwa Road, near the area where Mathew was building his house. The Colonel left his office early that day and arrived at the place at 4:50 P.M. He waited until 5:15 P.M. and then drove slowly home, somewhat disturbed. Mathew would never, under any ordinary conditions, have kept him waiting. About 5:45 P.M. the Colonel's houseboy arrived home. He was very evasive about where he had been and did not seem especially apologetic about missing the rendezvous. Walsh was more than surprised and just a little annoyed.

Where had Mathew been to cause this unusual conduct? There is no way of telling, except that a "cleansing ceremony" was conducted by a renowned witch doctor that afternoon at the edge of Nairobi, not too far from Kerichwa Road. It ended about 5:00 P.M. and it would have taken Mathew just about forty-five minutes to walk home.

Could an educated (eight years), devoutly Christian, intelligent Kikuyu have taken part in a primitive ceremony which only a few days previously he had scoffed at as legal extortion? The African mind is full of unexpected turnings, and Mathew was in a highly emotional state. He might have gone at least to seek consolation among others similarly afflicted.

Perhaps he was even seen there by the Mau Mau and given a final chance to "prove himself." Or they might have told him, now that

he was "cleansed," to report for a new Mau Mau oath-taking. This has happened to other Kikuyus.

ALL the final entries in the diary concern household matters except the very last, the day before Mathew's death. The entry is brief and cryptic: "Fred Kaggia is dead, too. We shall all die, in one way or another."

I could find no one who knew Fred Kaggia. Possibly he was a school friend of Mathew's. News travels fast in Africa; possibly Mathew knew more than the information bulletin for that day told. Possibly Fred Kaggia was the man "found between the railway lines about a quarter of a mile on the Nakuru side of Lanet station. The body was badly mutilated and the head was missing. . . ." Or just as possibly Fred Kaggia was one of the unidentified men shot while escaping from "underground Mau Mau hideouts . . . in the Aguthi location of the Nyeri District."

Like every other member of his tribe, Mathew must have known Mau Mau activists. It is almost equally as sickening to watch respected friends or relatives die in what you know to be a wrong and futile cause as it is to see the innocent made victim. Until friends and relatives are all dead you may also be prevented from taking effective action against this cause, which could be just one more

reason why, in his final extremity, Mathew did not go to his *bwana* for help.

Even if he himself could have been protected from the Mau Mau, he might have wondered if there was a future for the Kikuyu other than terror on one side and injustice on the other. Even if Mau Mau were crushed at last, what hope from the white man, so frightened and angry at what the Kikuyu had done and might do again? What hope for more land, better wages, longer schooling, wiser and more patient missionaries, less discrimination? What hope for the dignity of a black man?

True enough, there are sincerely dedicated Europeans who realize that white must live with black as a partner in Africa, and that the future must be planned without passion—and even in love—no matter what has already happened.

But it is not especially surprising that Colonel A. J. Walsh's houseboy, like most other Kikuyu, foresaw little chance that these generous, Christian sentiments would prevail. Perhaps, in his heart, he even doubted whether the Kikuyu were worthy of this kind of future. Possibly this is the final reason why Mathew Ngugi, son of Njeroge, wrote that we must all die, in one manner or another, and the next morning hanged himself from his master's favorite fig tree.

Sonnet

ROBERT BERKOWITZ

How sweetly do the unaccustomed wake,
 Debate who'll make the bed or who will pour
 The coffee: Amicable as that cake
 And coffee and conscious as before.
 Yet knowing the accomplished love and sleep,
 How fair to wake into dramatic day,
 Remark the evening snow is drifted deep
 The bundled children boisterous in play.
 What unaccustomed grace! The new delight
 Remains its own excuse and teases on
 To deeper explorations than the night
 Which only brought us, after all, to dawn.
 As if love grew to friendship. Now you stand
 And taking up the silver touch my hand.

My Kitchen

Hates Me

Sylvia Wright

Drawings by Donald Higgins



EVER since I had to lie flat on my stomach on the kitchen floor to see if the broiler was lighted in our new stove, I've brooded about the modern kitchen. I don't say it isn't a dream kitchen with space-saving features to give the busy housewife (me) extra leisure time. I don't say it isn't 100 per cent more efficient than the old kitchen. The trouble is, I'm used to inefficiency. I don't recognize efficiency until it rises up and smites me.

This is just what it keeps doing.

The oven of the new stove is somewhere around your knees. You light it by sticking a match through a little hole in the bottom of the oven. It's draughty down there, and the first time it didn't light, which explains why I was flat on the floor peering into the broiler. When I saw it wasn't lighted, I tried again. Well, of course, gas had collected and it smote me.

The old stove was black. It had a distinctly dated look like dresses from the nineteen-twenties. In fact, it looked rather like a nineteen-twenties girl, for it was perched on long slim slightly bow-legged legs. The oven was to the left of the burners, and the bottom of

it was on the *same level*. You could look a popover in the eye without snapping a garter or slipping a disk.

Before that I dimly remember another stove, also black. The whole of that stove was warm the whole time—it had a real wood fire in it, which made the kitchen quite cozy. You could put something in a pan, stick it on the stove, and warm it up just a little and it never stuck to the bottom of the pan. You always had boiling water ready because of the tea kettle at the back. And you could dump the garbage in and let it burn up.

Of course, things are much more convenient now. You just push the garbage down the drain (except large bones) and then you put on the cover and then you turn on the water and then you wait. Just don't relax, though. Once a cherry stone got caught in the part that grinds and our neighbor said it was like Bastogne. He's had a sort of nervous tic since.

WELL, these are nervous times and one must face up to them. Like the infra-red broiler. The first time I turned it on I thought it was a kind of death

ray, such as Killer Kane in Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century used to use. Then I wondered about the symptoms of radiation poisoning. But I've gotten used to it.

I do have a scaly place on the back of my hand—

I think having a nice white easy-to-keep-clean porcelain sink is something every modern woman should thank her stars she is not her grandmother about (my grandmother paid three dollars a week for someone to wash the dishes and do a few other things, but anyway). I don't regret the old soapstone sink, not one bit. It was rather handy to be able to sharpen the paring knife on the edge of it. You could use it as a scrubbing board when you washed the dish towels. Of course we had to keep it scrubbed up with sapolio. But it never *looked* clean the way the porcelain ones do.

And dishwashers. They are another of the fabulous things in modern kitchens. I loved the dishwasher. I was so fascinated the first time we used it that after it got started I leaned over it to listen to its churning. It didn't occur to me it would open up and bop me in the nose. Or pant warm damp air all over me.

Sometimes I get the feeling these gadgets hate me. The dishwasher leaves little spots all over the silver just to spite me. No, no, no, I don't mean I want to go back to the old soapstone sink. Though you could hear yourself think in the kitchen in those days.

I was *glad* to see the last of the kitchen table. Who wants a kitchen table when they can have a working surface? A working surface is much better to work at—standing up. It's hard to sit at, of course. You can't get

your legs under a working surface. But why should I make myself old before my time?

Anyway there isn't anything to sit on.

I'm being unfair—there is something. It's a sort of chair, but it's not very comfortable because your feet dangle and the back just barely supports your coccyx. And it's a little too high for the working surface. Then I saw it was really a step ladder waiting to be opened up. I had a little trouble—it took a hard yank and if you're not quite sure just where a thing is *going* to open up—well, I was supposed to get a new prescription for glasses anyway. I don't suppose anybody but some fussy type like me minds sitting down in a nice clean dress where your feet have just been.

It's so clean in a modern kitchen that the people who designed the chair-ladder must have difficulty imagining anything getting dirty, even the bottom of your shoes. At some point, modern kitchens evidently got too clean. They used to be mostly white porcelain, but now they're pink or green, or even wood color so they will have all the warmth of the old-fashioned kitchen. We used to have an old-fashioned kitchen which was entirely wood color. It was, in fact, entirely wood.

I'm not so old-fashioned that I believe in dirty old wood all over a kitchen, but it did have one advantage: you could put up a hook. There's no place for this in a modern kitchen. I know because I went around with a hammer and nail, tapping the kitchen's chest, and all I did was to chip off paint and then reach bed rock—some kind of metal. It was frustrating.



I suppose one doesn't really need hooks in a modern kitchen. But what about pot holders? In our old kitchen we kept them on a hook next to the stove. There isn't any such hook in the modern kitchen. There aren't any pot holders either. I used to think that just before the magazine photographer took the picture his assistant ran frantically around removing all the pot holders. I couldn't imagine why—some tribal ritual of homemaking magazines, perhaps. (This is the same assistant who rushes around putting baskets—bowls are out-of-date—of fruit on things. And sometimes in his mad career he tosses a bunch of parsley or radishes onto a working surface so you'll know what goes on in this room.)

Suddenly it came to me. The modern housewife doesn't use pot holders. She wears one of those aprons with a quilted mitten, which is a pot holder, attached by a long tape to the belt. There's a pocket to keep it in when not in use. It's quite an invention if you have a hookless kitchen. Now I think of it, it opens up all sorts of possibilities of hanging things on the housewife when there isn't any place for them in the modern kitchen.

The dish towels were another problem. They, I discovered, hang on the handles of the cupboard doors, where (it says) they're handy. They used to be handy hanging on a wooden rack next to the sink, too.

MODERN kitchens are really wonderful about places to put things, though I don't seem to find any place to keep paper bags. Modern kitchens are solid cupboard—I mean storage unit. This gives them



a slightly bleak closed-up look, which is why you have to have the fruit. Oh, yes, and the other thing you can have is an eggplant.

But that's the only food you see—everything else is shut away in a storage unit. Our grandparents, who didn't know about step saving, had a cruder attitude. They left things in full view—imagine! Why in my grandmother's house there was a screened cupboard, which you could see right into. Isn't that *quaint*? In my grandmother's house if you wanted a can of tomato soup you had to walk clear into the pantry and take it off a shelf.

Now things are simpler. You open the chair ladder and climb on it and open the storage unit and get out the can and get down from the ladder. And there you are—all you need to do is shut the ladder up again and put it away.

Well, any fool ought to be able to remember to shut a storage unit. Or any fool will get concussion of the brain.

You've seen those pictures they take with



white lines zooming around showing how many steps the homemaker saves in a modern kitchen. I'm wondering how they figure out the up and down. If they do.

But there's no denying that modern kitchens are space-saving. Some of them have a thing called a peninsula which swoops into the middle of the kitchen. It has both counter-space on top and storage units underneath.

For some reason this reminds me of the slide in my grandmother's house. The slide was a little door about a yard wide. It was at counter-space level and when it was open there was a continuous shelf from the pantry off the kitchen into the china closet which was off the dining room. There wasn't any door between them. The theory was that the cook put the dishes through the slide, and the waitress got them on the other side and put them on the table. When there wasn't any cook or waitress any more, things became rather a scramble. I would put a dish through the slide from the kitchen side, and then race back through the kitchen, through the back hall, into the front hall, into the dining room, into the china closet, get the—well, it had been—hot dish, and take it back into the dining room.

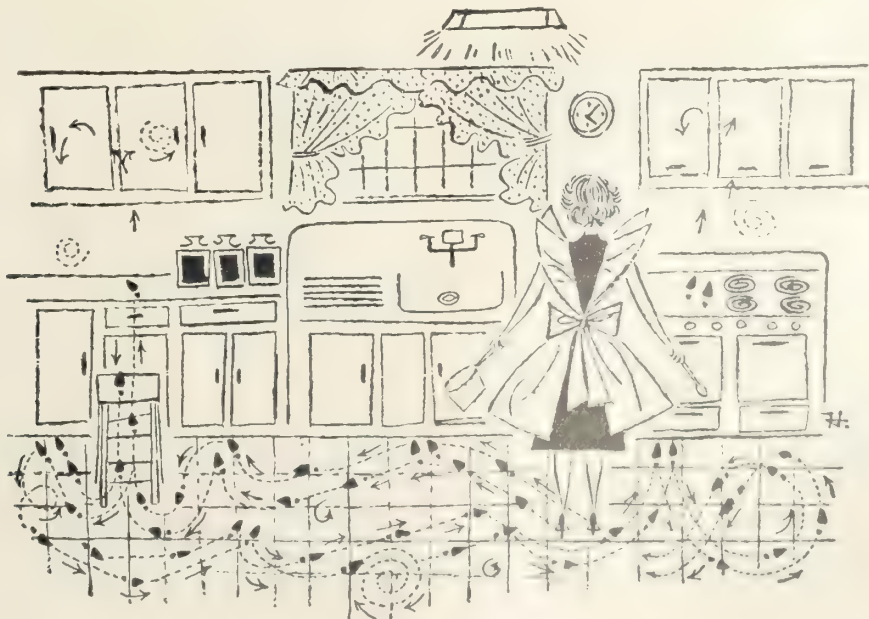
Modern conveniences obviate such unnecessary steps. The peninsula is a vast improvement. If you haven't someone on the other side to push things to, you just walk around it. You walk back. . . .

In my grandmother's house we just gave

up and ate in the kitchen. This is just what you do in modern kitchens, usually at a snack bar. Some snack bars are simply a new kind of working surface which you *can* get your legs under. You do have to get adjusted to this notion of never looking the rest of the family in the face—something about germs, doubtless. At a snack bar, the family lines up like birds on a telegraph wire, facing a wall (with ample electric outlets) and with their backs to the homemaker, whose life all these new devices enrich. I haven't figured out what she does if the snack bar is the only working surface. Makes sandwiches in the sink, I guess.

I feel sure that in the kitchen of the future they'll iron out the bugs I've mentioned. In fact, they'll probably have a special bug-ironing machine. Sometimes I think it's that or me, but those are my low moments. They haven't yet perfected a modern kitchen which is efficient enough so you can leave it alone and eat in the dining room, though they get around this by calling a corner of the kitchen a dining area. But there's hope. I've noticed that some of the most modern kitchens have a little door at counter-space level between the kitchen and the dining room. You just push the dishes through. They've also invented a whole table you can push into the dining room after you have set it in the kitchen. Pretty soon maybe you'll be able to push the stove through and just cook your meals in the dining room.

Think of the steps that would save.





After Hours

Tennis Everybody?

WHEN Charles Dickens arrived in Boston on a winter morning in 1842 he was impressed by the fact that the shopkeepers called themselves "merchants" and not "tradesmen." He expressed neither approval nor disapproval of the attitude this defined, yet he had put his finger on an essential quality of the "American experiment." But the merchant at his professional best is, it seems to me, becoming increasingly rare, especially in large cities. In department stores the merchant is as remote from his customers as the chairman of the board of an oil company is from the gas pump and in most small specialty shops he is either indifferent, which is annoying, or obsequious, which is worse, or overzealous, which makes you wish you were somewhere else.

This, of course, is not always true, but it is true enough so that when one encounters a shop where the service is easy, interested, and intelligent one marks that shop as something quite special. I have found it in a tennis store that I have patronized for a good many years, and I spent an hour one morning recently talking to the two men who run it to see if I could satisfy myself why Stephen J. Feron, Inc., the shop in question, should so often come to my mind as an example of what one would like all shops to be.

Steve and Jim Feron, who I should guess are in their forties, are the sons of S. J. Feron, who was, before the first world war, the squash professional at the Harvard Club in New York. When the war came along and the young clubmen went away, he set himself up in a small shop on the second floor

of a brownstone house on Madison Avenue. The place was only big enough to accommodate the proprietor and two customers at a time, and it specialized in rackets, flannel trousers, and restringing. The shop was a success from the start and very soon moved into larger quarters, next door to its present location at 53 East 44th Street. "Dad added golf equipment," Jim told me, "but he didn't really know about golf and he lacked experience in retail selling, so he gave it up."

With the exception of a few golf accessories (but no clubs) and miscellaneous items such as water fins, S. J. Feron's has been a shop for devotees of racket games ever since—tennis, squash, badminton, paddle tennis, and all the equipment used for any of them. It has made its reputation largely on the quality of its rackets, on the manner in which its rackets are strung, but most of all on the kind of service that it gives its customers without any apparent effort and certainly without any lugs.

Once you have bought a racket at Feron's, for example, you can phone them or write them and say you want another and you will get an exact duplicate—in weight, balance, gut, and size of grip. Feron's keeps a card for each customer on which all this information is recorded. "Customers are sometimes pretty fussy," Jim told me. "There's one man who insists that we put eight layers of tape at the top of his racket . . . not six, not nine, exactly eight. He thinks it does something to the balance." He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyway that's the way he wants it, so that's the way he gets it."

Steve, a husky redhead and, according to his brother, "a natural athlete," was stringing

a racket as I talked to him. He figures that he strings about two thousand a year and has been stringing them for thirty years. "Before the war we used to string rackets for all the good players—Tilden and Perry and Vinnie Richards and George Lott. They were a headache. It was good prestige, but we were glad to get rid of them. Tilden was very prima donna. He'd bring in six rackets and we'd string them and he'd say four of them weren't right. Now Perry, he was different. He was very nice; he was always pleased and thankful."

The best gut, he told me, is Omaha gut because the lambs that come from Omaha lead a more rugged life than most lambs and their guts are tougher as a result. The Feron brothers have little patience with gut made of artificial fibers. The trouble, it seems, is that artificial fibers do not absorb the shock of the ball as gut does, and so the shock is carried directly to the player's arm and accounts, they believe, for a good deal of what is called "tennis elbow."

THE Ferons think that lawn tennis, played on grass, is in its twilight. Also they think that clay courts are going to be replaced by composition courts. "Where do you get help these days to keep up a court?" they ask. "There's no upkeep on a composition court; they dry fast; the lines are painted on; and they can be played on from the time the snow is off the ground until winter comes around again." Composition courts, a patented mixture of I don't know what, cost about \$5,000 apiece to build.

Here are a few things to know about rackets. Older men who play a lot of doubles prefer rackets that are light in the head; this makes for easier volleying at the net. Beginners and weekend players are also better off with light rackets because it takes a strong wrist to control a heavy one. The size of a grip is determined not by the size of the whole hand but by the length of the fingers, since it is the fingers that really do the work. Tournament gut is fine for tournament tennis but ridiculous for the general run of even good players. The price of a racket depends on the quality of the ash of which it is made and not the number of plies. The shop sells rackets by all the "fine makers," but their own (made specially for the shop by N. J. Magnan of North Attleboro,

Massachusetts) are designed by the Ferons themselves and are eight-ply. They vary in price from \$8 to \$16.50 for the frames. Gut varies from \$8.50 to \$12.50. The old shapes wouldn't take the tension that people want today. The Ferons string all rackets by hand and do not use the machines that are often seen these days in pro shops. "Each piece of gut is different," Steve told me; "each has a certain amount of give and if you use the same amount of pressure on several different guts, one may be too tight and one may be too loose. We just do it by feel."

The Ferons are happy to give advice to any customer who wants it, but they do not offer it unless it is asked for. Tennis players are very likely to think they know it all, and when they do, the Ferons listen politely and try to fall in with their customers' eccentricities. "People make a lot of fuss," Steve told me, "about their rackets, but look at the *real* pros. They can play with any old thing that happens to be around. But"—he shrugged his shoulders—"if somebody doesn't think he can play with a racket that is a little differently balanced from the one he's used to, he probably can't."

If you go to Feron's to buy a racket as a present for somebody at, say, Christmas time, you pick out the frame that you want and the quality of gut. The racket is then put, unstrung, in a transparent Pliofilm bag with the gut in a coil set neatly in the center of the head. It makes a pretty package, and the recipient of your generosity can bring it back to the shop, pick out a racket with a grip, weight, and balance that suits him, and get it strung when the season is at hand. "It's been very popular," Jim says.

I said, "Well, thanks for your time."

And Jim said, "Not at all. Thanks for your interest."

And that is the attitude that makes the Ferons merchants in the Dickens or Boston sense, and not tradesmen.

New Twist

THE June morning sun shone sharp and clear, through the slot between two buildings, on the ramp and bridge where the movie was to be filmed. In the shadows of Tudor City we were chilly, since the East River wind beat around the

corner and blew through summer clothing. It was only nine o'clock, but some of the several dozen people around us had been on hand for an hour.

They were waiting for the equipment to be ready, and for the stars—a former ballet dancer from the Paris Opera named Nicole Maurey and a horse-faced Frenchman with a toothy smile named Fernandel—to arrive. The film, "Public Enemy Number One," a satire on the gangster idiom, was being made in French. All the indoor shooting had been done in Paris, but for realism's sake the producers were laying out an extra hundred thousand dollars for an eight-day visit to New York. There were now three backers, one for each of the languages—French, English, and Italian—in which the movie would ultimately appear.

At first the knot of activity on the bridge attracted little attention. The crew had a station wagon and a truck, parked at the head of the ramp down to 42d Street, from which they unloaded endless cables; and there were a few New York cops to protect us from the cursory attentions of passers-by. "Is it something for TV?" asked one housewife on her way past. By the time I got there the head of the New York publicity office who had invited me was impatient and discouraged. "You might as well face it," he was saying. "You can make all the plans you want to, but it's the technical people who decide how and when." He turned to a newspaper photographer: "I don't see any angle to this at all, except that it's the first French production to go on location in New York." And then to me: "You know, it's amazing how few people you run into who've ever *heard* of Fernandel." He was joined by two girls from his office, one of whom was to interpret, if need be, from French to English and back. She was wearing a cotton dress. "Lord, I'm cold," she said.

The scene to be done this morning would appear early in the film. It would show Fernandel, a near-sighted sporting-goods salesman, who had been fired from his job in a large department store, walking along the street with his girl—Mlle. Maurey—telling her of his aspirations to be a great athlete, preferably at baseball. More and more people were arriving, most of them crowding round the camera and jabbering in their respective languages. An American was trying to make it clear to the director, M. Verneuil, why one

did not start the action at "roll 'em" but waited for the sound man to say "speed"—since the sound takes longer to start. "You save all that footage, *compris*?"

"Okay," said the Frenchman.

The publicity man explained to me that the crew was multi-national because of union regulations, which permit nobody but New Yorkers to handle cameras in New York. There was a French cameraman along, understood to be a good one, but he was not allowed to touch the machine. There was, however, no prohibition on offering advice. From the start the two nationalities had been well scrambled and, as the morning wore on, they were under considerable pressure to communicate. I saw two American grips bump into one another and step apart, politely murmuring, "*Oui, oui*"; and one American technician—whose speech initially seemed to be pure Brooklyn—was soon addressing even his own compatriots in a kind of pidgin English: "Out . . . of . . . way . . . other side . . . shoot?"

Apparently it was M. Verneuil who had been responsible for choosing the location at Tudor City. The American producer had picked out a number of other spots, but the director had not liked them. "He seemed to have his own ideas," said one of the ladies, "of what is typically New York. He picked this place because you can see the Chrysler Building one way and the UN the other. He seemed to see a lot of things we'd never noticed. I guess that's what this picture really is—a French idea of America."

SOME French, and American, ideas of America were already becoming confused by the presence of two kinds of policemen—the genuine ones and some local actors dressed up as policemen. One of the latter, a gangling redhead, was accompanied by a number of female friends with whom he seemed to be on back-slapping terms, lending the Force a *joie-de-vivre* that was not out of place. The real cops were subdued by comparison, and not half so embarrassed by their imitators as by the painful duty of pushing back the crowd, which inevitably multiplied as soon as Mlle. Maurey and Fernandel showed up. Several Tudor City citizens, seeing what was up, nipped back into their apartments and returned with cameras. One distinguished-looking gentleman, with gray hair

and moustache, lowered his Leica barely long enough to ask, "Who's that? Fernandel?"

It was indeed, and in good spirits, wearing a brown suit and hat, yellow shirt, and red and white polka-dot bow tie, and proudly announcing to M. Verneuil that he was dressed precisely "*comme à Paris*." It seemed improbable that so mangled a bow could be tied the same way twice, but maybe so. M. Verneuil was now describing to Fernandel, nodding grimly in his make-up, the sequence of events "*dans ce truc-là*," as he and Mlle. Maurey were to come up the ramp and stand talking on the bridge—"*et après, vient un shoeshine, un cireur, et . . .*" while the camera shot the other way. The newspaper photographers were meanwhile firing away at Fernandel as he talked, and posing Mlle. Maurey on the tailgate of the station wagon for bilingual cheesecake shots—"Bon! Stay there, miss!" New York's Finest, uncertain who was part of the company and who wasn't, had resigned themselves to a policy of alternately letting everyone in and pushing everyone away. Obviously we were almost ready to begin.

As Fernandel and Mlle. Maurey, solicitously brushed over for one more time by her hovering make-up man, took their places on the ramp, I fell into conversation with M. Robert Beunke, Fernandel's personal representative, a portly Frenchman with a sporty hat and glasses as thick as the ones Fernandel was now wearing for his role. "We've retained him," said the publicity girl, "as a consultant on near-sightedness." M. Beunke asked me to translate and then replied: "She's clever, this young lady; she thought that up after I got here. But we get on well. French and Americans always understand each other." Both camera crews had climbed over one another into position as the camera mount moved down the ramp. "Let's get going here," said one voice. "Quiet!" said another. "Roll 'em," said M. Verneuil. "Speed," said the sound man. And the first of the six takes that I stayed to see—till the end of the morning; there may have been more—was under way.

Fernandel, explained M. Beunke, is always extremely careful in choosing his parts, so that there is plenty of action for him and he doesn't leave the screen for too long—"For if he does, because of his *puissance de rayonnement*, the screen falls apart. Across that one face you can see progress *toute la gamme des expressions*



et des sentiments humaines." I said I had particularly admired his "Don Camillo," the French film made in Italy that was now showing over here. "Ah ça!" M. Beunke said. "*Le sommet, le maximum*, the peak of his career! And it's very dangerous, you know, because now he has to stay up at that level." Whether "Public Enemy Number One" would keep him there was a question we did not have time to develop, for the shooting was frequently interrupted—once for a coffee break and again by a test of air-raid sirens. M. Fernandel has little English, but to one young American who was questioning him brokenly about his opinion of an actress he replied in pantomime which needed no explaining. The young man turned out to have been the director of the Paris version of "Mr. Roberts." He had been looking out the window of his apartment, seen Fernandel, and come rushing down. This complication needed interpreting, however; it was swiftly provided by the other lady from the publicity office whose job had so far been superfluous. "Tell him," said the American, "that I'm a great fan of his," and she obliged. "*Il est un des vos grands admirateurs.*" Fernandel smiled, she smiled, the young man smiled, and we all smiled and bowed as the company went back to work. "They also serve," said the lady interpreter to the rest of us, "who only stand and wait."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Economics: Elegant and Practical

C. Hartley Grattan

How to get from theory to policy decisions is a problem economists inevitably confront unless they are such incorrigible theorists that they resolutely resist any concern for policy at all. Judging by the literature on the subject, the professionals find it a tricky transition to manage and the best of them know that it can only be done with the aid of other varieties of knowledge and good, old-fashioned common sense. If they depended solely on economic theory to guide them, they would be in the position of the man John Williams mentions: "About the practical usefulness of theory, I have often felt like the man who stammered and finally learned to say, 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,' but found it hard to work into conversation." The other varieties of knowledge which are helpful include literature, sociology, history, psychology, political science, cultural anthropology, ethics—anything, in fact, that illuminates man's character, peculiar ways, and short- and long-term purposes in the world. No wonder that some economists simply forego the dubious pleasures of dealing with policy and confine themselves to theory and the construction of logically consistent models—"elegant" is the word currently applied to the best of them; while some policy makers ostentatiously ignore theory and assure us that they are entirely free of that incubus, that they are hard-boiled, practical chaps with no nonsense about them. Yet theory without some practical relevance is hopelessly arid and policy without theoretical foundations is an impossibility. As Lord Keynes once remarked, the policy makers who most vehemently declaim against theory turn out on examination to be victims of the

theories of economists long since dead and outmoded.

The wisest policy makers, it seems to me, are those who have a lively interest in theory (but who are not wholly absorbed in it), for theory cues the mind to insight. These are, in the ancient meaning of the expression, "wise men." How men become wise is a mystery that has thus far eluded penetration. I suggest that perhaps the humanities and the social sciences play a role in making men wise. I think this is true even though it is well known that some egregious asses are knowledgeable in these fields. Wisdom is something extra added to knowledge, but whence it comes is extremely unclear. It is not identical with any particular set of conclusions, as some people believe and others insist. Wisdom is an attitude which involves a deep, compassionate feeling for the infinite complexity and pervasively tragic character of life. "Passion spins the plot." "No villain need be." "In the long run we are all dead."

Background and Foreground

Now this solemn excursus was provoked by the accidental fact that most of the books on economics up for review on this occasion either are consciously efforts to make the transition from theory to policy, or can be located within that area with no great wrench. Professor John H. Williams declares that the central theme of his *Economic Stability in a Changing World* (Oxford, \$5) is "the relation of economic theory to public policy." What follows is a series of essays which on their original appearance were instantly recognized as wise and, in the jargon

of journalism, "important." Williams' great series on the Marshall Plan, originally printed in *Foreign Affairs*, is here reprinted, with other papers which make equally good reading. It is interesting to compare Professor Williams on the Marshall Plan with what Robert Marjolin has to say about it in *Europe and the United States in the World Economy* (Duke, \$2). Marjolin, an American-educated economist, is Secretary-General of the organization set up in Paris by the European nations receiving Marshall aid. Williams was one of his advisers. Both men emphasize how much American aid accomplished on the one hand, and the fact that it did not provide the final answer to Europe's predicament on the other.

From one angle, the Marshall plan is a case-history illustrating how difficult it is successfully to treat sick economies—how difficult to define what is really wrong with them and how difficult to do something exactly opposite about it. It also illustrates how a program assessable in economic terms is only *finally* to be assessed in terms of politics and ethics. The economic emphasis of the Marshall Plan was on investment to increase production—to repair war damage and raise total production above prewar levels. In this respect it was a "success," although not a complete success. The latest assessment is that at least three problems equally vital eluded solution during the course of the Plan: (1) the problem of how to get continuous growth of the economies, for there is now evidence that Europe, speaking generally, has reached a plateau on which, if it settles down, it will first stagnate and then decline; (2) the problem of improving the productivity of the economies to a level comparable to, or competitive with, that of the United States, especially to guarantee a rising standard of living; and (3) the problem of devising a new network of world trade comparable in its power to sustain Europe to that of the prewar years. The inescapable general conclusion is that while investment-for-production was unquestionably required, it has not solved and will not solve Europe's difficulties. Europe needs an economy sustained by its own dynamic forces (including the power to supply its own savings for investment); it needs an economy in which the drive for increased productivity is native to it; and it needs a favorable trading relation

with the rest of the world. Its current condition is explored in a masterpiece of descriptive economics, *Economic Survey of Europe Since the War* (ECE—Columbia, \$3.50). If the Williams and Marjolin volumes are read for background and the Survey for foreground, Europe will be better understood and the folly of assuming that if Europe is helped to rearm enough will have been done, will be fully exposed.

The Key Economy

MARJOLIN, like all other economists who have an international orientation, is saying by the title of his book that the American economy is the key economy of the free world. The way in which it is handled is therefore a matter of vital importance to more than the American people alone. Central to the question is the relation of the federal government to the economy at large. Some people, including some Congressmen and Senators, appear to think that this simply means reducing the ways in which the federal government "interferes" in the economy, by abolishing controls, selling off industrial facilities (*e.g.*, synthetic rubber plants), or curbing public production of electric power (including the TVA). As a matter of fact all these things could be done in accordance with the views of the most extreme right-wing Republicans without reaching the core of the problem. They are simply specific expressions of the seemingly ineluctable pressure of the federal government on economic affairs.

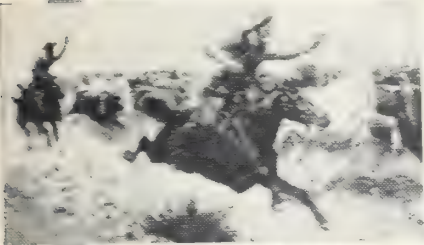
The whole problem is traversed in exhaustive, not to say exhausting, detail in Professor George Steiner's textbook *The Government's Role in Economic Life* (McGraw-Hill, \$6). Steiner writes that the "interference" of the government (which is multiple in expression) is not a result of a "conspiracy" engineered by febrile theorists, but rather a response to "powerful economic, social, political, and military events." The kind of world we have lived in since, say, 1914, rather than the kind of theorists who have held positions in the government, accounts for the progressive enlargement of the federal government's economic decision-making powers. On the record the most powerful group pushing the country onward toward "socialism" is the

Bernard de Voto

says: "Surely this is one of the most remarkable scholarly achievements of our time....It is history on the highest level, many dimensional, a permanent widening of our historical consciousness."—*Harper's*

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military, what with the augmentation of its power and economic demands in hot war and cold. The outlying tentacles of this development, especially those which have a welfare tinge offensive to the hard-boiled, may be lopped off without seriously crippling the central body of the animal. As Steiner remarks, we need thoughtful study of how to achieve a correct and stable balance between public and private economic decision making. He also states, I think truly, that "The pressures working toward imbalance in public-private economic relationships are probably stronger than those working toward balance." The way to achieve balance is not rancorously to assault particular government activities—like public power—but to take a look at the whole picture. Professor Steiner's book is, though far from lively reading, a valuable attempt to sketch the whole picture and offer suggestions about how to interpret it, and how to prepare oneself to redraw it.

The Federal Role

FOR the federal government as decision maker is simply not going to cease to play a central role in the economy. Two powerful spokesmen of the Republican Administration have, without using these exact words, told us plainly that they recognize the truth of that, President Eisenhower himself and Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey. President Eisenhower has told us as much by announcing his intention to reconstitute the Council of Economic Advisers under the Chairmanship of Arthur Burns. (Earlier he had adumbrated this decision by placing an economist, Gabriel Hauge, on his personal staff.)

Now the Council of Economic Advisers raises in a peculiarly vital way the problem with which we introduced these remarks—the relation of theory to policy. It also raises the question of what role the man whose expertise is in economics, and who wishes to retain his professional "purity," should play as adviser to a government. These two problems are thoughtfully studied in exhaustive detail in E. G. Nourse's *Economics in the Public Service* (Harcourt, \$6). Not only does Dr. Nourse traverse the whole story of the genesis and

evolution of the CEA under the Truman Administration, but he provides a valuable history of the use of economic advisers in the federal government even earlier. His book is absolutely indispensable background to the revival of the CEA under Eisenhower, whether one is interested only in the machinery now provided for its functioning, or only in the problem of getting successfully from theory to policy. (It is interesting to read Dr. Nourse on the latter problem, with his distinction between the professional economist and the economic engineer—i.e., the political decision maker—and the quite different discussion of the same problem in E. R. Walker's *From Economic Theory to Policy*, based on Australian experience, published by the University of Chicago ten years ago; and also interesting to contrast the caution and puzzlement of Nourse and Walker with the cockiness of the Canadian Professor Benjamin Higgins in his *What Do Economists Know?*, distributed last year by Cambridge University Press.

The point here, however, is that President Eisenhower, whatever the know-nothing Congressmen may think, recognizes that the economic decision making of the federal government is and must remain of central importance. It is an inescapable part of the burdens of all administrations, Democratic or Republican, and not an aberration of the Democrats only. Eisenhower, like Truman, therefore proposes to make provision for getting the best expert advice he can find. How Truman used such advice, and how Eisenhower will use it, is another matter. Dr. Nourse has some acerb observations on Truman's way with economic experts.

The Central Decisions

SECRETARY of the Treasury Humphrey also recognizes the central importance of economic decision making. His whole program for managing the federal debt in such a way as to stabilize the dollar (in other words, to defeat inflation) simply illustrates how central federal government decisions are—how they are fundamental to any private economic decisions that may also be made about the same time. We are

NEW BOOKS

fortunate that we have a first-class book on the federal debt newly to hand, Professor Charles C. Abbott's *The Federal Debt* (Twentieth Century Fund, \$4). Humphrey, too, has talked a bit about policy to meet a recession. Like his leader, Eisenhower, he is committed to full employment. To sustain it Humphrey talks of resorting, in slack times, to changes in interest rates and therefore credit policy, to public works, and to other moves not clearly specified, of a rather more experimental nature. I suppose Mr. Humphrey realizes he has moved into the climate of opinion largely created by inveterate theorists? *Plus ça change*. . . . As Mr. Humphrey lately remarked (other Republicans will also find this out sooner or later):

I have found that Government and business are quite different things. A lot of the principles that apply in business just don't apply in Government—and I am beginning to understand they just can't apply in Government in a lot of cases. On the other hand, by that I don't mean to condone any inefficiencies or waste or things of that kind.

What Is Economics?

AN OPPORTUNITY to observe an English economist's mind—a most distinguished mind it is, too—moving from theory to policy and back again is provided by Roy Harrod's modestly titled *Economic Essays* (Harcourt, \$4.50). Much of Harrod's book on the theoretical side was beyond my grasp, but I thoroughly enjoyed his essay on population policy and I got a tremendous kick out of the piece taking Professor Hayek over the jumps for his essay on individualism.

Kenneth Boulding's *The Organizational Revolution* (Harper, \$3.50) is an excellent example of how economics tends to lap over into history, sociology, and ethics. Boulding's particular interest here is to probe the ethical problems created by the rise and increased scale of organization in labor, agriculture, business, and government. (He has an interesting theory about why big organization has got big.) The comments on his essay quoted and paraphrased in the back of the book add to the liveliness of the discussion,

M

Report on Marie

Physical Condition:

*Undernourished
Tall, pale*

Age: 8

Address: *Austria*

Needs: *Marie is very
badly off. She
needs clothes,
shoes, more food—*



Marie is only 8—and already she is the “little mother” to her younger brother and twin baby sisters. Their mother, weak from abdominal trouble, is often in a charity hospital. Two miserable rooms in an Austrian refugee barracks camp are what they call home . . . The father's wages, from working at road-mending, come to about \$10 a week, and since most of this is needed for the twins' food, little Marie and her 6-year-old brother get only what is left—sometimes nothing.

The case worker's report says “Marie loves taking care of the twins, looking like a little mother and already is taking full responsibility. She is a sweet, lovely child, clever and bright.” At the tender age of 8, she is another innocent victim of war's ravages and destruction, the family having lost everything through bombing.

Marie needs shoes, a new frock, and a coat. The old one is outgrown and worn out. And she *must* have more food. For us it is so little, but for her and her family it is everything—the hope for a brighter and healthier life.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Marie or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just \$96 a year (\$8 a month), SCF will send “your” child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, or Yugoslavia. Or you can sponsor a child in Korea for \$10 a month.

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especially the head-on collision between Boulding and Reinhold Niebuhr. I think this is a good and interesting book but I am positive that Professor Bouding has done no more than open up his subject.

Of course there are plenty of economists who deny the validity of adventures like this by Boulding and even the whole thesis expressed at the beginning of this review section. I have myself read and talked to many such. George Soule reminds us in his popular introduction to economic thought, *Ideas of Great Economists* (Viking \$3.50), that Nassau Senior got them off on that tack:

... narrowed the scope of economics to exclude welfare or moral opinions, asserted that complete objectivity should prevent the economist from giving any advice, and assumed that the whole truth of the matter should be deduced from premises known to almost everybody.

Wow! ... Henry W. Spiegel's *The Development of Economic Thought*

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(Wiley, \$6.50) is a collection of pieces by economists on economists from Aristotle on Plato to Colin Clark on Pigou. It is very good reading indeed, but in spite of its bulk it doesn't cover all the material that might well be gathered together.

Simon Kuznet's *Share of Upper Income Groups in Income and Savings* (National Bureau of Economic Research, \$9) is one of those vast factual studies the Bureau produces, this one worthy of either commanding all the review space, or a special article on the subject with which it deals. It was newsworthy enough to command a three-column summary in the *New York Times* of May 4, 1953. I feel I should reserve comment until I can get around to an article on the general subject of income distribution and the shape it is taking in the Western countries today.

Shepard Clough's *The American Way* (Crowell, \$4) gives the American economy a "once over lightly," in barber-shop parlance. The foreigners for whom it was originally composed undoubtedly learned a lot from it, but an American reader must consider it irritatingly deficient on the critical side.

Finally, no report on economic books can be complete without reference to something about the USSR. I am very happy indeed to point a finger at the extremely important book Abram Bergson has edited, *Soviet Economic Growth* (Row, Peterson, \$6). The actual (as contrasted with the propagandistic allegations about it) rate of growth of the Soviet economy will, I am sure, play a central role in the long-run fate of both Europe and the United States.

And since I have contended that economics is simply one approach to the human predicament, incomplete if taken by itself, I also wish to point to a non-economic book on communism of top-notch quality, *The Captive Mind* by Czeslaw Milosz (Knopf, \$3.50). This study of what happens to intellectuals under communism, based on one Pole's personal experience and studies of several others, reminds one forcibly of John Dos Passos' ancient crack, "Intellectuals of the World Unite, You have Nothing to Lose but Your Brains."

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

A Stranger Here, by Robert Henriques.

This is one of those long, absorbing stories that are more satisfying as pleasant experiences than as credible novels. While reading it one happily suspends disbelief, accepts love at first sight between a no-longer-young, stubborn, ambitious English farmer—already long and happily married—and a younger woman new to the community. One follows their affair breathlessly (they have only about four meetings, most circumspect too, until the last) and watches the unhappy career of the farmer's son, the buying and selling of land and cattle, the farmer's obsession with old age culminating in a wild and fantastic final scene, as if one were part of the vivid group of characters and had grown up in the countryside. I came reluctantly to the end and only then began to say to myself: "I don't really think this would happen." A triumph of story-telling by the author of *Too Little Love* and *No Arms, No Armour*. Viking, \$3.75

The Laughing Stranger, by Viña Delmar.

Miss Delmar's *Bad Girl* is now so well known that it has worked its way into cross-word puzzles. But readers who are familiar with that novel or *The Marcaboth Woman* or *About Mrs. Leslie* will be in a strange world when they start reading this post-Civil War romantic thriller. At least the time (1864), the place (the New Jersey shore in winter), and the décor (crinolines, Victorian interiors, and carriages for transportation) will seem odd after Miss Delmar's previous very modern settings. The narrator here, as in *Taw Jameson* below, is one of the characters least involved in the central story, this time a crippled young woman. Into the quiet winter life of the coast resort comes a wildly beautiful Southern girl bringing with her the child which she says belongs to a Yankee soldier known to them all. Then the reader begins to feel at home, for Viña Delmar's heroines,

good or bad, are sisters under their skins and no one will put this book away till he has discovered to what depths of wickedness the beautiful secesch (secessionist) woman, Brandon, will fall. And the end will be a surprise. . . . Among the best characters in the book are some *February Hill* folk who follow Brandon from the South and lend a busy, comitragic relief, like swallows teetering on a telegraph wire, to a very lurid but readable tale. Harcourt, \$3

Taw Jameson, by May Davies Martenet.

Taw Jameson, who tells this story, is a butler, man-of-all-work, who spends his life trying to protect a poor little rich girl from her power-mad mother. But the outline gives no inkling of the excitement and interest and color of the novel. The story starts with something of the poetic, contemplative quality of Mary Webb's *Precious Bane* but moves into a faster pace more consistent with the intricacies of the plot and the changes of scene—from a Carolina mill town to "high-society" New York and London. . . . One may from time to time be incredulous at the wickedness of the mother, but on the other hand it is very satisfying to have so black a villainess to contrast with so fair a heroine, so virile a hero, so devoted a servant. A spellbinder, from an interesting angle. Knopf, \$3.75

NON-FICTION

Truth Is Our Weapon, by Edward W. Barrett.

Mr. Barrett set up the government's world-wide news service in World War II and later became director of international operations of OWI. In 1950 he was called back by Acheson and Truman as Assistant Secretary of State to supervise the Voice of America and "all other international information and educational exchange operations." The book is a actual and readable account of his government experiences and tribulations told in a surprisingly quiet tone of voice. It is hard to see how anyone, whether he agrees with Mr. Barrett in detail or not, can fail to be impressed with his absolute conviction as stated in his first chapter: Unless we Americans are bent on

suicide, we have no wise choice but to master the techniques of international persuasion," which involves having "as a continuing part of government, the mechanism and staff for large-scale international persuasion," Mr. McCarthy (about whom he has some strong but unhysterical passages) to the contrary notwithstanding. Funk & Wagnalls, \$4

Life Among the Savages, by Shirley Jackson.

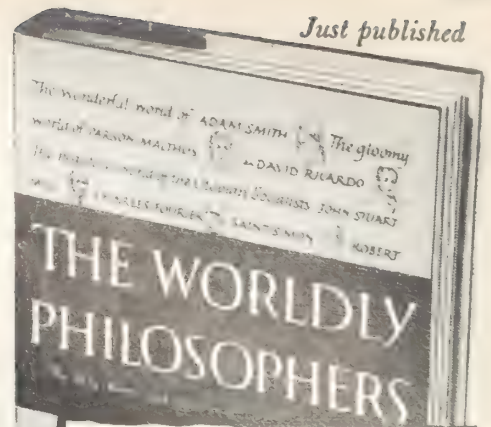
The savages in this collection of family chronicles are very well known to *Harper's* readers. Sally made a first appearance in "The Third Baby Is the Easiest." Laurie and Jannie sat on the porch and cheered while their mother, the author, learned to drive in "The First Car Is the Hardest." And all three swapped toys, blankets, medicines, beds in "The Night We All Had Grippe." In the pages of this light-hearted book are these and many other hilarious family adventures. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3

FORECAST

People, Places, and Things

Recollections and impressions—personal, geographical, and musical—dot the fall lists. Those who enjoy Eckert Goodman's "Richard Rodgers: Composer Without a Key" on p. 58, should try *Some Enchanted Evenings, the Story of Rodgers and Hammerstein* by **Deems Taylor**, coming from Harper in October. And for the same audience, much later (the contract has only just been signed), a book called *Bring on the Girls* by **P. G. Wodehouse** and **Guy Bolton**, described as "their combined autobiographical history of musical comedy in America and England." Simon & Schuster will publish it sometime next year. . . . For those whose minds turn to American history there will be *Westward the Briton*, a collection of British visitors' impressions of America (1865-1900) edited by **Robert G. Athearn**. (From Scribner in August.) And more modern, but no less Western, *Neiman-Marcus, Texas*, by **Frank X. Tolbert** to be published by Holt on August 24. . . . For those who want a lot about people, places, and ideas there is the fifth volume of *Will Durant's The Story of Civilization—The Renaissance*. Holt, September.

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The New Recordings

3-D Sounds

Edward Tatnall Canby

MULTI-CHANNEL sound, in films, in radio transmission, and in home music reproduction, has been this year's sensation under a collection of highly confusing terms at the whim of publicity—binaural, stereophonic, 3-D, wide-screen sound, etc. The easy parallel with the new types of film photography helps a bit to untangle the terminology for phonograph owners. The obvious difference between those movies which *don't* require glasses and those which do is a good clue to the difference that divides into two distinct categories all of the sound systems using more than one recording at a time. To put it simply, one kind requires earphones, the other doesn't; it uses loudspeakers.

Don't expect to make sense of present terminology, even the official sort. The kind of picture (still or movie) that brings a separate image exclusively to each eye, via a hand-viewer or polaroid glasses, is a relatively accurate means of reproducing your actual two-eyed vision—each eye sees exclusively through one lense of the double camera. *Stereo* (*stereoscopic*) is the official term. "3-D" (three-dimension) is in this case at least technically accurate.

The corresponding sound system that brings two recordings separately to your two ears and produces an analogous effect of realism is called *binaural*. Just as glasses or viewers are used for visual separation, so earphones must be used to separate the two recordings (made a few inches apart) one going exclusively to each ear. This is true-binaural—since much sound that is technically not binaural goes under that name today.

Wide-screen movies, sometimes projected from three films (Cine-rama), make use of no glasses and are not stereo, though their effect is often very wonderful. Both eyes see the entire projection; there is no separation. In sound there is a similar system too, where a number of simultaneous recordings—from two to as many as eight—are played through spaced-out loudspeakers, to recreate a strong sense of the original spatial arrangement, left to right. In this

case the ear blends the several sounds into one continuous "sound picture," from side to side, that matches the original as heard by the mikes.

Home "binaural" sound via loudspeakers, whether from tape or disc, or through FM and AM broadcast, is actually a simple form of this stereophonic sound, with only two space-samplings instead of the many more used in the theater systems. The effect of course is less precise; direction is often very confused. We must, moreover, have a symmetrical room and we must listen on a line equidistant from each speaker if there is to be any virtue at all to the system, as compared to the sound of just one recording played through the same two speakers. (That is the only fair test.) But we must keep in mind that the ordinary one-point "sampling" of the standard record has already brought us superb illusion in the musical way even though it has no side-to-side information whatsoever. So-called "binaural" via speakers can, under the best conditions, add an undeniable extra sense of presence and placement to the music over and above that of the single recording. Not, however, as sensational as some claims indicate. And the proper term is stereophonic, not binaural. No earphones.

When two-channel loudspeaker sound becomes less costly, as it will, it may attain importance in the average home. Right now it is for the gadgeteers with money.

True-binaural sound, finally, the sound *with earphones* that gives you two proxy ears in the middle of the music, is in a state of extreme eclipse right now. Most literature carefully avoids mentioning it or the plain factual difference between it and *any* effect via loudspeakers. I have been working in binaural myself this year and have become immensely enthusiastic at the "impractical" possibilities for this indescribably wonderful and highly clumsy way of listening. Binaural is *literal* on-the-spot hearing, in the living-room, in the concert hall's best seats, anywhere at all. Its recording technique matches that of your two ears—what's

good for one is good for the other. Granted this, there are some remarkable possibilities in the medium, ranging from educational music study to the recording of bird songs—I've already tried a bit of both. More later on these.

Schubert: Symphony #4 ("Tragic"). Concertgebouw, Van Beinum. London LL 736.

Schubert: Octet, op. 166. Berlin Philharmonic Chamber Music Ensemble. Decca DL 9669.

Neither of these is better than somewhat disappointing, for my avid Schubertian ear. The "Tragic" is forced and overblown, as though it really were a great tragic work, whereas it is actually a beautifully built youthful baby symphony, of intimacy and exuberant sadness. The Octet recording is efficiently played, but a strange combination of acoustical deadness and academic precision takes the warmth and loveliness clean out of the music. Try Westminster's Viennese version, almost over-rich but one of the finest chamber recordings ever made.

Beethoven: Leonore Overtures #1, #2, #3, and Fidelio Overture. Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WL 5177.

Here is a record that should have been done long ago. I once managed to get four 78 rpm recordings of these works together for a radio comparison and was fascinated by the internal evidence of Beethoven's working mind, in the four successive attempts he made to create an overture to his only opera. (It was first called "Leonore," then renamed "Fidelio.") I don't particularly relish the usual Scherchen Beethoven, somewhat self-conscious fussy, and heavy, but the stuff of the works comes through grandly and the "Leonore" #2 is a piece to get to know well—if only to enhance the incredible number 3.

Through Childhood to the Throne. Queen Elizabeth II. (A panorama in sound.) RCA Victor LM 1770.

This is a not-so-successful addition to the new and important tape-edited documentary in sound. The Queen's history is interesting, decidedly, but we are only the more aware of the delicate nature of Britain's great drama of Royalty. Where the Coronation had many an American overwhelmed, these brief glimpses of bits and pieces of great moments of the same sort in the past merely turn to bathos (aided by unctuous British narration).



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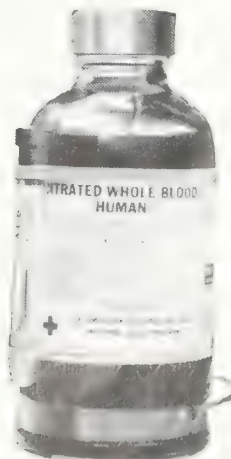
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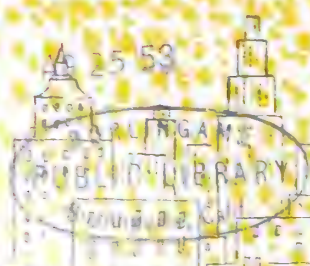
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MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1953

FIFTY CENTS



The Coming Change in
Our Foreign Policy.....

John Fischer

Dr. Kinsey's Second Sex

A Report on The Report

by

Anne G. Freedgood

Rocket Shoot
at White Sands.....

Jonathan N. Leonard

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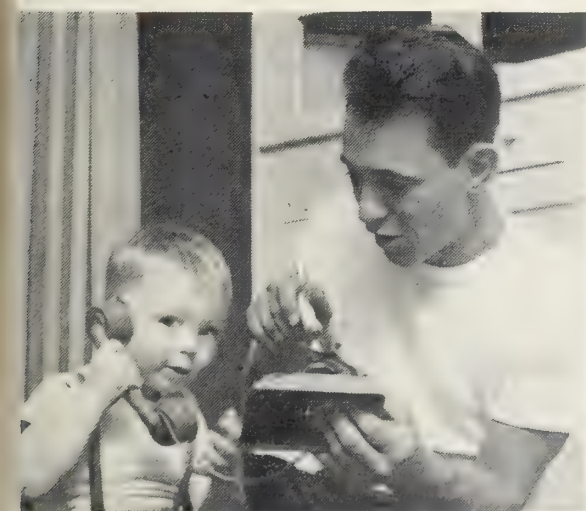
...at parade res
Clan Wallace Tarta



O'SULLIVANS AT HOME. Clarence M. O'Sullivan, construction foreman with 34 years' experience; daughter-in-law Marilyn, clerical assistant for 5 years, and Mr. O'Sullivan's sons: Don, an installer with 7 years' service, and Clarence C., cable repairman with 13 years' service.

Fifty-nine Years of Telephone Service

FATHER, TWO SONS AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ALL WORK FOR THE TELEPHONE COMPANY



TELEPHONE MAN OF 1970. Clarence C. O'Sullivan's young son, Mike, likes to pretend he's a "telephone man." And he will be when he grows up, if he follows in his family's footsteps.

When Clarence M. O'Sullivan started to work for the telephone company, back in 1919, he started a family tradition. Since then two sons and a daughter-in-law have also decided on telephone careers. They have a total of fifty-nine years' service.

A recent U. S. Government survey gives some interesting figures on the length of time men and women have served with their present employers.

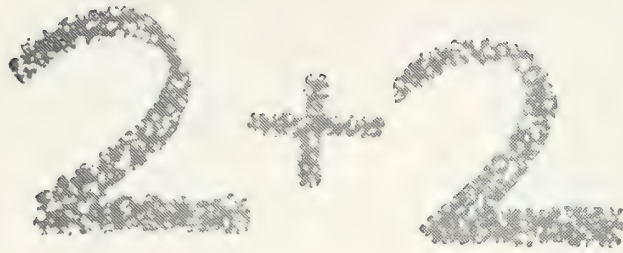
By comparison, the length of service for women in the Bell System is twice the average for women in other industries. For telephone men it is nearly three times the average for other industries.

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But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



is less than enough

Forty years ago a fellow who could do a little “figuring” could get by. But that simple old world has complicated itself so rapidly that the same fellow today would be mathematically illiterate.

As a nation, we’re not quite illiterate in mathematics—but we’re not in good shape either.

For some reason, our youngsters have been shying away from math in junior high school and in high school. The United States Office of Education reports that only 20 per cent of high-school students are taking mathematics.

But research is the pioneer land of America’s future, and mathematics is the road map of research. If something isn’t done soon, our country may find itself feeling its way blindly through a supersonic, atomic miracle age, mathematically unarmed for either peace or war.

Teachers, business leaders, military men got pretty alarmed about this loss of mathematical brains. And so, frankly, did General Electric.

Recently we did something about it. We printed a booklet for boys and girls in junior and senior

high school called “Why Study Math?” It points out the advantage of getting your math young, proves that you can learn math even though you’re not a “genius,” demonstrates that math is valuable although a youngster may not intend to become a scientist.

We printed half a million of these booklets here in Schenectady, turned our back for a couple of months, and found that the whole 500,000 were gone. Now we’re rushing a second half million for school opening in the fall.

Meanwhile the author of “Why Study Math?” is working on a sequel, “Math at General Electric,” which explains how mathematics is used at General Electric in 22 different kinds of jobs.

General Electric is interested in helping America’s young brains think their way toward successful careers. We don’t expect to sell a single turbine or lamp with these two booklets. But perhaps we may help light up the road for a boy who, without mathematics, might miss his fair chance to be an Edison or a Steinmetz.

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Personal & Otherwise

SOMETIMES in a boxing match there comes a time when one of the fighters—his head dizzy, his jaw aching, his punching power all but gone, his legs wooden—suddenly notices that his opponent is wobbling, too, and is abruptly galvanized into a new confidence. Something like that happened to the people of the United States a few weeks ago when the astonishing uprisings in East Germany and other satellite lands were followed by the momentous news of the arrest of Beria. Up to that moment we in the United States had been all too conscious that our foreign policy was coming apart at the seams. We were at loggerheads with the British on China and on international trade. Our hopes for a Korean truce had been upset by Syngman Rhee. Our foreign information service was being cannonaded from the rear by Senator McCarthy. Our failure to do anything to implement our announced “trade, not aid” policy was glaring. And then, suddenly, we saw that the other fellow was going weak in the knees and we felt much better. Indeed, the author of one of those confidential Washington letters which give the allegedly inside dope from the halls of government swung all the way from declaring in May that the United States was floundering in its worst foreign crisis in a decade, to announcing in July that President Eisenhower was now confirmed in his leadership of the forces of the Free World.

The wobbling of an opponent offers no excuse for letting down one's guard. The best one should expect of it is a moment's respite for recasting one's strategy. And that the time for doing this is overdue is clear from *John Fischer's* article, “The Coming Change in American Foreign Policy” (p. 21).

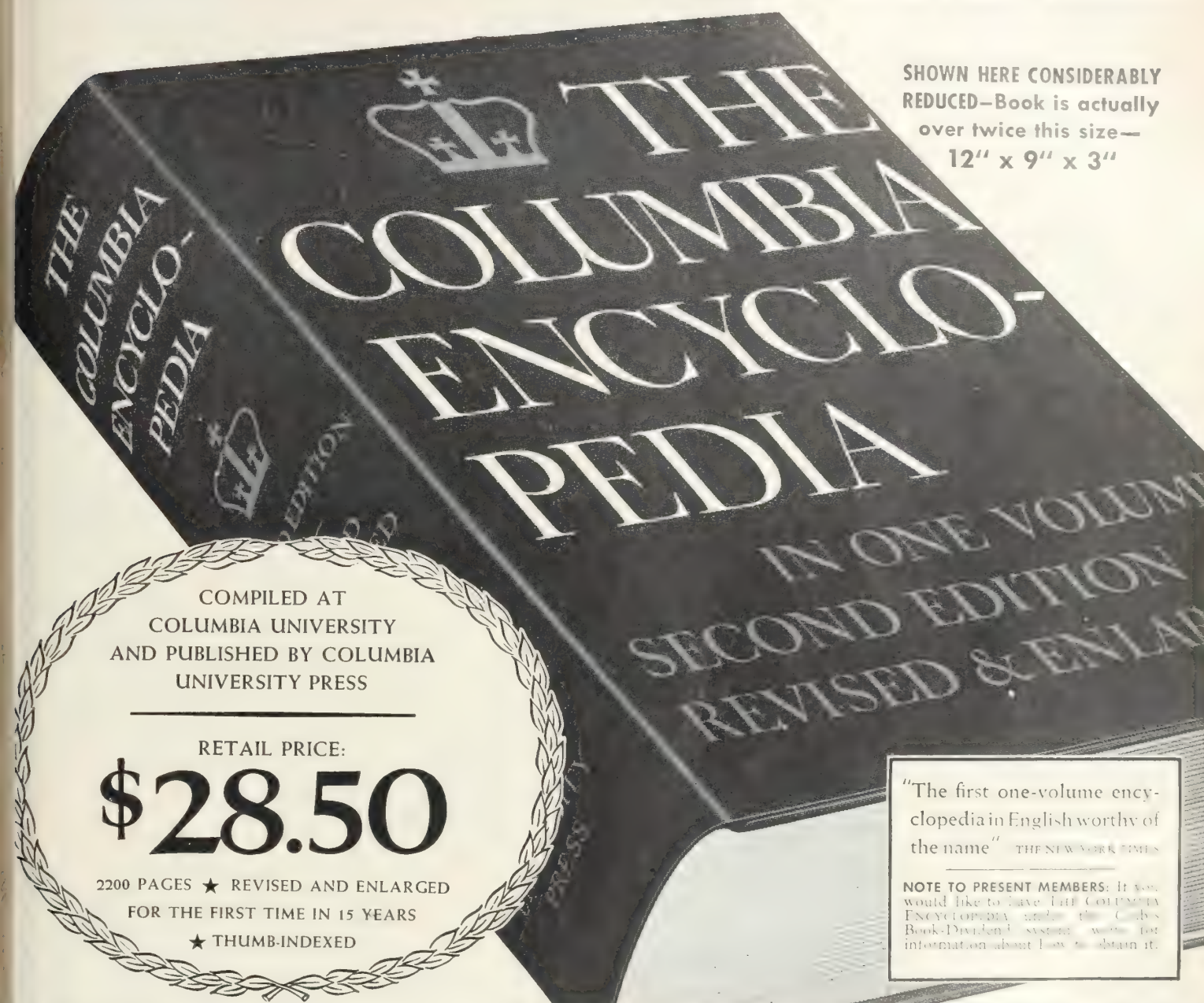
Mr. Fischer's sponsorship of the need for a change takes on an added interest from the fact that it was he who wrote, in 1951, the book *Master Plan, U. S. A.*, which argued that we had a good foreign policy plan—contrary to what many people were saying at the time—and that it was working reasonably well, though it suffered from being unduly defensive.

“No war, hot or cold, was ever won by purely defensive tactics,” wrote Mr. Fischer. “Yet that is the way we have been fighting. From the very beginning we have left the initiative in Russian hands. Even our most daring plays—the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty, Point Four—have been countermoves to hold the line against the Kremlin's plunging backfield—but never once have we tried to carry the ball ourselves. The tragedy is that this failure is totally unnecessary. In many fields we could have seized the initiative at any time we opened our hand for it; we can still do it today. The military field is not one of them. . . . But in other fields—political and spiritual—the initiative is ours for the taking. And these are likely to prove decisive; for at the heart of the matter we are fighting a battle of ideas, and of ideals.”

As the reshaping of policy for which Mr. Fischer argues gets under way, let us hope for two things—first, that Congress can muster enough faith in the President, the National Security Council, and the Department of State to leave them free to shift their tactics, as a boxer shifts to take advantage of his adversary's sudden weaknesses; and second, that men who have firsthand knowledge of conditions abroad will be respectfully listened to. During recent years Congress has in many respects tied the hands of our foreign-policy

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makers. If, for instance, the time should come when it would be a brilliant tactical move to separate the Chinese from the Russian Communists by playing ball with the former, this would be very difficult to do because of the way Congress, out of natural indignation at the Chinese Communists' present role, has tried to tie the Administration's hands. The men who have to make policy ought to have room to turn round in.

As for the predicament of men with first-hand knowledge, *Christopher Rand* shows, in his report on his experiences in the Far East ("Reporting in China," p. 82), how hard it is for the men on the spot even to convey their information to us accurately, in the face of newspaper proprietors' preconceptions and the vagaries of competitive journalism.

Mr. Fischer, one-time representative of the Foreign Economic Administration in India, has been with Harper & Brothers since 1944, working at first as one of the editors of this magazine and then as chief editor of general books, and has contributed many articles to our pages; his most recent article—"What Do the Democrats Do Now?"—appeared last March. On October 1 he will become editor in chief of *Harper's*, when Frederick Lewis Allen shifts from that position to become a part-time consulting editor.

Mr. Rand worked for the OWI in China during the war, and then was a correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* in the Far East from 1946 to 1948 and again—after taking a Nieman fellowship at Harvard—from 1949 until June 1951. Since that time he has been free-lancing principally with the *New Yorker*, mainly in Hongkong, Singapore, and Malaya. His book, *Hongkong, the Island Between*, was published by Knopf in September 1952.

Deep-Running Cycles

THE second volume of Dr. Kinsey's projected study of sex in America issues into an appropriate time for a lively discussion of its contents. Recent years have seen more books on women, from more different points of view, than would have seemed likely to be written five years ago, when the volume on the first sex—*Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*—made its spectacular appearance. Since *Harper's* published one of the

earliest accounts of that earlier bombshell, its editors are pleased to report the second in company with the many other magazines to whom Dr. Kinsey allowed advance inspection of his work. We sent one of our own editors, *Anne G. Freedgood*, and were delighted with the article she brought back. For not only is Dr. Kinsey's second book obviously a great deal more than the coldly statistical analysis it seems to be trying to be, but also Mrs. Freedgood's article is a great deal more than the straightforward *reportage* it may appear. In fact, she raises questions about the future status of women in America which P & O profoundly hopes Dr. Kinsey and his associates will someday leave their adding machines and their "objectivity" long enough to try to answer.

"The truth is," writes Simone de Beauvoir in the book from which Mrs. Freedgood has derived her title, "that man today represents the positive and the neutral—that is to say, the male and the human being—whereas woman is only the negative, the female. . . . What is certain is that hitherto woman's possibilities have been suppressed and lost to humanity, and that it is high time she be permitted to take her chances in her own interest and in the interest of all." One may quibble with much of Miss de Beauvoir's specifically French resentment and distortion of the female lot—as one may also quibble, indeed, with the overstatements of Ashley Montagu's *The Natural Superiority of Women*—yet it is difficult to deny the central insistence of both these authors that the many-thousand-year subjugation of one sex by another is about to be drastically modified. Their vigorous and defiant appearance has been heartening, particularly on a scene of some confusion in which the anti-feminist revival (back to the three K's—*Kinder, Küche, Kirche*) had been enjoying a momentary vogue. And now, to judge from what Mrs. Freedgood says of it, another voice is determined to be heard.

P & O intends to wait for a look at the entire volume before committing himself to any of the numerous interpretations of Dr. Kinsey's findings which Mrs. Freedgood says are possible. For the moment he is satisfied with the inescapable and reassuring conclusion that in this generation as in others most of the things that most of us say we believe on this subject are simply not true.

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Beyond that salutary lesson, the best to be hoped for is that Dr. Kinsey's treatise will liberate us from misapprehension as often as it binds us with overattention. There is such a thing as too much, if P & O reads Mrs. Freedgood correctly between the lines, of even so attractive a subject as this. The startling statistic on page 25, which suggests that sex is better than ever, suggests also that feminists need no longer crusade with the hearty muscularity of the suffragettes. In all probability these sleepy, deep-running cycles of change take place far out of control by frantic efforts to speed or slow them down. Three books do not a revolution make, but possibly they portend events beyond their power to shape them. Possibly, as Miss de Beauvoir writes, "the free woman is just being born."

Mrs. Freedgood has previously appeared in *Harper's* with an article on "Mrs. Mac of Barnard" which came out in May 1951, but she assures us that women are far from her favorite or only topic. She has also written, under her maiden name of Anne L. Goodman, for such magazines as *Town & Country*, the *New Republic*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Harper's Bazaar*, on such unrelated subjects as books, beagling, and postwar Germany. She has been on the staff of this magazine since 1949.

Mainly Personal

...Gerald M. Durrell's acquaintance with "Cholmondeley the Chimpanzee" (p. 28) began during a six months' collecting trip which Mr. Durrell and a companion zoologist John Yealland, made to the great rain forests of the Cameroons, in West Africa. Mr. Durrell's whole chronicle of the trip will appear in the fascinating book, *The Overloaded Ark*, to be published by the Viking Press later this month.

In his foreword to his book, Mr. Durrell explains that the risks in collecting wild animals, though some exist, have been exaggerated, and the dull routine work overlooked. Actually, he says, a collector spends 9 per cent of his time tending his captives—that is, trying to keep them alive, cleaning their cages, nursing them when ill, and finding food they will eat—and the rest in tramping



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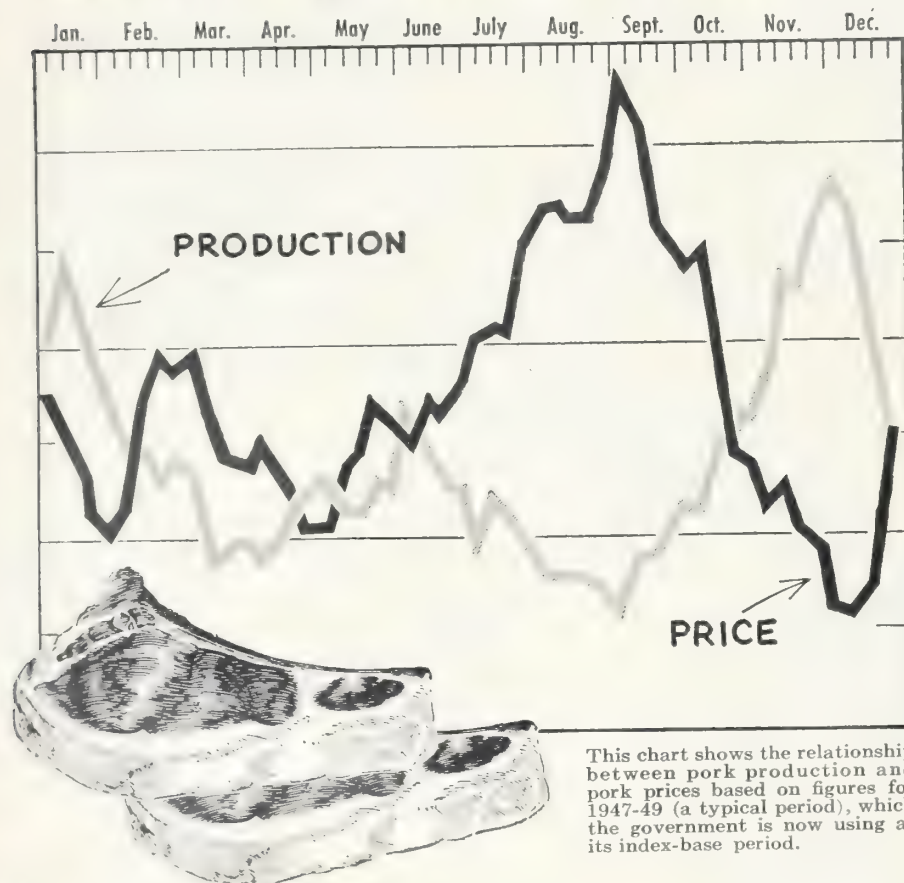
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Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

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The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *Less pork—higher prices*

through the summer followed by *more pork, lower prices* during the winter.

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miles through the forest in pursuit of some creature that refuses to be caught. Mr. Durrell hardly needs to tell us that a beast with the nature of our favorite chimpanzee, Chumley, is a great rarity, but we think his charm must make up for a good deal of the hard work of bringing him home.

Mr. Durrell, who was born in India and educated on the Continent, took up the job of collecting in 1947 after having worked in various zoological institutions in Great Britain, including a year as a student-keeper at Whipsnade Park. He has so far completed three major trips, two to West Africa and one to British Guiana. A bout of malaria in 1950 forced him to give up collecting temporarily, and in the three years since then he has been lecturing and writing. He is planning now a trip with his wife to Western Australia, with the primary object of securing a large collection of ducks and geese for the Severn Wildfowl Trust.

Since Chumley was so nearly a complete gentleman, it seemed safe to entrust his portraiture to the same artist who was undertaking to display on the cover this month the female of the human species as seen by Dr. Kinsey. This versatile illustrator is **N. M. Bodecker**, who has done a number of varied species for *Harper's* in the past, animal and human. He comes from Denmark, where he had his art training and worked for Copenhagen newspapers; he is married to an American; he is



Mr. Bodecker, by himself

ing and bright-eyed, with a mous-
he and bearing that lend them-
ves to caricature. N. M. Bodecker
appears in line drawing on page 10.

•“To the Mountains of the
Mon” (p. 49) is the third, and, we
pret to say, concluding chapter of
c Larrabee’s “Notebook on Black
Aica.” It is not that our editorial
league has run out of things to
about his trip as a member of a
n sent last winter to Africa by the
egie Corporation; he has run
of the inclination to reminisce
her on paper for our pleasure.
Whether his preoccupation in this
icle with Gérard, who drove the
Ford to the Mountains of the
Mon, is a comment on American
elers in general or just on
per’s editors, P & O is not quite
clear. But you may remember that
in another of our editors, Russell
es, wrote his article, “Italy Once
Or Lightly,” last year much of
t he described was seen through
h eyes of a driver named Enrico,
l liked to be called Henry. No
ter where they are, we suspect,
Americans have a fellow feeling for
an who knows, likes, and respects
n automobile, and if his mechanical
ment is good we are inclined to
eeve that we have a basis for at
ea one small common view of the
red.

r. Larrabee has given us this
ther insight in the character of
is driver:

More about Gérard: if he sounds
a though he had no ambition, in
e sense of it, remember that it
uld do him little good if he had
i. We made the mistake of trying
tell him, at one point, how large
a weekly salary a person of his skill
could command in the States—won-
ding what he would think of a
fire that could represent an an-
nual income for an African. He
only laughed, as though to say,
“What does that matter to me?”
at to reproach us for not realizing
t he can no more think of leav-
in the Congo than of flying.
He was exact about money, how-
er, and conscientious in the vari-
ous complicated transactions into
which the daily communal account
had descended. His position was
improved by the theft of his
wallet, an event he took philosoph-
ically—remarking that it always hap-
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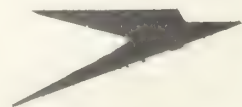
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P & O

up to him as best we could, depressed as we were to discover that what we had been told was true—that outside of his tribal area an African is a stranger and potential enemy. Gérard, after all, was to Africans along the road somewhat as we were to him: inconceivably wealthy and prestigious. And he rather enjoyed his role as contact man, interpreter of the white man's command and arbiter of his tips, along with his own enormous stature as the lord and master of an automobile.

Illustrations for "To the Mountains of the Moon" include a map by Sigman-Ward and a drawing by Mr. Larrabee of the Ruwenzori hotel at Mutwanga.



Gérard Longelongo

... "Lamb to the Slaughter" (p. 39) is a tasty dish of domestic drama which will go down all the better, we feel, without introduction. It is to be published by Alfred A. Knopf later this fall in a collection of the newest stories by *Roald Dahl*—to be called *Someone Like You*. Mr. Dahl, whose parents were Norwegian, was educated in England and served in the RAF during World War II as a fighter pilot. His first short stories were about flyers; two of them appeared in *Harper's* in 1944-45 and later came out in the book, *Over to You*.

The moody drawings for "Lamb to the Slaughter" were made by *Adolf Hallman*, a newcomer to *Harper's*. Born in Sweden, Mr. Hallman worked for Scandinavian newspapers

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••In Korea three summers have been devoted to war, the first of them plain war and the next two to war embellished with negotiations for a truce. The war has been a genuine killing war, which no one has calledphony; but the truce negotiations at Panmunjom sometimes looked like an endless episodic pageant, taking place in a remote apple orchard, without an audience and with a cast which changed from time to time as the actors were drawn off for more exciting roles elsewhere. The reason behind the action on any given day is not to be learned at the scene but somewhere else—in Moscow or



U. S. ARMY
Colonel Charles W. McCarthy

...ping, in New York or London or Washington, in Seoul or on Heartbreak Ridge, but rarely on stage at the so-called Peace Village.

By the middle of this third summer, the drama over the truce had become so unbearably strong in the world's capitals that even the maneuvers in the apple orchard began to be on the tinge of reality. By the time this September number of *Harper's* appears, the minor episode presented by **Captain B. R. Brinley** in "Quiet Day at Panmunjom" (p. 57) may seem like the recording of a play in another world; yet it took place only a year ago and contains the essence of what happened over and over again. The art involved in negotiating during apparent stalemate is a new one for Western actors to

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P & O

learn, and the success of Colonel Charles Weller McCarthy, the hero of this particular action, is worth studying.

Colonel McCarthy, a Regular U. S. Army officer with more than twenty-eight years of service, including service in the European Theater in World War II and as Deputy Chief of Staff, IX Corps, in Korea, was on duty with the United Nations Command Armistice Delegation last year before his transfer to duty at the Pentagon, where he is now. Among a number of unusual assignments in his Army career was a detail as War Department Representative with Secretary of State Cordell Hull during the first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow in 1943. The Army and Navy photographs reproduced here show Colonel McCarthy in Korea, alone and with Colonel Chang Chun San, Red liaison officer, during an investigation of a supposed UN artillery violation of the truce area.

Captain B. R. Brinley prepared his documentary account of "Quiet Day at Panmunjom" in Korea, where he has served since December 1951 as aide-de-camp to Lieutenant General William K. Harrison, Senior UN Delegate to the military armistice negotiations. He is a veteran of three years of wartime service in Europe who was recalled to duty in October 1950; in his nearly two years in Korea he not only worked with General Harrison for six months but commanded a rifle company with the 32nd Regiment, Seventh Infantry Division. Before and between his tours of military service, Captain Brinley worked as assistant director of the Palo Alto Community Play House and did public relations work for Lockheed Aircraft and for New England firms.



U. S. NAVY

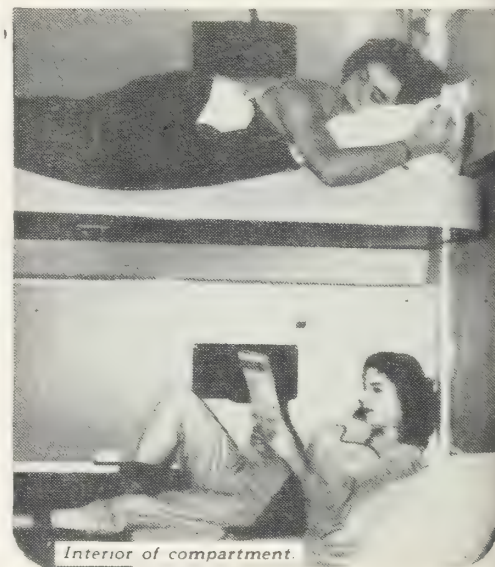
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••“Drug Store: Sunday Noon” (p. 9), by **Robert Hutchinson**, may have originated in a recollection of life during the Depression, when the author’s parents for a time operated a luncheonette and later a grocery store in Hutchinson, Kansas. From there, he drifted to the state university, Army service in Georgia, and teaching posts in Massachusetts and Alabama. At present, Mr. Hutchinson is a graduate student at Columbia University. His poems and short stories have appeared in several magazines.

Oscar Liebman, who pictures the small town of Mr. Hutchinson’s story, was born in Brooklyn, and was a metal worker before his Army service as a medical corpsman. On scholarship he studied at the Art Students League in New York, and he has been lanceled in advertising art.

••Space captains and cadets of the realm of science fiction, whether in word or paper covers, or over the radio and TV air, bear only a sketchy relation to the technicians, physicists, and other experts who, with much less publicity, are breaking the actual frontiers in rocket development. But the reality, which is seldom reported, is even more picturesque than the fiction—as can be judged by **Nathan Norton Leonard’s** “Rocket Shoot at White Sands” (p. 76).

For seven years as science editor of *Time* magazine, Mr. Leonard has been in a job that keeps him in touch with broad scientific changes and has given him the opportunity of watching atomic bomb bursts and rocket flights and electronic computers in operation. He has written a number of books on science and technology, including *Loki: the Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz*; *Cruelty of Chemistry*; and *Enjoyment of Science*.

Mr. Leonard’s new book, from which “Rocket Shoot at White Sands” has been adapted, will be published October 26 by Random House: *Flight into Space*.

••**Leonard Bacon** carries the poet’s load in this issue, with “Look! Look!” (p. 38). Mr. Bacon is a much-prized poet, recipient of the Pulitzer Award, and member of both American Academies—of Arts and Sciences and of Arts and Letters.

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L E T T E R S

Perfect Tribute—

To the Editors:

I enjoyed reading J. K. Galbraith's article, "Why Be Secretary of Agriculture?" [July]. This question has certainly occurred to me many times. Nevertheless I am happy to have the encouragement and support of such men as yourselves and Mr. Galbraith.

EZRA T. BENSON

Washington, D. C.

Vote of Confidence—

To the Editors:

Though I've read no further than Personal & Otherwise in the July issue, I am moved to break a long silence. Many times in the fifteen years that I've been a regular reader of *Harper's*, I have felt impelled to write letters of commendation on particular articles or stories. Somehow they just never got finished.

But this is an occasion I can't let slip by. This is my opportunity to cast a vote of confidence to the magazine itself—to all its staff, editors, and regular contributors. . . .

I have long felt the editors of *Harper's* were the most honest and courageous in the business, but I think your stout-hearted support of DeVoto and your clear statement about anti- and ex-Communists in this issue is deserving of particular commendation. In these days when people in high places seem to do nothing but saw limbs out from under associates, it is a matter for rejoicing that *Harper's* sticks to its principles.

ALICE MCHUGH

Trumansburg, N. Y.

One Man's Meat—

To the Editors:

I shall certainly want to look at and probably read the books by V. G. Childe and F. W. Walbank of

which your reviewer G. Highet so strongly disapproves in his July column.

I have learned that books of a liberal social or political nature which he disparages are worth my attention.

L. A. ELDRIDGE, JR.

Rensselaerville, N. Y.

A Little Tension—

To the Editors:

Regarding Harrison Gill's article, "What Makes Architecture Modern?" in the July *Harper's*, I contend that his answering the question with the one word "tension" is an unjustifiable simplification.

The lintel used in the post-and-lintel construction system of ancient days embodies the "opposition" of tensile and compressive stresses in the same way, if not as economically, as the latest cantilever beam.

I'm sorry I can't suggest a catchword which Mr. Gill might have substituted for "tension," but stress analysis is the design procedure which has made possible modern buildings and conveyances.

SIDNEY SCHNITZER

Hatboro, Pa.

The Last of Life—

To the Editors:

Elmer Davis says he's sixty-three. I fail to see in that announcement any qualification to write on "Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age." For some years I have admired him as a writer of discrimination and high regard for the facts. But in all honesty, what can a youngster who was born the year I graduated from college disclose about either the grandeurs or the miseries of old age when he has never had even a taste of either? It's not like the Davis I've known. . . .

I modestly suggest that Elmer Davis bide his time for twenty or twenty-five years—not without ambition—

and then, having tasted and seen, write another article for *Harper's* on the same subject: he should by then have passed his preliminary tests. As of now, if he finds the "chief consolation of old age" in the thought that he'll soon be dead anyway—ergo, he may more freely express himself—then I say, delete the word "grandeurs" from the title and cleave to the "miseries." But as an elder brother I'd like to assure Elmer Davis it's far from being all misery.

ROCKWELL D. HUNTER
Stockton, Calif.

To the Editors:

I am an enthusiastic new Republican (thanks to Ike!) and, contrary to the opinion of most writers, there are liberals in the Republican party—both in Congress and in the rank and file. We don't like Senator McCarthy either, but we are a little more realistic about him. I just finished reading "Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age" which ends in an invitation to everyone over sixty-three to end their days in a blaze of glory fighting Senator McCarthy. How stupid can these "liberals" get? It is they who have built him up and continue to nourish his monstrous ego! It must make him certain he is a Great Power when he sees that he is the sole target of ADA, that he has only to open his mouth and he gets headlines in every important newspaper, that he can send every Democratic liberal into a screaming frenzy by his least word or act. . . .

HELEN FORD

Troy, Mich.

The Flower—

To the Editors:

Harper's has always presented the most stimulating of articles, the best of contemporary poetry, and the most evocative of short stories. Again the thinking public owes gratitude

LETTERS

the tacit champions of the cause enduring literature. In publishing Miriam Rugel's "The Flower" [July] you gave us at once a message and a poem and a commentary. Miss Rugel has truly the "gift" of real and touching communication.

MIGNON M. QUINLAN
Allston, Mass.

Two Childs—

to the Editors:

Granville Hicks' article, "How Red Was the Red Decade?" in the July *Harper's* describes "the fantastic story of Modern Age Books . . . a firm financed by Richard S. Childs" which proved a failure because the communists took it over, and which published "many party-line books." Another Richard S. Childs, 71, a New York business man now retired, father of the council manager plan of municipal government and has been for forty years a propagandist of this and other civic reforms, as stated recently in his book, *Civic Stories*.

The two men are not related, and, if it happens, have never met, although they amiably pay each other's bills from time to time.

RICHARD SPENCER CHILDS
New York, N. Y.

Red Decade—

to the Editors:

The article by Granville Hicks on "How Red Was the Red Decade?" in the July issue is so convincing and clear in its approach to the Communist controversy that I have started my copy on the rounds of those few friends who are so unfortunate as not to be regular *Harper's* subscribers.

Generally there is nothing but hysteria in these discussions. The Hicks analysis forgets hysteria and lets the reader see the whole picture in a new light. As a newspaperman and sometime writer, I have often thought that we overplayed the actual infiltration in some of the fields that have been dramatized in the courts. But Mr. Hicks has brought the matter into such clear focus that only a closed mind will refuse to accept his conclusions as authentic.

WILLIAM H. McMASTERS
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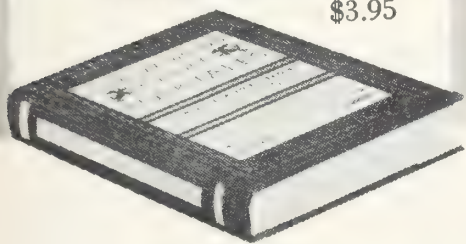
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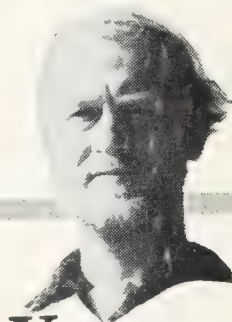
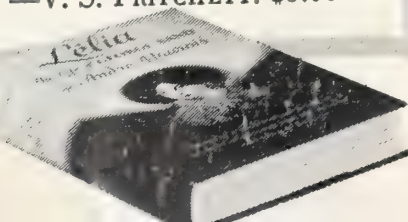
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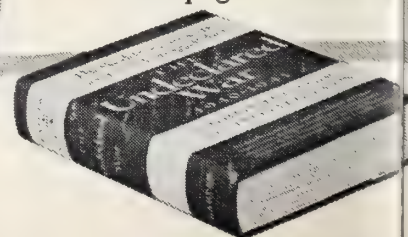
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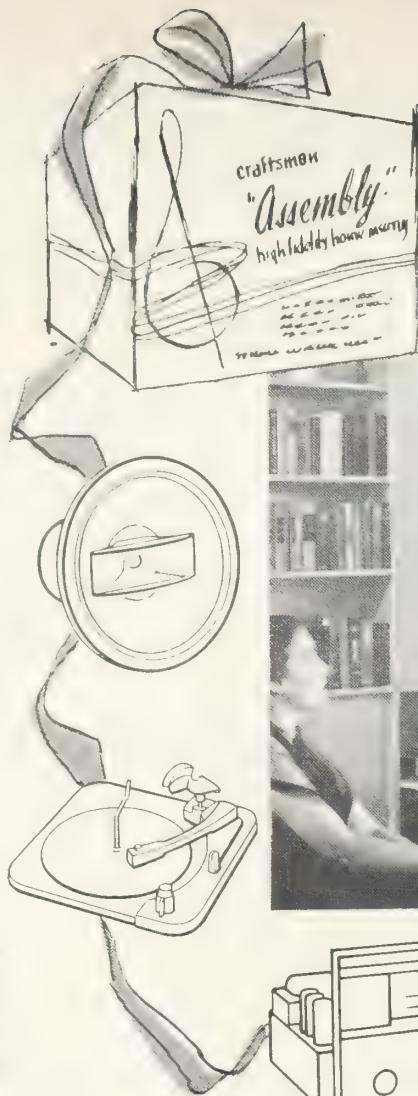


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Harper's MAGAZINE

Dr. Kinsey's Second Sex

Anne G. Freedgood

IT is a university campus rather than a wilderness—the gracious, sprawling, forested campus of Indiana University that Hoagy Carmichael described so movingly in *The Stardust Road*. But the voice that sounds most strongly out of it today is the authentic voice of the American prophet crying in the wilderness, make straight in the desert a pathway for reform. The desert in this case is our current code of laws governing sexual activities and the background of Puritan tradition regarding sex under which this country still to some extent operates. And the voice is the voice of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey of the Zoology Department, head of the Institute for Sex Research, an enterprise discreetly tucked away in soundproof rooms in the basement of one of the science buildings.

The torrent of reaction that followed the publication of Dr. Kinsey's and the Institute's first book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, five years ago, and the widespread speculation and curiosity concerning his new book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, to be released on September fourteenth, have partially obscured the peculiar, and peculiarly

American, nature of the whole enterprise. Dr. Kinsey is by no means the first to break his way into this desert. For more than half a century there have been pioneers before him, challenging older notions and demanding more light on the subject of sex. Sigmund Freud and Havelock Ellis probably stand as the two major figures. But Dr. Kinsey's earnest, dedicated attempt to find out from the people themselves how they behave and what they think, to correlate his findings statistically without prejudgment, to regard even the most bizarre practice impersonally as merely another statistic, and to present his findings to the people as well as to the experts and professionals, is his own. And so, in turn, is the reverberation his work has caused.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Americans bought the first Kinsey report; a half-dozen other books about the report also became best-sellers; and no one, least of all Dr. Kinsey and his hard-working, single-minded staff, has yet estimated the number of magazine articles and newspaper stories on the subject that have appeared. There is reason to suspect that the impact of the second volume

In her summary of the long-awaited Kinsey report on women, Anne G. Freedgood, an editor of Harper's who attended the briefing sessions at Indiana University, attempts to place both Dr. Kinsey and his book in their social and historical context.

will be even greater than that of the first—not merely because it deals with women, a perennially popular topic with both sexes, or because, as one wit put it, “any woman may be somebody’s mother,” but also because it is in many ways a more startling and a fuller book than its predecessor.

Beyond that, it has gained momentum from the effect of its forerunner, which has already been cited in court decisions and quoted in textbooks as well as blazoned from one end of the country to the other. Only a handful of articles about the first volume appeared before publication. Close to one hundred national magazines, newspapers, and news services wrote Dr. Kinsey asking to see advance proofs of the second. With scrupulous fairness he offered the same opportunity to all: a chance to send an accredited reporter—bound by contract to observe an August twentieth release date and to check figures with the Institute for accuracy—to attend one of three four-day sessions at the university, sessions during which interviews with the Kinsey staff and proofs of the book were made available. Representatives of eight publications turned up at the first of these briefings, while reservations were still being made for the later two; and if the concentration with which the reporters made use of their opportunities is any indication, this article should be only one of a flood of prepublication reports on the second Kinsey report.

But perhaps typically, Dr. Kinsey has caused only a ripple on the campus from which his work emanates. Late in May, during the first briefing session, while the eight reporters from other parts searched their souls for the most newsworthy facts and ideas in the manuscript they were reading, the Indiana undergraduates attended intramural baseball games and studied for their final exams. A large number of them do not recognize Dr. Kinsey by sight. An even higher proportion do not know where the Institute is located. There are only three copies of his first volume in the college library, and most students say frankly they could not afford to buy it. And the sole notice last May in the *Indiana Daily Student*, the campus newspaper, of the subject on which so much of the nation was hazarding so many guesses was a short item which quoted the titles of both the Kinsey books incorrectly and read in part:

Sometime after August 20, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey of the Department of Zoology will release another book for sale. This one is entitled “Sexual Behavior of the Human Female.”

This is the second book that Dr. Kinsey will have written since he began his extensive research on sexual behavior in 1938. The other book, a best-seller, was titled “Sexual Behavior of the Human Male.”

II

IT SHOULD be said at once that the objections some people raised to the validity of the Kinsey interviewing technique will hold for the second book as well as the first, although it is based on a larger number of cases and the geographical distribution over the country is wider. Dr. Kinsey and his three research associates, Clyde Martin, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Paul E. Gebhard, asked the women the same 300 to 500 questions they asked the men, with minor variations (and found, incidentally, that they answered as readily); coded the replies in the same manner; rechecked later for accuracy in twice as many cases as they had for the first book; and cross-checked in over three times as many cases as in the first book reports from husbands and wives. The interviewers maintain that the manner in which they put the questions (which varies depending on the educational and social background of the person questioned) and the checks on one question inherent in later questions, make it extremely difficult for anyone to deceive them. But it must be remembered that the major objection to the first book was not that many people deliberately lied in answering, but that self-deception and faulty memory are far from infrequent phenomena in the human animal, as any psychiatrist can testify.

However, the second volume depends to a lesser extent than the first did on verbally given accounts. The authors also collected from some of the people they interviewed sexual calendars, diaries, correspondence, drawings, and amateur and professional fiction on erotic subjects to check against what the people said. Dr. Kinsey’s slowly accumulated 16,000-volume library on sexual behavior, including books on religion, law, biology, medicine, psychology, psychiatry, and the fine arts—as well as the collections of

pornography and erotica from classical times to the present, which made the news when he had difficulty getting some of the books from abroad through the United States censor—has made possible footnotes tracing observations, attitudes, and laws on sexual practices through the ages and the nations. Dr. Gebhard, a young, Harvard-trained anthropologist, has provided other footnotes on animal behavior and customs in primitive tribes. Two research associates on legal study have contributed information on sex laws.

The footnotes make the liveliest reading in the new book. It is fascinating to trace sexual mores and patterns of behavior from ancient Judaic law through medieval Catholic law into current Anglo-American law, and to realize how direct the line of descent has been. It is in the footnotes one learns what an anonymous but inspired medieval writer considered the major "vapours of the Maidenhead"; that petting, very similar to that practiced by humans, is frequent among porcupines; and that among the extenuating circumstances in Talmudic law that make premarital coitus permissible is the case of a man falling off a parapet against a woman.

The new book has also been helped by consultations with psychologists, psychiatrists, neurologists, gynecologists, sociologists, social workers, and others—some of whom provided additional material and some of whom went over the manuscript. General observation of community habits and conversation has further broadened its scope. And because it is the second volume, it contains comparative data on the sexuality of men and women and findings on the nature of sexual response in general.

In gathering material on sexuality, Dr. Kinsey and his associates used, in addition to the case histories they took, records from scientifically trained observers who studied human sexual activities in which they were not themselves involved; studies and movies of the behavior of lower animals; published clinical data and unpublished gynecological data; anatomic data; and records of physiological experiments on lower animals and, to a lesser extent, on human beings. And it is in this field, on the nature of sexuality itself, that the new book is most sensational and conflicts most sharply with certain widely accepted theories.

III

THERE is, the book declares, no basic physiological or anatomic difference in the sexual response of males and females; the circumstances leading to homosexuality are not what, since Freud, we have been led to believe; and there is no evidence that the development of sexuality in the individual follows the sequence it is generally supposed to.

The data Kinsey and his associates used in studying the basic nature of sexuality persuaded them that the end organs of touch, or erogenous zones, which are the chief physical bases of sexual response, are located about the same in men and in women; that male and female genitalia, which "originate embryonically from essentially identical structures," in the adult still contain corresponding parts which, although some are vestigial in one sex and some in the other, serve similar functions in sexual response. The female does not respond physiologically more slowly than the male; her supposed slower response is due to sexual techniques that do not recognize the nature of female anatomy, and to the fact that most females do not respond as rapidly or as intensely to psychological stimuli as the average male.

The Kinsey findings on homosexuality indicate that the main factors leading to it are: (1) the human being's basic sexual capacity to respond to any sufficient stimulus; (2) the chance that leads a person to his or her first sexual experience with a person of the same sex; (3) the effects of that experience, pleasant or unpleasant; and (4) the powerful conditioning effects of the social code. Thus a man or woman who has had a homosexual experience, Dr. Kinsey suggests, may find himself rejected by persons of the opposite sex and be driven into exclusively homosexual activity. Contrariwise, the social pressure against premarital intercourse with a person of the opposite sex may drive an individual, especially a woman, against whom the pressure is apt to be more strongly applied, into homosexuality. Carried to its farther conclusions, all this seems to indicate that, if the homosexual taboo were removed, our society might follow the pattern of ancient Athens or Shakespearean England in which bi-sexuality

was an accepted form, and the society remained sound and productive.

The blare of the trumpet, seldom long absent from this book, rings loud as Dr. Kinsey proclaims: "There is nothing known in the anatomy or physiology of sexual response which distinguishes between masturbatory, heterosexual, or homosexual reactions. . . . Unless it has been conditioned by previous experience, an animal should respond identically to identical stimuli, whether they emanate from some part of its own body, from another individual of the same sex, or from an individual of the opposite sex."

This leads to his third point: nowhere in his research did he find that the Freudian progression from self-stimulation to homosexual stimulation to "emotionally mature" heterosexual orgasm actually exists in the human being, male or female. In fact, the whole concept of maturity and immaturity in sexual relations is omitted from the book.

It is not the intention of this article to evaluate these conclusions, although—as Dr. Kinsey acknowledges—the entire book rests on the first of them, and by extension on the other two as well. Almost certainly they will attract the main attention of specialists who hold most strongly to opposing theories. Two further sections on the hormonal factors and neural mechanisms involved in sexual response may also draw fire from professionals in these highly technical and experimental fields. But equally certainly, these are not the parts of the book that will receive the most public attention. It is the Kinsey figures on frigidity, homosexuality, masturbation, and promiscuity in women, and specifically, since the cases were taken in this country, in American women, that most people are waiting to see. And in these figures it is safe to say there is something for almost everybody.

IV

FIVE thousand three hundred American males contributed their histories to the first Kinsey report. In the second are the case histories of 5,940 white females, 59 per cent of whom, judged by their own or their husbands' work, belong to the upper white-collar or professional class, although only 47 per cent came from childhood homes

of this class. Close to 2,000 more women are represented in the total figures, but not in all the group breakdowns. These include Negroes, whom Dr. Kinsey omitted from the breakdowns because he did not feel he had a large enough sampling of educated Negroes in the upper occupational groups to give a fair picture; and women in penal institutions, whose histories, the interviewers found, differed sharply from those of women outside. In addition, 3,000 more males have been interviewed since those in the first book.

The ages of the women ranged from two to ninety, with the largest sampling in the group between sixteen and fifty. Only 8 per cent had never gone beyond grade school; 17 per cent had had some high-school education but not college; 56 per cent, some college but no graduate work; and 19 per cent had done graduate work—proportions which are themselves interesting as indicating the kinds of women the Kinsey interviewers met most frequently throughout the nation and found most willing to co-operate.

The states that provided the most cases were, in order: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, California, New Jersey, Ohio, Florida, Massachusetts, and Maryland. Four hundred and fifty-six of the cases were born before 1900; 784 in the first decade after the turn of the century, meaning that they reached maturity sometime during the nineteen-twenties. The women's occupations ranged from acrobat to X-ray technician; their husbands', for those who were married, from abortionist to YMCA staff. Although the largest number of women came from Protestant or reformed Jewish sects, there are 727 Roman Catholics and 108 strictly Orthodox Jewish women in the sample.

"At its best," Dr. Kinsey writes cautiously, "the present volume can pretend to report behavior which may be typical of no more than a portion, although probably not an inconsiderable portion, of the white females living within the boundaries of the United States."

What, then, are some of the things he found out about these women?

IN CONTRAST to the male pattern described in the first book, age at onset of adolescence and social and educational background seem to make little difference in

women's sexual behavior. While religious background may hold a woman back from beginning a specific type of sexual activity, once she has begun, it makes little difference in the frequency with which she continues.

The generation in which a woman was born is far more important in determining the forms of sexual practice in which she engages, though not their frequency, than an urban or rural background, the occupation of her parents, or the amount of schooling she receives. (However, Dr. Kinsey reminds the reader that the sampling of women who never went beyond grade school is limited.)

There is greater variation in the frequency and intensity of sexual activity in individual women than in individual men. Extreme females surpass males in responding to physiological stimuli; and while two-thirds of the women interviewed did not respond to psychological stimuli anywhere nearly as strongly as the average man, 2 to 3 per cent responded more rapidly and more intensely than any man interviewed.

Females as well as males may experience orgasm in infancy and pre-adolescence (the ages at which the women in the sample first reached orgasm ranged from four months—reported by the infant's mother—to between forty-eight and fifty years); but seven times as many boys as girls indulge in pre-adolescent heterosexual sex play. And while most males reach their maximum sexual development somewhere in their late teens and begin to decline in their late twenties, most females reach their maximum sexual development in their middle twenties or early thirties and continue more or less on a level until their fifties or sixties.

The average female does not have, or seem to require, as regular sexual activity as the average male.

Women, both married and unmarried, are less promiscuous than men, and usually have far fewer different sexual partners of either sex.

Only one-third to one-half as many women as men of any age are primarily or exclusively homosexual.

Animal contacts are much rarer among women than men.

Masturbation is the second largest sexual outlet among women of all ages and the one in which women most often reach orgasm;

but heterosexual petting is the sexual practice in which the greatest number of women engage before marriage, and marital coitus the one in which the greatest number engage after marriage. In contrast to males, more older than younger women masturbate.

The greater a woman's premarital experience of orgasm, *from whatever source*, the greater her chances of achieving sexual satisfaction from coitus with her husband.

What may be one of the most striking of all Dr. Kinsey's findings is that frigidity in women is steadily declining, and has been declining ever since the period, just after World War I, which saw a rise in the number of women who petted and engaged in premarital relations with men and a decline in prostitution.

In one age group, the frigidity decline was as steep as from 20 to 7 per cent. But the rise in petting and premarital experience among women of all social classes was sharpest in the period between 1916 and 1930 and the figure has remained fairly constant ever since—suggesting that, in the sexual field at least, the changes of the Jazz Age have proved permanent. Less than half as many women born before 1900 had premarital coitus as those born later; among women unmarried by the age of twenty-five, 14 per cent of the older generation and 36 per cent of the next generation had had sexual intercourse with men.

Only 9 per cent of the total number of women interviewed appeared to belong to a group that would go through life without experiencing orgasm from any source, and only 2 per cent to a group that would never be erotically aroused. Among the married women, only 10 per cent appeared to go through marriage without reaching orgasm from coitus with their husbands (although one woman did so only after twenty-eight years of marriage), and a steadily rising proportion said they were achieving orgasm from *all* their marital coitus as their marriages progressed—from 39 per cent during the first year of marriage to 47 per cent after twenty years of marriage. Tabulated another way, Dr. Kinsey estimates from his findings that after twenty years of marriage, 85 per cent of all marital coitus is proving sexually satisfactory to the woman involved, and adds that the youngest group in his sample will probably end their histories with a still higher figure.

V

EVEN this decidedly incomplete summary of some of the figures in the second Kinsey book offers ample ammunition for the social historian, the moralist, the specialist, the commentator, the feminist, and the anti-feminist to do with as they will. Advocates of higher education for women can make what they like of Dr. Kinsey's finding that "a distinctly higher proportion" of women who have been to college reach orgasm in a higher percentage of their marital coitus. Students of literature will discover that writers, as they often are, have been right all along: Mrs. Shandy* makes her unacknowledged appearance in this book when the female's lower response to psychological stimuli and ability to be distracted are being discussed; and surely the Kinsey figures on the age in which women are most sexually active in comparison to men recall Mark Twain's bitter reference to God's horrid jest on the female sex in allowing their desire so far to outlast their husbands'.

Publishers who claim that women make up the bulk of the novel-reading public may be bolstered to find that while in general women respond erotically to few psychological stimuli, the reading of romantic fiction is an outstanding exception in which they far exceed men. Since the same applies to movies, the publication of the second Kinsey report may result in Hollywood's increased attention to "women's pictures," and in less furor about 3-D.

Anyone may point out that along with the figures on growing sexual satisfaction for women has gone the rise in premarital and extramarital affairs; and many people will very likely be dismayed at the staggeringly low proportion of women questioned who had indulged in either who expressed any later regret that they had done so, or any intention of not doing so in the future. Dr. Kinsey's complete separation of women's sexual ac-

tivities and the reproductive process, with all its emotional and social overtones, may bring other complaints. To these Dr. Kinsey has his answer. This book is not concerned with the subject of marriage, not even with the sexual factors in marital adjustment, a topic he hopes to get around to later. It is an attempt to investigate female sexuality and compare it with male. And it is perhaps unique in the field in its isolation of this single aspect of the human female.

"In view of the historical background of our Judeo-Christian culture," the book observes, "comparisons of males and females must be undertaken with some trepidation and a considerable sense of responsibility. . . . Down to the present day there is more heat than logic in most attempts to show that women are the equal of men, or that the human female differs in some fundamental way from the human male. It would be surprising if we, the present investigators, should have wholly freed ourselves from such century-old biases. . . . We have, however, tried to accumulate the data with a minimum of prejudgment and attempted to make interpretations which would fit those data."

IT is a worthy and honest attempt. Yet no one, and certainly neither Dr. Kinsey, who is fired with true missionary zeal, nor his three young associates, who have taken the flame from him, can work with such devotion and concentration in the field of sex for so long without placing a high premium on sexual activity. If the second Kinsey report makes any censure, beyond the implicit underlying censure of certain sex laws and customs, it comes in when the book is discussing the 28 per cent of unmarried women the investigators found who had never had sexual satisfaction, and who were therefore incapable of understanding the sexual urge in other women and in men. Many of these women, Dr. Kinsey notes, are in responsible positions as teachers, school superintendents, directors of youth organizations and women's clubs. Some are responsible for our most extreme sex laws. Some are doctors who are shocked by their patients. But even as he protests this state of affairs, he suggests again that it is probably no innate quality in these women but our social and moral code that has made them unresponsive and intolerant. "One-half

*"Pray, my dear," quoth my mother, "have you not forgot to wind up the clock?" "Good G—!" cried my father, making an exclamation but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time. "Did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?"—*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, by Laurence Sterne, 1781.

to two-thirds our unmarried females," he adds, "do understand the significance of sex and do not lead frustrated lives."

For Dr. Kinsey's prime concern is with the individual. "Individual variation," he writes, "is the most persistent reality in human sexual behavior." And the inherent message that runs most strongly, if tacitly, through his new book is the need for recognition of this fact and of varying individual needs. The book is, in effect, a plea for more tolerance and less certainty that some things are right or normal and others wrong or abnormal; for reinvestigation of sex laws, reinterpretation of moral codes. And if some of the Kinsey findings seem to raise questions more serious for the structure of our society, based on the family unit, than the book sometimes seems to take into account, it is, quite certainly, not Dr. Kinsey's responsibility. He has blazed the trail, and the final evaluation of both his findings and their implications must be left for others.

Possibly because Indiana is a border state, still conscious of the fact that the land near where the university now stands was once a depot for the underground railway, the sound of Dr. Kinsey's voice periodically recalls the voices of the Abolitionists who, like him, raised the standard for what they considered basic human reforms whose far-reaching social consequences they did not directly concern themselves with. Or perhaps Dr. Kinsey feels he has given himself an out when he says, as he does in this book, that he does not believe that sexual satisfaction is the only, or even the primary, factor in a successful marriage. He further states that his findings indicate that the average woman marries to establish a home and a long-term relationship with her husband and to have children, rather than to find sexual gratification. But he asks that sex as a separate function receive more recognition, more free and open discussion, and more investigation by professionals.

A NUMBER of sophisticated foreign critics remarked when the first Kinsey report was published that only in America would a scientific study of male sex habits, by a zoologist who had built up his previous reputation by his studies of the gall wasp, receive such excited attention and sell so many

copies. In a sense they were right, although if references to the first Kinsey report in the foreign press from Europe to China, the fact that the book was translated into six languages, and the number of imitators who have sprung up in other countries prove anything, Kinsey has not passed without notice abroad. But it is perhaps typically American to accept so widely a scientist who turns from one field to an entirely different one and uses the statistical approach ordinarily reserved for far less intimate subjects. It is perhaps also American that such a study should be so determinedly of the people, by the people, and for the people.

The first volume was accurately described by some reviewers as a dry tome. The second, as one of the journalists who was reading the advance proofs observed, "badly needs an editor." It is repetitious, dull in some passages, and sometimes confusing. But it is my guess that it will be as extensively read as the first was. There is a special reassurance for many Americans in the fact that these figures were collected from anonymous people like themselves and put through the impersonal calculations of an IBM machine to turn out results that are now presented to the same kind of people as those from whom they were gathered.

Dr. Kinsey receives no money from his books. All the profits are plowed back into the Institute for Sex Research to make possible further studies. If anyone doubts the high purpose with which Dr. Kinsey pursues those studies, he has only to read excerpts from the first chapter of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*:

It is the record of science that greater knowledge as it has become more available has increased man's capacity to live more happily with himself and his fellow men. . . . We believe that the scientist who obtains his right to investigate from the citizens at large is under obligation to make his findings available to all who can utilize his data. . . . As in other areas of science, the restriction of sexual knowledge to a limited number of professionally trained persons, to physicians, to priests, or to those who can read Latin, has not sufficiently served the millions . . . who need such knowledge in their everyday affairs.



Cholmondeley the Chimpanzee

Gerald M. Durrell

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

SHORTLY before we left our hilltop hut at Bakebe and traveled down to our last camp at Kumba, we had with us a most unusual guest in the shape of Cholmondeley, known to his friends as Chumley.

Chumley was a full-grown chimpanzee; his owner, a District Officer, was finding the ape's large size rather awkward and wanted to send him to London Zoo as a present, so that he could visit the animal when he was back in England on leave. He wrote asking us if we would mind taking Chumley back with us when we left and depositing him at his new home in London, and we replied that we would not mind at all. I don't think that either John or myself had the least idea how big Chumley was: I know that I visualized an ape of about three years old, standing about three feet high. I got a rude shock when Chumley moved in.

He arrived in the back of a small van, seated sedately in a huge crate. When the doors of his crate were opened and Chumley stepped out with all the ease and self-confidence of a film star, I was considerably shaken; standing on his bow legs in a normal slouching chimp position, he came up to my waist, and if he had straightened up his head would have been on a level with my chest. He had huge arms and must have measured at least

twice my size round his hairy chest. Owing to bad tooth growth, both sides of his face were swollen out of all proportion, and this gave him a weird pugilistic look. His eyes were small, deep-set, and intelligent; the top of his head was nearly bald, owing, I discovered later, to his habit of sitting and rubbing the palms of his hands backward across his head, an exercise which seemed to afford him much pleasure and which he persisted in until the top of his skull was quite devoid of hair. This was no young chimp such as I had expected, but a veteran about eight or nine years old, fully mature, strong as a powerful man, and, to judge by his expression, with considerable experience of life. Although he was not exactly a nice chimp to look at (I had seen handsomer), he certainly had a terrific personality: it hit you as soon as you set eyes on him. His little eyes looked at you with great intelligence, and there seemed to be a glitter of ironic laughter in their depths that made one feel uncomfortable.

He stood on the ground and surveyed his surroundings with a shrewd glance, and then he turned to me and held out one of his soft, pink-palmed hands to be shaken, with exactly that bored expression that one sees on the faces of professional hand-shakers. Round

his neck was a thick chain, and its length drooped over the tailboard of the lorry and disappeared into the depths of his crate. With an animal of less personality than Chumley, this would have been a sign of his subjugation, of his captivity. But Chumley wore the chain with the superb air of a Lord Mayor; after shaking my hand so professionally, he turned and proceeded to pull the chain, which measured some fifteen feet, out of his crate. He gathered it up carefully into loops, hung it over one hand, and proceeded to walk into the hut as if he owned it. Thus, in the first few minutes of arrival, Chumley had made us feel inferior; he had moved in, not, we felt, because we wanted him to, but because he did. I almost felt I ought to apologize for the mess on the table.

He seated himself in a chair, dropped his chain on the floor, and then looked hopefully at me. It was quite obvious that he expected some sort of refreshment after his tiring journey. I roared out to the kitchen for someone to make a cup of tea, for I had been warned that Chumley had a great liking for the cup that cheers. Leaving him sitting in the chair and surveying our humble abode with ill-concealed disgust, I went out to his crate, and in it I found a tin plate and a battered tin mug of colossal proportions. When I returned to the hut bearing these, Chumley brightened considerably and even went so far as to praise me for my intelligence.

"Ooooooo, umph!" he said, and then crossed his legs and continued his inspection of the hut. I sat down opposite him and produced a packet of cigarettes. As I was selecting one a long black arm was stretched across the table, and Chumley grunted in delight. Wondering what he would do, I handed him a cigarette; and to my astonishment he put it carefully in the corner of his mouth. I lit my smoke and handed Chumley the matches, thinking that this would fool him. He opened the box, took out a match, struck it, lit his cigarette, threw the matches down on the table, crossed his legs again, and lay back in his chair, inhaling thankfully and blowing clouds of smoke out of his nose. Obviously he had vices in his make-up of which I had been kept in ignorance.

Just at that moment Pious entered bearing the tray of tea; the effect on him when he saw me sitting at the table with the chimp, smok-

ing and apparently exchanging gossip, was considerable.

"Eh-aeheh!" he gasped, backing away.

"Whar hooo," said Chumley, sighting the tea and waving one hand madly.

"Na whatee that, sah?" asked Pious from the doorway.

"This is Chumley," I explained. "He won't hurt you. Put the tea on the table."

Pious did as he was told and then retreated to the door again. As I poured tea and milk into Chumley's mug and added three tablespoons of sugar, he watched me with a glittering eye and made soft "ooing" noises to himself. I handed him the mug and he took it carefully in both hands. There was a moment's confusion when he tried to rid himself of the cigarette, which he found he could not hold along with the mug; he solved the problem by placing the cigarette on the table. Then he tested the tea carefully with one lip stuck out, to see if it was too hot. As it was, he sat there and blew on it until it was the right temperature, and then he drank it down. When he had finished the liquid there still remained the residue of syrupy sugar at the bottom, and as Chumley's motto was obviously waste not, want not, he balanced the mug on his nose and kept it there until the last of the sugar had trickled down into his mouth. Then he held it out for a refill.

CHUMLEY's crate was placed at a convenient point about fifty yards from the hut, next to a great gnarled tree stump to which I attached his chain. From there he could get a good view of everything that went on in and around the hut, and as we were working he would shout comments to me and I would reply. That first day he created an uproar, for no sooner had I chained him up and gone into the hut to do some work than a frightful upheaval took place among the monkeys. All these were tethered on ropes under a palm-leaf shelter just opposite the hut. Chumley, after I had left him, felt bored; looking around, he perceived some sizable rocks lying about within easy reach. Arming himself with these, he proceeded to have a little underarm bowling practice. The first I knew of this was when I heard shrill screams and chatterings from the drills and guenons. I dashed out and was just in time to see a rock the size of a cabbage land in their midst,

fortunately missing them all. If one of these rocks had hit a monkey it would have been squashed flat. Seizing a stick, I raced down upon Chumley, waving it and shouting at him, trying to appear fearsome, while all the time I was wondering what was going to happen if I tried to deal out punishment to an animal almost my own size and with twice my strength, when I was armed with only a short stick that seemed ridiculously flimsy. However, to my surprise, Chumley saw me coming and promptly lay down on the ground, covered his face and his head with his long arms, and screamed loudly at the top of his voice. I gave him two cuts with the stick across his back, and it had about as much effect as if I had tried to demolish St. Paul's Cathedral with a toothpick. His back was broad and flat, solid muscle as hard as iron.

"You are a very wicked animal," I said sternly, and Chumley, realizing that punishment was apparently over, sat up and started to remove bits of leaf from himself.

"Whooooooo," he said, glancing up at me shyly.

"If you do that again I will have to give you a really good beating," I continued, wondering if anything short of a tree trunk would make any impression on him.

"Arrrrrrr oooo," said Chumley. He shifted forward, squatted down, rolled up my trouser leg, and then began to search my calf for any spots, bits of dirt, or other microscopic blemishes. While he was thus engaged I called the animal staff and had them remove every rock from the vicinity. Later, after giving the beast yet another talking to, I left him, and shortly afterward I noticed him digging hopefully in the earth near his crate, presumably in search of more rocks.

That night, when I carried Chumley's food and drink of tea out to him, he greeted me with loud "hoo hoos" of delight, and jogged up and down, beating his knuckles on the ground. Before he touched his dinner, however, he seized one of my hands in his and carried it to his mouth. With some trepidation I waited as he carefully put one of my fingers between his great teeth and very gently bit it. Then I understood: in the chimpanzee world, to place your finger between another ape's teeth is a greeting and a sign of trust, for to place a finger in such a vulnerable position is a sure display of your confidence in the

other's friendliness. So Chumley was flattering me by treating me as he would another chimp. Then he set to and soon polished off his meal. When he had finished I sat beside him on the ground, and he went carefully through my pockets and examined everything I had on me.

When I decided that it was time for him to go to bed he refused to give back a handkerchief which he had removed. He held it behind his back and passed it from one hand to the other as I tried to get it. Then, thinking that the action would settle the matter, he stuffed it hurriedly into his mouth. I realized that if I gave in and let him keep the handkerchief he would think that he could get away with anything, so for half an hour I sat there pleading with him and cajoling him, until eventually, very reluctantly, he disgorged it, now very sodden and crumpled. After this I had no trouble with him: if he was playing with something I wanted I would simply hold out my hand and ask him for it, and he would give it to me without any fuss.

Now, I have known a great number of attractive and charming animals, from mice to elephants, but I have never seen one to compare with Chumley for force and charm of personality, or for intelligence. After knowing him for a while you ceased to look upon him as an animal; you regarded him more as a fascinating, mischievous, courtly old man, who had for some reason best known to himself disguised himself as a chimpanzee. His manners were perfect: he would never grab his food and start guzzling, as the other monkeys did, without first giving you a greeting, and thanking you with a series of his most expressive "hoo hoos." Then he would eat delicately and slowly, pushing those pieces he did not want to the side of his plate with his fingers. His only breach of table manners came at the end of a meal, for then he would seize his empty mug and plate and hurl them as far as possible.

He had, of course, many habits which made him seem almost human, and his smoking was one. He could light his cigarette with matches or a lighter with equal facility, and then he would lie down on the ground on his back, one arm under his head and his legs bent up and crossed, blowing great clouds of smoke into the sky, and occasionally examin-

ing the end of his cigarette professionally to see if the ash needed removing. If it did he would perform the operation carefully with one fingernail. Give him a bottle of lemonade and a glass, and he would pour himself out a drink with all the care and concentration of a world-famous barman mixing a cocktail. He was the only animal I have met that would think of sharing things with you: on many occasions, if I gave him a bunch of bananas or two or three mangoes, he would choose one and hold it out to me with an inquiring expression on his face, and he would grunt with satisfaction if I accepted it and sat down beside him on the ground to eat it.

Chumley had three aversions in life: African natives, giant millipedes, and snakes. Natives he would tolerate, and he got a great kick out of attracting them within range and then leaping at them with a ferocious scream. Not that I think he would ever have harmed them; he just liked to watch them run screaming in fear. But the trouble was that the natives would tease him if they got the chance, and Chumley would get more and more excited, his hair would stand on end, he would sway from side to side, swinging his powerful arms and baring his great teeth, and then Heaven help the native who came too close.

Giant millipedes fascinated him, but he could never bring himself to trust them wholeheartedly. The giant millipede looks not unlike a thin black pudding, with a fringe of legs, (a hundred or so pairs) arranged along the underside, and a pair of short feelers in front. They were completely harmless creatures that glided about on their numerous legs, their feelers waving, and liked nothing so much as a really rotten log of wood to feed on. However, their snakelike motion made them suspect in Chumley's eyes, although he seemed to realize that they were not snakes. If I placed a couple on his box he would sit and watch them for hours, his lips pursed, occasionally scratching himself. If one walked over the edge of the crate and fell to the ground and then started to walk in his direction, he would leap to his feet, retreat to the end of his chain, and scream loudly until I came and rescued him from the monster.

Snakes, of course, worried him a lot, and he would get really most upset if he saw me handling one, uttering plaintive cries and

wringing his hands until I had to put it down. If I showed him my hands after handling a snake he would always examine them carefully—I presume to make sure I had not been bitten. Whenever a snake slid toward him he would nearly have a fit; his hair would stand on end, he would moan, and, as it got closer, would throw bits of grass and twigs at it in a vain effort to stop its advance. One night he flatly refused to be shut in his box when it grew dark, a thing he had never done before. When I tried to force him in, thinking he was merely playing up, he led me to the door of the crate and, leaving me there, retreated, pointing with one hand and hoo-hooing loudly and in obvious fear. Investigating his blankets and banana-leaf bed, I discovered a small, blind, burrowing snake coiled up in the middle. This was a harmless creature, but Chumley was taking no chances.

Not long after Chumley's arrival he suddenly went off his food, lost all his interest in life, and would spend all day crouched in his crate. He would refuse all drink except about half a mugful of water a day. I was away at the time, and a frantic message from John brought me hurrying back, for John was not sure what the ape was suffering from or how ill he really was. On my return I tried everything I knew to tempt Chumley to eat, for he was growing visibly thinner. The staff was sent to search the countryside for ripe mangoes and pawpaws, and delicate fruit salads were concocted with great care by my own hands. But Chumley would not eat. This went on for nearly a week, until I was really





beginning to think we should lose him. Every evening I would force him to take a walk with me, but he was so weak that he had to sit down and rest every few yards. But I knew it would be fatal to let him lose all interest in life, for once an ape does that he is doomed. One evening before I went to take Chumley for his walk I opened a tin of Ryvita biscuits and concealed a dozen or so in my pockets. When we had walked some distance Chumley sat down and I sat beside him. As we both examined the view I took a biscuit from my pocket and started to eat it. He watched me; I think he was rather surprised that I did not offer him any, as I usually did, but finished it up and smacked my lips appreciatively. He moved nearer and started to go through my pockets, which was in itself a good sign, for he had not done that since the first day he had been taken ill. He found a biscuit, pulled it out, sniffed it, and then, to my delight, ate it up. He again broached my pocket and got another, which he also ate. Altogether he ate six, and for the next four days he existed on water and Ryvita. Then came the morning when he accepted first his cup of tea and then two bananas. I knew he was going to be all right. His appetite came back with a rush, and he ate us out of house and home for about two weeks, and then he returned to normal. I was very glad to have pulled him round, for we were due to leave for Kumba, and he was in no condition to face the journey as thin as he had been.

THE day of our departure from Bakebe dawned, and when Chumley saw the lorry arrive to load the collection he realized he was in for one of his favorite sports, a lorry ride. He hooted and yelled and danced on the end of his chain with excitement, and beat a wild tattoo on his crate, making as much noise as possible so that we should not overlook him. When everything else had been loaded his crate was hoisted on board, and then he climbed into it, hooting delightedly. We started off, and we had not gone far before the staff, all clinging to the back and sides of the vehicle, started to sing loudly, as they always did, and presently Chumley joined in with a prolonged and melodious hooting, which convulsed the staff. In fact, the cook-mate found a singing chimpanzee so amusing that he fell off the back of the lorry, and we had to stop and pick him up, covered with dust, but still mirthful. It was a good thing we were not going at any speed.

At Kumba, three schoolhouses belonging to the Basle Mission were put at our disposal, through the kindness of the Reverend Paul Schibler and his wife. On moving in, there was complete chaos for a while, as always happened when you made a fresh camp, and apart from numerous other things that had to be attended to, there was the question of water supply. While a suitable water-carrier was being employed, furnished with tins, and told to do his job at the double, Chumley made it quite clear that he was very thirsty

indeed. He was chained outside, and had already attracted a large crowd of natives who had never seen a fully grown chimp before. In desperation I opened a bottle of beer and gave him that, and to my surprise he greeted its arrival with hoots of joy and smacked his lips over the froth. The lower the level fell in the bottle the more Chumley showed off, and the larger the crowd grew around him. Soon he was turning somersaults, and in between dancing a curious sort of side shuffle and clapping his hands. He was covered with beer froth, and enjoying himself hugely. But this drunken jig caused me a lot of trouble, for it took Chumley several hours to sober up and behave properly, and it took three policemen to disperse the crowd of two hundred people that was wedged around our houses, making entry and exit impossible. After that Chumley never had anything stronger than tea or lemonade, no matter how thirsty he became.

It was not long after we settled in at Kumba that Sue arrived. She was the youngest chimp I had even seen: she could not walk and was the proud possessor of four teeth only. She arrived in a basket out of which she peered with wide-eyed interest, sucking her left foot. How she had been kept alive by her native owner, who had been feeding her on a diet of mashed coco yam, I don't know. Within an hour she was sucking away at a bottle full of warm milk, liberally laced with sugar and cod-liver oil. When I took her out to show her to Chumley he displayed no interest other than trying to poke her in the eye with his forefinger, so my hopes of a romantic attachment faded.

To any mother worn out with a squealing baby, I would be tempted to say, "Go and exchange it for a chimpanzee like Sue: it will be half the trouble and give you just as much pleasure." Sue spent the night in a warm basket, and the day on my bed, and there was never a murmur out of her. The only times she screamed, clenching her little fists and kicking her legs in gusts of fury, were on those occasions when I showed her the bottle and then discovered it was too hot for her to drink straightway. This was a crime, and Sue let you know it. She had her first feeding at about seven o'clock in the morning, and her last feeding at midnight. She slept right through the night, a trick that is too uncom-

mon among human babies. During the day, as I say, she would sprawl on my bed, lying there sucking her thumb or foot, or occasionally doing press-ups on the edge of the bed to get her arm muscles in trim for feeding time. Most of the day, however, she just slept.

Her face, hands, and feet were pink, and she had a thick coat of wiry black hair. On her head this looked as though it had been parted in the middle and then cut in a fringe over her large ears. She reminded me of a solemn-faced Japanese doll. At first sight her tender years (or months) had rather put me off, as I felt that she would require endless attention which I had not the time to give her. But, as it turned out, she was considerably less trouble than any of the other animals. The animal staff were so captivated by her that they would fight for the privilege of giving her a bottle, and I even found John, on more than one occasion, prodding her fat middle and muttering baby talk at her, when he thought I was not within earshot.

CHUMLEY was, I think, a little jealous of Sue, but he was too much of a gentleman to show it. Not long after her arrival, however, the London Zoo's official collector arrived in the Cameroons, and with great regret I handed Chumley over to be transported back to England. I did not see him again for over four months, and then I went to visit him in the sanatorium at Regent's Park. He had a great straw-filled room to live in, and was immensely popular with the sanatorium staff. I did not think that he would recognize me, for when he had last seen me I had been clad in tropical kit and had sported a beard and moustache; now I was clean-shaven and wearing the garb of a civilized man. But recognize me he did, for he whirled around his room like a dervish when he saw me and then came rushing across to give me his old greeting, gently biting my finger. We sat in the straw and I gave him some sugar I had brought for him, and then we smoked a cigarette together while he removed my shoes and socks and examined my feet and legs to make sure there was nothing wrong with them. Then he took his cigarette butt and carefully put it out in one corner of his room, well away from the straw. When the time came to go, he shook hands with me

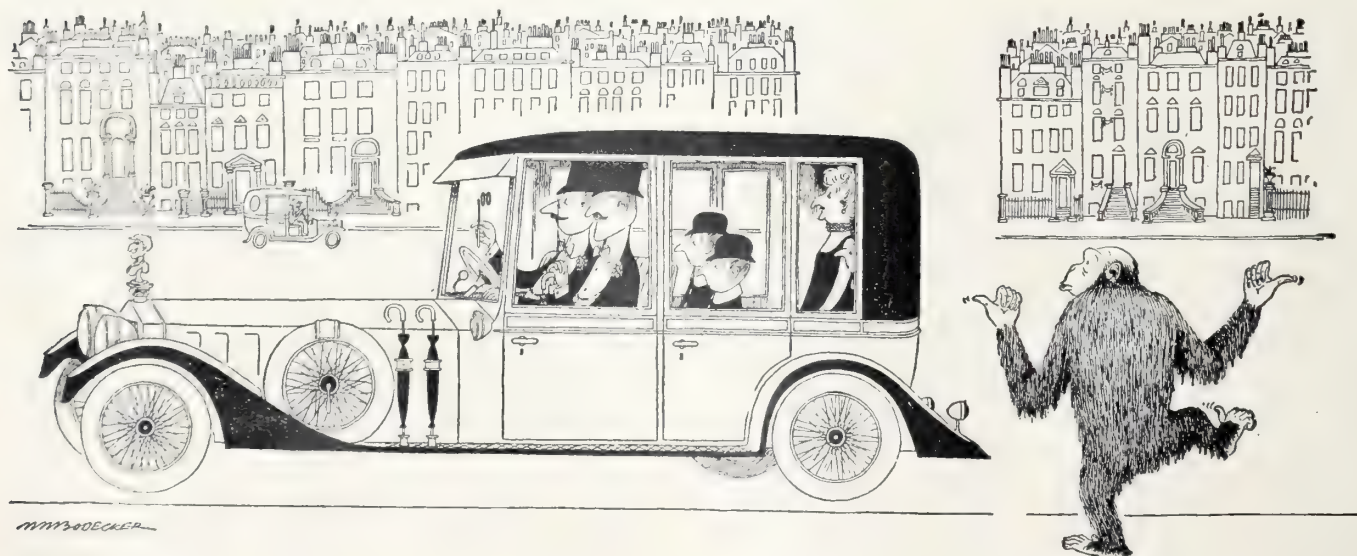
inally and watched my departure through the crack in the door. Shortly after he was moved to the monkey house, and so could receive no more visitors in his private room.

I never saw Chumley again, but I know his history: he became a great television star, going down to Alexandria Palace and doing his act in front of the cameras like an old trouser. Then his teeth started to worry him, and so he was moved from the monkey house back to the sanatorium to have an operation. One day, feeling bored with life, he broke out and sallied forth across Regent's Park. When he reached the main road he found a bus conveniently at hand, so he swung himself aboard; but his presence caused such horror among the occupants of the bus that he got excited and forgot himself so far as to bite someone. If only people would realize that to scream and panic is the best way of provoking an attack from any wild animal! Leaving the bus and its now bloodstained passengers, Chumley walked down the road, made a pass at a lady with a pram (who nearly fainted), and was wandering about to see what else he could do to liven life up for Londoners, when a member of the sanatorium staff arrived on the scene. By then I expect Chumley had realized that civilized people were no decent company for a well-brought-up chimp, so he took his keeper's hand and walked back home. After this he was branded as not safe and sent back to the monkey house. But he had not yet finished with publicity, for some time later he had to go back to the sanatorium for yet more treatment on his teeth, and so

he decided to repeat his little escapade.

It was Christmas Eve and Chumley obviously had memories of other and more convivial festivities, probably spent at some club in the depths of Africa. Anyway, he decided that if he had a walk around London on Christmas Eve, season of good will, he might run across someone who would offer him a beer.

So he broke open his cage and set off once more across Regent's Park. At Gloucester Gate he looked about hopefully for a bus, but there was not one in sight. But there were some cars parked there and Chumley approached them and beat on the doors vigorously, in the hope that the occupants would open up and offer him a lift. Chumley loved a ride in any sort of conveyance. But the foolish humans misconstrued his actions: there he was, full of Christmas spirit, asking for a lift, and all they could do was to wind up their windows and yell for help. This, thought Chumley, was a damn poor way to show a fellow the traditional British hospitality. But before he had time to explain his mission to the car owners, a panting posse of keepers arrived, and he was bundled back to the Zoo. Chumley had escaped twice, and they were not going to risk its happening again. From being a fine, intelligent animal, good enough to be displayed on television, he had suddenly become (by reason of his escapades) a fierce and untrustworthy monster, who might escape yet again and bite some worthy citizen. To avoid this risk, Chumley was sentenced to death and shot.



What events, in the Soviet Empire and the Free World, are responsible for—

The Coming Change in American Foreign Policy

John Fischer

A MAJOR change in our foreign policy is on the way—the first important shift since 1946. It is not being made willingly. Eisenhower, Dulles, and nearly all of their lieutenants would much prefer to continue along the basic course of the last seven years, with a few minor adjustments. They cannot. Events beyond their control are forcing them to turn in strange directions—with more confusion and alarm than they are likely to admit. They have called in some of the country's best brains in foreign affairs to help chart a new course; at this writing, the job is still far from done.

Early this spring, the top officials in the State Department and the National Security Council began to realize that our established policy was breaking down. In essence, that policy was to halt Soviet expansion by constructing a tight network of alliances, covering every threatened area of the globe. We had invested roughly forty billion dollars to help our allies build the strength—military and economic—to hold back the Communist drive. For a time, it worked. From 1950 until June of this year, the enemy made no major gains. In some areas—Korea, Burma, Malaya, Greece, the Philippines—he actually lost ground. And the armed power of the Free World appeared to be creeping toward the point where it might eventually balance the Soviet armies.

Then two events changed the picture: (1) a sharp reversal of Communist tactics; (2) an internal crumbling of our system of alliances.

These changes apparently were signaled by the death of Stalin and the election of a Republican administration here. In fact, however, the seeds of change probably had sprouted some time earlier, and the coming of the new regimes in Moscow and Washington merely hastened their growth. The new Soviet tactics were foreshadowed at the Nineteenth Party Congress five months before Stalin's death; and hindsight now indicates that some of the cords holding the Free World together had started to sag long before the American election.

THE people in Washington who follow Russian affairs most closely are inclined to think that the shift in the Communist line resulted, at least in part, from the pressure of circumstances. Perhaps it was made almost as reluctantly as the changes now impending in Washington.

For the "hard" methods which Stalin adopted at the close of World War II had at first paid big dividends, including Eastern Europe and much of Asia. Eventually, however, this combination of threats, subversion, and naked force scared the Free World into taking measures for its common defense. The result was rearmament, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the unexpected resistance of the United Nations in Korea, and all the other painful efforts lumped under the heading of Containment. Sometime in 1952 the men of the Kremlin evidently became convinced that they could not push much farther without risking a really big war.

They were not eager for such a war—according to informed guesses in Washington—because Marxist dogma holds that in the long run the capitalist world will fall apart anyhow; in the meantime it would be rash to challenge America's atomic superiority. Moreover, the Kremlin was having colonial troubles. As early as 1951 nearly all of the satellites had begun to bubble with unrest, which finally erupted this year into open revolts in Czechoslovakia and Germany. Even the people of the Soviet Union itself have been showing signs of weariness, cynicism, and apathy.

On top of all this, Stalin's death opened a major crisis—as the death of a dictator always does. Nobody I have talked to in Washington pretends to know exactly what is happening inside the Kremlin, but nearly everyone believes that the slaughter of Beria and his henchmen is only the beginning of a prolonged and bloody struggle for power.

These speculations offer at least a plausible explanation for the new “soft” tactics of the Soviet rulers. There is no slightest reason to believe that they have given up their long-range goal of world conquest. But for a period of uncertain duration, they probably are sincerely eager for a slackening of tension and a slowing up of the armaments race.

By these “soft” tactics, they might hope to accomplish three things:

(1) Settle the tussle for Stalin's throne without any unwelcome distractions abroad. At the moment it is possible that no single man in Russia—neither Malenkov, nor Molotov, nor Bulganin, nor any of their lesser rivals—can count for sure on the loyalty of *all three* of the main engines of power: the Party, the Secret Police, and the Army. If that is true, foreign adventure may look peculiarly unattractive to each of them.

(2) Pacify the satellites and woo the uncertain affections of the Russian people for the new regime. The obvious way to do this would be to ease up the relentless pressure on the workers and to permit their living standards to rise a notch—steps already taken in several of the East European colonies as a result of this spring's disorders. This, in turn, means a lower output of cannon and steel and uranium, and a general slowdown in war preparations.

(3) Split the Western alliance.

II

FROM the viewpoint of the Kremlin, this third goal may now seem to be almost within reach. A considerable body of non-Communist opinion—both in America and overseas—has always opposed the Containment policy. In England this opposition is known as Bevanism; on the Continent as neutralism; in Asia as anticolonialism; here its banner is isolationism and economy. Everywhere in the last year it has grown with remarkable speed.

These opposition movements include many odd strands of emotion—ranging from the British Socialist's muddled sympathy for the Chinese Reds to the German industrialist's greed for Eastern trade; from Nehru's suspicion of the West to Colonel McCormick's distaste for anything that reminds him of Truman and Acheson. But they all have two things in common. One is a conviction that the defense of the Free World is too painful and expensive; the other is a distrust of other members in the alliance.

The new Soviet tactics are specifically fashioned to exploit these emotions. By a series of carefully-planned gestures, the Kremlin has already convinced many of its prospective victims that Communist aggression is no longer an immediate threat, and that the burden of armaments therefore can safely be reduced. At the same time, the Russians have done everything in their power to aggravate suspicion among the free nations.

In the latter enterprise, they have had plenty of help from our side of the fence. The chronic inability of France to organize an effective government, for example, has inevitably shaken the confidence of her neighbors. The British flirtation with China naturally angered Americans who were dodging Chinese bullets. And our own behavior in recent months has done nothing to strengthen the faith of our allies in American leadership.

True enough, McCarthyism has been wildly exaggerated by the foreign press—but we cannot deny that some congressional committees have behaved with shameful irresponsibility. Many of our friends abroad view the McCarran act as a boorish insult; they cannot understand why we pull up our propaganda agency every three months to inspect the roots; and sometimes they honestly can't tell

whether our State Department is being run by Dulles, the Pentagon, Scott McLeod, McCarthy, or Slashing Johnny Taber.

Such mutual irritations could be endured so long as the Soviet Union was kicking everybody's shins. Now that it is giving a plausible imitation of Little Lord Fauntleroy, however, all of the rest of us are unbottling our long-suppressed exasperations with the cold war and with each other.

The result is a general crumbling throughout the whole structure of our alliances. All the free nations (including America) are cutting their defense budgets. In nearly every European country, those leaders friendly to us and to the idea of unity—Adenauer, Schuman, de Gasperi—are losing ground. The European Army project is all but dead; even NATO is gasping for breath.

THE hard wedge of economics is likely to split the Free World still further. Congress has just about shut the tap on large-scale foreign aid. That would be fine with our allies—who are tired of accepting our handouts anyway—if they could find some other way to pay the grocery bill. The sensible way obviously would be “trade, not aid”; and every Western government insists that it is strong for the idea, at least in principle. In fact, hardly any of them believe this recipe will work.

Witness how the Eisenhower Administration has embarked on another year-long study of foreign trade, a subject already studied to a frazzle by countless government commissions. Meanwhile Ike has promised to make no effort to lower trade barriers. Even if the new survey recommends such cuts—like all the previous studies—the high-tariff wing of the Republican party probably is strong enough to block them. Worse yet, if we run into even a minor recession, as our defense program tapers off, our imports from overseas are likely to fall sharply, with disastrous results for our allies.

The most drastic reduction in American tariffs would not solve the problem entirely, however. Our European friends would have to reduce their costs, increase their productive efficiency, and abandon their cherished cartels before they could make much headway even in an unprotected and booming American market. They will never admit this, of course,

as long as our tariff walls stand. Mending their own economies would be a painful business. How much pleasanter it is to point at the American villain and say:

“You won’t give us any more aid. You won’t let us trade with you. You tell us we mustn’t trade with the Communists. What do you expect us to do—curl up in the corner and starve quietly?”

This argument may strike us as brutally unfair; but it is a hard one for us to answer.

III

THE Communists, on the other hand, have an answer all ready—a dazzlingly tempting one. *They* are eager to buy all the machine tools, trucks, locomotives, oil-drilling equipment, and assorted hardware that Europe wants to sell. All that stands in the way, they suggest, is the embargo on strategic materials imposed by those tiresome Americans, to the apparent disadvantage of everybody else. Since the shooting stopped in Korea, the main excuse for the embargo is gone—and how many European business men can now resist the lure of those “unlimited markets” offered by Malenkov, Mao & Co.? So far, it is true, the Communists have not offered much in return, aside from limited tonnages of grain and timber. But they can offer a lot. They have, literally, a golden ace in the hole.

For at least two decades Russia has been the world’s second largest producer of gold. Curiously enough, very little of it has ever shown up in the world’s markets—only a few million here and there, to finance espionage and local Communist propaganda. Consequently the Soviet gold hoard is now a big one; estimates range from six billion dollars upward. Perhaps the Kremlin has been saving it for just the kind of opportunity now opening up.

For in the present fluid state of world affairs, this weapon could prove devastating. Suppose, for instance, that the Soviets were to offer to pay England in gold for a couple of billion dollars’ worth of manufactured goods. To the British, this might well look like a gift from heaven. It would spell freedom from recurrent financial crises, freedom from a humiliating dependence on America, freedom from austerity. It would be hard indeed for

any British government to resist such an offer.

For the Communists, this kind of deal would be even more attractive. The cost, in Marxist terms, would be negligible, since nearly all the gold was mined by political prisoners in Siberia. It would bring in consumers' goods to soothe the restless satellites, machinery to industrialize China, tools to build up the Soviet war machine. As an extra dividend, they no doubt would expect "friendly relations" with Great Britain; Hitler demonstrated how effectively a dictatorship can use trade agreements as a political lever.

Pleasantest of all for the Kremlin would be the joke on the United States. The British presumably would buy from us many of the raw materials which they would manufacture into goods for the Communists. And all we would get in return would be a few tons of gold from Fort Knox to add to our dead storage in Fort Knox.

Whether or not the Russians use their gold in this fashion, a considerable increase in East-West trade seems inevitable. The result will be resentment in Congress, more scolding of our allies, more hurt feelings abroad—and a further loosening of the coalition.

MAYBE these forebodings are too gloomy. A more hopeful view was advanced recently by Walter Lippmann, who suggests that we are now witnessing a breakup of the Two-Power System which has dominated the world for the past decade. As he sees it, each of the great power centers—Russia and America—is losing its influence over

the smaller nations within its orbit. As the shock of World War II wears off, the globe is returning to its more normal pattern of many independent centers of power.

If that proves true, the Soviets may be too preoccupied with their own troubles during the next few years to take full advantage of the disorder in the Free World. At the very moment when our defensive coalition is falling apart, the Communist empire may be losing its aggressive drive.

Well, such a coincidence would be miraculous indeed. It would hardly prove the wisdom and fortitude of the Western peoples—but we might take it as proof that God is looking after us. Even if He is, the Eisenhower Administration will need to build a new foreign policy, for the old one clearly is being worn away by the stream of history. Perhaps the best it can hope to do is to save a skeleton of the grand alliance, stripped of most of its muscle but capable of revival (maybe) when the Communist offensive starts rolling again. Such a new relationship with our friends abroad would be more relaxed, less expensive, less rasping on everybody's nerves. For a time it probably would be deceptively popular, both here and overseas.

But popularity is never a safe measure of foreign policy; it is worth remembering that Chamberlain's appeasement scheme was enormously popular in Britain in 1938. The real test of Ike's new policy will come later—a year from now, or five years, or ten—when the Soviet Empire recovers from its present convulsions and regains its power for mischief.

Look! Look!

LEONARD BACON

ALL this sweat and wet to get
Uncaptured color in a net,
Whence the essence of a dream
Is returned to the dark stream.
Or if not—count well the cost!
If you keep it, you have lost,
As the eyes that see not lose
Arbutus and the whippoorwill shoes.
If the redstart be denied
And the streaked warbler's chestnut side,

In our blindness we disown
Simplicities we might have known.
So pause and let the line drift slack!
The white bloom, banked above the black
Whirlpools, yet may dispossess
Ignorance and emptiness.
What man's pencil counterfeits
Ultimates and infinities?
Who can etch them in a book?
Look! Look!

Lamb to the Slaughter

A Story by Roald Dahl

Drawings by Adolf Hallman

THE room was warm and clean, the curtains drawn, the two table lamps alight—hers and the one by the empty chair opposite. On the sideboard behind her, two tall glasses, soda water, whisky. Fresh ice cubes in the Thermos bucket.

Mary Maloney was waiting for her husband to come home from work.

Now and again, she would glance up at the clock, but without anxiety, merely to please herself with the thought that each minute gone by made it nearer the time when he would come. There was a slow smiling air about her, and about everything she did. The drop of the head as she bent over her sewing was curiously tranquil. Her skin—for this was her sixth month with child—had acquired a rather wonderful translucent quality, the mouth was soft, and the eyes, with their new placid look, seemed larger, darker than before.

When the clock said ten minutes to five, she began to listen, and a few moments later, punctually as always, she heard the tires on the gravel outside, and the car door slamming, the footsteps passing the window, the key turning in the lock. She laid aside her sewing, stood up, and went forward to kiss him as he came in.

"Hullo darling," she said.

"Hullo," he answered.

She took his coat and hung it in the closet. Then she walked over and made the drinks, a strongish one for him, a very weak one for

herself; and soon she was back again in her chair with the sewing, and he in the other opposite, holding the tall glass with both his hands, rocking it so the ice cubes tinkled against the side.

For her, this was always a blissful time of day. She knew he didn't want to speak much until the first drink was finished, and she, on her side, was content to sit quietly, enjoying his company after the long hours alone in the house.

She loved to luxuriate in the presence of this man, and to feel—almost as a sunbather feels the sun—that warm male glow that came out of him to her when they were alone together. She loved him for the way he sat loosely in a chair, for the way he came in a door, or moved slowly across the room with long strides. She loved the intent, far look in his eyes when they rested on her, the funny shape of the mouth, and especially the way he remained silent about his tiredness, sitting still with himself until the whisky had taken some of it away.

"Tired darling?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm tired." And as he spoke, he did an unusual thing. He lifted his glass and drained it in one swallow although there was still half of it, at least half of it, left. She wasn't really watching him, but she knew what he had done because she heard the ice cubes falling back against the bottom of the empty glass when he lowered his arm. He

paused a moment, leaning forward in the chair, then he got up and went slowly over to fetch himself another.

"I'll get it!" she cried, jumping up.

"Sit down," he said.

When he came back, she noticed that the new drink was dark amber with the quantity of whisky in it.

"Darling, shall I get your slippers?"

"No."

She watched him as he began to sip the dark yellow drink, and she could see little oily swirls in the liquid because it was so strong.

"I think it's a shame," she said, "that when a policeman gets to be as senior as you, they keep him walking about on his feet all day long."

He didn't answer, so she bent her head again and went on with her sewing; but each time he lifted the drink to his lips, she heard the ice cubes clinking against the side of the glass.

"Darling," she said. "Would you like me to get you some cheese? I haven't made any supper because it's Thursday."

"No," he said.

"If you're too tired to eat out," she went on, "it's still not too late. There's plenty of meat and stuff in the freezer, and you can have it right here and not even move out of the chair."

Her eyes waited on him for an answer, a smile, a little nod, but he made no sign.

"Anyway," she went on, "I'll get you some cheese and crackers first."

"I don't want it," he said.

She moved uneasily in her chair, the large eyes still watching his face. "But you *must* have supper. I can easily do it here. I'd like to do it. We can have lamb chops. Or pork. Anything you want. Everything's in the freezer."

"Forget it," he said.

"But darling, you *must* eat! I'll fix it anyway, and then you can have it or not, as you like."

She stood up and placed her sewing on the table by the lamp.

"Sit down," he said. "Just for a minute, sit down."

It wasn't till then that she began to get frightened.

"Go on," he said. "Sit down."

She lowered herself back slowly into the chair, watching him all the time with those large, bewildered eyes. He had finished the second drink and was staring down into the glass, frowning.

"Listen," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?"

He had now become absolutely motionless, and he kept his head down so that the light from the lamp beside him fell across the upper part of his face, leaving the chin and mouth in shadow. She noticed there was a little muscle moving near his left eye.

"This is going to be a bit of a shock to you, I'm afraid," he said. "But I've thought about it a good deal, and I've decided the only thing to do is tell you right away. I hope you won't blame me too much."

AND he told her. It didn't take long, four or five minutes at most, and she sat very still through it all, watching him with a kind of dazed horror as he went further and further away from her with each word.

"So there it is," he added. "And I know it's kind of a bad time to be telling you, but there simply wasn't any other way. Of course, I'll give you money and see you're looked after. But there needn't really be any fuss. I hope not anyway. It wouldn't be very good for my job."

Her first instinct was not to believe any of it, to reject it all. It occurred to her that perhaps he hadn't even spoken, that she herself had imagined the whole thing. Maybe, if she went about her business and acted as though she hadn't been listening, then later, when she sort of woke up again, she might find none of it had ever happened.

"I'll get the supper," she managed to whisper, and this time he didn't stop her.

When she walked across the room, she couldn't feel her feet touching the floor. She couldn't feel anything at all—except a slight nausea and a desire to vomit. Everything was automatic now—down the steps to the cellar, the light switch, the freezer, the hand inside the cabinet taking hold of the first object it met. She lifted it out, and looked at it. It was wrapped in paper, so she took off the paper and looked at it again.

A leg of lamb.

All right then, they would have lamb for

supper. She carried it upstairs, holding the thin bone-end of it with both her hands, and as she went through the living-room, she saw him standing over by the window with his back to her, and she stopped.

"For God's sake," he said, hearing her, but not turning round, "don't make supper for me. I'm going out."

At that point, Mary Maloney simply walked up behind him, and without any pause, she swung the big frozen leg of lamb high in the air and brought it down as hard as she could on the back of his head.

She might just as well have hit him with a steel club.

She stepped back a pace, waiting, and the funny thing was that he remained standing there for at least four or five seconds, gently swaying. Then he crashed to the carpet.

The violence of the crash, the noise, the small table overturning, helped bring her out of the shock. She came out slowly, feeling cold and surprised, and she stood for a while, blinking at the body, still holding the ridiculous piece of meat tight with both hands.

All right, she told herself. So I've killed him.

IT WAS extraordinary, now, how clear her mind became all of a sudden. She began thinking very fast. As the wife of a detective, she knew quite well what the penalty would be. That was fine. It made no difference to her. In fact, it would be a relief. On the other hand, what about the child? What were the laws about murderers with unborn children? Did they kill them both—mother and child? Or did they wait until the tenth month? What did they do?

Mary Maloney didn't know. And she certainly wasn't prepared to take a chance, in this instance.

She carried the meat into the kitchen, placed it in a pan, turned the oven on high, and shoved it inside. Then she washed her hands, and ran upstairs to the bedroom. She sat down before the mirror, tidied her hair, touched up her lips

and face. She tried a smile. It came out rather peculiar. She tried again.

"Hullo Sam," she said brightly, aloud.

The voice sounded peculiar too.

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

That was better. Both the smile and the voice were coming out better now. She rehearsed it several times more. Then she ran downstairs, took her coat, went out the back door, down the garden, into the street.

It wasn't six o'clock yet and the lights were still on in the grocery shop.

"Hullo Sam," she said brightly, smiling at the man behind the counter.

"Why, good evening, Mrs. Maloney. How're you?"

"I want some potatoes please, Sam. Yes, and I think a can of peas."

The man turned and reached up behind him on the shelf for the peas.

"Patrick's decided he's tired and doesn't want to eat out tonight," she told him. "We go out Thursdays, and now he's caught me without any vegetables in the house."

"Then how about meat, Mrs. Maloney?"

"No, I've got meat, thanks. I got a nice leg of lamb from the freezer."

"Ah."

"I don't much like cooking it frozen, Sam, but I'm taking a chance on it this time. You think it'll be all right?"

"Personally," the grocer said, "I don't be-





lieve it makes any difference. You want these Idaho potatoes?"

"Oh yes, that'll be fine. Two of those."

"Anything else?" The grocer cocked his head on one side, looking at her pleasantly. "How about afterward? What you going to give him for afterward?"

"Well—what would you suggest, Sam?"

The man glanced around his shop. "How about a nice big slice of cheesecake? I know he likes that."

"Perfect," she said. "He loves it."

And when it was all wrapped and she had paid, she put on her brightest smile and said, "Thank you, Sam. Good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Maloney. And thank you."

And now, she told herself as she hurried back, all she was doing now, she was returning home to her husband and he was waiting for his supper; and she must cook it good, and make it as tasty as possible because the poor man was tired; and if, when she entered the house, she happened to find anything unusual, or tragic, or terrible, then naturally it would be a shock and she'd become frantic with grief and horror. Mind you, she wasn't *expecting* to find anything. She was just going home with the vegetables. Mrs. Patrick Maloney going home with the vegetables on Thursday evening to cook supper for her husband.

That's the way, she told herself. Do every-

thing right and natural. Keep things absolutely natural and there'll be no need for any acting at all.

Therefore, when she entered the kitchen by the back door, she was humming a little tune to herself, and smiling.

"Patrick!" she called. "How are you, darling?"

HE put the parcel down on the table, and went through into the living room; and when she saw him lying there on the floor with his legs doubled up and one arm twisted back underneath his body, it really was rather a shock.

All the old love and longing for him welled up inside her, and she ran over to him, knelt down beside him, and began to cry her heart out. It was easy. No acting was necessary.

A few minutes later, she got up and went to the phone. She knew the number of the police station, and when the man at the other end answered, she cried to him, "Quick! Come quick! Patrick's dead!"

"Who's speaking?"

"Mrs. Maloney. Mrs. Patrick Maloney."

"You mean Patrick Maloney's dead?"

"I think so," she sobbed. "He's lying on the floor and I think he's dead."

"Be right over," the man said.

The car came very quickly, and when she opened the front door, two policemen walked in. She knew them both—she knew nearly all the men at that precinct—and she fell right into Jack Noonan's arms, weeping hysterically. He put her gently into a chair, then went over to join the other one, who was called O'Malley, kneeling by the body.

"Is he dead?" she cried.

"I'm afraid he is. What happened?"

Briefly, she told her story about going out to the grocer and coming back to find him on the floor.

While she was talking, crying and talking, Noonan discovered a small patch of congealed blood on the dead man's head. He showed it to O'Malley, who got up at once and hurried to the phone.

Soon, other men began to come into the house. First a doctor, then two detectives, one of whom she knew by name. Later, a police photographer arrived and took pictures, and a man who knew about fingerprints. There was a great deal of whispering and muttering beside the corpse, and the detectives kept asking her a lot of questions. But they always treated her kindly. She told her story again, this time right from the beginning, when Patrick had come in, and she was sewing, and he was tired, so tired he hadn't wanted to go out for supper. She told how she'd put the meat in the oven—"it's there now, cooking"—and how she'd slipped out to the grocer for vegetables, and come back to find him lying on the floor.

"Which grocer?" one of the detectives asked.

She told him, and he turned and whispered something to the other detective, who immediately went outside into the street.

In fifteen minutes he was back with a page of notes, and there was more whispering, and through her sobbing she heard a few of the whispered phrases—"... acted quite normal ... very cheerful ... wanted to give him a good supper ... peas ... cheesecake ... impossible that she ..."

After a while, the photographer and the doctor departed, and two other men came in and took the corpse away on a stretcher. Then the fingerprint man went away. The two detectives remained, and so did the two policemen. They were exceptionally nice to her, and Jack Noonan asked if she wouldn't rather go somewhere else, to her sister's house perhaps, or to his own wife who would take care of her and put her up for the night.

No, she said. She didn't feel she could move even a yard at the moment. Would they mind awfully if she stayed just where she was until she felt better. She didn't feel too good at the moment, she really didn't.

Then hadn't she better lie down on the bed? Jack Noonan asked.

No, she said. She'd like to stay right where she was, in this chair. A little later, perhaps, when she felt better, she would move.

So they left her there while they went about their business, searching the house. Occasionally, one of the detectives asked her another question. Sometimes Jack Noonan spoke to her gently as he passed by. Her husband, he told her, had been killed by a blow

on the back of the head administered with a heavy blunt instrument, almost certainly a large piece of metal. They were looking for the weapon. The murderer may have taken it with him, but on the other hand, he may've thrown it away or hidden it somewhere on the premises.

"It's the old story," he said. "Get the weapon, and you've got the man."

Later, one of the detectives came up and sat beside her. Did she know, he asked, of anything in the house that could've been used as the weapon? Would she mind having a look around to see if anything was missing—a very big spanner or a heavy metal vase.

They didn't have any heavy metal vases, she said.

"Or a big spanner?"

She didn't think they had a big spanner. But there might be some things like that in the garage.

THE search went on. She knew that there were other policemen in the garden all around the house. She could hear their footsteps on the gravel outside, and sometimes she saw the flash of a torch through a chink in the curtains. It began to get late, nearly nine, she noticed by the clock on the mantle. The four men searching the rooms seemed to be growing weary, a trifle exasperated.

"Jack," she said, the next time Sergeant Noonan went by. "Would you mind giving me a drink?"

"Sure I'll give you a drink. You mean this whisky?"

"Yes please. But just a small one. It might make me feel better."

He handed her the glass.

"Why don't you have one yourself," she said. "You must be awfully tired. Please do. You've been very good to me."

"Well," he answered. "It's not strictly allowed, but I might take just a drop to keep me going."

One by one, the others came in and were persuaded to take a little nip of whisky. They stood around rather awkwardly with the drinks in their hands, uncomfortable in her presence, trying to say consoling things to her. Sergeant Noonan wandered into the kitchen, came out quickly, and said, "Look, Mrs. Maloney. You know that oven of yours is still on, and the meat still inside."

"Oh dear me!" she cried. "So it is!"

"I better turn it off for you, hadn't I?"

"Will you do that, Jack. Thank you so much."

When the sergeant returned the second time, she looked at him with her large, dark, tearful eyes. "Jack Noonan," she said.

"Yes?"

"Would you do me a small favor—you and these others?"

"We can try, Mrs. Maloney."

"Well," she said. "Here you all are, and good friends of dear Patrick's too, and helping to catch the man who killed him. You must be terrible hungry by now because it's long past your suppertime, and I know Patrick would never forgive me, God bless his soul, if I allowed you to remain in his house without offering you decent hospitality. Why don't you eat up that lamb that's in the oven. It'll be cooked just right by now."

"Wouldn't dream of it," he said.

"Please," she begged. "Please eat it. Personally I couldn't touch a thing, certainly not what's been in the house when he was here. But it's all right for you. It'd be a favor to me if you'd eat it up. Then you can go on with your work again afterward."

There was a good deal of hesitating among the four policemen, but they were clearly

hungry, and in the end she was able to persuade them to go into the kitchen and help themselves.

The woman stayed where she was, listening to them through the open door, and she could hear them speaking among themselves, their voices thick and sloppy because their mouths were full of meat.

"Have some more, Charlie?"

"No. Better not finish it."

"She *wants* us to finish it. She said so. Be doing her a favor."

"Okay then. Give me some more."

"That's a hell of a big club the guy must've used to hit poor Patrick," one of them was saying. "The doc says his skull was smashed all to pieces just like from a sledge hammer."

"That's why it ought to be easy to find."

"Exactly what I say."

"Whoever done it, they're not going to be carrying a thing like that around with them longer than they need."

One of them belched.

"Personally, I think it's right here on the premises."

"Probably right under our very noses. What you think, Jack?"

And in the other room, Mary Maloney began to giggle.



The Easy Chair

Motel Town

Bernard DeVoto

MOTEL TOWN is always a suburb. It may be the suburb of a village; when it is, it may be itself a village but it may also be a metropolis. It may be, that is, a couple of motels a hundred yards down the state road from the J. C. Penney store, about where the sign says "Speed Zone Ends." But if at such a distance from the Penney store and Marty's Filling Station two trunk highways intersect, it may be a longitudinal development a quarter of a mile long and more populous than the village. It will always be such a metropolis when it is the suburb of a metropolis, as at Indianapolis, but it will also be one if the intersecting highways are important and the distance to the next town is considerable, as at Cheyenne. On freeways it is an aggregate located where an exit road straightens out at the end of its cloverleaf and has no relation to any other factor, social, economic, or geographical.

The quality of the motorist's lodgings does not necessarily depend on the size of the suburb he finds at hand when he decides to call it a day. Since the quality of everything else usually does, however, he will be wise to keep on till he finds a motel metropolis, though he may have to turn off his route or drive another fifty miles. Otherwise he runs the risk of finding himself benighted in the nadir of roadside accommodations, a small town where the lunchroom and the drugstore close at 6:00 P. M. and no one, no one at least in public, has ever known the taste of coffee.

Village, town, city, or metropolis, the roadside community proves that the vigor and staying power of the Americans remain undiminished. They will not in remunerative numbers drive as much as a thousand feet off the highway in order to find lodging. Between

the highway and the No Vacancy sign there may be only the width of a sidewalk; very seldom is the space as wide as a third baseman's throw to home plate. One might as well spread a sleeping bag beside the pavement. Everywhere the legal speed limit is lower at night than during daylight but this is by statute only; when the stars come out the customary 65 or 70 steps up to 75 and beyond. The whirr, hum, and flick of passenger cars continue all night, modified just enough so that the ear cannot make a rhythm of them as it does by day. They are a powerful assault on the human ear, bolstered by the screech of tires under suddenly applied brakes. But they are only a murmur compared to night-town's quadrupled frenzy of trucks.

There is usually a slope at one or the other end of Motel Town, and there is always a stretch of frost-heaves or a band of patched pavement at the bottom of it. Diesel-engined truck-and-trailer combines roar down the slope, hurdling the bump, or ascend it through a series of laborious and atonal shifts, crescendo and full pedal. They too travel at 65 or more, a discord of baritones and basses; the wayfarer spends much time trying to decide whether the engines are worse than the crunch and grind of the twenty-ton load doing its best to reduce the inequalities of the highway. Neither, however, is so bad as the sudden acceleration on straightaways, which is scored for two instruments, a machine gun and a riveter's hammer. Yet even this is a lullaby compared to the tone poem of a truck achieving full momentum after a dead stop, with solo passages for each gear united by the percussion effects of backfires. It is endlessly repeated through the night as truckers, having refreshed and comforted themselves at Jody's

Drive-In, take off again past the sleeper's open window.

THE highway is one edge of our suburb, then, and a mysterious law of nature, doubtless geographical, has made the other edge a railroad, or two railroads, sometimes of two or four tracks each. The tracks are no farther away than second base and two hundred yards below Motel Town the highway makes a right-angle turn and crosses them. Freight trains average 125 cars. They slow down for the crossing; couplings clank and jolt; airbrakes exhale; the diesel locomotive hoots greetings beforehand and farewells afterward, obeying a statute of 1880 that stands unrepealed in the electronic age. Worse still if they stop, for the multiple engines of a diesel locomotive are vocal and versatile beyond the aspiration of trucks; and worse when the freight is a red-ball express at 70 miles an hour or when a streamliner passes at its advertised 90; but worst of all whenever the horn blows. Remarkable ingenuity, rising in our nostalgia, has been expended in an effort to make the diesel's hooter resemble the whistle of a steam locomotive, whose proud and melancholy tones we remember as always 'at a tranquil distance. The results differ from road to road but have succeeded nowhere; at track-side all the hooter's tones are shattering, all terrifying, all a torture. Throughout the night they salute the crossing and carry the conversation of engineer and brakemen, for if the radio telephone we read about has been installed it has always blown a tube.

There are occasional augmentations. If a charted flightway follows the railroad through the valley, an overcast may bring airliners down to a neighborly distance. Or in rural areas the space between tracks and highway may be occupied by the field whose owner has a tractor and gets to work with it at dawn.

Nor does the wayfarer demand to sleep in darkness. Neon tubes stripe the front of his motel, outline its eaves and gables, and frequently frame the windows as well. Columns of neon, six to twenty-four inches through, three to ten feet high, stand before the suburb's proudest establishments. Some are floodlighted in addition and none is too humble to possess a flashing sign in blue, orange, crimson, and green. The tourist closes the Venetian blinds, turns out the lights in his

room, and may still read the Gideon Bible without eyestrain. If he wakes at 2:00 A. M. he will for a moment believe that he has overslept and morning is well advanced.

BEFORE we scrutinize the other establishments, what of the motel, this contemporary stage-stop on the National Road, this lineal descendant of the tavern whose potsherd an archaeological dig would turn up at the same site? "Motel" is an awkward word, a coinage out of the folksiness that named the suburb's Kan-di-Korner. But it designates a functional, and admirable, response to the needs of the highway. A motel may be dingy or uncomfortable but at its worst it is always better than the highway's slum structures, the corn cribs and chicken coops called, offensively to our patriotic tradition, "Cabins." It is the highway's hotel. In cities of a hundred thousand or less it is almost always better than the local hotels and everywhere it comes increasingly to compete with all but the very best. For the motorist it has conveniences that make it superior to a hotel, conveniences so important that they outweigh the drawbacks, which may sometimes be serious. He need wait on no one's time, a clerk's, a bellboy's, or an elevator's. His car is always at hand if he needs to run an errand; his supplementary baggage and his professional or technical equipment are in it; he need take into his lodgings only what he will need for the night. Rooms are more spacious than he is likely to find in a hotel. He pays in advance and may depart at any hour, in a tenth of the time it would take him to check out at a hotel and with much less fuss. Procedures are swift and there are no rituals.

The average motel is clean and nearly all proprietors have by now learned a lesson long withholden from them, that beds must be comfortable. In the plains, mountains, and deserts, many motels are air-conditioned; some are to a welcome degree soundproofed. Those which may be called first-class have an adequate amount of comfortable furniture, walls and curtains and carpeting in good taste, adequate service, and usually room telephones. Beyond this (and not only in the vicinity of resorts) there is a class which are truly luxurious, which are equipped and furnished with genuine distinction, and which provide some of the services of a luxury hotel.

They are likely to be large, to have a restaurant and a bar, and to be surrounded by landscaped gardens. They may run to beach umbrellas, their own stationery, and a swimming pool.

There is a class structure and motels of the second class or below it may have annoying inadequacies. Some are architectural: the rooms are too small or in awkward relationship to one another, or cross ventilation may be impossible, or the angle of the sun or the prevailing winds has not been taken into account. More often they result from parsimony or insufficient financing. The bathroom lacks towel racks and has a cheap-jack shower; towels are small and in short supply. There is no closet and only a few clothes hooks, or none at all, have been provided. Paper cups have been substituted for drinking glasses; there are no reading lamps or upholstered chairs. A common and annoying deficiency is the lack of anything that can be used as a desk or writing table; indeed, this is a diagnostic sign to the many travelers who must keep in touch with the home office or file reports or write up field notes. (Equally reliable indications are the size of rugs and the presence of a list of Don'ts for Our Patrons.) The proprietor of the place has failed to understand that he is in the hotel business. Or he may be an elderly man or a semi-invalid who hoped to retire to an easier but income-producing business, could not get a sufficient mortgage, and did not realize that he needs adequate equipment and professional skill.

AMONG a motorist's basic requirements is a prompt breakfast near at hand; there is no worse inconvenience than having to drive a considerable distance from his motel for his morning egg and coffee. To find himself in the village suburb of a village is therefore his hardest luck. There is no lunch counter at his motel, there is no all-night restaurant for miles, and the town's establishments do not open till 8:00 A.M. or even later. He may have to drive up to twenty miles for breakfast and then go back to his motel to pack his outfit and get ready for the road. It is for this reason above all others that he seeks out a metropolitan Motel Town; if he does not, his only recourse will be that other economic specialization of the highway, the drive-in.

The drive-in is Motel Town in embryo. It originated as a small restaurant, with a counter and a few tables, what the vernacular calls a diner. As the tourist's luck runs, it may be a good or indifferent restaurant but is more apt to be bad. (To fry an egg requires skill and though to boil one badly may require talent it seems to be a common talent; toast needs more attention than it usually gets, and 98 per cent of the highway's coffee is *vile*. But that you may find a place operated by *clerical* women, preferably women who have hired a male cook.) But by now the restaurant is merely the core. The humblest drive-in sells cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco, three or four headache remedies, and a couple of proprietary caffeine pills with some such trade name as No Doz. Above this minimum, there seems to be no limit to the merchandise sidelines. Buddy's Drive-in may carry sun glasses, handkerchiefs, gloves, key rings, ball-point pens, jackknives, flashlights, cigarette lighters, razor blades, soaps and lipsticks, sunburn lotions, laxatives, wallets and handbags, an assortment of joke-shop novelties, and the fearful, inexplicable junk called souvenirs. It may have punch boards and pinball machines and, in states where they are legal or tolerated, slot machines. It is certain to have gas pumps but do not patronize them: go to a filling station.

THE drive-in, this is to say, undertakes to supply the wayfarer's casual needs. The longitudinal metropolis, Motel Town, undertakes to provide all the goods and all the services he may require. Glance at it. It has grown up round a series of neon-lighted and imaginatively christened motels—half a dozen, a dozen, perhaps more, some consisting of a few units, some up to a hundred or even two hundred. There are a couple of restaurants in glass and chromium, half a dozen drive-ins, a Bar-B-Q, and Kan-di-Korner's cousins which purvey malts, shakes, cones, and the poisonously colored water-ices that have been frozen round a stick. There are up to four garages with wrecking service and adequate repair departments and filthy toilets (comfort stations in the vernacular), and six or eight filling stations with scrupulously clean ones. We are in Texaco land, Socony land, among the satrapies of Tydol, Gulf, Conoco, Amoco, and Shell; rival principalities have such pleasant names as Marathon, Skylark, Kanotex, Zephyr, and

Bronz. At a gasoteria you can save a couple of cents a gallon by filling your own tank from coin-operated pumps. A mototeria is a Rube Goldberg assembly of sprays which will wash your car in five minutes, but a carena is an open-air movie theater and attracts what the vulgar call the horizontal trade. There are a couple of second-hand-car lots, in case your heap has broken down beyond repair or you have lost an argument with a truck. A few doors down the row you can get the purchase financed and buy accident insurance.

THIS is only the beginning. There is a Laundromat, a laundry, a dry-cleaning establishment—one-day service if desired. Some are prefixed by the adjective "drive-in" which is here used in the original sense, meaning that you need not get out of your car. Besides the drive-in theater there will be a drive-in drug store and a drive-in church, which advertises redemption for miles down the highway and brings heavenly grace into competition with Burma Shave. There may be a dress shop; there is certain to be a Kiddie Shop and a Men's Toggery which features rayon slacks, cowboy boots, and the crazy-quilt sport shirts that represent Florida and California joining hands across the continent. There are a bar, a café, and a cocktail lounge, indistinguishable from one another and, unhappily, absent in the states that have screwball liquor laws. Maw and Paw will sell you fishing tackle, mineral specimens, *objets d'art*; Jody's Place is bottled goods, Nan's embroidery and table linens, Buddy's hand-worked leather goods and belts with silver buckles, Edith's (and this is inexplicable) shrubs and seedlings. Do you want underwear, smelling salts, sculptures in native woods, decals (from the vernacular: decalomania stickers for the windshields), water bags, a haircut, a trailer, a veterinary for the Poodle, Chanel No. 5, agates or crystals or jadeite, shotgun shells, bottled spring water, or invisible reweaving? In the desert or in the high country back of beyond, Motel Town will supply it at a specialty shop or a super-department-store. And there are always the souvenirs, the pennants, the fox tails, the rosewood, the birch bark, and the balsam pillows.

This is a province of neon, Places, poetry,

and no last names. Here are Melba and Joe's Place, the 2 J's Place, Sonny's Place, Your Pal's Place, Stevie's Place, Cliff's Place, Juanita's Place, Honey's Place, Sweetheart's Place. In a row are Mel's Steak-ette, the Hasty-Tasty Drive-In, Dewey's Diner, the Poor Boy Café, the Meal-a-Minute Eatery, Flock Inn. Here is Seat-Cover Charlie's: "I want to give them away but my wife won't let me." He must be doing well for Seat-Cover Dave has set up a few doors farther on. Bob's specialty is turkeyburgers, Lulu's is fries, which means chicken, not potatoes, and all too often means some paralyzing conception of "Southern fried" which may run to glued-on apple fritters or nearly anything else. Pete (or Petey) offers chicken in the rough or chicken in a basket; next door Franny and Freddy's Place has all these and chickenburgers, sam-burgers (*sic*), foot-long hot dogs, and shrimps in a basket. Indeed the frozen shrimp is the endlessly repeated culinary triumph of the American road and has infiltrated everything from canned soup to cheeseburgers.

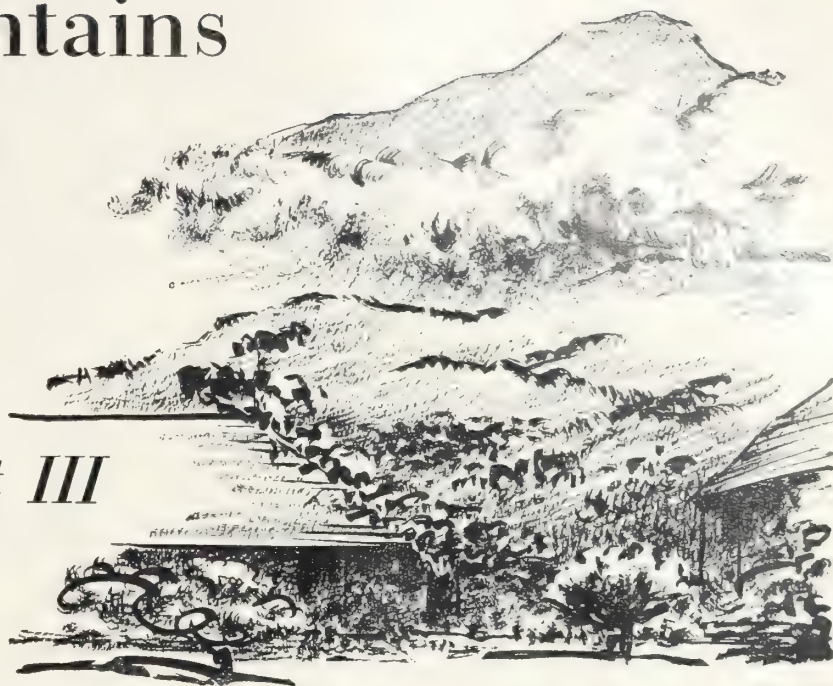
Art's Place, however, is a nite club. It has a name band and a singer of what are intended to be smutty songs. God help the Republic if these ballads are a dependable aphrodisiac; God help it if the gals who sing them are held to be personable. Beyond Art's, Milli-Kin-Clean-It and beyond Millikin, or Milly, Chief Glad-to-Mi-Chi operates a souvenir stand with artifacts from the Bulgarian, the Alaskan, the basket-maker culture, and South Patterson. Next to the Chief is The La Fiesta Bowlaway and beyond it is Ole's Big Game Bar. Ole's specialties are frosted on the mirror. He has Storz, the Orchid of Beers, and two other beers which call themselves champagnes. His masterpiece, the mirror says, is a cocktail called The Atomic. No report is offered on it here. No report is offered on any roadside cocktail: the reporter is a bold and reckless man but he is not that bold and he sticks to whisky.

Enter freely and enjoy. Every mile of it is delightful and there is no bad Motel Town. But do not expect drinkable coffee. You will find it exactly once per thousand miles. Note, moreover, as a final poem of the road; that a competitor of Storz is the Beer from the Land of the Sky-Blue Water.

To the Mountains of the Moon

Notebook on Black Africa, Part III

Eric Larrabee



CARS DON'T LAST FOR LONG IN AFRICA. It is bad country for roads—forests and swamps to carve through, deserts to cross or mountains to wind around, a sun that bakes the surface and violent rains that tear it apart, unstable earth to build on and a lack of asphalt and gravel to build with. Only the unwary count on making a trip of any importance without a major repair; and new cars last, on the average, for 25,000 miles, period. After that they are good only for short-run taxi service in the towns. "The life of an automobile out here," said an American consul, "is approximately the same as the tour of duty of a foreign service officer, and for approximately the same reasons." Nothing daunted, we hired a light-blue 1951 Ford station wagon in the eastern part of the Belgian Congo for a ten-day trip. Two or three days out it occurred to us that somewhere along the way the speedometer was going to pass the 25,000-mile mark.

IF YOU START AT BUKAVU, ON THE SHORES OF Lake Kivu, and drive for a week you can see more of picturesque Africa than in any other trip as short and as convenient. Bukavu—

called Costermansville until recently, when the name was changed from the Belgian one back to the African original—is less than two days from New York by air. It is a modernized town, lying on a series of points that project into the southern end of the lake, and the landscape roundabouts is mountainous and attractive. There are several good hotels and a number of shops that look as though they wished they had branches in Beverly Hills. This is one of the high-altitude parts of Africa that have long been congenial to whites, since the climate is moderate. Kivu province is a planters' economy—coffee, quinine, pyrethrum (a flower from which insecticide is made)—and for Belgian colonials Bukavu is both a resort and a place to retire to. It had been described to us, not without envy, as the California of the Congo.

Flowing south from the lower end of Lake Kivu is the Ruzizi River, which connects it with Lake Tanganyika and forms at this point the boundary between the Congo proper and the UN Trusteeship territory of Ruanda-Urundi. The Belgians administer Ruanda-Urundi virtually as though it were a part of the Congo, although historically, geographically, and legally it is a separate entity,

This is the last installment in a series of articles by an associate editor of Harper's, who last fall made a three-month trip through west and central Africa as a member of a reconnaissance mission sent by the Carnegie Corporation.

a kind of enclave in the heart of the continent. Ruanda-Urundi, a fertile and densely populated region of intertwined hills and valleys, is ringed by lakes and volcanoes, and divided from the Congo by the escarpments of the massive geological fault called the Rift. It is bounded on the north by the Virunga volcano chain and by British Uganda. Further north along the Congo border with Uganda is the Albert National Park, an enormous open reserve where elephants and antelope and hippopotamuses abound—and even a few lions. A week's drive through all this is scenically so varied that no one day is like another, and the northern terminus of the trip lies in the foothills of Africa's most impressive peaks: Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon.

GERARD LONGELONGO CAME WITH OUR CAR. He is a handsome African, a man of natural manners and a natural aptitude for machines. He came equipped—extensive tool kit, spare battery, an extra spring, rope, cans of oil and gas and even brake fluid—and he knew what he was about. He spoke no English, but effortless French. He drove well, and when anything went wrong he was a pleasure to watch at work: no waste motions, no false starts, a step-by-step process of elimination that testified to his understanding of the mechanism and an absence of confusion over causes and effects. Since he does not live in a world of elaborately-equipped garages, Gérard is used to performing for himself repairs that “civilized” drivers have long since left to specialists. One morning before breakfast he took the rear axle apart to track down a rattle he didn't like the sound of. Once, when the fuel line became clogged, he simply disconnected it from the tank and blew it out with his own lung-power. Gérard is a twentieth-century citizen of ability and distinction, and he is also among the many Africans of whom it is sometimes said—in extenuation of the paternal discipline of European administration—that they are one generation from the Stone Age.

THE ROAD FROM BUKAVU SOUTH TOWARD Usumbura, down the Ruzizi gorge, is so narrow and winding that it permits only one-way traffic. Along it is a string of warning stations,

spaced so that each can be seen from the next hill on either side, and at each there is a gate-keeper to hold up traffic until his section is clear. Signaling is done either by hoisting colored disks, or—as it was when we passed through—by pounding a drum. Both the disks and the drums, and parts of the watchmen's huts, for that matter, are made out of that ubiquitously useful article of commerce—the fifty-gallon gasoline can.

II

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THERE came down into Ruanda-Urundi from the northeast a wandering tribe of nomadic herdsmen called the Watutsi. They are a tall, Hamitic people of imposing mien, and they seem to have taken over the country with little difficulty. They have run it ever since, though they can scarcely have ever composed more of the total population than they do now—*i.e.* about a tenth. “They are extraordinary diplomats,” said one of their Belgian administrators. “At least they have no hesitation in contradicting today what they said yesterday, which is perhaps what I have already said.”

The Watutsi governed Ruanda-Urundi as a double kingdom (hence the hyphenated name), each with its own “Mwami,” or king, and his court of relatives, bards, royal dancers, and subordinate chieftains. The Watutsi are also exceptional among African tribes in that they possess a history—though an oral one dealing mostly with wars and famines—in the form of dynastic poems which recount the names and exploits of their Mwamis for eighteen generations. Since court poets had to repeat any item from their repertoire at royal request, the integrity of the literature was reasonably maintained. Unfortunately only 176 pieces were written down before the dozen or so surviving poets died, during the last famine, and at least forty-two famous poems are known to have been lost; there must have been scores of others. “Do not hope for new compositions,” one of the last of the poets is supposed to have said. “The fire has gone out in the breasts of the bards.”

The poetry resounds with praise for the Mwamis, as you might expect, and frequently with congratulations to the lower orders, the Bahutu and the Batwa, on their good fortune

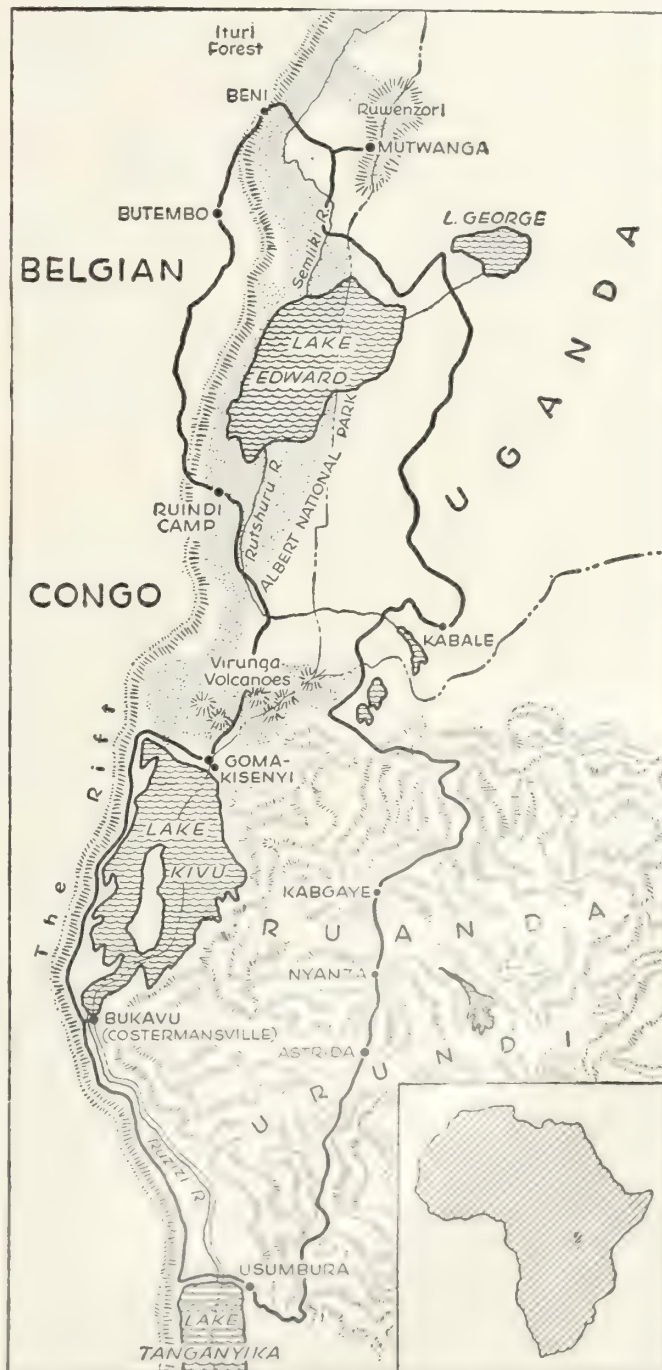
in being so wisely ruled. Like much oral literature, this one is also rich in metonymy and aural puns. The names of persons and places are not only replaced by epithets or similar-sounding words but by one based on the other at double remove. Thus the country of Urundi, which sounds the same as the word for "shin-bone" (*uburundi*), may be called *Buvantege* (country below the knee), *Busumbabirenge* (country above the feet), *Buguru* (leg country), or *Bugenda* (walking country). Alexis Kagame, the Watutsi abbot of the Catholic mission at Kabgaye, had his hands full merely in translating eleven of the 176 into French. Here are six of the most intelligible lines from "Ubwami bugira ubwoko" (Royalty is the privilege of a single line), composed in 1855-56 by Singayimbaga, son of Nyakayonga:

The god who caused the cows to multiply
Commenced by creating the kings;
Once invested under the sign of the drums,
Them he lavishes with blessings.
A king who has triumphed
Becomes the spouse of new country

The dynastic poems make frequent references to cows, which are of more than ordinary significance to the Watutsi, for with them when they came were brought the long-horned "hathor" cattle that can be seen in Egyptian bas-reliefs. Either the herdsmen were then using, or were shortly to invent, a system of fealty much like that of medieval Europe, but based on cattle instead of land—"the difference being," as one Belgian said, "that land doesn't have offspring or die." If you had a hundred head, you could give fifty to a vassal, who would then owe you work, food, and allegiance; he might give five each to ten others, and so on. As a result, though they have no specifically religious significance, cattle are the substance of power and prestige in Ruanda-Urundi, and the longer the horns and tail—regardless of size, health, or the amount of milk it produces—the more valuable the animal is.

The Belgians, unfortunately, are going to have to do something about these cows. There are already more than ten times as many as there should be for the amount of grazing land available, and in fifteen years (at the present rate) their number will double.

"We've got to reduce the cattle by two-thirds," said a government economist, a little desperately. "*We must*—and yet there's nothing we can do." The Watutsi will not kill any of the cattle until they are far too old to sell for meat, and one and a half liters a day is high for their milk production. Even if anyone from elsewhere in Africa could be got to buy them, he would have difficulty paying Watutsi prices as long as cows are so inconceivably valuable within Ruanda-Urundi. Attempts to establish European model dairy farms, with



Route of a seven-to-ten-day trip, starting at Bukavu

superior breeds, have had little effect. The Watutsi still like big horns and a long tail. A Belgian social scientist, soon to go home and pleased at the prospect, was somewhat skeptical about the possibility of introducing social science into Ruanda-Urundi. "The big problem here," he said, smiling ruefully, "is the people and their customs."

"DID YOU SEE THE MWAMI?" GERARD ASKED us when we came out of the government offices at Usumbura. "He just left a few minutes ago." We had missed him, and we missed him again a few hours later when we sat on the hotel terrace with the Belgian provincial secretary. "Did you see the Mwami?" he asked. "That's his car parked across the square." The next morning, as we drove up the winding road into the hills of Urundi, a new black Cadillac came around a bend and whipped past us, going fast, an African alone at the wheel in a European suit and a brown felt hat. "Well, did you see him?" said Gérard. "That was the Mwami."

THE VALLEYS OF RUANDA-URUNDI interlock with one another across the length of the country. It is all hills; beyond each ridge there is always another ridge. In the valley bottoms is the vegetable or coffee planting; up the hillsides go the fields for staples and the banana groves, rich soil rising in odd-shaped plots up the steepest grades, where you wonder how the women who do the digging can hang on long enough to cultivate it. The Belgians have encouraged contour plowing and scattered patches of trees across the upper slopes that thirty years ago, when they took the country over from the Germans, were bare. Along the edges of the roads, which cling to the contours with exasperating fidelity, they have planted rows of eucalyptus trees. The country is beautiful beyond belief, beautiful but poor; for there is not only too large a cow population, but too large a human one as well. A Belgian who had sent us on our way from Usumbura said: "After all this talk about how we have too many people, you'll wonder where they are. The answer is—everywhere and nowhere. The population is very widely diffused, and they love to build their houses in banana groves."

RUANDA-URUNDI IS, IN FACT, THE SHANGRI-La countryside in which were filmed the final sections of "King Solomon's Mines." In Brussels I had talked to an official in the information services who had come along with the M-G-M company as a technical adviser. It had been part of his job to select appropriate locales, prepare the way in advance, and see that extras were suitably chosen; he said it took him five months. In the first place he had to find landscapes without a trace of modern habitation, accessible by road but out of earshot of auto horns, and then make certain that during the shooting itself the wealthy Watutsi within range of the camera did not wear wrist watches. "The Africa you see in the picture," he said, "no longer exists. It had to be constructed from the ground up, piece by piece."

WHEN, LATER, WE WERE DRIVING NORTH FROM Astrida toward Nyanza (the official residence of the Mwami of Ruanda) Gérard asked us if we wanted to see the Mwami's "*ancien résidence*." It turned out to be the setting used at the end of the film, where the dances and the duel take place. As we stood inside the grass enclosure, looking around uneasily and uncertain what we were supposed to make of it, a tall Watutsi came out from behind the big round hut, in light trousers and blue shirt, smoking a cigarette. His eyes were bleary, as though he had just been crying or had been up late last night, and our existence seemed to be either (1) repulsive to him, (2) a matter of complete indifference, or (3) something his intelligence simply refused to deal with. "*Bonjour messieurs*," he said, and we murmured a few awkward trivialities. He said that the residence had been built some time ago, but renewed in 1945, "in order to keep alive the memory of the Mwami, and that people may know how he lived." Well, yes—indirectly.

EVERYWHERE ALONG THE ROADS WERE Bahutu and Batwa at work maintaining them, pounding up stones and raking the surface clean. Rarely did there seem to be anyone in charge, and often a single man or two would be faithfully scraping away in the middle of

nowhere. Many wore brown fedoras, which they gravely removed as we passed—or else they saluted. Nearly all wore a blue jersey with the yellow star of “the colony” on the chest. We frequently asked whether these men were prisoners or were hired by the government, but the answers were conflicting. Perhaps the distinction is difficult to make.

THE WATUTSI, OF BOTH SEXES, FREQUENTLY wear a white cloth draped toga-fashion over one shoulder. The half-moon headdress of the males that appears in movies and photographs is not much in evidence—or only so on either very elderly or youthful men. The young adult is much more likely to do without it, to wear—in fact—European clothing: shirt and shorts, or a double-breasted linen suit, and the omnipresent fedora. For some reason one other article of dress has begun to acquire a class status. We saw a number of Watutsi men who wore, almost as though it were a prerogative of their rank, sleeveless red pull-over sweaters.

The Watutsi, by definition, are the members of Ruanda-Urundi society who can afford the luxuries of Western importation, such as bicycles. The result is faulty adaptation, at best, since of all Africans the Watutsi are the least suited to the scale on which normal bicycles are constructed. As they pedal down the road toward you, lifting their hats as you pass, their most noteworthy features are long legs and knees which stick out to the sides at an acutely abrupt angle. They look both dignified and defeated.

Only the women manage to recognize the passage of a European car without servility. The children wave, especially the youngest ones, who jump up and down and wave with both arms, but the women only smile—and sometimes it is quite a smile, taking into account all you think you are, and all they think they are, and all the difference between. Sometimes it is very disturbing.

THE MANAGEMENT OF ONE HOTEL IN RUANDA provided a delicate touch. The water wouldn't turn on in the bathtub unless you pounded the pipe a few times, so they considerably furnish guests with a stone to pound with.

III

THE FACT THAT WE WERE AMERICAN MADE very little impression on Gérard. He later said that for the first few days he thought we were British. Once or twice he used the word “American,” but in a slightly disparaging way, in connection with “clients” of his who had been exceptionally wealthy or irrational. He seemed to be without curiosity about us, and he asked only one question during the entire trip: “How did you come to the Congo, by airplane?” I said yes. “And where will you go next?” I said to Léopoldville, by airplane. “How will you go back to Belgium, by airplane?” I said no, back to the United States, and he quickly added, “Oh yes, I meant to the United States.”

CROSSING THE CORNER OF UGANDA IN OPEN plains country we came to an unfinished bridge, with part of the frame up but no surface. We had been running several hours late, uncertain whether we were on the right road. There was no way to cross the stream except the bridge, and no fork in the road for as many miles back as we could remember. So we had to finish the bridge.

Gérard beat tom-tom on a spare brake drum, shouting for help, but only a few very shy Africans came out of the bush. They helped us carry the poles that had been stacked up nearby, to cover the logs that lay across the gap, but mostly they seemed fascinated to watch white men doing manual work. Before long the job was done, and the anxious moment passed when the car lurched its way across. We paid them off in cigarettes and cash; Gérard thought we gave them much too much.

What they thought I'd love to know. They were only wearing skins.

CONVERSATION WITH GERARD:

Self: “Where did you learn to be a mechanic?”

Gérard: “At school, in the garage.”

S.: “You mean they had a garage that was part of the school?”

G.: “Yes, in Stanleyville.”

S.: “But who ran the school?”

G.: "The Marian Fathers."

S.: "How long was the course?"

G.: "Six years."

S.: "And when did you finish?"

G.: "1928."

S.: "If you had the choice, would you rather be a chauffeur like this, or a mechanic in a garage?"

G.: "I'd rather be a mechanic any day. In the first place, it pays better."

S.: "Could you be one, if you wanted to?"

G.: "No, not in Cost." (Costermansville—like Stanleyville, Léopoldville, and Elizabethville—is usually called by its nickname, as: "Stan," "Léo," "E/ville.")

S.: "Why, are all the jobs taken by Europeans?"

G.: "It just wouldn't happen in Cost."

S.: "How long have you been with this outfit?"

G.: "Since I got out of school."

S.: "How long are you going to stay with them?"

G.: "My contract is for three years."

S.: "What are you going to do after that?"

G.: "Going back to Stan."

S.: "Do you have another job lined up?"

G.: "What I'd like to do is drive a truck. You drive some manioc, or something, into town and then you drive the truck back. That's all there is to it."

S.: "Is the country around Stan like this?" (We were passing through a part of the Ituri forest.)

G.: "Yes, it's very much like this."

S.: "There seem to be plenty of people around."

G.: "Well, we're right on the main road from Stan to Cost, so that's natural."

S.: "Are there always a lot of people in the forest?"

G.: "Yes. There's always plenty to eat in the forest, everything you want."

S.: "You married, Gérard?"

G.: "Yes."

S.: "How long?"

G.: "Since I got out of school."

S.: "Children?"

G.: "Two children."

S.: "How old are you, Gérard?"

G.: "Thirty-eight."

S.: "Well I should tell you. I'm thirty."

Gérard laughed: "So, I'm the antique around here."

AT BENI, WHEN GERARD DISCOVERED THAT we wanted to buy ivory, he took us to a hut a short way out of town, where the ivory figurines called "*bénistres*" are made—a simple structure of grass roof resting on four posts, open at the sides. There were about a dozen carvers, working with European steel files and primitive, hand-operated lathes, under the direction of an old man who set the prices (though each workman showed his own work) and dickered with Gérard for the customary reduction—about a third (Gérard got an ivory ring as commission). At the side of the hut was a small, high table, about a foot square, with spindly legs, and on it a Westclox Big Ben alarm clock. I asked Gérard to ask the old one what the clock was for. "He says," Gérard reported, "that they knock off work at five o'clock."

IV

THE BRITISH HAVE BUILT A HILL STATION at Kabale, over the border into Uganda, which demonstrates their remarkable ability to reproduce England about them wherever they go. It is a place of neat brick houses and manicured vegetation: when we woke up in the morning, the mist still on the ground and a smell of soft-coal smoke in the air, it might have been the Midlands. The evening before, in the lobby of the hotel, we had watched a group of Englishmen, clearly a committee trying to fill a quorum. All the types were there: the brash young Labor M.P. with round black spectacles, the rugger player who was just short of too vulgar to be a gentleman, the decayed-looking but sophisticated visitor who had to be introduced but wore an Old School scarf at the neck of his blazer. We tried hard to discover from fragments of conversation what they were about, and it was only after an hour or so that their purpose became clear: they were calculating handicaps for a golf tournament of all the British men and women in Uganda for miles around. They went about it so seriously that it didn't occur to us at first how ridiculous they were. You couldn't possibly imagine the Belgians, a few score miles away in the Congo, assembling a committee for such a purpose. On the other hand, the Belgians would never have

built Kabale, so perhaps "ridiculous" is not the proper word.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON ARE NOT the Himalaya, by any means, but they are important enough in Africa to have precipitated a cartographic rivalry. The border between Uganda and the Congo runs somewhere among their main ridges, but from the ordinary tourist maps you would have trouble in judging precisely where. Belgian maps show the peaks on the Congo side of the border, but British maps show them on the Uganda side. Apparently the Ruwenzori look the best from Mutwanga, in the Congo, where we stayed, but most dispassionate observers seemed willing to agree that true justice lay with the British and that the summits, in actuality, are in Uganda.

Usually the Ruwenzori are wrapped in clouds. The morning we left the hotel in Mutwanga, however, we were lucky enough to catch them in one of their clear, visible moments. The Ruwenzori hotel sits alongside a rushing mountain stream that comes down from the peaks—clean and orderly buildings, with the red and orange accents of the poinsettias and bougainvillea bright against the sky. To the east we could look up at the crisp outlines of the Ruwenzori ridges, clouds building up around them, and to the west the flat expanse of the Semliki valley. Our suites were double-sided; out at the back we could fling open the bathroom doors onto a grassy terrace above the brook, warm in the sun but cool in its breezes and sounds of babbling water. An idyllic spot, if it weren't for the bugs, and beetles, and lizards, and normal hazards of African existence. The bartender of the hotel, who had only been there three weeks, took his own kind of pleasure in informing us that he had already contracted malaria.

A ROMANTIC ENGLISHMAN WE MET HAD ONCE occupied himself collecting African folklore. One day, wandering in the foothills of the Ruwenzori, he had encountered an old chief who told him many tales. One of them concerned some ruins still said to exist further up in the mountains, and the white queen who had lived in them for countless genera-

tions. Before long, the Englishman said, he began to recognize the story.

It was Rider Haggard's *She*.

THE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK LIES FLAT IN the valley of the Rift, hundreds of square miles of open grassland that need no fences to keep the game from wandering away—the lakes and the mountains do the job. If you stay overnight at Ruindi Camp, an enclosure of grass-roofed huts on a hummock in the middle of the plain, you are expected to take two drives of twenty to thirty miles out toward Lake Edward, one the afternoon you arrive and the other the following morning—*early*. Gérard warned us there would be little enough to see on the first excursion, and he was right: if elephant and antelope and monkeys and hartebeests and warthogs and cranes by the hundreds are little enough. As we were coming back to camp the African guide whom the rules require to accompany each car called out as we crossed a bridge over the Rutshuru, "*Ecoute! Lion!*" We stopped, listened, and looked hard, saw and heard nothing, but figured he was entitled to his self-respect. We didn't believe him for a minute.

The morning after, up at dawn and on the road again, we let him take us on a different route, down by the bends in the river where the hippopotamuses wallow and it is permitted to leave the car. Ridiculous animals. They sit in the water, eyes and nostrils showing, or else sink slowly under, and then one will sneak up beside another and come whooshing up with a great snort—it must make for an uneventful life. Then, as we were driving along a bluff further down the river, the guide tried to distinguish himself again, shouted, "*Lions! Deux!*" He was right this time, a male and female, about three hundred yards away. We watched them, and they watched us, for maybe five or six minutes, and then each of us went our way. Noble beasts, slow and graceful. You'd think they owned the place.

BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, BETWEEN RUINDI Camp and the volcanoes, we passed some thermal springs and stopped to look at them. There was a small sign saying "*Mai ya Moto.*"

I asked Gérard if that was the African name, and he said it was. "What do the words mean?" I asked him. "Hot water," he said.

EXCEPT FOR THE VIBRATING REAR AXLE, AND a more or less continuous problem of removing grimy sludge from the fuel pump, we had no catastrophes with the car—thanks, of course, to Gérard, who nursemaided it every minute. Once, coming down an unpleasantly steep grade, the foot brakes gave out. Gérard maneuvered us to the side of the road, slowed the car against an embankment, jammed on the emergency, reached for a can of brake fluid in back, poured it in, flexed the pedal a few times, and had us back on the road again in a matter of minutes.

UNDERNEATH THE VOLCANOES, AT THE NORTH end of Lake Kivu, is the aspiring settlement of Goma-Kissenyi. What it aspires to be is another Bukavu. The Hotel—or "guest house," a term that means small separate dwelling units, *i.e.* the African equivalent of "motel"—was one of the most carefully cared for along our route. The management was not enthusiastic about us, since we were a little too touristy for their taste—"That kind of thing may be all very well in New York," I overheard the lady-in-charge telling some of her other customers; "I'll be glad when I get those four off my hands"—yet eventually we got on conversational terms with them. The male manager, who turned up later in the day, was eager for the chance to unburden himself to Americans, and we sat on into the evening, on and on, as the others one by one retired and the red mouth of Nyiragongo volcano glowed above us in the dark. Thus M. the manager, at some length:

"Do you know what the population, European population, of the Congo was before the war? Twenty-five thousand. Discounting women and children, that's about fifteen thousand men. This nation, this country that you see as you drive through it, to the extent that it is a country, is the creation of fifteen thousand men. They built it—the roads, the farms, the hospitals, the law and order, the schools—they built them, no one else, and it wasn't easy. What's more, it's just a civilization on the surface. Dig an inch deep

and you'll see how thin it is. There are still chiefs over in Ruanda who possess the power of life and death—and who care blessed little for all our scruples. If we pulled out—and I won't say what country's politics are responsible for *that* thought entering my head—if we pulled out, the next day everything would come to a dead stop, and a week later they'd be back in the slave trade."

"Don't misunderstand me," he said. "I love these people. I love them very much. And since I love them I don't want to see them shoved out into the modern world before they're ready for it. It's coming, of course, it will have to come. But it will take a long, long time—generations, a hundred years, who knows? And if you try to stir up this continent and hasten it you'll get more than you bargain for, the way they're getting it now over in Kenya. That's no joke, you know, and we're not going to have it that way here if we can help it. You have gangrene in your finger and you'd better cut it off before you lose an arm, right? You let something like this go on and on, getting worse all the time, and in the end you'll have a blood bath, as I think the history of your own country demonstrates. By the time you got through with your natives, your red Indians, how many of them were left?"

Anyone planning to visit this region would do well to prepare himself for listening, and responding, to such talk as this. I told the manager I could see he lived on the edge of the volcano in more ways than one, but he immediately objected: "No, that's not the point. I don't want you to think there's going to be trouble here. If we have our way there isn't going to be any trouble, and we're *going* to have our way—if you Americans will only leave us alone."

BUTEMBO WAS MISTY IN THE EARLY MORNING. We had to wait for the post office to open before we got going. Down the road, on their way to school, came the Belgian children from the surrounding farms. They rode in litters, each child carried by four Africans, of which we could say only that it must be worse for the children than for the Africans. Such a little thing—so easy for you to give up, if you wanted to; so hard for others to forgive, if you don't.

Quiet Day at Panmunjom

Captain B. R. Brinley

This account of a day's negotiation during the truce talks in Korea was written by an aide to Lieutenant General William K. Harrison, the senior UN delegate. It is based on the official transcript.

ON September 15, 1952 Colonel Charles W. McCarthy of the U. S. Army walked down the dusty three hundred yards of road to the helicopter strip. A tiny knot of stenographers and interpreters awaited him there, and the big, blue Marine "chopper" was already warming up. The wind from its huge blades, which seemed to be attempting to whip the sky into a froth, flapped his trouser legs back against his shins and made him cup his hand around the bowl of his pipe.

"Let 'er rip," he said to the pilot as he clambered aboard.

Ten minutes later he was trudging up the narrow path toward the cluster of green and white tents that nestled together on the one piece of high, dry ground in the broad valley, the stenographers and interpreters now strung out behind him in a thin line. He remarked that the new broad-windowed, semi-permanent building which had taken the place of one of the white tents had now had the finishing touches put to it, and for some reason did not appear so strange and out of place in its surroundings. Perhaps he was just getting used to it. He saluted in a friendly, offhand fashion to the MP Captain who came up to greet him, and walked straight into the staff tent.

The Colonel hastily looked over some notes which he had drawn from his pocket, and the English version of a letter handed to him by one of the stenographers. Meanwhile he restoked his pipe, which had burned itself out during the trip over, and stuck it back in his mouth. Occasionally he ran the edge of

his forefinger meditatively over the graying moustache that bristled on his upper lip. When he had finished, he looked up and winked at the MP Captain who was standing on the other side of the table. His mouth broke into a broad grin, still clenching the pipe, and he chuckled softly.

"Well, Captain Trenham, it looks like a paper war, doesn't it?"

The Captain grinned too: "It does around here, sir!"

At precisely 2:00 P.M. the Colonel crossed the short distance from the staff tent to the new conference building and entered by way of the vestibule on the building's south end. At the same instant, his counterpart, Colonel Chang Chun San, entered the building through the north vestibule accompanied by two other Colonels and a Major. No greeting or look of recognition passed between the two men, though they had been meeting under the same circumstances every few days for the past several months. Each proceeded resolutely to his chair at the center of a long table which divided the conference room laterally into two equal parts. Colonel McCarthy eased his broad-shouldered one hundred and ninety pounds into his chair, and propping his elbows on the table gazed through the V-shaped opening formed by the two flagstaves in the center, directly into the eyes of Colonel Chang. Chang settled his short, dumpy body into the chair opposite him and returned the gaze. The difference in stature and appearance between them seemed to disappear as he did

so. The blanketed surface of the table failed to reflect the immense difference in background and habit of the two men. For a moment each held the other's gaze, as though deferring to each other the opportunity to speak first. Then Colonel Chang's pencil-thin eyebrows arched slightly. He said, "I have a letter to read."

There was not the slightest indication that the man across the table was even aware he had spoken, as the interpreter relayed his statement.

September 15, 1952, Colonel Charles W. McCarthy, Senior Liaison Officer, United Nations Command Delegation:

On September 14, your side, in violation of the agreement relating to the conference site area, scattered slanderous leaflets in the conference site area. The fact has been established through joint investigation by the security officers of both sides. Military police of your side, picking up one of the leaflets, further carried out open provocation against our military police. I hereby lodge a strong protest against your side.

It must be pointed out that the hostile acts carried out by your side in violation of agreement by making use of the conference site area have become increasingly serious. In the interest of the armistice negotiations, your side must immediately stop these acts of violation against agreement.

(Signed) Colonel Chang Chun San, Senior Liaison Officer, Delegation of the Korean People's Army and the Chinese People's Volunteers.

When the interpreter had finished translating, Colonel Chang extended the piece of paper from which he had been reading across the table to Colonel McCarthy.

COL. CHANG: "Now I give it to you in the form of a letter. I must add further that this incident was verified by the joint investigation conducted by the security officers of both sides. As I pointed out in my letter, this provocative act of your side in violation of the conference site area agreement was carried out by your personnel, namely the Private First Class Everett Salmons who was on sentry duty at the time of the occurrence of the incident. You, yourself, will realize the extent of the seriousness of this kind of slanderous act conducted by your side, if you recall the

nature of the incident. I also add the fact that the person whom PFC Everett Salmons approached was one of our personnel by the name of Kim Pil Chu.

"I request that your side question those personnel who carried out this provocative act in violation of the conference site area.

"I firmly request that no recurrence of this kind of provocative action take place in the future which will be detrimental to the interest of the armistice negotiations."

IT WAS fairly warm in the little building, and a persistent odor of garlic seemed to hang in the air. As Colonel McCarthy handed Chang's letter over to one of the stenographers, he motioned toward the large electric fan which stood on a small table directly behind him. One of the interpreters walked over and turned it on. The fan, a large, shiny black General Electric model, started to oscillate slowly back and forth, blowing a strong current of air along the length of the room. The need for this fan had been discovered rather early in the negotiations. The day after it had been installed, however, a fan appeared at the north end of the conference tent, mounted on a similar table. It was a smaller fan of Japanese manufacture, and considering its obvious age, it did a brave job of competing with its handsome American rival. In the present instance, Colonel Chang lost no time in directing that it be turned on also.

COL. MCCARTHY: "I note your protest involving what I consider two separate incidents. First, the fact that certain leaflets which we will identify as propaganda instruments fell within the area. It is entirely possible that this may have happened, since we know of cases where leaflets distributed by plane and loosed in the air have been carried as far as twenty-five miles. I am willing to investigate this incident, but I do not feel that an investigation will disclose any direct intent on the part of the forces on our side to place these leaflets within the area of the neutral zone.

"I am willing to concede that such an incident has happened and to give assurance that we will continue, as we have in the past, to make every effort to prevent such incidents.

"With reference to the second accusation, I feel that in order to give both of us as liaison

officers a complete opportunity to evaluate whatever evidence may be introduced, we should conduct an investigation in which we interview witnesses and both sides will be given an opportunity to present the entire story as they see it.

"After a recess of fifteen minutes, if you are prepared for this investigation, we can conduct the investigation here on the spot.

"I have another item. I have here a letter from my Senior Delegate to your Senior Delegate which I now hand to you."

Another piece of paper passed between the staffs of the two flags. Colonel Chang accepted it without comment and handed it on to one of his associates. Colonel McCarthy settled back in his chair with his arms folded to await Chang's reply to his remarks.

COL. CHANG: "The protest against the incident which your security officers have caused, in serious violation of the conference area agreement, was made according to the investigation conducted by the chief security officers of both sides. However, if your side feels that it is necessary to have it re-investigated, our side would be ready to participate. I would like to reserve comment on your statement.

"Now I have a letter here which is from my Senior Delegate to your Senior Delegate."

At the conclusion of the translation, Colonel McCarthy leaned forward to accept the third piece of paper to pass between the two. This he passed without a glance to one of the stenographers. Propping his elbows once more on the table he spoke slowly, measuredly, as if weighing each word carefully on the end of his tongue before letting it drop. He looked directly into Chang's eyes.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Let me clarify one point. I think we can save much time for both sides if we will confine our investigation to what I consider the second incident. I feel that your protest covers two incidents. One, scattering of the leaflets; two, the alleged effort on the part of one of our guards to force on one of your guards a piece of propaganda material. I feel that the only incident we need to investigate is the second incident. Do you agree to that?

"I would like to add one other statement in that connection. I set a recess of fifteen minutes. I have not yet ascertained if all the witnesses can be present here at Panmunjom this afternoon."

THIS statement seemed to be the source of some satisfaction to Colonel Chang. He answered quickly, with the barest suggestion of a nod.

COL. CHANG: "We agree to recess for fifteen minutes before we undertake an investigation. With respect to witnesses, in connection with the investigation of this incident, our side is well prepared." It is possible that some of the flavor with which Chang invested this last remark was lost in the translation. He now settled back in his seat in an attitude which Colonel McCarthy had come to recognize as a familiar prelude to a tirade.

"My protest contains two items; namely, the scattering of slanderous leaflets within the conference site area in serious violation of the agreement reached between both sides, and the next is the provocative action taken by one of your military police personnel against one of our guards with a leaflet of the same nature. If your side recognizes the conclusion reached by the security officers of both sides regarding the scattering of the leaflets within the conference site area, the said case can, of course, be left out of the investigation. If my understanding is correct, your side wishes to confine the investigation solely to the provocative incident of the action taken by your security officer against one of our guards. Our side believes that this investigation can, of course, be conducted as I have said before.

"What I would like to call your attention to is that the handbill [Chang seemed not to notice his omission of the word 'slanderous'] that the military policeman of your side tried to give to one of our military policemen was the same as the ones which were scattered within the conference site area. What I would like to request your side to do in connection with the procedure of the pending investigation, is that we establish the location where your personnel, PFC Everett Salmons, on your part, and the military policeman for the Korean People's Army, stood as of 1535 hours 14 September, and reproduce the occurrence as it took place, so that we may conduct our investigation on the spot accurately. At the same time, we will get all the witnesses who saw the incident on the spot. That is all."

Colonel McCarthy was looking at the ceiling. He noted that the thin plywood paneling had already begun to warp and bulge, though the building was yet but two weeks old.

He paused and cleared his throat audibly.

COL. McCARTHY: "There appears to be much loose talk, or poor interpretation. I know of no agreed conclusion reached by the security officers concerning the investigation of this particular incident. I notice, too, you refer many times to our security *officer*. This looks bad for the record. The man you have mentioned is not an officer."

COL. CHANG: "This is an error in interpretation. It should be a military policeman instead of a security officer."

COL. McCARTHY: "I have said that I am willing to conduct an investigation fifteen minutes from now. In the meantime you have endeavored to introduce evidence of your own prior to the interrogation of witnesses. You have referred to the fact that the leaflet, or instrument, which allegedly our military police forced on your man was the same as that dropped in the area. That is a matter for us as liaison officers to determine after the introduction of the proper evidence.

"I am willing to meet you fifteen minutes from now, that is, at 1450 hours, provided the witnesses are present, with such interpreters and stenographers as you feel may be necessary, at the spot which my security officer will designate."

IT WAS NOW Colonel Chang's turn to clear his throat. They were getting dangerously close to a state of overclarification.

COL. CHANG: "As I said, our side agrees to have a fifteen-minute recess, and our side will get our witnesses and personnel concerned ready on the spot at the appointed time. I would like to repeat my statement which you quoted in your statement. I said, 'A leaflet of the same nature as the slanderous handbills scattered within the conference site area.' As I heard your statement, I received the impression that your side is not willing to recognize the results of the investigation made by the security officers of both sides yesterday, and the reason for saying this is simply because I wish to know whether or not we should investigate the scattering of the handbills within the conference site area. That is all."

COL. McCARTHY: "I think the record is quite clear on that point. What I objected to was your inferring that I would accept the conclusions of the joint security officers' investigation. I accept the statements made by

my security officer and have arrived at my own conclusion as the Senior Liaison Officer and representative of the Senior Delegate of the United Nations Command. Namely, that we recognize that it is entirely possible, due to conditions of wind and weather, for leaflets scattered by plane to be carried into the conference site area. We do not admit any intent on our part to violate the agreement concerning the conference site area. We will make every effort, as we have in the past, to insure that there is no repetition of such incidents. I will meet you at 1500 hours."

COL. CHANG: "I would like to make a further statement after we are through with the investigation."

COL. McCARTHY: "Very well."

COL. CHANG: "One thing more. I feel it necessary that we should have a Chinese interpreter at the meeting from now on."

COL. McCARTHY: "We have a Chinese interpreter. Colonel Tsai is not present. The reason we used only one interpreter is because Colonel Tsai is not here."

COL. CHANG: "Among the other liaison officers and working personnel whom I represent, there are a few people who only understand the Chinese language."

COL. McCARTHY: "When we meet at 1500 hours we will have a Chinese interpreter."

The men on either side of the table rose as with a common accord. Without so much as a nod in each other's direction, each proceeded to his respective exit, his staff trailing behind him. The two electric fans at either end of the conference room kept blowing air at each other, oscillating in opposite directions almost in unison.

II

FIFTEEN minutes later Colonel McCarthy again strode out of the staff tent and this time toward the short flight of steps which led down the steep bank to the dirt road. There were two such sets of steps, one leading from the dark green American tents, and one leading from the North Korean tents which had once been a pale, light green in color, but now had that tattletale gray appearance of laundry done without benefit of soap. At the head of each set of steps were two sentry boxes of conventional type, barely large enough to shelter a man from a light drizzle—

not deep enough to protect him from a real downpour. It was toward the second set of these sentry boxes—the ones surmounting the Communist steps—that the Colonel now made his way. Across the white, dusty road a North Korean sentry walked up and down in the shade of the three ramshackle earthen huts that were all that was left of the village of Panmunjom.

Three other nondescript figures in tattered, faded khaki coats and trousers lounged about on the porch of one hut. The Colonel had often wondered who these extra characters were. They obviously were not on sentry duty, yet there were always three or four of them lounging around the conference area. They wore funny little caps, made of the same material as their uniforms, and not unlike the old segmented golf cap that he could remember wearing back in the twenties. A little knob at the top seemed to serve no other purpose than to hold the segments of the cap together. Actually, the Colonel was able to guess well enough what their job was. It went with the system, as he had come to learn over a period of many years' contact with their type of government in various parts of the globe. There had been one or two defections from among the Communist security personnel in the neutral zone during recent months. Also the Communists had thrown open the neutral zone to farmers in order to take advantage of the opportunity the zone offered for an unmolested harvest—badly needed in the north. He could see several white-clad peasants scattered about in the fields and rice paddies right now, bending their backs against the silhouettes of Bunker Hill and Siberia Hill to the east of them. Here they worked through the sunset of each day, seemingly unaware of the conflict that raged about them; only now and then pausing to arch their backs and gaze for a moment at the little dust cloud made by some shell plopping onto a distant ridgeline. He well knew that in each of the tiny villages where these people lived there was the inevitable "political officer" (sometimes two) whose mission was twofold—to indoctrinate, and to inform.

The Colonel glanced at his watch. It was exactly 3:00 P.M. as he ascended the second set of steps to the point where Colonel Chang and the other two Colonels and the Major awaited him. The Major was the principal interpreter

for Chang, and the other two officers usually just stood by in stony silence during their meetings, occasionally exchanging glances, or once in a great while leaning up close to Chang to whisper something in his ear. Chang sometimes shrugged this counsel off; but more frequently he would nod approval as though corroborating their point of view. Just what effect these whisperings had on Chang's pronouncements, Colonel McCarthy would not hazard a guess, though there were times when their expressions gave him the uncomfortable feeling that they were poking fun at him.

HE WALKED directly up to them now, and struck a characteristic straddle-legged pose, which seemed to say, "Well, here I am, now. Let's get on with it." Try as he would, he could never seem to look stern and forbidding. His face naturally tended toward joviality, and though he would frequently furrow his brow, and clamp down tightly on his pipe, the best he could ever achieve was a look of determined seriousness. He was poking tobacco into the bowl of his pipe from a leather pouch as he faced them, and his opening remark was a little brusque.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Where is the spot? Is the man standing on it now?"

COL. CHANG: "The person whom your military policeman approached stands there. The witness of the incident is standing over there." He indicated them both with broad gestures.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Where was the man standing upon whom the military policeman tried to force the leaflet?"

COL. CHANG: "Where's the man standing?"

COL. MCCARTHY: "The man you say our man tried to force a leaflet on—where was that man standing?"

COL. CHANG: "You mean the one that was going to give it? [There seemed to be a basic misunderstanding here. Either that, or there was interpreter trouble. Colonel Chang evidently felt it best to make a fresh start.] What I would like to propose is that I want to show you the spot and the personnel of your military police who was standing on the spot at 1535 hours yesterday—the exact location of your personnel Everett Salmons."

Colonel McCarthy decided that it might expedite matters a bit if he took them into his own hands.

COL. MCCARTHY: "PFC Salmons, you stand

where you were standing, if you recall, at 1530 hours yesterday afternoon."

PFC Salmons was a tall, well-built boy who towered over most of those in the group except Colonel McCarthy. He moved to a spot some distance from the two sentry boxes and automatically took up a position of parade rest. The wily Chang was not to be put off by so obvious a tactic as this, however. He smelled a trap.

COL. CHANG: "Since this incident occurred at 1535 hours, the spot where your personnel is standing right now is presumably the spot where he was standing *prior* to the occurrence of the incident."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I fail to connect this relationship between 1535 hours and the spot where this man is standing right now. What is the point you are trying to make? It is customary in investigations to hear witnesses first. Let us assume that the two men involved in the incident are now standing where they were standing at 1535 hours yesterday afternoon."

COL. CHANG: "Very well, proceed, if you like."

COL. MCCARTHY: "*You* have made the accusation. The accusation is principally a statement by your witness. I think the proper way to open the investigation is for your witness to make a statement."

COL. CHANG: "That is why I told you to ask him."

Colonel McCarthy turned now to the first man that Colonel Chang had indicated as being the principal involved in the incident. He was a slightly built soldier with a round face and uneven, blackened teeth that could be seen between his cracked lips even when his face was in repose.

COL. MCCARTHY: "What is your name, rank, and organization?"

The cracked lips failed to open. The soldier stood there, looking desperately from one person to another. The answer, finally, came from a Lieutenant whom Colonel Chang had previously indicated, and who was standing some distance to the left.

LT. LEE: "I am the interpreter of the security officer."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I am not asking you. I am asking the witness."

COL. CHANG: "*He is the witness. This person is the one who was involved in the inci-*

dent, and he is the witness." He emphasized the distinction this time by touching each of them as he spoke, and moving them slightly further apart.

COL. MCCARTHY: "This is a little irregular. I should like to hear from the man who was involved in the incident."

COL. CHANG: "Please make it specific which person you would like to see first; the person who was actually involved in the case, or the witness. I have produced the witness."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I am sorry that you do not understand the use of the term witness! A witness is anyone who gives evidence. Both men are witnesses. I would like to hear from the *principal* witness, who is the man first involved in the incident. [Colonel Chang pointed to the soldier with the black teeth.] What is your name, grade, and organization?"

WITNESS: "I am a member of the military police. My name is Kim Pil Chu, and my assignment in the Army is second assistant squad leader."

COL. MCCARTHY: "What duty are you assigned here in the conference area?"

WITNESS: "Are you asking what assignment I am fulfilling in this conference site area?"

COL. MCCARTHY: "Correct."

WITNESS: "I am a member of the military police."

The boy had a curious way of focusing his eyes on a point about fifteen yards in back of the Colonel's head when he spoke, or when he was being spoken to. The Colonel looked straight at him, but the boy would not meet his gaze. When he shifted his eyes in between questions, he merely looked down at the ground.

COL. MCCARTHY: "What duty were you assigned yesterday at 1535 hours?"

WITNESS: "I was put on guard."

COL. MCCARTHY: "Where were you put on guard?"

WITNESS: "Right here."

COL. MCCARTHY: "Did anything unusual happen while you were posted as a guard here?"

WITNESS: "Yes, an unusual thing happened."

COL. MCCARTHY: "In your own words, give us the details."

WITNESS: "I will." The boy spread his feet apart to a more comfortable posture and launched right into his testimony, speaking

rapidly, and with the same queer, unfocused look in his eyes.

"Yesterday afternoon, that is two o'clock, I was to relieve another guard on post. On my way to the post I entered the quarters where my security officer was located. As I entered, I saw my security officer and the interpreter reading the handbill which was picked up earlier. Having seen the group looking at the handbill, I came out and assumed my post. I was on this spot at 3:35 hours yesterday afternoon. At that time the military policeman of your side was posted at the other spot. In the meantime, a sergeant with a moustache came along at about the same time. Correction! The military policeman was standing at this side of the post, not the other one. Then I saw him looking at a book with the sergeant with the moustache, and they were laughing together. In the meantime, the sergeant took a piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it to the guard. Presently, the military policeman approached me, taking some ten steps in my direction. At the time when I was standing on this spot, the security officer and the interpreter of our side and some others were standing at the other side not far from this spot. As I said, the military policeman of your side approached me and showed me the handbill. On seeing the handbill I knew it was a handbill of the United Nations Forces. The reason why I was able to recognize it so quick is because I saw the same kind of handbill which was picked up somewhere nearby, which the security officer and the interpreter of our side were reading. That is why I could verify this to be the same handbill of the United Nations Forces. As I declined to receive the handbill, the military policeman tucked it in his pocket and returned to his post. Then he exchanged a few words with Sergeant Swanner and went away. That is all."

COL. MCCARTHY: "Do you read Chinese?"

WITNESS: "Yes, I do."

COL. MCCARTHY: "Can you read this?"

Colonel McCarthy drew from his pocket a slip of paper on which were scribbled some Chinese characters and held it in front of the soldier's face. The boy's eyes came back into focus, and he stared down at the slip of paper before him. Then he looked up into the eyes of Colonel Chang, who had stepped quickly in beside the two and was holding one of the

disputed leaflets in front of him. Colonel McCarthy turned slowly on his heels and stared deliberately into the eyes of Colonel Chang.

COL. CHANG: "I have something to say."

Colonel McCarthy's reply was almost scathing.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Colonel Chang, I have given him some Chinese that he has not seen before. It is entirely possible that he has been rehearsed on the leaflet before. In other words, that he has been briefed on the leaflet which you hold in your hand."

COL. CHANG: "That is something that I do not know. We are investigating an incident which occurred in the broad daylight, involving a person who is a military man, and it is quite inadequate on your part to impose something of your own on somebody. The reason I brought out the handbill is because the handbill is similar in nature to the other handbill which was picked up in the conference site area. I believe we should faithfully conduct an investigation according to the evidence. You are trying to evade from this incident by making some unnecessary efforts prior to dealing with the actual incident. Please proceed."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I am trying to ascertain whether or not the witness can read Chinese, because he has stated that the leaflet he saw was the same that he saw in the security officer's tent."

COL. CHANG: "The important part of the proof that I would like to produce is whether the handbill, that he was forced to receive, is similar in form to the other handbill which was picked up in the conference site area. Therefore, I would like to prove whether or not the handbill that he was forced to receive was exactly the same kind as the other handbill which was picked up in the conference site area."

COLONEL MCCARTHY had not changed his position. He still continued to look Chang straight in the eyes, but now he was looking down at him over his pipe.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Is that *all*? Am I going to be permitted to question the witness, or are you going to question him?"

Colonel Chang stepped aside with a quick gesture of his hand toward the soldier.

COL. CHANG: "You go ahead."

COL. McCARTHY: "You stated that at two o'clock you saw your security officer reading a leaflet which had been dropped in the area. How do you know the leaflet was dropped in the area?"

WITNESS: "At about two o'clock in the afternoon, I was returning to my post. I stepped into the tent and saw my security officer and the interpreter reading a leaflet. On one side of the leaflet were the words, 'CHA YU SE GE' [Free World]. I saw some pictures on it. Then I came out of the tent. This was what I had seen before I came to the post at around two o'clock in the afternoon."

COL. McCARTHY: "I would like to clarify the time, 'at around two o'clock.' Do you remember exactly at what time you came to the post?"

WITNESS: "As a routine, I am supposed to relieve my comrade at two o'clock sharp. The time when I stepped into the tent was two o'clock."

COL. McCARTHY: "How close did the military policeman of our side approach you?"

WITNESS: "He approached me as close as to where the interpreter is standing right now, and stretched his hand to give me the handbill, and I declined to receive it, and he tucked it into his pocket."

Colonel McCarthy puffed a moment on his pipe with his hands clasped behind him. He rocked back and forth on his heels a few times, and turned once again to Colonel Chang. The North Korean was standing there with his arms folded over his chest and a look of bland satisfaction on his face.

COL. McCARTHY: "This is not a question for the witness. Colonel Chang, you said the leaflet was *forced* on the man. Is that a correct translation?"

COL. CHANG: "The military policeman of your side approached the military policeman of our side, as I pointed out in my letter of protest, and the way of his approach was such that it can only be interpreted as forcing."

Colonel McCarthy rocked back on his heels once more, and looked up at the blue sky, puffing slowly.

COL. McCARTHY: "I have no more questions to ask this witness."

COL. CHANG: "Would you like to see another witness?"

COL. McCARTHY: "Yes, if you have other witnesses."

COL. CHANG: "This is the interpreter of our side who saw the case at the time of the occurrence."

COL. McCARTHY: "State your name, grade, organization, and duty."

WITNESS: "My name is Yun Kil, interpreter for the security officer, First Lieutenant for the Korean People's Army."

THIS was a third soldier who spoke now; not the Lieutenant whom Chang had first introduced as a witness. He gave every appearance of being a bright young man, and quite proud of the position to which this conflict had suddenly elevated him. He sported on his left wrist that rarity of rarities, a good Swiss watch; and he kept the sleeve of his tunic on that side rolled up half a turn.

COL. McCARTHY: "Were you here at 1535 hours yesterday afternoon?"

WITNESS: "I was walking back and forth at 1535 hours, down there."

He pointed to the row of mud huts across the road where the sentry still walked in the shade.

COL. McCARTHY: "If you saw any unusual incident at that time, tell us what you saw."

WITNESS: "According to my watch [and here he shot his wrist out from his sleeve and placed a forefinger on the crystal of his watch] it was 3:35 P.M. The military policeman of your side was standing right in front of that post and reading a book of fiction. Presently Sergeant Swanner came to him and took the book and read it for a minute. Then the sergeant returned the book to the military policeman, and he took out a piece of paper. And both of them were either reading or just looking at it. I saw that the piece of paper looked like the one that I had just seen before in the tent, and this sheet of paper had some dark shade of pictures, so I thought to myself that it was also the handbill. After exchanging a few words over the handbill, the military policeman of your side, carrying the handbill in his empty hand, approached the military policeman of our side, and at this moment the military policeman of our side was standing this way. The military policeman of our side looked at the piece of paper, but did not touch it, and then turned around. The military policeman of your side turned back and started to his post, reading the handbill on the way. I saw the sergeant with the

moustache returning, and this was the end of my witness."

The young Lieutenant's heels came together sharply as he finished his "witness," and he stood at rigid attention.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Will you please go and stand where you were standing?"

The Colonel watched as the young Lieutenant walked stiffly erect to a point in the road opposite the flight of steps. He let the man stand there for awhile, then turned to Colonel Chang.

COL. MCCARTHY: "That is all. Have you any other witnesses?"

COL. CHANG: "Do you wish to see more witnesses?"

This was said with an air of exasperation, as though Colonel McCarthy had already opened the sugar bag to make sure it was sugar, and now wanted to count the grains.

COL. MCCARTHY: "I would like to question the security officer."

WITH a shrug of his shoulders, and a sarcastic aside to one of the North Korean colonels standing by him, Chang motioned the security officer forward. He kept his eyes directed downward to the ground while he continued to mutter things that were intended only for the ears of his colleagues. The security officer stepped forward and stood before Colonel McCarthy.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Your name, grade, and duty?"

CAPT. PAK: "Captain Pak Chull Shu. I am a Captain of the Korean People's Army."

COL. MCCARTHY: "What duty do you have here?"

CAPT. PAK: "I am the security officer."

COL. MCCARTHY: "Did you participate in the investigation with the security officer of the United Nations Command yesterday afternoon?"

CAPT. PAK: "Yes."

COL. MCCARTHY: "At what time did you report leaflets were dropped in the area yesterday afternoon?"

CAPT. PAK: "Report to whom?"

COL. MCCARTHY: "At what time did you conclude in your investigation that leaflets were dropped in the area?"

CAPT. PAK: "Would you please repeat?"

By now the Colonel was certain that Chang had not anticipated that he would want to

question the security officer directly. The man was obviously playing for time in which to collect his thoughts; and Chang, himself, was still looking down at the ground, occasionally kicking the dirt with his toe, and carrying on a commentary *sotto voce* as though to detract from the importance of this particular interview. Colonel McCarthy squared off at the witness now.

COL. MCCARTHY: "Yesterday you conducted an investigation jointly with the security officer of our side. During that investigation, you concluded that leaflets were dropped at a particular time. What time did you conclude, or did you decide, that those leaflets were dropped?"

CAPT. PAK: "I was here before two o'clock. Around two o'clock I received a report from the comrades at the check point, telling me that they found some leaflets, and presently one comrade, according to the report, picked up one handbill at a location which is 200 meters from the quarters here; and this handbill was brought to me at around 2:20 P.M."

The interpreter seemed to feel that some reconciliation of testimony was called for at this point, and evidently on his own authority decided to elucidate further the Captain's remarks.

INTERPRETER: "In my first translation I did not mention this part, but he said that he received the report concerning the handbill. By the report, I mean he received it from the interpreter who was on the spot where this handbill was picked up sometime around three o'clock yesterday afternoon."

The entire incident now had the clarity of a low grade of mud, and Colonel Chang stepped forward with an air of exaggerated politeness.

COL. CHANG: "We have covered our interviews with these witnesses here very well, I think. So far as our interviews with security officers, I would rather have interviews in the conference room. I would like to have an interview with your security officer."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I agree, but what I am trying to point out is related to the information given by the first witness. He stated at two o'clock he saw the leaflet in the hands of people in the security tent before he came on post. Your Captain has now said that the first leaflet was recovered at about 2:20. I agree that we will conduct the investigation

further between ourselves, but what I am asking now is pertinent to the testimony given by the first witness."

COL. CHANG: "He said before 3:30."

Colonel McCarthy rocked back on his heels again at this. His teeth clamped down more firmly on the pipe, and the lower lip protruded again.

COL. MCCARTHY: "I must develop this further. [He turned to the North Korean Captain again.] Did you in your joint investigation with the security officer of our side, determine that the leaflets dropped yesterday were dropped *after* two o'clock?"

It was useless. Colonel Chang had jumped into the breach once more, and was not to be denied.

COL. CHANG: "Before going into the tent again, I would like to make one more remark concerning the time element. No one could verify the exact time these leaflets were dropped; but these times referred to were all those times respectively given to the individual leaflets which were found."

The pipe in Colonel McCarthy's mouth had gone out. He knocked the bowl of it against the heel of his palm and spat on the ground. As he returned the pipe to his pocket, a tired smile flickered about the corners of his mouth.

COL. MCCARTHY: "I have no further questions. I desire no further witnesses. Do you desire to question our witness?"

COL. CHANG: "What witness?"

COLONEL McCarthy paused just a moment to stare long and hard into the eyes of Chang. Then he spoke very distinctly:

COL. MCCARTHY: "Private Salmons."

The little North Korean looked at PFC Salmons as though he hadn't noticed his presence before.

COL. CHANG: "Your assignment, rank, and name?"

PFC SALMONS: "Private First Class Everett L. Salmons."

COL. CHANG: "What did you do yesterday at this conference area?"

PFC SALMONS: "I pulled duty, as usual."

COL. CHANG: "What kind of duty?"

PFC SALMONS: "Security duty."

COL. CHANG: "At around 1535 hours, 14 September, that is, yesterday, where were you, and what were you doing?"

PFC SALMONS: "I was standing at this post."

COL. CHANG: "Tell me whether or not Sergeant Swanner came up to you at this time?"

PFC SALMONS: "Sergeant Swanner did approach me at this time."

COL. CHANG: "Approximately at around 1530 hours—I say approximately around that time, because watches are more or less different—for what purpose did you approach the military policeman of our side, who was standing at the same spot?"

PFC SALMONS: "I did not approach your military policeman at that time."

This answer elicited a laugh from Chang, who elbowed the other North Korean Colonel standing beside him, and made short, stabbing gestures with his forefinger in the direction of Salmons as he laughed.

COL. CHANG: "Then when did you approach?"

PFC SALMONS: "I did not approach at any time."

This was greeted with a disbelieving guffaw. There was much more elbowing among the North Koreans, and pointing of the finger at Salmons. Colonel Chang, with the tips of his fingers at one corner of his mouth, spoke into his hand so that his words would carry only over his shoulder to his compatriot. Among the laughter and the general wriggling around of the North Koreans, Colonel McCarthy's interpreters were able to catch such phrases as: "Oh, what a liar!" and, "I didn't expect anything better!" Finally, Chang addressed himself to Colonel McCarthy, who was waiting patiently for the antics to cease.

COL. CHANG: "First of all, I feel it quite futile for me to have further interview with your witness, who denies completely the action he had taken, under the broad daylight. And this particular man is in uniform and was put on duty. This I would like to remind you of. All I can think of is that he himself is willing to reveal action he had taken, but it appears that he was so instructed that he refuses to tell what he himself would like to reveal.—I have nothing further."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I would like to say that the man's conduct as a witness is outstanding. He was straightforward in his answers; there was no hesitation. Your man, on the other hand, was apparently confused in the entire investigation. A man who has been coached might be confused, but a man who has not

been coached is as positive in his statement as PFC Salmons was."

COL. CHANG: "Not at all. The witnesses stated things as they were, no matter how you may interpret it with an ulterior motive. If they were shy and awkward in their way of narrating stories, it is mainly because of their personalities. That has nothing to do with the truth of the incident. In settling this matter, I came to the conclusion that your side is willfully violating the agreement of the conference site area. This is well demonstrated in such a denial of the incident which occurred under the broad daylight and was jointly investigated by the security officers of both sides. I deem it beneath my dignity to go further into an interview with a person who tells such an unimaginable lie. That is all. I have nothing further to say."

Colonel Chang completed this diatribe with a sweeping gesture of his left arm as though he were clearing the chessmen off a board on which he had met an unanticipated defeat. Colonel McCarthy, who had stood through it all with his hands clasped behind his back, interrupted this gesture with what was almost a bark.

COL. MCCARTHY: "I would like to ask to whom the last remark was directed?"

COL. CHANG: "Well, I said it here; you can hear it—also the military policeman."

COL. MCCARTHY: "I am asking, Colonel Chang, to whom the remark was directed?"

COL. CHANG: "What do you mean?"

COL. MCCARTHY: "I understand what you said, but I want to know whom you are calling a liar."

COL. CHANG: "Unequivocally speaking, I am referring to this very man who completely denies the fact which occurred in the broad daylight yesterday."

COL. MCCARTHY: "That is your right. I wanted to make sure that it was not directed at me. If you have no more questions to ask the witness, I suggest that we go into the conference room and conclude the investigation."

COL. CHANG: "I agree."

III

BOTH Colonels turned on their heels and went their separate ways toward the conference building. Arriving there by different routes, each entered through his

accustomed vestibule. Colonel McCarthy strode to his chair at the center of the table and sat down directly. It had grown much cooler now, and the fans were no longer a necessity. He motioned to one of the stenographers to turn off the one on the table behind him. Chang followed suit almost immediately.

The remainder of the discussion following was typical of many that had gone before. Colonel McCarthy knew that he could have recited virtually every word of it in advance. Chang complained about the mysterious emphasis on the time angle, which he was sure was an American ruse to avoid responsibility for the dastardly plot. Colonel McCarthy stated that the discrepancies in time bore directly on the credibility of witnesses. He reiterated his faith in the reliability of his own witnesses. He refused to accept any of the testimony presented by Chang at its face value, and stated that he would give him an answer when he had time to study the evidence more carefully. Chang ranted about the irresponsible attitude with which the UN delegation approached every investigation, and about its desire to "provoke incidents" in the conference site area. No matter how many times Colonel McCarthy tried to break off the discussion, Chang would come forth with still one more statement, repeating in a different order the things that he had already said before. It was plain that he intended to have the last word.

COL. MCCARTHY: "I have just one statement to make. I am surprised that one of your intelligence should fail to see how the time element, as I pointed it out—that is, the time the leaflets were picked up—bears directly on the credibility of the first witness you introduced. As I said, I will study the record and advise you further as to my findings. I have nothing else."

COL. CHANG: "I must emphasize again the point very clearly, since your side seems to make an attempt to evade the responsibility by bringing up this matter of time argument. Your side, in violation of the agreement of the conference site area, scattered handbills; and your side did not notify our side as to what time your side would distribute and what time these handbills would land. Therefore it is ridiculous for your side to ask us to render a due response to your request."

According to the actual situation of the happenings of this incident yesterday, these handbills started to be picked up before two o'clock in the afternoon and were being picked up until security officers of both sides started to conduct their joint investigation. Accordingly, there exists nonconformity pertaining to this picking up of handbills.

"As was discovered by the joint investigation by security officers on the spot yesterday, those handbills were not picked up collectively in one spot, but they were picked up at various locations, individually.

"Therefore, the answer pertaining to the time element given by the witness of our side was slandered by the provocative action of your military police yesterday. The slandering is not going to render any service to you which may bear any importance in this incident.

"Coming back to the point, I must emphasize the fact that your side must deal with this incident responsibly. The incident which your side has created, in violation of the agreement, is to such an extent that it is provocative and belligerent.

"I request that your side deal with this incident responsibly—the incident which was investigated by the security officers of both sides on the very day of the occurrence, and also investigated by the liaison officers of both sides today—to become unequivocally clear. That is all."

COLONEL MCCARTHY rose from his chair as soon as the interpreter had completed the words, "That is all." He strode directly to the staff tent, followed by his interpreters and stenographers. Inside the tent Captain Trenham waited with the usual grin on his face.

"How did it go, Colonel?" the MP Captain asked.

"How do they all go?" the Colonel asked in return.

Later as he walked over to the little landing

strip where the Marine chopper stood waiting for him, he glanced over his shoulder toward the road and the row of mud huts. Chang and his party were just getting into their jeeps. Great clouds of dust flew up as the drivers spun the little vehicles around in the center of the road and headed them off toward Kaesong, their tires chewing at the bumpy gravel surface in an effort to get a solid bite.

Once inside the Marine chopper again, the Colonel leaned back and relaxed. As he fastened his seat belt, he pushed his weight back against the seat webbing until his shoulders made contact with the metal hull. The vibration of the craft, as the pilot revved up the motor, felt good as it transmitted itself down his spine. With a lurching motion the chopper lifted itself off the ground, and he shifted his weight automatically as it rocked from side to side.

In a few moments the craft was swinging its way over the rice paddies. He always enjoyed these rides. They were the closest thing to traveling on a magic carpet that he could think of. One got a much greater sensation of speed at this altitude, than in an airplane. The countryside was beautiful this time of year, too. So much of Korea was drab and uninteresting; but here in the lush and fertile valley of the Imjin, the rice was turning to a golden yellow. On the higher pieces of ground, and the fingers of the low hills that could not be flooded, there were neatly tilled patches of bright green lettuce and darker green beans. Most of the thatched roofs of the houses were dull grayish-brown in color, because no one had had time to put on a new roof this year, but still they looked from the air as though someone had brushed and combed them. The brilliant red of peppers, set out on huge trays in the sun to dry, highlighted the softer colors of the earth.

He propped his chin on his hand as he stared out of the open door of the chopper, and gave himself up completely, for a few moments, to the enjoyment of the landscape.

Drug Store: Sunday Noon

A Story by Robert Hutchinson

Drawings by Oscar Liebman

MRS. LANG scrubbed the last smudges of of her sun-tan-oil advertisement from the drug-store window until she could look out on every inch of Main Street, from the Presbyterian Church to the pool hall. "Nice view," she muttered. "Won't last, thank God." She took one last look at the gullies in the road and the weeds stretching tall to the edge of the Baptist stained-glass windows, and reached for the uppermost corner of the sign whose orange letters she had spent two hours on the night before. "Yeah," she shouted through the glass at the Sunday School boys running to watch, "says School Supplies. Don't need gawking to see that, nor an old lady, either. Run on home 'fore you get your clothes dirty."

"Run tell your ma some folks work on Sundays," she added to herself as she groaned down out of the window. "Birthdays, too. No time for gawking." Nor sitting, neither, she thought, glancing toward the back of the store where the girl seemed not to have moved a muscle since her last look, ten minutes before. Some day Mrs. Lang meant just to sit for ten minutes. That was the day she'd be carried to the White House on an elephant. She'd be nine hundred years old. She picked up the bucket of soapsuds and belched. None of her business, she decided, noticing as she went past how the stitching had come loose on the girl's shoe. The whole world could rot on their chairs and she'd think twice before crying. She opened the side door and emptied the bucket around the chrysanthemum roots. "Have some soap," she told them. They were dead anyway. She straightened one of the dry stalks sadly.

"If you want more coffee," she called over

her shoulder, "it's right there. Be sure to leave a dime, though."

The girl smiled and tilted her cup. "That's all right. I still have a little." She touched the cup lightly to her lips, and Mrs. Lang, letting the door slam, turned her head to keep from seeing. It had been at least half an hour. From the looks of the flour-sack dress, Mrs. Lang doubted if the girl had a dime. She hadn't bought that permanent anywhere, with the curling-iron rolls hung awkwardly in the wrong places around her white face. She'd be lucky to have a nickel if she was a Taylor, and she looked anemic and scared like one. Everybody in town knew Otis Taylor owned nothing more than an evil tongue and a pig's-worth of brains.

Mrs. Lang glanced at the home-made bead purse and wondered what it would be like, living in a basement house the Chambers had started as a place to store vegetables and always seeing the Chambers' big gray house next door against the sky. "You'd get an evil tongue, too," she told herself. A person could learn to make a cup of coffee last a long time.

AT THE fountain she started piling dirty glasses in the bucket. The butter-slicer needed washing, too, but her hand, reaching for it, stopped over the roses instead, hesitated, touched them, and she leaned over the sandwich-board to smell them for the fifth time that morning. This time she counted. Twenty-five: half a one for each year. At that rate she'd be too expensive to let live. She supposed he had made a date with the flower-girl to get the extra one.

She had hid them there that morning after the sheriff's wife, needing aspirins, had seen



The sheriff's wife had seen the roses.

them. "Roses!" she had shouted, as if any fool couldn't see. "You're a lucky mother, Mrs. Lang."

"Easy to send roses," she had said, flushing and turning her back. "Roses don't pay no bills."

"Why, Mrs. Lang, how can you—"

"Ain't you gonna be late for Sunday School?" She had known how she could feel it, all right. Roses didn't scrub the cobwebs down for you. Roses didn't work till nine and get up at midnight to prowl around the shelves finding heart medicine for some poor old man somebody wished would die.

She held the card toward the window now and read it. "For one most dear." Hadn't even signed his name. Not even "Your loving son." Probably not his own handwriting: it had been that long since his last letter, she didn't know. He had never written much more than about the weather and how his cold was, but it had been good just to see the name she had picked out for him. There was that much of her in him he couldn't leave behind. She raised her eyes from the card to

the freckled head pushing over the edge of the counter and thrust her hand deep into her apron pocket. "What's your trouble?" she said. One of the Lowries, from his ears.

"Nothing."

"Then you'll have to take it someplace else. Can't just come in and sit."

The boy glanced toward the table in the rear. "She's just sitting."

"That's all right, boy. She's got her reasons, I guess."

"I got mine, too."

He grinned and she reached for the tea towel. She could guess which teeth were missing without wasting a look.

"Might just as well leave town then and not be disappointed. We don't give handouts after August."

"Piece of ice, maybe?"

She rinsed one off silently and gave it to him.

"Cost you a nickel for that much in Kansas City. Now you go on. Don't want to see you for five days."

"That Wednesday?"

"Friday. Don't want to see your brother, neither."

The store phone was ringing as he climbed on his bicycle, holding the ice far in front of his cowboy suit, and she turned toward the booth reluctantly. "I could do without you, too," she said. Lifting the receiver, she saw the girl catch at her purse and pull the table toward her. "Yeah?" Mrs. Lang said. It didn't strike her dumb with surprise. She'd seen them come and sit like that before.

She listened to the man's voice and then held a hand over the mouthpiece. "You Emmy Taylor?"

The girl nodded and stood up.

"Looked like a Taylor." She stumped back to the counter. "Tell your pa he owes—oh, forget it. Go on, answer the damn thing." In the mirror she watched the way the girl's hand trembled as she lifted the receiver, the way she stood up close to the mouthpiece. Mrs. Lang blew on each glass as she dried it

and held it up to the light. She'd seen them like that before, all right, but none of the Taylors. She had always been given to understand they were pretty good girls, to make up for their father maybe. Not that she even expected that much any longer. "Nobody makes up for anybody," she was always telling her Christian Science friend, Mrs. Harriman, "and I ought to know. I've seen more of this town than you have, or Father Hardy, either one. You think I don't know what they want the pills for, or why they can't sleep at nights? I got an eye for trouble, girl, but I tell you it's no skin off my bones if the whole town goes to pot, long as I get mine."

"You don't really —"

"Hell I don't. Nobody else is gonna take care of you in this world. Least of all your children." And she glanced now at the roses on the hot plate, as she thought about how shocked Mrs. Harriman always looked. "They either steal from you, or, if they're any good at all, they get out of town." Nothing to hold them here, she thought, pulling a thorn off one of the stems. Nobody to go around with, no work that wasn't being already too well done, nobody to marry. "Would you marry any of them people?" she had asked Mrs. Harriman once, who had become confused.

"The painter, maybe."

"Didn't know we had one."

"Oh he's real nice, stays with the Chambers and paints wheat fields all day, only—" Mrs. Harriman's voice had dropped—"I guess he's married. He's got a little boy."

"What you think I'm talking about, they've all got little boys. The young ones are off in Chicago or—Houston." At least Houston was the last address she'd had from him.

She could hear the girl hanging up now and she put the card back on the stems where it belonged and bunched the green tissue paper for a background. They looked better that way. "Jimmy had his reasons," Mrs. Harriman always said. And maybe he did.

The girl was closing the door to the phone booth, the tight skin flushed under her eyes. It was not a healthy color, and Mrs. Lang wondered, looking at the thin arms, if the girl got enough to eat. For a while they said Otis Taylor was a vegetarian.

The girl advanced timidly. "Thank you."

"Don't like to have people call here," she said. "Got enough to do."

The girl reddened even more. "I'm sorry."

"That's okay. Just thought I'd warn you for next Sunday."

"Oh." The girl turned away. "I won't be here next Sunday," she said in a small voice that made Mrs. Lang hold the dish towel empty in mid-air and watch her all the way back to the table.

HE CAME in while she was working on the mirror specks and stopped in the doorway right on the Coca-Cola sticker so that she had to turn all the way around to get a good look at him. She hid the rag behind her and straightened her back. She was not quite sure what she had been expecting—a serviceman, maybe, or some kid looking uncomfortable out of his weekday overalls, trying his first winter in town away from his brothers—but it had been of a different world from this man with his neatly pressed business suit and the slow, somehow sad smile with which he looked to see if he were in the right place. Automatically her hand sought out the chili stains on her apron and covered them. There was something in his quiet face and stooping shoulders that made her suddenly ashamed of the cracked marble in the fountain, the torn linoleum, the wire-back chairs, and she wished she had sold the candy case when she had a chance. He looked, indescribably, the way doctors always did in the movies, clean and thoughtful, and when he put his bag beside the door, she almost expected to see a stethoscope hanging from it, instead of the small address card. "Help you?" she said. But he was not looking at her when he smiled.

The girl must have seen him in the same moment, for she was moving toward them slowly, a smile beginning on her face until she stopped and put her hand out to the fountain while the color drained away, and Mrs. Lang knew she must have seen the suitcase.

He squeezed the girl's arm gently. "Hi," he said. His eyes moved over the lowered face, and his hand reached for her chin and drew it upward. "Can you stand to have another cup of coffee?" he asked quietly. She nodded and turned away. It was the way, Mrs. Lang thought, people acted when she told them, "We're all out of that"—like they didn't know where to try next.

"One black," he said, and she wondered if

maybe he was from the East—most folks here used cream. But before she could think to ask, he had carried the cups to the table.

"You forgot your change, Mister," she said.

"Hate to do that." He laughed and held out his left hand for it, and as she counted out the dimes, she could feel a tiny pain crowded into her stomach. She wished, ringing up the sale, she had not seen his hand. Of course, she told herself, it might be just a class ring on the other side. Or maybe it was an earlier marriage. It could be lots of other things, but it wasn't something to see. She pressed her hand against the ache in her side.

"Mrs. Chambers brought me down," he was saying to the girl, and Mrs. Lang felt very tired suddenly, very old, and something seeming to hit her so fast in the chest that she could hardly get beyond the flowered curtains in time to lean against the sink and get her breath back. "Your father brought me the telegram," his voice went on, and Mrs. Lang decided to lie down a bit before heating the chili.

HER rest room, as she called it, with its horsehair sofa and the chintz-covered dressing table she had tried to make attractive with postcards of national parks and pictures of movie stars around the sides of the glass, was never very bright, even when the afternoon sun poured through the small window at the end or through the opened door that led to the toilet. The green window shade and the darker green of the walls kept it in a year-round gloom broken only by her talks with Mrs. Harriman or the rare moments she could retreat here with a letter, holding it and squinting at the stamp until the suspense became unbearable. But here, at least, she could lay her apron aside and for a moment stop being "old Mrs. Lang at the drug store." Sometimes she would lie in the darkness whispering "Vinnie Mae" aloud. It was a name no one ever called her any more.

Today, though, the trick could not overcome fifty years and the room seemed unusually dark, the sink only a line of gray in the corner. She put her hand over her eyes to keep from seeing the spot in the ceiling, darker even than the rest, and tried not to listen to what they were saying in the other room. The top of the partition ended in lattice work, and their low voices, marked by

silences, drifted through it as though they were talking directly to her. But they were not, she knew, and she wanted none of it. It was none of her business: she had enough of her own without getting herself involved in whatever foolishness Otis Taylor's girl had got herself into. She coughed and turned noisily onto her side, drawing the pillow up over her ears. But phrases came through.

"I'll write you," the man was saying.

"You don't need to really, not often, I mean, you'll be busy. You'll have to save time to—paint."

"I will, though, every day."

Mrs. Lang could almost see her own boy then, the Jimmy she had named, grinning and tossing one end of his tie over the other and slipping the knot in his large hands. She opened her eyes and the image went away, but the words, said years before, still echoed with promises not kept. "Sure I'll write," he had said; "what you think I am, huh?" "—awfully busy, but—" "just have a minute—" and the letter from Texas still stabbing her blind with "looks like I won't get home Christmas, we don't get much time." Once he had sent her a picture of himself with some girl, standing on the rocks at Carmel, and she had put it up on the fountain next to the orange juice, but the camera must have slipped, because the eyes were funny and his tie looked twisted to one side, and he was always neat about things like that. She had written that the girl was real pretty, but he had never said anything else about her.

"How will you get home?" the Taylor girl was saying now.

"She'll be there, I guess. With the station wagon."

There was a pause, then, "It must be wonderful driving a car."

He laughed. "I'll have to teach you." And then there was a longer pause and Mrs. Lang coughed once more, recalling days she had never wanted to think of again, and how she had sold the car after Mr. Lang died. It had been the thing she hated most, watching the swift hands check the throttle and raise the hood as if it were a thing that might have been anybody's, and none of the dealers knowing how Mr. Lang had liked to go for a drive on Sunday afternoons. She shifted her weight on the horsehair sofa, feeling again the bewilderment she had known the first

time the car had gone past with a stranger at the wheel, and she and Jimmy on the sidewalk, left behind in a town there'd be no more leaving. Jimmy had taken her hand, she remembered, but she hardly knew now how long ago it had been. Jimmy had been just a boy. It was later, when he started dating, that he'd got a car of his own.

"I'm afraid you'll get hungry," the girl was saying in the next room; "do they have a place to eat?"

"There'll be a diner."

"Oh. If I'd known, I—I could have made some—some—"

"Emmy. Emmy, here, use this. That's better. I didn't know myself—"

Mrs. Lang got up slowly and began splashing water on her face. She could not help wondering how they had ever met from their neighboring houses. Perhaps he had been painting a picture and had been taken with her small face. Or maybe she had sold the Chambers some eggs, or maybe on a hot night when each of them was walking and no one else around—she turned off the water angrily and dried her face. It was none of her business. She had her own, and the screen door slamming and here was work to do, and her hair looking as if she'd come through a regular storm.

THREE high-school boys were standing by the magazine rack, and she tried not to see the table at the back as she walked forward. The boys were in dungarees.

"Jesus," the tallest one was saying, "get a load of this one. How'd you like those shoes under your —" He saw her, closed the magazine quietly and walked to one of the tables. The other boys started to follow. One of them waved half-heartedly as he sat down. "Hi, Emmy."

"Hello," she said, turning her head away. Silently they stared at the man she was with.

Mrs. Lang picked up the fountain rag. "Can't sit there, boys. That section's closed."

They looked at the girl. "But if—"

"Should of got here earlier. Closed that section just five minutes ago."

"How come?"

She wiped off the counter in front of them. "Business," she said mysteriously. "The usual?" She reached for the ice-cream dipper and moved the roses farther back where they

couldn't see. Scooping the ice cream, she could hear their harsh whispers.

"You could take Emmy."

"Who wants her?"

"She ain't bad at games."

"That all you think of—games! What I want to know is, does she—"

She pushed the shakes on the machine and stood looking at them. They matched pennies silently until she poured the shakes.

"Thanks, Mrs. Lang."

"I get paid for it. Where's your money?"

It was eleven forty-five and she wondered if the train would be on time. Not that it mattered much: no one she knew would be on it.

AT NOON, with church out, the rush began, and Mrs. Lang, busy making sandwiches and stuffing containers of ice cream, was almost glad to slip into the quiet, thoughtless activity of Sunday afternoon. The sheriff's wife was in for salted nuts, looking



He was not looking at her when he smiled.

around for something she did not see. Mrs. Lang waited on her silently without mention of roses or birthdays. Father Hardy smiled in on his way to dinner. Mrs. Harriman called for ant-killer. Young people, bursting in noisily after the abnormal quiet of morning, crowded the fountain, wanting malts and cones. Mrs. Lang let the accumulated skill of years carry her along.

She did not ask the two at the back if they wanted more coffee. They could look after themselves.

Only once, when the man asked for change for a phone call, did her mind go back to them. "I don't keep much change," she said, handing him the two nickels. "Expect people to carry their own on Sunday."

She saw the girl looking around vaguely. "Right through those drapes," she said. "Light on the left." She would have to go back later and see that everything was in place.

She looked back toward the fountain and saw that everyone else had left, gone home to Sunday dinner with the family and an afternoon of reading the papers and listening to the radio. It was a good time for families, she thought, looking at the man in the phone booth and spreading the counter rag to dry. She was considering whether to ask Mrs. Harriman for dinner when she saw the boy in the

doorway. She looked wearily at his cowboy suit.

"I said Friday."

"That was ice."

"Then what's this?"

"Candy. I got a nickel." He held it up while his little brother sidled in the door and stood behind him.

"He got a nickel, too?"

The smaller boy nodded and pulled on his brother's coat.

"Nickel ain't much nowadays. What if I told you candy was six cents?"

The boy's face darkened. "All of it?"

"Pret' near. You look it over; we'll see."

The man had come out of the phone booth, and the boys stood looking at him glumly, motionless before his height. "Hi, boys," he said, and the younger one turned away in confusion.

"I got a boy about your size," he told the older one, who looked skeptical.

The smaller boy held up four fingers. "Is he this many?"

"More than that."

"Is he six?" the older one said.

"Seven."

"Oh." After a moment he looked up. "Can he ride a bike?"

The man frowned. "Not—just now. No, you got him beat there, all right." The boy ran off in delirious delight to the candy case.

"Why not?" the younger one said, lingering. "Why can't he?"

"Well, he —" He straightened and turned to Mrs. Lang. "How far is it to the station, please?"

"About a minute," she said. "Walk left, last building you come to."

The boy was tugging at his trouser leg. "What's the matter with him?"

He put his hand on the boy's head. "Now don't you trouble yourself, fellow."

"Is he sick? I was sick yesterday."

The girl was coming from the back and he moved to meet her. "It's on time," he said.



"Candy. I got a nickel." He held it up.

"Oh." The girl paused. "How long —?" He looked at his watch. "Pretty soon."

She tried to smile. "Well," she said.

"Well," he said. He put his hand on her elbow and they stood looking at each other.

"I had croup," the boy said. "What's he got?"

The girl put her hand over his, and Mrs. Lang, watching the dust gathering in the air outside, turned suddenly to stir the chili. It had stuck to the bottom of the pan and she had to lift it from the hot-table to scrape it loose. It took all her mind, doing it. She was still working on it when she heard the train whistle and she looked up in alarm. It sounded again, nearer.

"Mister," she said, hurrying forward, "there's a short-cut through there —"

"Thank you." He picked up his suitcase.

"Thank you," the girl said softly and started to follow him onto the porch. The man had turned so that he was facing her. He was not wearing a hat and the wind blew a lock of hair over his forehead. The end of his tie hung in the air a moment before catching on his shoulder, and it was the way, Mrs. Lang recalled, Jimmy's had been in the picture. The girl stepped forward.

"No," he said, and her face stiffened, Mrs. Lang noticed, like he had struck her, like he'd struck her hard.

"But I thought—we didn't have much time —"

He shook his head. "You stay here." He set his suitcase down and for a moment held her thin elbows between his hands. She stepped back. "You stay right here." And suddenly he was gone through the short-cut and only a whirlwind of dust moving in the road.

MRS. LANG let the dust hit her and go past before she moved. She could hear the grinding of the train now, and behind her the smaller sound, the girl's footsteps hurrying through the store.

She walked slowly to the back room and drew the curtains aside. In the darkness the girl was leaning on the sink, both arms rigid, her eyes closed. Mrs. Lang had seen people pray that way. She looked at the girl's hands, holding hard, and felt the girl's shoulder quiver at her touch. The phone was ringing, but it could ring. "Miss Taylor," she said.

"I'm all —" The girl shook visibly. "Go away."

Mrs. Lang walked to the telephone and lifted the receiver. "This is Otis Taylor. Is my girl —" She dropped the receiver back in place and went behind the fountain. For a long time she did not move. She had meant to get back to work—the glass panels of the cosmetics case needed cleaning, and it was a good time to sweep, during the noon hour. But she stood, seeing other things. The store rose like a box before her, and she saw it new and painted as it had once been. The sun glinted on the bicycles outside. The September wind held a sheet of paper high, turned it, let it slip ghostlike from sight. Mrs. Lang stood motionless among ghosts, confronting them with her hard eyes. She was surprised that she could hear her own breathing. Her hands were shaking and slowly she lowered her eyes. She could see herself in the polished top of the steam table.

"Miss Taylor?" she said a moment later, from the doorway. The girl did not move. "Don't you want to see what he left you?" She held the box in her arms. Quietly she read aloud, without seeing the words, "For one most dear."

The girl turned, lifted them, drew them close.

"That's better," Mrs. Lang said, as the girl lowered her head among the roses. "You go ahead," she said, rubbing the girl's back the way she had rubbed Mr. Lang's when he came in tired. "You go right ahead. Better that way."

After a moment she let the curtains fall behind her. From the school-supply counter, she selected a pencil and paper. "Dear Jimmy," she wrote, "the roses are here since early and my they are lovely so fine of you to send them and so many, I have never seen so many before. Now I am wondering about you—silly old mom, you know. Are you all right?" She put the pencil in her mouth and thought. "I am fine," she added.

"Hey." She looked up and heard the coin tapping on the candy case. "We're ready now."

She got up slowly and slid the chair beneath the table. She looked down at the paper, turned it over, and laid the pencil carefully on top. "Okay, kids," she said. "What's yours?"

Rocket Shoot at White Sands

Jonathan Norton Leonard

A ROCKET shoot at White Sands Proving Ground is more than interesting, more than beautiful, more than exciting. It is inspiring in a way that is equaled by few sights on earth.

Behind the austere buildings of the military post rise the spectacular Organ Mountains of New Mexico, with a fringe of dark pine trees climbing to their highest ridges. An uninhabited wilderness presses from all sides upon this isolated outpost of technological man. Jack rabbits bounce among the cactus and yucca. Deer dance down from the mountains at night to browse on the post's garbage, and sometimes mountain lions follow to browse on the deer.

In front, for forty miles, sweeps the gray-green desert of the Tularosa Basin. Dust devils swirl across it like yellow tornadoes, and sometimes great sand storms blot out the sun. But much of the time the air is as clear as a vacuum, showing a rim of distant mountains around the flat desert floor. A person standing in the center beyond where the rockets fly can easily imagine himself in one of the Moon's great craters with the jagged rampart circling the horizon.

The works of man seen from a distance look small in this setting, but some of them are startling when seen from close by. On a steep mountain slope perches a massive concrete structure that has the soaring aloofness of a Tibetan monastery. This is a test-stand where the biggest rocket motors are put through

their flaming paces. It really looks like an adjunct for a flight to the Moon.

Far out on the desert stands an even weirder structure—a peaked concrete igloo with walls and roof as solid as the stone of a pyramid. This “blockhouse” has narrow slits for windows with glass many inches thick. Its strength is a prudent precaution against the possibility that a rebellious rocket may turn on its creators and rend them to smoking shreds.

Near this modern donjon keep gather strange auxiliaries: tomblike underground storage places for violent chemical fuels; lacy steelwork towers; a forest of poles and a spiderweb of wires. The desert for miles around is dotted with grotesque instruments. Radars sweep the sky with their pulsed electronic beams. The wide glassy eyes of cameras and theodolites stare at the launching site. Far off on the mountain rim great telescopes with forty-inch mirrors wait to follow the rockets on their flights into space.

There are ghosts in this desert too. The hollows between the mesquite hummocks close to the launching site are sprinkled with fragments of brilliantly painted pottery. Long ago, when the Tularosa Basin was a fertile valley, it supported a dense population of Indians, whose burial grounds and building foundations can still be traced among the thorny scrub.

No one knows what happened to these ancient people. Perhaps the climate grew

As science editor of Time and author of several books about science, Mr. Leonard has spent many years keeping track of frontier work in chemistry, electronics, and the various techniques that are involved in man's attempt to fly into space.

drier; perhaps some river changed its course or sank into the sand. At any rate they are gone. They lacked the knowledge and resourcefulness to deal with such changes of environment. They left their dead and their pottery shards and the flint fragments of their poor, weak weapons. Amateur archaeologists from the Proving Ground sometimes dig in the sand close by the launching site and find their crouched skeletons, each with a painted pot inverted over its skull.

II

SPACE enthusiasts who speak lightly about flights to the Moon or Mars should be privileged to see what happens at White Sands. It would give them a sobering glimpse of difficulties ahead. The rockets that roar into the sky above the New Mexico desert are primitive things compared with what real space vehicles must be. They rise only a few hundred miles at most, and their speed is hardly one-tenth of the speed that would be needed to blast them free of the earth. They carry no human crews, and they all crash to utter ruin.

But these crude "beasts" (some rocket-men call them "beasts"; others call them "birds") are the best that space-striving man has to offer at present. To White Sands come the highest products of technological achievement: strange metals with treated surfaces to resist the white-hot scour of racing gases; electronic brains packed with transistors or tiny vacuum tubes and finished as precisely as microscope lenses; pumps no bigger than coffee cups that can push corrosive fuels as fast as the massive flow of irrigation canals.

Marching into White Sands comes a continuous parade of new and incredible instruments—those thousands of specialized senses with which man must augment the senses built into his body. They take their stations in the central laboratories, in the blockhouse, or in solid little huts dotted over the desert. There they get busily to work flashing their impressions on fast-flowing strips of photographic film or scribbling with delicate pens on streams of paper like quick-fingered stenographers writing a strange shorthand.

The men who govern the instruments are as skilled as they. To White Sands come top experts on electronics, optics, solid state

physics, chemistry, metallurgy, mathematics, and astronomy. Some of them stay for years; others stay only long enough to make specific contributions to this remote deposit of technical virtuosity.

What these experts do is mostly secret. White Sands, officially, is an Army Ordnance center for the development and testing of new weapons—intelligent and terrible weapons. Some of them are mechanical falcons that scream into the air at a human command and run down and destroy anything flying there. Others are avenging angels designed to fly over continents, steering by the stars, and strike down offending cities in the flash of a nuclear explosion.

The men of White Sands do not talk lightly about these fearful projects. They know that they are necessary and will always be necessary so long as mankind is committed to a course of mutual destruction. But when the quiet of night has crept over the desert and the brilliant, many-colored stars flash in the clear sky, the men of White Sands like to turn their thoughts, half apologetically, toward a more peaceful project—the conquest and occupation of the vacuum above their heads.

Even the enlisted men—some of them learned GIs who play hot chess in the crowded barracks and chat in the chow lines about quantum mechanics—realize that they are working at the closest place on earth to space. They appreciate both the accomplishments of man on his march toward space and the enormous difficulties that still lie in his path. They know, for instance, that rockets are as temperamental as the graceful, smooth-flanked dancers that they so strangely resemble.

IN THE early days when Americans were first learning to fly captured German V-2 rockets, one of these flaming monsters rose from the launching site with a mutinous plot in its gyroscopic brain. Instead of rising vertically, as a good rocket should, it veered toward the south. Its launchers—both Americans and Germans—stared after it helplessly. There was nothing that they could do.

Across the Rio Grande fifty miles away, the city of Juarez, Mexico, was having a fiesta. Its wide garish main street at the end of the bridge from El Paso was packed with a gay crowd. Bands were playing, and fireworks

cracked overhead. Slanting down from the north at three thousand miles per hour came the rebellious V-2. It shot across the crowd and buried itself with a vast concussion in a hillside cemetery just outside the celebrating city.

The Mexicans rather enjoyed this super-firework; they are friends of death when it comes in heroic form. But the authorities at White Sands are still acutely conscious of what that V-2 might have done if its rebellious brain had chosen a slightly different course.

One result of this international incident, which almost produced a catastrophe, was an elaborate safety system. Another was the construction of the massive blockhouse. Not long after it was completed, a second V-2 rebelled, made a great loop in the air and screamed within six hundred feet of it, trailing its tail of flame.

The captured V-2s were tamed at last, but all rockets, especially the new ones, contain within them the seeds of possible disaster. To make sure that they will perform as expected, they are sometimes given static tests while held securely to the ground. Even this sort of test, intended to forestall disaster, may go wrong in spectacular ways.

Not long ago, one of the biggest rockets was being tested statically. It stood on its tail, screaming, while floods of flame and smoke shot out of its shackled motor. Then it began to struggle fiercely like a captive wild animal suddenly conscious of its bonds. The hold-downs broke. The rocket soared upward and hid behind the blue sky.

A panicky pulse of alarm swept across White Sands. The many-eyed net of instruments had not been watching, but the radars sprang to attention in seconds and swept the echoing sky. Telescopes groped for the fugitive rocket. Radio beams raced after it like lariats flung into space. No one knew where it had gone, and it had enough range at worst to fall as far north as Santa Fe or as far south as Chihuahua in Mexico.

The men of White Sands will give few details about the rocket that got away. They will not tell—or perhaps they do not know—whether their electronic lariats caught it and controlled it before it climbed out of the atmosphere. At any rate it fell in an uninhabited spot and did not dig its great crater in the plaza of Santa Fe.

There have been lesser disasters too, a multitude of them, and there will be more. White Sands is an outpost on the lawless frontier of technology. Each new rocket is acrawl with vindictive “bugs” that conspire to destroy it and its creators too. To eliminate these bugs every rocket part, even the tiniest of them, must be rigorously tested over and over.

The first of the testing is done in factories where the parts are made. They are strained and twisted, heated and cooled—even such inconsequential trifles as bolts and sealing rings. Then they are assembled into larger units and tested more elaborately. The rockets’ electronic brains are put through intelligence tests. The aerodynamic performance of their fins and control surfaces is studied minutely in wind tunnels.

Most spectacular are the tests of the motors, which are done in desolate well-fenced places far from protesting neighbors. Even well away from the test-stands, these sites have an oppressive feeling of tense, pessimistic caution. Danger signs scream their warnings in loud colors. Visitors are searched for matches and cigarette lighters. Walls of buildings are apt to be many feet thick. If liquid oxygen is one of the chemicals used in the motors, it bubbles coldly and silently in gigantic Thermos bottles buried in concrete. Pipes carry upward the oxygen vapor, which drifts away from their tips in thin violet plumes.

The rocket motors themselves are surprisingly small. One type, which has power enough to drive several ocean liners, is a graceless pinch-waisted thing made of sheet metal and about as big as two bushel baskets. Massive steel work holds it to a frame, and a tangle of pipes and tubes leads into its bulbous head.

The men who run the test sit at a control panel behind many feet of concrete, and ranks of instruments stand at attention to record the motor’s performance. Spectators, if any have been admitted, are kept at a good distance. If wise, they have wads of cotton stuffed into their ears.

Crouching close to the motor’s tailpipe are television cameras which serve as expendable spectators, flashing their impressions to screens in the control room. If something goes wrong with the test, these non-human observers may die. Often they do. At one

of the test sites the crumpled remains of the camera-casualties are buried in a special graveyard where little white crosses commemorate their uncomplaining self-sacrifice.

TO WATCH the test of a rocket motor is a shattering experience. Without the slightest warning, an enormous flame juts out of the tail pipe. The eyes cringe from its light, and a wave of heat beats against the skin. An indescribable bellowing sound pokes like an ice pick into cotton-stuffed ears. Even worse than the bellowing is a high-pitched waspish scream. This is the faintly audible edge of the motor's ultrasonic sound. It tears at the heart and groin and raises knife-edged vibrations echoing inside the skull.

But the screaming, bellowing flame is a beautiful thing. When certain fuels are used it is so bright that it sears the eyes through filters that shut out the sunlight. With other fuels the flame is a delicate, transparent violet with a line of diamond-shaped plates that look like gold leaf trembling in its center. These burnished "leaves" are caused by shock waves zigzagging through the flame. When the fuel is shut off, they chase one another into the motor like rabbits running down a hole.

The flame of one experimental fuel, a boron hydride, is brilliant green, and it fades into billows of purplish smoke. No Chinese dragon flying through the air was ever arrayed in colors as gay as these.

In some test set-ups the flame points horizontally; its gases scour the ground, leaving hot charred rocks where their tongue has licked. Sometimes the flame is directed downward against a steel plate cooled from above and below by floods of cold water. If the plate were made of concrete, as in some earlier tests, it would be destroyed by the flame, many inches of its substance clawed into gravel and dust.

The men who know about guided missiles will not say how many tests have been successful, certifying a rocket motor for future use in the sky. This is one of those dull statistics that have great military value. But they admit that in most cases the tests are still necessary, even at the risk of damaging a motor. The art of making rocket motors has not reached a point where all the pinch-waisted monsters can be expected to perform without practice.

Another kind of testing is done in quiet rooms. One of these simulated proving grounds is on Manhattan Island in a building which looks, except for the watchful guards outside its door, like a small factory making toys or dresses. Another is in the dry hills behind Pasadena, California. There are no screaming motors in these sheltered places and no other parts of a rocket. Instead, ranged around the walls, are panels of gleaming black plastic with row upon row of switches and dials and little winking red lights. These are the stolid impersonal faces of electronic computers whose brains of metal and glass can solve in fractions of a second problems that would employ for a lifetime a task force of mathematicians.

Only skilled mathematicians can get much of a thrill out of these flights-by-computer, but men with the necessary knowledge watch their outcome as tensely as if they were at White Sands. In preparation for the flight they have given the computer all the necessary data about the imaginary rocket that its brain contains. Dials are set to represent external factors such as gravitation and air resistance. When the machine is fully briefed, it knows what to expect from every part of the imaginary rocket, except a single crucial part that has not been tested yet.

The mathematicians know that this new part—perhaps a control surface—can have only a certain range of effects on the rocket's flight. They give the computer a formula that represents one extreme of this range. Then they set the machine to thinking. A blizzard of electronic impulses crisscrosses through its brain, and out come figures that tell how the simulated rocket has performed in its imaginary flight.

Sometimes the flight is a failure. Sometimes it is a disaster. The simulated rocket that exists only in the computer's electronic mind may shake itself to pieces or turn back in the air to crash upon a nonexistent desert.

Then comes another flight with the part to be tested set in a slightly different way. The success of this test, too, is written down in the books. At last after many mathematical flights, the behavior of the new component is as well understood as if twenty or thirty great rockets, each costing a quarter of a million dollars, had been flown into space to crash on the real wasteland of New Mexico.

III

ON THE day of a major shoot at White Sands the whole great apparatus spreading over the desert for hundreds of miles springs into tense activity. From the metal throats of invisible loud-speakers comes a slow throbbing sound. This is a half-second beat that binds all activities to the grid of time. Jeeps and trucks scurry across the desert, raising feathers of dust. The non-human eyes of the radars swing toward the launching site, where men swarm over the steel framework that surrounds the beautiful shape of the readied rocket.

Some of the rocket's attendants are muffled from head to foot, like Arabian women, in enveloping plastic garments to protect their skins from corrosive chemicals. Others wear earphones or carry walkie-talkie radios. They pump the rocket full of fuel, quiz its electronic brains, probe its valves and pumps with sensitive instruments. They are like midget masseurs grooming a tall and graceful ballerina for her first and last appearance on the stage of a great auditorium.

Inside the massive blockhouse, which feels part like a mine, part like a radio station, part like the bridge of a battleship going into action, is a hum of tense activity and purposeful running-around. Each man has a special duty, usually connected in some electronic way with the web of instruments spread over the desert. Squawking voices speak tersely with metallic tongues; vivid green lines zigzag across the faces of oscilloscopes.

On a long control panel under a slit window glows a line of little red lights. When one of them goes out, it means that some circuit is completed, some instrument far away has declared itself alert and ready. The half-second beat throbs on like a steady pulse.

Then a solemn, echoing voice comes over the loud-speaker. It says, "Zero minus thirty minutes."

This means that thirty minutes remain before the hour, the minute, and the second when the rocket will fly. The men in the blockhouse, climbing over the rocket or watching across the desert become a little more tense. Their blood runs a little faster. The moment is coming.

The little red lights on the control panel wink out one by one. Voices report trouble,

then trouble overcome. "Zero minus twenty minutes," chants the loud-speaker.

Trucks and jeeps loaded with men dart away from the danger area. Gates are being closed; chains are being drawn taut across distant highways. The men on the framework around the rocket are administering to it a kind of extreme unction. They check its intricate instruments for the last time and close the flush-fitting doors that cover access ports. They climb down reluctantly, and the steel framework is wheeled away, revealing the graceful shape of the doomed rocket. At this moment of unveiling, it looks like the most beautiful thing that has ever been built by man.

"Zero minus ten minutes," chants the loud-speaker.

Now a solemn hush spreads across the desert. No men are in sight. They have all fled away or gone inside the blockhouse like ants going underground ahead of an approaching shower. Only a few red lights still show on the control panel. Scientists who have worked for years on the rocket's burden of instruments are muttering over and over their profane technological prayers. Some of them finger incongruous rabbits' feet; some keep their fingers crossed like children in primary school.

"Zero minus one minute," chants the loud-speaker.

Now the impersonal voice at the unseen microphone shares the growing excitement. "Zero minus forty-five seconds," it chants in a higher key. Then, "Zero minus thirty seconds."

The last of the little red lights is gone from the control panel, leaving nothing between the rocket and its moment of glory. It stands naked and alone like a human sacrifice watched by a thousand priests. A plume of brilliant red smoke spurts from the ground beside it and drifts across the desert. This is a final visual warning to men, instruments, and airplanes with no electronic ears.

"Zero minus five seconds," chants the loud-speaker. Now its words come faster. "Four—three—two—one—ZERO!"

IN THE tense, hushed blockhouse, the firing officer throws a switch. A stab of yellow flame and a dense white cloud of smoke burst from the tail of the rocket, and a scream-

ing roar rolls across the desert. The rocket rises slowly at first as if an invisible hoist were drawing it upward. It wobbles a little, standing on its tail of flame. Then it gains confidence, gathers speed, and shoots up toward space like a bellowing arrow. In a few seconds it is gone, leaving only a trail of smoke like a chalk mark against the blue sky.

For human eyes the flight is over, but instrument eyes are watching. The dish antennas of distant radars turn upward after the rocket. Cameras and theodolites crane upward their jointed necks. Down from the rocket, over a sheaf of radio channels, comes a flood of information for instruments below to gather and cherish.

The nose of the rocket is packed with delicate, specialized senses. They feel the air as it rushes past, measuring its temperature, its density, its motion. Spectrographs analyze the sunlight, which grows brighter as altitude increases. Geiger-tubes count the cosmic-ray particles striking fiercely out of space, and photon-counters feel for X-rays flooding out of the sun.

Some of their findings are recorded on photographic films that wind into steel cylinders that are strong enough to survive the final crash of the rocket. Other findings are radioed to earth, where skilled instrument-stenographers take them down on paper as swiftly waving lines.

Sometimes the information comes in the form of audible notes that sound for all the world like a small child playing a piano. The pitch of each note varies with the instruments' readings and can be analyzed by appropriate devices. This eerie music, which is to be inscribed on magnetic tape, tells the whole tale of the rocket's effort, of its triumph above the atmosphere, and of its ultimate death.

While the rocket is waiting on its launching platform, the singing instruments in its nose play a gentle, monotonous tune. Some of the tones are continuous, like the drones of a bagpipe. Others are "sampled" periodically so that they sound like piano notes. As the

rocket rises, some of the tones remain steady; others vary in pitch in a strange modernistic way. The tinkling tune continues, but it becomes irregular, as if the child that is touching the keys were growing tired or frightened. As the rocket roars up toward space, it sends down groaning, quavering sounds. These record vibration, its struggle with the atmosphere. Long, low wails mean that the rocket is yawing or rolling. The tinkling music of the sampled tones plays on bravely above this background of discord, but the child at the piano sounds desperate now. The rocket is close to the peak of its speeds and struggling fiercely against the buffeting air.

As the rocket soars out of the atmosphere, the discords gradually die away. It is moving through space now, serene as an asteroid cruising around the sun, and the child at the piano plays his tinkling tune with confidence and skill.

His moment of peace in space does not last for long. The rocket reaches the top of its flight and then turns downward, tumbling over and over, toward the fringe of the atmosphere. When the air strikes it, the rocket straightens out, nose down, and points toward the spot on the desert where it will die. Vibration and yaw build up again, and discordant sounds obscure the tinkling tune. Louder and louder they grow as the rocket darts toward earth.

Radars and telescopes miles below slant downward gradually as the rocket falls. They are judging coldly just where its death will occur. The child at the piano continues his tinkling tune, now almost blotted out by warning screams from the instruments. The hard, unyielding earth rushes upward at three thousand miles per hour.

Then, without warning, the music stops. The rocket has come to its death on the desert, digging a great hole. Nothing is left but crumpled metal and a few photographic films inscribed with precious information. The child at the piano will never play another tune.

Reporting in China

Christopher Rand

BY SOME people reporters are classed with brothel keepers and card sharps, but by Americans they are thought respectable. I spent a while after VJ Day as an American reporter in China, and it struck me that our diplomats and army officers treated us better than European diplomats, say, treated the reporters of their countries. Among the British the diplomats seemed especially close to the business men; the British being such merchants, it was widely assumed that their consuls and ambassadors took hints from their Chambers of Commerce. French diplomats seemed close to the French Catholic missions, perhaps because the fathers were cultivated, amiable men who kept good wine and knew what was happening in their districts. But with American diplomats it was the press. We reporters dined back and forth with our military or naval attachés or the language officers in our consulates; we traded information with them; and we stayed at our consulates when traveling in the interior. The same rule holds in other countries I have visited. I am sure it makes foreigners suspect American reporters, as they would anyway, but also it underlines that reporters are a privileged caste in American life. We play a big hand in America's foreign relations, and our vices and virtues have an undue importance.

The worst vice, or mistake, of our trade, perhaps, is the persistent belief that we can help persons or causes by telling lies about them.

Sometime in the late nineteen-forties I was told, I think reliably, about a pep-talk given

in Shanghai by the new China head of an American news outfit—I didn't work for it and wasn't there myself. The Chinese civil war was in full cry then, and the new man laid it down to his staff that to say anything "against" the Nationalists was to help the Communists, and helping the Communists was unpatriotic (from the American point of view). Of course one couldn't give a true account of China then without saying things "against" the Nationalists—*i.e.* without touching on the traits that were leading them to ruin—and it grew harder to read that outfit's reports on China with confidence.

Again I was stopped on a Shanghai sidewalk in the spring of 1948 by a friend—a Chinese reporter, fanatically pro-Nationalist, who was working for a U. S. news agency. The Nationalists were reaching the steep part of the toboggan slide then, and my friend was desperate. "You've got to help us," he said, and looked at me intensely and plaintively. He meant I had to help the Nationalists by slanting the news. I felt his distress, but didn't see how I could satisfy him. I asked if I should do anything but try to tell the truth, and he just continued to look plaintive and say I had to help. We got nowhere. I didn't see then, and don't see now, how a reporter can cure a bad situation by pretending it is good.

DURING the war I was a propagandist with the OWI, and we bemused ourselves with the slogan "Truth is our weapon." It was an idea that could be accepted in the heat of wartime, but it doesn't

Over the course of nearly a decade, Christopher Rand's assignments as a correspondent—and his own curiosity—have taken him deep into China, beyond the Great Wall, and throughout Southeast Asia. He is now en route to India.

bear much scrutiny otherwise. How can truth be a weapon? Can one aim or brandish it? It seems it is just there, and one can only look at it and try to interpret it. Perhaps a writer can be truth's weapon, but hardly vice versa.

We propagandists tried to sell America to the foreigners, hiding our country's faults and enlarging its virtues, and the more effectively we did this, I think, the more trouble we caused in the end. I believe most citizens of our allies were given the wrong idea of America—were persuaded to think of it as an impossibly generous nation, without domestic problems to hinder its altruism. Their later disillusionment, as the truth came out in postwar years, did much to increase the worldwide bitterness toward us, though of course it wasn't the only factor.

The same thing happened to the war reputations of Russia and China in America. Our memories are short, but we should be able to recall what spotless heroes or heroines, in the propaganda atmosphere, we thought those countries to be. A couple of years after VJ Day we couldn't find mean enough words for them. My impression is that England was less oversold during the war, and that this allowed us to be more friendly to her afterward, though I may be oversimplifying.

Another bit of wartime propaganda, from a different quarter, was the tale that the Chinese Reds were "mere agrarian reformers." This was often voiced by American or European Red sympathizers in China—I once heard a sympathizer explain earnestly that the Reds were just like Republicans in Minnesota. It used to exasperate one friend of mine, who would acidly tell the dream-spinners they were doing their cause more harm than good. That he was right can be seen in the way the phrase "mere agrarian reformers" has boomeranged. Nowadays a man can try to speak reasonably about the Chinese Reds' good points, but anyone in the room need only say, "Oh yes, I suppose you think they are mere agrarian reformers," and he is silenced.

There are some fields where fake propaganda may not destroy itself. It may be that lies and rumors when used negatively—to bring chaos and disharmony to a society one is attacking—can achieve their goal without rebound. Again, the instilling of weird dogmas into a whole controlled populace, like

Russia's, may work for a few generations at least. But the evidence seems plain that the use of falsehood for positive ends—in the hope of nurturing good cheer and fellowship—is bound to fail when up against the degree of free speech we have in America. This is so obvious that to repeat it is boring. Yet it is constantly overlooked—specifically it was overlooked again and again in our postwar news coverage of China.

Another result of our lies "in favor of" the Nationalists should be noted. The lying so disgusted our better-grade experts on China that some of them felt on their mettle to contradict it—they were driven to a partisanship that didn't suit them; became advocates when they might have been judges; were led to marshal facts against the nonsense instead of letting them speak for themselves. Thus the tangled web we weave got especially dense in late Nationalist China, and there were some things one couldn't possibly get straight then. I have read yards of copy about Chiang Kai-shek, for instance, but I doubt if there were many honest words in it. Almost the only people I have met who could speak dispassionately about Chiang were a few elderly Chinese too wise to let their words get into print. It is doubtful if history has a chance of understanding Chiang.

II

A REPORTER, like myself, is tempted to blame the falsehoods on the publishers, especially the big ones—of chains and the like. Reporters in Asia tend to conceive of big publishers as tycoons who have lost touch with the realities of newsgathering, if they ever had it.

It is doubtless an unfair view, but it fits the situation one sees in the field. Far Eastern reporters for some of the biggest houses appear to be gagged by publishers who are their inferiors in the news-handling game. Some of these reporters, I believe, are willing or unwilling prostitutes—mouthpieces for the boss's propaganda. Others are simply blocked from getting their views into print; they are well paid, but if they send cables that are forthright on controversial issues these are thrown away—a system especially common in big staff-written publications, where a story goes through many hands and in its final version is

drawn from many sources. Someone in these production lines will usually be guided by the publisher's notions, it seems, even if the reporter himself won't.

Except for a few charlatans it doesn't seem that reporters want to be prostitutes, though some people may think so. I suppose most reporters join the trade through idealism—no sane person would do it through avarice anyway. We get into it eagerly when young; then as time goes on we acquire families and rigid living standards; we find we can't afford to quit or be fired; and after that we are at the boss's mercy. The trap has been strengthened in recent years, I believe, by the retirement-pay and severance-pay agreements the Newspaper Guild has forced on publishers. These make it harder for a man to quit a job he has held for any number of years, because in doing so he must forfeit months' worth of pay that has been set aside for him in benefits. The benefits are a carrot the reporter can see but cannot touch unless he finishes his life stretch without causing trouble. However noble in purpose, the agreements tend to make peons of us.

The only safeguard I have seen against the centralization of power in the hands of irresponsible publishers—so far as Asiatic reporting goes anyway—is the practice of using bylines on stories. If a story has a byline there is a straight link between the reporter, one individual, and the reader, another. The reporter, thus identified and laid bare, sees that he has a duty to the reader—in some ways apart from his duty to the publisher—and if he is a normally decent man he will live up to it. His independence is also braced by the byline practice. He can refuse to sign his name, for instance, to things he disapproves of or disagrees with, and public opinion will back him. If he has repute in the trade his publisher will be slow to abuse him or fire him. He has dignity and standing, and this tends to put the game above board.

The reporters' prevailing view of publishers is a caricature of course, and as such may be unfair to them as individuals. Readers are perhaps the basic limitation on reporters, and on publishers too. Byline reporters cannot afford to go constantly against readers' prejudices, no matter how wrong these may be. The role of an ignorant or unprincipled publisher in this situation is to give the prejudices

undue weight and to add those of his own. He doesn't create the problem out of air; all concerned are prisoners of the times to some degree.

Anyhow, it seems to me that the publisher's task is to put good men in the field, to trust them and leave them alone. It would be foolishly optimistic to predict that this rule will prevail, but if it doesn't we seem bound to get a more and more dishonest press, with more and more—and quite sensible—public distrust of the written word.

III

SINCE the war I have worked chiefly for publications that have given writers their heads—promoted creativity instead of subservience to the home-office. The paper I worked for in China let us roam at will. We were allowed to decide for ourselves where the hot spots were, to go and look at them directly, and to describe them in our own way. Because of this we had an advantage on our rivals. I think of one paper especially; it usually had more men in China than we, and very good ones too, but they were tied down to fixed positions and made to write in a stylized way, often about things they couldn't visit and study at first hand. My impression was that they got less fun and education from their work than we did, and that their readers suffered from it.

Our paper was tolerant, polite, liberal, and fond of good craftsmanship. A reporter working for it—at least in a distant country—was free so far as the content of his stories went; and concerning their form he was bound by the scantest minimum of editorial prejudices. These prejudices, such as they are, are among our most interesting trade secrets.

On the paper I could never get away with the word "people" as used in the plural sense—as meaning humanity in general, or "folks." Phrases like "many people here are saying . . ." or "people in Shanghai are feeling the coal shortage this winter. . ." are handy for impressionistic writing, and I am sure the idiom is legalized by usage. Yet whenever I said "people" it came out "persons" in the paper, and this would give a droll look to that sentence. I suppose someone back on the cable-desk, handling the copy, had a fixation on the matter, perhaps dinned into him in

childhood by schoolmarm. I must have tried "people" a score of times, but I never put it across.

There was a slight prejudice in favor of the past tense. If I were writing about a situation involving a General Wang, I might say "General Wang says so and so"—perhaps in contradiction to a General Chen, who was saying something else. The job of the present tense was to convey that General Wang's habitual line of talk was being described—the line put out day after day, to all comers. Yet in the paper the word "says" would often be changed to "said." I suppose the theory was that if I had heard the General say it he must have said it at a specific time, and a time prior to my writing of the story; by such a theory "says" would be wrong because General Wang might be asleep and saying nothing at the moment of writing. Anyway, I thought the change a mistake, and likewise droll in effect, though I never protested about it. The opposition wasn't so rigid in this case as in that of "people." "Says" had about a fifty-fifty chance.

There was a prejudice that sentences should be short and paragraphs should be short. This was based on sound principles, in my opinion, but I think it led to boredom when made into a flat rule. If I sent a long paragraph the people at home broke it up like convicts breaking rocks. It came out in neat little uniform pieces, though I feel sure readers would have been glad to see a long one for a change. I know a magazine that runs foot-long paragraphs and gets away with it.

(Most publishers can quote polls or surveys to disprove this point. The answer seems to be that publishers might well stop taking polls and resume doing their own thinking. It seems to me publications are good when they bear the stamp of a creative personality and bad when they bear that of the so-called average reader, a dull fellow.)

THERE was a strong feeling against the first person singular on our paper, as I believe there was throughout the American news trade. This was a rebound against the abuses of glory hunters, those who would beat the I keys off their typewriters, as the saying goes, and thus raise the gorges of their colleagues. Again, the rule seemed a good one carried too far. The first person

needn't be egotistical; when used properly it can be just a reminder that the writer was one human being there on the scene, taking his impressions and thinking his thoughts. The rule leads to awkward paraphrases—"this reporter saw . . .," "So-and-so told this correspondent . . ."—which in themselves are blights. "I" is the shortest word in the language, and "me" isn't far behind, and we suffer if we deny ourselves these conveniences.

The paper had no prejudice at all, that I could see, about "leads"—first paragraphs or opening gambits—and this was unusual. Some papers drill their men strictly on leads. There is a saw that the first paragraph should state the "who, when, where, how, and why" of a story—*i.e.* give an outline so the reader will know what he is in for. This is a handy device, it seems, and one to be mastered by writers for use when it suits them; it is also a fit exercise for breaking the spirit of youngsters; but when applied constantly it is a strait jacket on men who have gone far enough to think up their own tricks of inveigling readers. Reporters have more fun when they write straight for the public—not for a shellbacked editor—and I believe this pays off.

A British reporter I knew once cabled a typhoon story from Hongkong that began with the dictionary account of the word "typhoon" and that didn't reveal till the third paragraph that he, the reporter, had been anywhere near the disturbance. It was a lively, elegant story, and I am sure the readers liked it. Yet I have heard it was a bitter pill to one of his rivals, who was also in Hongkong and writing about the same storm. This second reporter was a good man of letters too, but he felt his editors would not let such unorthodox nonsense by.

One thing we had to face on our paper—not so much a prejudice as a fact of life—was the American headline style. American headlines must have verbs in them, preferably short, aggressive ones. This goes badly with some stories that reporters for non-hidebound papers like to write: "situationers" or impressionistic essays; things without movement or action; descriptions of scenes at instants. If consistently done, these pieces give no grounds for headlines with "punchy" verbs; when such headlines are put on them they misrepresent the text and confuse the reader. On occasion a reporter will anticipate this problem of the

headline writer and will throw some action into the story to help him; in which case, I believe, he fetters himself and gives up the chance to do a good job. Sometimes the dilemma is solved by insertion into the headline of the preposterous verb "SEEN"—"CHINESE SEEN UNHAPPY OVER COAL PRICES." But there is no way out, really, short of overthrowing the system. The *South China Morning Post* in Hongkong uses heads without verbs—"CHINESE UNHAPPY" or "PRICE OF COAL." These strike a newcomer as odd, but in truth they give a much-needed freedom.

The American way with front pages takes the vice still farther. Our front pages try to mix oil with water—try at the same time to be vehicles of information and newsstand posters for drawing customers. This leads to a bad conflict. The rare stories of mine that got on the front pages were much more likely than the others to bear headlines distorting their sense, and I believe a conscientious reporter should stay off the front page when he can. Here again, I think, the old British custom—unhappily fading—is better. By this custom papers cover their front pages with ads and do their touting on separate posters. The crooked steers in such posters are fully as bad, I think, as those in American front-page heads—indeed they are sometimes fantastic—but they don't defile the text itself. You escape them once you buy the paper and carry it home; you escape them entirely if you subscribe by mail.

IV

WHEN I was leaving for China I was told by our paper's foreign editor that he didn't really look on himself as foreign editor for Asia, but left that job to a correspondent in the region whom he thought more competent. He told me to report to this correspondent and be guided by him, and this was a sound order but hard to obey. It was like pulling teeth to get the correspondent to say anything that might border on interference with me, and with one exception I could learn from him only by example. The exception was this: after much importuning on my part he broke down and dared to admit that he had perhaps noticed that one way for American reporters to go wrong in China was

by getting involved in details—by acting as if they were with Chinese papers—by not seeing the woods for the trees. In the next years I kept checking this against experience, and I believe it was the best advice one could get.

Some reporters in China acted—usually were made to act—as if they were covering Washington. They settled in a main city like Nanking or Shanghai and got wired up with the government, the regular diplomatic sources, and the Chinese press, official and unofficial. They were then in the formal news stream, and if anything came along that was deemed to be news by this stream they got it. They were like terriers at a rat hole. Those who worked for daily papers needed a rat a day, or close to it. Those who worked for news agencies needed more, since they served both morning and evening papers at home. If a few days passed with no rat coming through the hole there was a temptation to pretend otherwise—to choose a shadow and make as plausible a growling and fuss over it as possible. Being committed to the one hole, reporters were hindered from wandering and sniffing into other channels, though there were a great many of these. An arbitrary American pattern of coverage—including formalized ideas of what makes news plus a superstitious liking for the twenty-four hour rhythm—had been clamped on China, an inappropriate place for it. Chinese events did not unfold in twenty-four-hour units. It was possible to cover China on a day-to-day basis, more or less, if you flitted from topic to topic there, taking each by itself. But if you tried to chop the "main news stream" into day-lengths you were lost. Some days you would be dealing with trivialities compared to others. Sometimes you would be giving minute details, day after day, of the battle for a given city, when with one good dispatch you could handle it for a week to the satisfaction of American readers. Often if a big story broke you would be unable to do it justice quickly for lack of background knowledge, but you would cable on it at nightfall anyway. It was a corrupting system.

The latest bit of twenty-four hour lunacy I saw was in Korea. In Korea it came about for a while that the American news agencies were competing with each other on the question of how many yards the Eighth Army had gained each day, or perhaps how close its

forward elements had got to some major goal like Seoul or the 38th Parallel. This yardage business had almost nothing to do with the war's progress as on some days the Army was zooming up good roads into vacuums and on others was delaying by intent or facing an especially bad ridge. But it took control nevertheless. I once traveled awhile in Korea with two other reporters, including one who was in the toils of yardage. In our progress we often stopped at the headquarters of a corps, division, or regiment and talked to the intelligence officer there. The yardage man would go straight to the map with this officer and spend eternity measuring the distance from the front line to Seoul, the magic goal of that instant. Sometimes the third man and I had no chance to ask questions of our own, but we couldn't complain for we knew about the wringer our friend was caught in. In Hong-kong and Tokyo I have tried to follow the Korean War through dispatches such as he was writing, and I have hardly learned a thing; the war's dynamic factors—morale, strategy, geography, weather, and so forth—having been driven out of consideration by the formalistic nonsense.

ANOTHER plague of formalism, though not tied directly to the twenty-four-hour bug, afflicted the coverage of China in late '48 and early '49, when the Reds were making their big sweep from Manchuria down across the Yangtze. I was in America then, trying to follow this event, but I seldom had much idea of what was happening. (It should be said that some of our best reporters got cooped up in Peking in January of 1949, where they couldn't apply their talents to the general scene, but even so the press seemed to cripple itself gratuitously.) The fall of cities became the vogue. Cities' falls were rarely important in the Chinese civil war, often being foregone conclusions dictated by more crucial happenings—military, political, psychological, or economic—at other places or other times. Many cities were entered with only a token ballet of warfare. Yet while each entering was in progress the American papers had screaming headlines about it, and when there were no enterings the subject of China tended to vanish from the front pages—often from inside pages as well. It was like an account of a football game that dealt only with touchdown

plays, however routine these plays might be.

In China an American official who had come from a European country once told me about two reporters who had served there for different American papers. One of these men had strained everything, he said, to get the news right on the dot, and had always been unhappy if scooped by the AP or UP. The other had taken his time, and if there had been a news trend lasting a couple of weeks had been content to get aboard anywhere in that stretch—had preferred being right to being fast. In the official's view the latter man had done a far better job—better perspective, more accuracy, more sanity in general—than his rival.

The same rule applied to China, and I suspect applies to most foreign countries. China has a different time sense from the West's. One thing I learned there—after many ludicrous mistakes—was that one couldn't predict Chinese timing with any hope of accuracy. Often it was easy to see that the Reds would take a city in due course. But trouble ensued if one went beyond this and decided they would take it in a given month or year. Events in China, no matter how feasible, used to remain suspended while their time ripened, a mysterious process that couldn't be understood by a formula. When you started on a bus trip in China you seldom knew when you might finish it—all passengers on the bus were ready to have it break down, or have the bridges wash out, and they were not annoyed when these things happened. Processes were not forced into timetables.

The Chinese patience contrasted sharply with the American do-it-now approach, and I think it had much bearing on the failure of this approach when used in China by our government. I think our do-it-now approach with news encouraged this national error by giving a false idea of China's pace.

ANOTHER thing that got in our way was the American liking for "hard" news—facts, figures, and direct quotations. Direct quotes from Chinese officials were nearly always misleading. In China—as perhaps in most places—speech is not used only to convey the truth. Often its purpose is to evade the truth or mix it with politeness, coddling, flattery, or some other lubricant. If a Chinese artisan wants to quit his job he makes

up some story about a parent's death, which requires his absence for a week or two, and when the time is up he doesn't reappear. He goes through the pretense to avoid argument, to avoid the embarrassment of telling his master why he wants to leave him; the convention is understood by all, and no one is hurt.

In Chinese politics under Chiang Kai-shek there were all kinds of embroidery on truth. The Communists were called "bandits," an absurdly euphemistic name. Inflationary spurts of the currency were called "fluctuations," though basically they spurted in the one direction only. Dreamlike statements—easily proved wrong by Western logic—were made about the progress of the war. This was an old Chinese custom, inherited from the Manchu Dynasty and earlier.

Our rigid system often failed to allow for such twists. When the Chinese artisan was leaving the shop the system would have played his words literally: "'My mother has died,' Lao Chang, 33, of Bitter Well Lane, announced this morning; 'I must take a fortnight's vacation to mourn her.'" The reader would have no clue that it was a manner of speaking. In 1948 the Nationalists set up a new currency, suppressed the black market awhile, and vowed that inflation was a thing of the past. Anyone who knew or thought much about it could see this was all wrong—so ingrained was the inflation tendency—yet the vows, being in direct "hard" quotes, were printed deadpan by the American press. Some important man had said them; sayings of important men were news; reporters who questioned such sayings—tried to get them in perspective—could be called editorializers; so the reader was left to cope unaided with the dream words. There were many such cases. In the spring of '48 Generalissimo Chiang told the world the Reds would be cleared from below the Yellow River forthwith; his statement was printed solemnly throughout America; but of course the clearing never took place. At the start of '47 the Nationalists passed a constitution that some American reporters classed with our own of 1787; of course it was soon nullified, and by Chiang himself, but not till our public had been well confused. As a rule the desire to spread falsehoods in behalf of causes, which I mentioned earlier, contributed to the press's mishandling of these things; but blind reliance on the

hardness of quotes was at the core of it too.

Even more than other officials, those of China disliked being frank if they thought their words might be attributed to them in print. Sometimes they let a reporter in on fascinating secrets and insights, but only if they could trust him to pretend he got them from the blue. This by itself assured that hard quotes from China would be a delusion.

China didn't lend itself to a statistical approach, either, during the twilight of our press coverage there. Many parts of Chinese life had never been fitted out with statistics. Other parts had been so fitted, but with these the tailoring might be odd—you could learn by the Nationalist census figures, for instance, that Ningsia Province, in China's Northwest, had a total population of 666,890 souls, and that 753,400 of them were Moslems. American reporters venturing into our bailiwick from Japan, a much-Westernized country then being measured by platoons of SCAP economists, had usually to spend a week or two getting adjusted. They would shuffle around our Shanghai quarters for a few days asking us about the "situation," and in the end they would wretchedly blurt out a demand for our "files of figures." When we had grasped their meaning we would always have to tell them we had no such files—that China made herself known to outsiders through rumors, but not through tabulations. They would resist this truth, but it would prevail in the end, and they would find themselves adrift with the rest of us.

In general I believe speed, literal-mindedness, and worship of detail were harmful traits in our reporting from China. China was a vast, complicated place, remote from the United States. To convey a notion of it one needed room for lots of background matter—perspective matter—in a story; and one needed license to write freely and evocatively. Without these things, I believe, one's stuff would be usually misleading and always routine and flat—a mere recording of surface details for the initiated.

V

BEHIND these vices of quickness and hardness—if it is right to call them vices—lay the competitive system. During our work in China I could find no value in this system.

News-agency, or wire-service, competition was the worst. Among American news agencies the goal with a story was to get it into as many—and as large—papers throughout the country as possible. The greatest aids in doing this, I was told by friends in the agencies, were speed and sensationalism. If the UP got a story onto the wires a few minutes ahead of the AP, the chances were that many papers would set it in type at once; if the AP's story, when it came in, was equal to the UP's or only slightly better, the UP's would be run so as to save time and work—or all vice versa of course—and this would be a score. As for sensationalism, many editors wanted stories that would justify startling front-page heads—the kind that would sell copies on the newstands—and the idea was to furnish these. According to agency men, reliability came behind speed and sensationalism in deciding a story's success. As part of the competitive system the big agencies kept close watch on the play their stories got through the country, and the findings were quickly relayed to reporters in the field, who were supposed to be guided by them. To the extent they were so guided, as far as I could see, they were usually led astray. They kept their eyes on each other instead of on their subject-matter. They were inclined to copy each other—write the same kind of stories—so there would be no question of being scooped, and this worked against imagination and enterprise. They were driven toward “hard” news because, whether misleading or not, it was unassailable by competitors under the rules of evidence. They often went off half-cocked for speed's sake, not daring to take time for a proper job. They pulled each other overboard; they wrote stories they were ashamed of because they believed their competition would do the same, and this became a vicious circle.

A strong binder in the competitive structure was the “rocket,” or cable from home telling a reporter what the opposition was carrying and asking why he couldn't furnish the same or better.

I have often been present when rockets

were landing, and I have seen some brave conduct in the face of them. In early 1951 an agency man in Tokyo got word from the Chinese Nationalist mission there that the Chinese Reds were pulling out of the Korean War. This was absurd—not only had the Nationalist mission proven its unreliability again and again, but at that time the Reds were doing well in Korea and plainly meant to do better if they could. Yet the agency man cabled the story and it got a big play in the States, no doubt because readers there wanted an anodyne.

Rockets began whizzing to the Tokyo offices of the other two American agencies. I happened to be camping in one of those offices then, using its typewriters, paper, news, coffee, and other facilities, and I can report that its staff held firm for the whole three or four days it took the sensation to blow over. The rockets didn't say the home office wanted the staff to get aboard the story and cable it, but this was their meaning—they nagged constantly with suggestions that the story might conceivably be true, or at least couldn't be disproved. It would have been easier for the Tokyo men to give in. This would have relieved them of charges they were being scooped, and by the time the news could be proved false—weeks in the future—most people would have forgotten who had been spreading it. Yet they held, and I think most agency men would like to hold in such cases, though they know there is a limit to how often they can get away with it.

No one of us is more to blame than the others, of course, if blame is the word, and agency men have been mentioned here because their field is where the pressure is worst. A study of that field is a study of how human beings can be oppressed by their own institutions. I believe the competitive system is in no way a stimulus to enterprise in the news business. I believe it is a bar to enterprise and a whip for galley slaves—a means of enforcing the most hack notions of the most hack people in the home offices on field reporters who deserve better.



"Our Little Bombshell"

A MAN in a pepper-and-salt suit and a gray fedora stopped in our offices recently. He was carrying a small black bag and a cardboard carton about big enough to hold a medium-sized rabbit. My conversation with the gentleman lasted nearly an hour and it dealt alternately with a gadget and a discussion of literature. The gentleman, it seems, was the inventor of a literary gadget.

It is possible that you may have seen or heard it. The gentleman, whose name is Raymond Tierstein, and who is quite firm about being an engineer and not a literary man, has developed a "talking book." There is nothing very new about putting books on records; it has been done by the Library of Congress to provide listening matter for the blind for some years. Mr. Tierstein's contribution is to make talking books "practical,"

After Hours

by which is meant cheap and convenient. To demonstrate this, he produced another object, this time out of the black bag. It was an album of twenty-four little records weighing only half an ounce each. The album was black and looked for all the world like a Bible, which is precisely what it was. On the twenty-four records Mr. Tierstein and his colleagues had recorded the complete *New Testament*, from "Matthew" to "Revelations." If you could sit still for that long, you could listen to a complete reading of it in twenty-three hours and eleven minutes, and you would have heard (remember, Mr. T. is an engineer and precise) one hundred and eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-one words of the King James Version. "This," said Mr. T., with the conviction of a man who is ushering in a new era, "is the first talking Bible."

Like most men who usher in new eras Mr. Tierstein has been having his troubles. It took two years to develop a proper record and an efficient gadget to put on an ordinary 33 1/3 record-player that would slow the number of revolutions down to sixteen a minute. The records are made of a plastic called vinyl, and the gadget is simplicity itself, though not simple enough to describe. Compared with what has followed, the engineering was just one more challenge to a firm of California engineers of which Mr. Tierstein is the president. It was after what he sometimes calls "our little bombshell" was invented that life became somewhat frustrating for The Audio Book Company, as it is now called.

Mr. Tierstein was faced with an abrupt question. Was his company a publisher? Is

something you listen to rather than read "published"? He took himself to the commercial book publishers to see what they thought. Evidently, like birds by a snake, they were fascinated and horrified. There were those who looked upon Mr. T.'s gadget as a menace to book publishing, a rival to their established methods. There were those who took a very lofty tone and said, in effect, that such a gadget was just one more sop to the masses who were lazy enough about reading as it was. How, they wanted to know, could you ever hope to improve the reading habits of Americans if you gave them such an easy out as this? There were others, it can be said, to their credit, who were not horrified, and considered the talking books as an interesting new medium of communication. It was Mr. Tierstein's hope that the publishers might look upon his firm as they would look on a printer; he would have been happy to leave to the publisher the matters of editorial selection and such problems as who read what books into the microphone; he would merely take care of the manufacturing.

"Well," he said, "they talked and talked and talked, but each publishing house was so divided in its opinions that nothing ever happened. So we decided to go into the 'publishing business' ourselves."

He dipped into the black bag again and came out with a handful of little sample records in paper envelopes. "Like to listen to a little bit of *The Iliad*?" he said. "You know it was meant to be spoken in the first place." I said I would, and he started up his record-player. It sounded like a professional actor reading Homer because that was just what it was. "How about a little *Moby Dick*?" he said.

"Call me Ishmael," I muttered to myself, showing off. He put on the record. "Call me Ishmael," it said.

I also listened to a few paragraphs of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" read by a man who was good at sound effects and at making himself sound like Mitty, Mrs. Mitty, and dashing waves and operating-room machines. "Ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. . . ." It was closer to Mr. Thurber's intention than the movie by the same name.

I thanked Mr. Tierstein for his demonstration and he thanked me for listening and gave me a *New Testament* and went on his way.

THE Audio Book Company's records, no publisher having snapped up the idea, are being distributed by the company itself, and for information about what dealers handle them I can offer no suggestion but to write to the company at 4720 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles 4, California. When I talked to Mr. Tierstein the records cost something less than a dollar per listening hour; the twenty-three-hour *New Testament* costs \$20.00.

Whether or not talking books are a legitimate field for publishers of reading books I do not pretend to know, but it does seem to me that they need not fear them as competition. People who are avid readers are never going to be satisfied with anything that goes so slowly as being read aloud to; they never have been. People who like to sew or do other sorts of handy work while being read to will be able to indulge themselves and get the socks darned without involving a second person. It seems improbable that any manufacturer would go to the expense and trouble of putting any really bad books on records; only a book of substance can stand the test of being read aloud, and it will be impossible to skim a talking book. There is no fear like the fear of the schoolboy for an unread "classic." Those children who are aural rather than optical learners certainly will not be harmed by listening to books that they would never read except under duress; they might, indeed, be tempted to think that perhaps there is something in this reading business after all.

It is hard to avoid the analogy with the effect of radio on the sales of recordings, though only time will tell if it is appropriate. You will recall that the record manufacturers were afraid that the radio would put them out of business. Instead the habit of listening to music on the radio ultimately increased the sale of recordings and also the attendance at concerts. There are many people who like to listen but dislike to read. Isn't it possible that the book publishers might legitimately provide books for listeners? Might they not, in the long run, increase the sale of books and revive the now dying delights of reading aloud? Not many people will want to listen to a talking book more than once, I should think. Perhaps the future of Mr. Tierstein's invention lies somewhere in the purlieus of the lending library.

Ham on Sour Rye

SERIALIZED television, in its ceaseless quest for perfection, seems to have made a discovery in the comedy of manners. A modest example of the form is a regular program called "Meet Millie," which appears on Eastern screens at nine o'clock on Saturday evenings. Since it is concerned with the lives and loves of a Manhattan secretary, "Meet Millie" is naturally produced at CBS's Television City in Los Angeles, California. It was fortunately one of the works in progress at this new temple of the arts when I happened by there several weeks ago.

TV City is an experiment for television, both in situating so large an installation in the West and in building it from the ground up. Instead of tearing the guts out of a derelict theater and reorganizing its insides, as we do in the East, Columbia has built itself a brand-new building which is interesting if you're interested in what a building looks like when it sets out to be a TV studio and nothing else. It looks like any other modern building—a little bigger, a little more barn-like, but not much more so than any worthy aircraft plant or suburban department store. The interiors are unashamedly utilitarian, since there are only a certain number of colors which concrete block can be painted and most of them are white. From the empty, glaring brightness of the roof one regards the uniquely indiscriminate horizons of Los Angeles, spiked with telephone poles, palm trees, and oil derricks. The nature of this environment is to make every structure, even one of such vigorous determination as TV City, seem to have been built in a vacant lot. Across the street from this chaste mass trimmed in red and blue are the baroque excesses of a chop-suey joint.

The "Meet Millie" company was in rehearsal, which it must be most of the time since the finished product will be live. The show is put on film, in order to be shown at a different hour in the East than in the West, but what you see in either case is an unedited performance. TV City's stages have therefore been designed so that actors and cameras can get quickly from one set to another, and so that lighting arrangements may all be settled beforehand. The stages themselves are technical and electric jungles of equipment which

probably make TV City more marvelous to a specialist than to a visitor. To free their precious space between times there are rehearsal halls on the floors above, lower-ceilinged and less cluttered rooms where taped lines substitute for scenery and the only furnishings are a handful of plain board chairs and tables. The cast sits around in loafers, slacks, and sweaters. On the tables when I arrived were overflowed ashtrays, half-emptied containers of buttermilk and coffee, copies of the *Hollywood Reporter*, and a book called *How to Make Good Movies*. We were about eight rehearsal hours from show time. "Okay, children, let's go," said director Seymour Berns. "Where's my whip?"

AS A SUBSTITUTE for soap opera, which was radio's tragedy of manners, the comedy of same is an improvement. Since the secret of soap opera was that you could only listen to it, there were inevitable difficulties in the transfer to visual media. Soap opera was the housewife's background noise, a helpful device for drowning out the more obnoxious sounds of the vacuum cleaner or one's thoughts. Soap opera that can be seen is illogical to contemplate, so that where television has turned to American family life for



subject matter the best effects have come from making it funny—from Loving Lucy rather than suffering with Mary Noble, Backstage Wife.

The comedy of manners, as good students of literature learn to remark, cannot be achieved without an agreed set of manners to start from. Just as Philip Barry's "Philadelphia Story" presupposed the Main Line, so "Meet Millie" presupposes the Bronx—or a watered-down version of it, a de-garlicized salami sandwich. For purposes of national consumption, the subtle and redolent Jewish culture of New York has been ethnically sterilized and enriched with artificial vitamins. The names of the characters—Millie Bronson, the heroine, or Albert Prinzmetal, the nuisance from next door—are skillfully chosen to suggest the second- to third-generation stage in the melting-pot process. "Meet Millie" at the same time illustrates how widely and deeply the sardonic warmth of Borscht-circuit humor has permeated the country, so that it *can* be neutral (as in "Meet Millie") and not a dialect curiosity (as in *The Goldbergs*). So many intonations have passed from Yiddish into American English—particularly the non-regional forms of it like radio comic dialogue or GI talk—that they can hardly be recognized as such. Indeed they often are not by people who might resist them if they were. "Meet Millie" has the misfortune and the merit of going the melting pot one further, into the Waring Blendor stage, and disguising a heritage in order to make it digestible.

FOR SUCH an act of darkness there is no better locale than this drive-in Babylon that Aldous Huxley called the City of Dreadful Joy. One of the secondary advantages of locating any TV show in Hollywood is the availability of, as they say, talent. Millie herself, for example, is played by an able and creditable girl-child of the California culture named Elena Verdugo—a child, that is, of a beach-party and convertible culture as opposed to a lox and bagels culture. She has grown up with the movies and appeared in several—such as "Cyrano" and "Moon and Sixpence." Each of Millie's half-hour episodes is a story in itself, but they are held together by a core of common characters and stock situations. Millie lives (where? she works in Mid-

town but goes home to lunch) with her mother, a role which requires a competent comedienne called Florence Halop to look a lot older and less attractive than she is in fact. ("Flo, give him the frantic wave," said Mr. Berns. "And Ellie, *Ellie*, not such a nonchalant walk, honey.") There is also Millie's boss, Mr. Boone (Roland Winters), and his son, the romantic male lead, played by a blond nordic named Ross Ford who was dressed at rehearsal in a complete set of faded faded-blue-denim denims. Nonetheless the true hero, as tends to happen in situation comedy, is none of these: he is the misfit, the innocent in thick glasses who always wants to eat and never does anything right, the dopey intellectual with the rapid back-chat and the heart of gold, the Sganarelle of the Grand Concourse, the boy from next door, Albert Prinzmetal, a role played to perfection by Marvin Kaplan. ("Marvin, why did you laugh?" said Mr. Berns. "He gave me a sour look," said Marvin. "But you laughed ahead of his reaction," said Mr. Berns. "I laughed," said Flo Halop. "I laughed, too.")

So did I. The dialogue of "Meet Millie" is fast and frequently funny (presumably thanks in good part to producer Frank Galen) and if the situations are stock there is no reason they shouldn't be. What matters in the comedy of manners is not the need to establish a reality—we all assume that—but the liveliness and irony of the elaborations performed before it. On this score "Meet Millie" rates well. There may be more talk about food than there is cooking in the Bronson kitchen, and nothing much in the way of work seems to happen in Mr. Boone's office except the passing of papers from one filing cabinet to another; but these are only decorative and formalized gestures. Drinking a cup of coffee has the same significance for Millie and her Ma that belting the bottle has for a private eye in a "psychological" mystery—a way of touching base with the background. Now that Mr. Galen has shown what can be done with the Bronx, other producers need only do the same for other atmospheres that Americans take for granted, like the suburbs. The only objection I can see is that the suburbs might not turn out to be half so rewarding for comedy. Next week: Fern Manor, or the Corpse at the Country Club.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Gilbert Highet

Moral Struggles

IN A few years a Nobel Prize ought to go to the South African humanitarian, Alan Paton. He is a great spirit. His superb new novel, *Too Late the Phalarope* (Scribner, \$3.50, Book-of-the-Month Club choice for August), is recommended without reservations.

Its plot is simple: Pieter, a young officer of the South African police, has a brief furtive affair with a black girl, thereby breaking the law: he is detected, convicted, imprisoned; his family is disgraced, broken, scattered. In itself, the story, though touching, is small. Mr. Paton makes it into something powerful and unforgettable by choosing to tell it through the mind of a kindly, sad-hearted Boer woman—Pieter's aunt, unmarried because of a disfigurement, but loving and lovable. It is she, both close and distant, who sees the descent of the disaster upon her family, and then with the help of Pieter's diary reconstructs it. Although she never describes herself, she is a rich and noble personality; her style, with its crisp Cape Dutch phrases and its meaningful quotations from the Bible, is the perfect medium for such a tale; she understands all the men and women whose lives are enmeshed in the calamity, and loves them all but one. The strength and sweetness of her character and speech are something that very few living writers could have conveyed. Not once, but many times, she made me think of the stories of Tolstoy.

A smaller novelist would have made the story into political propaganda, suggesting a bold simple solution and ending *Act Now*. Mr. Paton thinks more deeply. The characters of his small-town drama embody some of the

most intense conflicts in human life: sensuality and chastity, righteousness and sin, father and son, man and woman: oppositions which can turn into dangerous loves and ruinous hates. Besides these, sharpening them, there are two other differences: that dividing the Boers from the English-descended South Africans—no, the isolationist Boers from the others, both Boer and English, both Smuts and Rhodes—and then the fearful difference of black and white. As we finish this grand and moving book, we shall not nod comfortably and say that if a few laws were altered everything would improve. Rather we shall thank Alan Paton for performing one of the central duties of the novelist, and helping us to understand our fellow-creatures.

*La Nature a l'Horreur du Gide**

THAT repulsive but fascinating writer, André-Paul-Guillaume Gide, was born in Paris of Protestant parents in 1869. His father died when he was ten: he was brought up by his mother and a Scottish governess. He published his first book at twenty-two. In 1895 he married his cousin Madeleine Rondeaux, who died in 1938. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1947, and died in 1951.

Throughout his long career, he wrote carefully and persistently, superintending the publication of his work with extreme care and cultivating an unusual variety of forms: novels, plays, fantasies, travel books, critical essays, ethical dialogues, and an enormous

* Cocteau.

selection from his diary. Many of his books are confessedly about his own life. Others are apparently objective but contain recognizable references to Gide and his intimates. Others are told by an "I" who is supposed not to be Gide and yet bears a similar name or leads a similar life. Except in aesthetic matters, most of the characters and experiences described in Gide's imaginative work are strikingly eccentric: usually vicious rather than good, selfish rather than charitable, shocking rather than reassuring, emotional and illogical rather than calm, reasonable, and balanced. The style of nearly all his writings is one of calculated restraint and easy grace, occasionally sauced with wit, never deformed by excitement or coarseness. Each of the books is difficult to understand in itself; read all together, they are a multidimensional puzzle.

A thoughtful American scholar who knew Gide personally and translated his journals has published a careful treatise on the man and his work. Justin O'Brien's *Portrait of André Gide* (Knopf, \$6, handsomely produced by W. A. Dwiggins) is a model of sensitive biographical and critical analysis. Perhaps Mr. O'Brien assumes too much knowledge of modern French literature in his readers, and certainly he falls into occasional Gallicisms in style. Otherwise, his book is gracefully and penetratingly written, and will become the basic study of Gide. It never explains the obvious; it is skillfully balanced; it shows how closely Gide the man and his books were interconnected, so that it is impossible to understand them without knowing him, nor to understand him without them.

I enjoyed reading the book for its combination of suave charm with wide learning. But I find it hard to go further than that: because I have still to be convinced that Gide was a durable and valuable writer, and I am sure that he was an abominably wicked man. His work seems to me to be either shallowly based symbolism, or else cheap cynicism made by inverting commonplaces and grinning through them. For instance, Doubleday has just published a terrible translation of Gide's *Caves du Vatican* (*Lafcadio's Adventures*, 75¢). Mr. O'Brien calls this a "rollicking tale of adventure," and shows that it contains a parody of "Parsifal." It strikes me as a corny and incredible farce, ill-constructed, and inspired less by Wagnerian opera than by the

melodramas of 1912, stuff like "Fantomas." As a novel it is contemptible; as moral and religious satire it is embarrassingly crude. So even with his masterpiece, *The Counterfeiters*, which portrays French society as divided between hypocritical bourgeois, dirty-minded young men, and nasty little boys, all spying on one another: the whole made more incredible by long passages of a fake diary which destroys the last illusion of fiction, and the plot being a cross between Michael Arlen and Eugène Sue. Gide had the curse of perpetual immaturity.

But then I am always aware of the central fact about Gide—that he was a sexual pervert who kept proclaiming and justifying his perversion; and perhaps this blinds me to his merits. And yet I much admire the work of the two other perverts who, with Gide, have dominated so much of French literature since 1910. Proust, now dead, and the other, still alive, seem to me far superior as artists: yes, and even as thinkers, more coherent and penetrating than the garrulous, Pangloss-like, pimple-scratching self-exposure of Gide. Even Fr. Rolfe—whose *Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* (New Directions, \$4) is as mad as anything Gide ever wrote—was far more of a man and an artist.

The Rolfe book is an unexpected problem. Although it is (as Mr. Auden says in his introduction) the work of a talented paranoiac, it is not obviously the work of a pervert. The story is that an eccentric English writer ("Baron Corvo" = Rolfe himself) is mistreated by his own people and befriended only by an Italian waif, an orphaned girl whom he rescues, dresses as a youth, and sets up in independence as a gondolier, and who resumes her womanhood to save and marry him at the very end. Doubtless the boy-girl-beloved is an ambivalent character. Yet there is no trace of the pederast's smirk on the grim face of Rolfe here. Apparently his reputation as a homosexual is due almost entirely to A. J. A. Symons' story (in *The Quest for Corvo*) of a collection of vile letters written by Rolfe during his last years in Venice. But did these letters exist? Were they really written by Rolfe? Or was he persecuted and misrepresented here, as in so many other areas of his wretched brilliant life?

No, the trouble about Gide is that his homosexuality made him selfish and cruel, or vice



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NEW BOOKS

versa, and that his selfishness and cruelty came out in his books. Mr. O'Brien is too kind and respects Gide's will-power too much to suggest why he should have humiliated his wife for forty years instead of leaving her, why he should have kept her both a wife and not a wife, why he constantly tried to prove that he loved her but would go his own way. But the facts are there. Madeleine was several years older than he; he married her five months after his mother's death; she was his mother's niece; his mother tried for twenty-five years, with affection and determination, to control him. His wife therefore was a symbol of his dominating mother. He married her so that, through her, he could torture and counter-dominate his mother while continuing to shower her with protestations of love.

Yes, a detestable man: a wrecker of others' lives and a distorter of his own talents.

Gide and Tolstoy

THE Countess Alexandra Tolstoy has written a long life of her father (Harper, \$5), which is full of naïve and delightful humor, most of it unconscious. Tolstoy after middle life was a forbiddingly solemn person, but he was also a deliberate eccentric, so that he was constantly involved in ridiculous situations, the Russian Don Quixote. For his wedding he was over an hour late because his valet had packed all his shirts, and his bride was hysterical because Tolstoy had given her the diaries of his scabrous love affairs to read and then called to ask whether she really wanted to marry him. His pretty sister-in-law (= Natasha) once screamed for help while falling off her horse, only to see Tolstoy galloping past after a rabbit and hear him shout, "Wait just a moment, dear!" When he visited a famous monastery the monk he liked best was Father Pimen, who fell asleep during religious discussions. When Tolstoy became fascinated by the new sport of bicycling, his pupil Chertkov was disturbed in case it might "contradict his views as a Christian." Chertkov, by the way, spoke Russian with a strong English accent. The birth of Countess Alexandra herself is described in an

amusing passage from Tolstoy's diary:

I went to bathe. Came back in a buoyant, gay frame of mind, and suddenly my wife began to make some silly reproaches about the horses which I don't need. . . . I said nothing but I became very much depressed. I went out and wanted to go away entirely, but her confinement made me turn back when I was half way to Tula. At home two bearded men—my young sons—were playing whist. "She's on the croquet lawn, didn't you notice?" puts in their sister Tanya. "I don't choose to notice." I went to my room to sleep on the sofa, but I couldn't, I was so unhappy. . . . I had just fallen asleep when she came in and wakened me: "Forgive me, the baby is coming, perhaps I'll die." Then she went upstairs.

There is enough material in this biography for a dozen comedies. Apart from its rich detail and its warm sincerity, it is not much good as a life of Tolstoy, for the Countess was too near her father to be able to give a clear and penetrating analysis of his spiritual life.

It is interesting to read the biographies of Gide and Tolstoy together. In spite of the absurdities of Tolstoy's life, of his entourage, and of many of his opinions, in spite of the damaging contrast between his crabbed, hasty, and illogical utterances and the studied dignity of Gide's carefully selected self-revelations, in spite even of the occasional resemblances between the two in the conduct of their lives and their marriages, it is impossible to doubt that Tolstoy, as well as being a better writer, was a nobler and finer man. Tolstoy handed his bride a diary of his sexual adventures; Gide wrote his wife a long series of letters about his sexual deviations; but Tolstoy did this as a kind of confession of guilt and a promise to sin no more, while Gide expected Madeleine to tolerate his continuance. Tolstoy spent his life endeavoring to become better. Gide spent his life explaining that he was right.

Three from Britain

THE Book-of-the-Month Club midsummer choice in fiction is a glass

pink sherbet with a maraschino cherry on top. It is called *Westward e Sun*, a bold heroic title for a mild and pretty little comedy: author Geoffrey Cotterell, publisher Lippincott, price \$3.50, pattern "Cinderella, the Glass Slipper." It tells how a Cockney girl (engaged to a physical culturist, whose ambition is to have 8-inch upper arms" and become Mr. East London) meets a GI, loses his love, is disappointed in an unrealistic passion for an English officer, accepts the GI, flies to America in her fairy coach, and finds he is Prince Charming after all. The best things about the book are the life-like London chatter and the satiric picture of English snobbery as seen from underneath. It makes an antithesis to the hard-pressed Hons and sperate Dukes of other English novels; but, compared with the surprising variety of Cary and Priestley, it is summer dessert, with flavor and little body.

On the other hand, A. J. Cronin's *Beyond This Place* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) is painfully bad reading. Its sea is quite good: a British youth discovers that his father is a convict serving a life sentence for murder, the case reopened, justifies his father, and discovers the real criminal. But Mr. Cronin's style is so flat and his plotting so slovenly that he has ruined the story. For instance, he says the murderer was born in 1951, committed the crime in 1921 when he was thirty, and was "about 17" in 1937. The prosecuting lawyer was born in 1892, spoke at political meetings in 1910, and was "presently" appointed chief legal officer of a large industrial city, being apparently about nineteen. The murderer was one of the richest men in the area; he kept the victim as his mistress for several months in an apartment which he owned and visited regularly; he bought her clothes and jewelry—all this in a dissipated Midland city; he got engaged to someone else; his mistress became pregnant and was killed; but the police failed to investigate him. Furthermore, he belonged to a local cycling club whose members all had bright green bicycles; the murderer was seen to escape on a green bicycle; the police searched for it, but never thought of interviewing the members of the cycling club. English police-

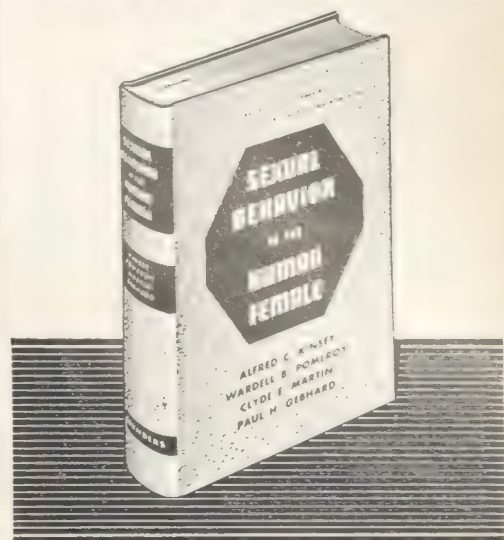
men are reserved in manner, but they are neither color-blind nor idiotic. Mr. Cronin's carelessness extends to minor details. He calls the Home Secretary "Secretary of State" and "Secretary for State" indifferently, he uses "transpontine" to mean "transatlantic," and he makes an English housemaid say, "Ah, go lay an egg; what about a medical student?" Clichés dot every chapter of the novel, and sometimes combine into senseless mixed metaphors, as when one of the villains says there is a multitude of backbiters collecting on his doorstep to cry wolf. Dr. Johnson once had a dish of mutton which he said was as bad as bad could be: "ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-kept, and ill-drest." This novel is ill-planned, ill-written, ill-revised, and ill-edited, and reads like the work of a very tired or very bored man. It is the August selection of the Literary Guild.

The Guild's September selection is by another author of British origin, James Hilton. He is a far better workman, and writes with skill and gentle wit. His *Time and Time Again* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) describes the life of a British diplomat with smoothness and exactitude. But neither the novel nor the hero is really interesting. The diplomat, in fact, is so cold and codlike that the book might have been called *Good-bye, Mr. Fish*.

Distant Places

SALLY CARRIGAR is one of the finest naturalist-writers in America. Her new *Icebound Summer* (Knopf, \$3.95, with sensitive illustrations by Henry Kane, the Book-of-the-Month Club alternate selection for August) is as beautifully done as her *One Day on Beetle Rock*, and will send many new readers back to that earlier gem. Her special talent lies in describing the wild as a society. With exquisite perception, vivid detail, and vigorous, precise style, she shows how the animals large and small, the birds and insects, the reptiles and fish, the plants, the water, and the earth, the air, and the weather of a single area blend into a harmonious whole: not all peaceful, sometimes depending on mutual avoidance or linked murder, but marvelously intricate and deli-

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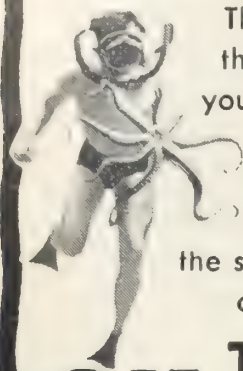
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

cate, and admitting much happiness, beauty, fulfillment. Keen sympathy for nearly all forms of life, plus a rare gift for communicating many strange and diverse details as part of a single picture, are Miss Carrighar's qualifications for writing such books, and we are all grateful to her. In this, I particularly liked her evocation of the emotional tone that characterizes different beasts: the fox's inquisitiveness and mischievousness, the lemmings' nervous mobility, the dull surliness of the walrus; and I shall long recall the sounds she introduces—the advancing beat-beat-beat of the killer whales, and the grinding smash of moving ice.

By Faith and by Duty

A REVIEW several chapters long would be required to do justice to K. S. Latourette's admirable *History of Christianity* (Harper, \$9.50). Every serious reader concerned with religion, politics, or cultural development ought to possess this masterly work, and there are very few, however learned, who will not find new and interesting insights in it. Dr. Latourette himself is a Baptist, and sees evangelism as the Christian's chief duty: so there is not much about Christian art and literature and not too much about Christian philosophical thought in his book; but on the personalities, conflicts, and organizations which have spread Christianity over so much of the globe, there has been no better book for many years.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gaüss Jackson

FICTION

Landscape of the Heart, by Lettie Rogers.

A sensitive, perhaps supersensitive, well-written novel about the rediscovery of love in a mental hospital. A mind—or psyche—discovering itself is always a complicated business. But when, as in the case of the young girl inmate who falls in love with another patient, a psychiatrist, it is a sick mind trying to remember the past and relate it to the present, it is

mal mind to care about deeply. One can care about the outcome, but studying the emotional curves is almost a professional matter. . . . One thing comes through with devastating clarity; the author's horror of lobotomy and to only a slightly less degree, of electric shock treatments. It is a sentiment duly shared by the reader before the book is done. A moving story and an able attempt to explain the sick mind, though most readers, I think, will find it a little too clinical for their tastes.

Random, \$.

The Bridges of Toko-ri, by James Michener.

This story of one jet pilot in Korea does just what it is intended to do. It jolts one out of whatever complacency one has been able to build up as protection against the Korean war. The few days and hours spent on the carrier deck with Captain Tarrant, whose own sons were lost in World War II, with Beer Barre whose sixth sense and paddle arm guide the jets back to the safety of the unsteady, often icy decks, and with pilot Brubaker and his resentments, fears, and unalterable conscience, give one a dramatic sense of what their lives are like. And it does something else. It makes one look around in surprise and some discomfort at one's own world—weekend tennis courts, leisurely cocktail hours, and preoccupation with personal affairs. How can the world be so divided (as Brubaker keeps saying) that some Americans are asked to give daily rations of sacrifice—job, money, family, and even life—while others hardly know they're doing it. But besides dramatically raising again this never-answered question, the story is a stirring record of men and planes and ships and no one will be sorry to have read it.

Random, \$2.

The Foolish Immortals, by Paul Gallico.

A preposterous story of an ancient millionairess who is afraid to die, her beautiful secretary, a slick Hollywood promoter, and a homeless Jewish boy who leave America to search for the secret of eternal youth in Israel. Mr. Gallico is a real craftsman as anyone knows who has read

Trial by Terror, but his astonishing plot refuses to be swallowed without protest. He does all that can be done in evoking a credible atmosphere of reverence and wonder in the face of the Biblical rivers and hills and towns, and the wonderful new spirit of Israel, but his people is too soft and the denouement can only be called bathetic.

Doubleday, \$2.50

NON-FICTION

Coco, by Dilys Powell.

In England Miss Powell is a popular film critic and author of several distinguished books. It is apparent from this biography of her dog that she can communicate her enthusiasms to America as well. Her unpretentious and charming personal narrative about life with the cream-colored poodle, Coco, runt of the litter, will be a delight to all who are either about dogs or about the familiar essay. Both appear here clipped, chic, and full of friendly intelligence.

Oxford, \$2.75

More Dennis the Menace, by Hank Ketchum.

Having said the title we have said all. This is another book of cartoons of that unpredictable and wonderful young man who keeps life interesting for his suburban parents, and his large public.

Holt, \$1

FORECAST

Club Choices for Fall

The major book club selections for fall thus far announced are: Book-of-the-Month Club, September, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, a volume of personal reminiscences by **Charles A. Lindbergh**, published by Scribner. For October, *The Enchanted Cup*, by **Dorothy James Roberts**, from Appleton. Literary Guild for October, *The Short Novels of John Steinbeck* including *Tortilla Flat*, *Of Mice and Men*, *The Red Pony*, *Cannery Row*, *The Pearl*, and *The Moon Is Down*, published by Viking. Literary Guild for November, *Lord Vanity*, by **Samuel Shellabarger**, published by Little, Brown.

Successors to Best Sellers.

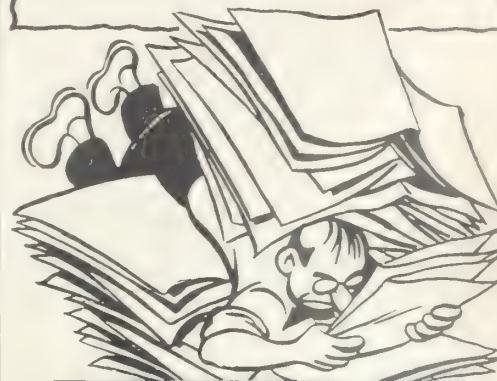
The fall is full of new books by authors of previous best-sellers. On

September 9, for instance, from Hermitage House, comes **Russell Janney** (*Miracle of the Bells*) with *So Long As Love Remembers*. In mid-September, from Knopf, comes **Nicholas Monsarrat** (*The Cruel Sea*) with a new one called *The Story of Esther Costello*; and from Dial, **Vicki Baum's** (*Grand Hotel*) newest, *The Mustard Seed*. Toward the end of the month **Howard Spring** (*My Son, My Son*) will publish *A Sunset Touch* under Harper's aegis, and **Frederic Wakeman** (*The Hucksters*) will come up with *Mandrake Root*, published by Dial. . . . October's is a varied fare with **Ben Lucien Ber- man** (*Blow for a Landing*) publishing *The Four Lives of Mundy Tol- liver* at Messner; **Ivy Compton- Burnett** (*Bullivant and the Lambs*) publishing *The Present and the Past*, also at Messner; at Putnam **Sholem Asch** (*The Nazarene*) appearing with his new *A Passage in the Night*; at Houghton Mifflin **Esther Forbes** (*Running of the Tide*) with *Rain- bow on the Road*; and at McGraw- Hill **Jesse Stuart** (*Taps for Private Tussie*) with *The Good Spirit of Laurel Ridge*. It is safe to assume well in advance of publication that none of these novels will be born to blush unseen.

Assorted Biography

In September we shall have biography in the literary field in *Lelia: Life of George Sand* by **André Maurois** from Harper; and *Rebels and Ancestors*, the third volume of **Maxwell Geismar's** study of the novel in America concentrating on Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow, and Theodore Dreiser. From Houghton Mifflin. We shall have medical biography in *The Life and Work of Sig- mund Freud* by his friend and col- league **Dr. Ernest Jones** from Basic Books (the only authorized biogra- phy). And a personal political biography in October in *James A. Wechsler's The Age of Suspicion*, from Random House. In November we shall have what we venture to predict will be childhood reminis- cences of pure delight when **Osbert Lancaster** presents (Houghton Mif- flin) his memories of his own Vic- torian youth, remembered in text and drawings, *All Done from Memory*. We are smiling already.

77 NEWSPAPERS -IN 30 MINUTES!



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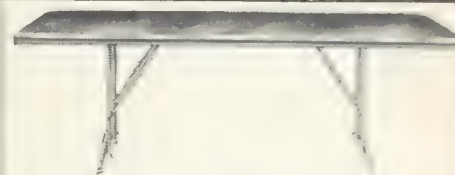
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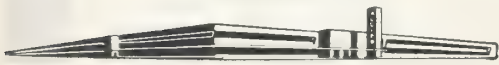
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The New Recordings

Haute-Fidélité—Changers and Pickups

Edward Tatnall Canby

A HIGHLY rattled Swiss engineer at the Paillard, S. A., works in Yverdon, Switzerland, begged me last week to explain to him if I could (in French) the meaning of that incomprehensible new movement in America called *Haute-Fidélité*.^{*} He had a new record changer which he was anxious to sell in America but it had received such incredibly conflicting criticisms as to its adaptability to the current American taste that he was in desperation. One set of informants said positively that America was so mad over *Haute-Fidélité* that no mere changer could possibly be sold; people bought only high-priced manual turntables like those in radio stations. Another set had told him quite vociferously that his machine, *au contraire*, was much too fancy for the mass American market, which had nothing to do with *Haute-Fidélité* and sold the simplest and most elementary sort of phonograph equipment to a population that hated *finesse* and complexity in the operation of its machinery.

I did my best to tell him that, in a way, both opinions were right. It isn't easy for people over here to understand the wheels within wheels that make up our large and small industries, our fads, movements, and especially our publicity—which, in so many words, is the main source of Europe's information about us. It is true that *Haute-Fidélité*, Hi-Fi if you will, has boomed into a very imposing movement these past few years, big enough to keep Paillard and dozens of other companies on a full-time schedule of expansion. "Million-dollar" is probably not an exaggeration for High Fidelity's current business. Within this business, it is true that the more expensive turntables are doing very well and for good reasons. However, the hi-fi listener does go in for changers, and in a big way—if the necessary compromise in tonal quality is patently minimized, if the changer's rumble is low, its speed steady, its arm well balanced and without side-pull, and

if its motor is four-pole, to avoid hum pickup in magnetic cartridges. The British Garrard changer's success in the United States quickly proved this, and our own changer makers have undoubtedly been strongly influenced in their newest models by the hi-fi movement and its insistence upon quality sound.

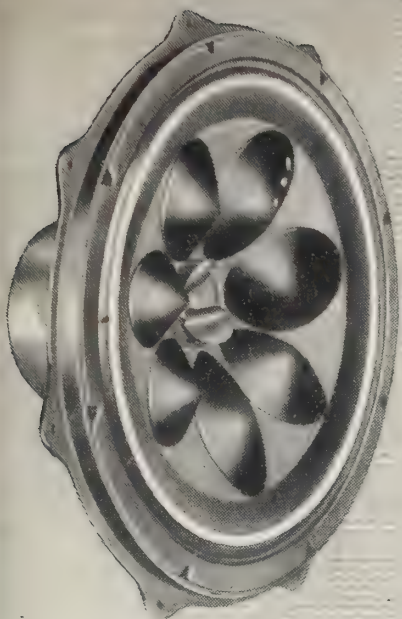
On the other hand, it has also been true, in our very large economy, that the entire hi-fi movement with its better quality equipment so far sold mainly through "wholesale" outlets has been a mere drop in the big bucket, while the larger phonograph world has moved on until very recently as before, selling its convenient, good-looking, and execrable sounding portables, its player attachments, its mammoth home juke boxes, its all-groove needles and the rest of the non-hi-fi *matériel*. The new Paillard changer is big—with a twelve-inch turntable—and plays any sized records mixed; it has an ingenious adjustable "pause" gadget that allows variable periods of automatic silence between discs, for dancing, background and restaurant music, and the like. In the popular area it is clearly out of place. Too elaborate.

As a matter of fact, what surprised

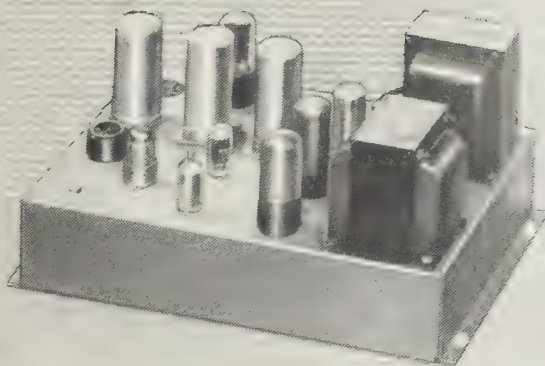
Mr. Canby unfortunately cannot provide each month the basic information about what high fidelity is and how it works. If you would like a booklet, summarizing the facts about high fidelity that a beginner should know, write to Music Department, Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, New York.

me most about this particular changer was the extent to which it deviates from what suddenly appeared to me now as unconscious American habits of manufacture. It was odd looking. We take the rim-drive table as a matter of course, but this one drives its table with a vertical wheel just inside the rim. Our changers are very nearly standard in size, with

^{*} Mr. Canby was in Switzerland in mid-July, when he wrote this article.

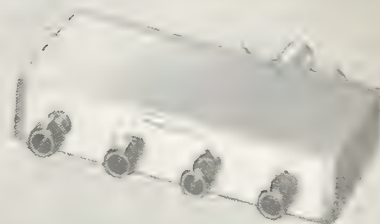


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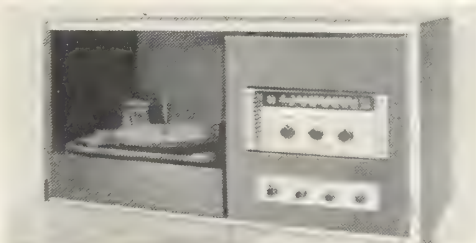
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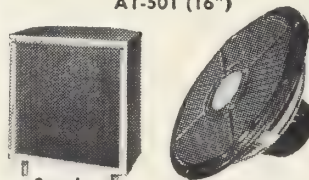
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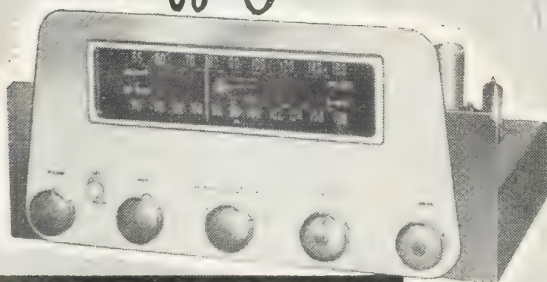


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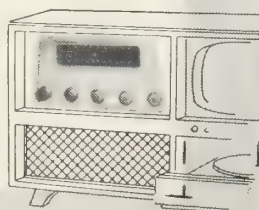
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WRITE FOR LITERATURE

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

the ten-inch table; this one's large size seemed logical to Paillard's engineer (we do play twelve-inch records after all) and he could not understand why I thought there might be trouble on this score in America. And who but a Swiss would have thought of a pause-maker, in contrast to our own advertising emphasis on "fast" changers that leave almost no pause at all between discs! I, for one, am all for the discreet pause, adjustable, and I hope Paillard will be able to touch up its machine and send it over to us soon.

SOME significant things were happening in the pickup field when I left home. From the Swiss point of view, pickups, like changers, exist in several planes for us. The mass-market machines are beginning a slow swing toward more magnetic cartridges, mainly the inexpensive GE, but I'm sure that statistics would show the garden variety crystal pickup, low-fidelity, still far in the lead. Some improved crystals have appeared (speaking as to tone) but haven't seen one yet in a store machine. Speaking in general, we definitely prefer crystals; but within the hi-fi area, where better quality is a desideratum, the magnetic pickup is supreme—it undoubtedly cops 99 per cent of the hi-fi market.

Of the Big Three in this field, Audak continues its turnover cartridge, which in some opinions gives the best practicable home reproduction. I've found it, on constant use, to have only one practical fault: the stylus is so close to the pole pieces on each side that dirt and lint collect easily, sometimes distorting or stopping the music altogether. (Of course there shouldn't be any dirt, I know. . . .) The problem of hum with pickup is now mostly licked by the changer makers themselves, who have improved their motors; the Audak should now be humless in any of the new changers.

The best buy in magnetics is surely the General Electric cartridge, which provides very nearly top-quality reproduction for about half the cost of other makes. It remains the same basic unit, with ingenious modernizations—the new styli, introduced last summer, are interchangeable with older GE needles and afford clearly improved sound with a wide

nal range, in both old and new cartridges. The "Golden Treasure" win-point model is a technical convenience, with sapphire point for 78 rpm and diamond for LP; its fancy color is for looks. (The new type win stylus with serrated "bridge" between the two points, will give the same results in any older GE turntable, regardless of color.) Fine for those who play mostly LPs, since the points are joined and must be discarded together when one wears out. Note that Audak's double model has separately replaceable points.) Only slight weakening of the higher highs and the low output level distinguish the GE from more expensive competition as far as most ears are concerned.

For top sound, try Audak, Pickering, or Fairchild magnetics. The standard Pickering model, with built-in point, not removable, has been progressively improved and though it still tends to deal too justly with inferior records, has lost most of the occasional harshness that some of us used to hear and is now a fine precision instrument in the diamond models. To meet the demand for a dual cartridge, Pickering has a splendid tiny new double cartridge, the two independent units mounted together, each about a quarter the size of the old model. I didn't have time to try it extensively before I left for Europe this summer but the prognosis is for entire satisfaction, since the smaller size and lower mass should make for better compliance and smoother sound than even the best of the earlier models. Two diamonds, permanently mounted. In the end, diamonds are best. Fairchild's individual cartridges, heretofore strictly professional and very expensive, are making a preliminary entrance into the home market. Quality is unbeatable without question. Diamond only.

IT REMAINS to mention some interesting non-magnetic developments. First of all is the ceramic cartridge developed for the new Columbia 360 phonograph, which would seem to me to offer a lot in the way of ingenious and practical improvement. It is tiny, though it fits standard arms, and it has a tricky double stylus that revolves in a yoke to change points, the cartridge remain-



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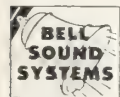
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

ing stationary—and thereby gets rid of the cumbersome turnaround systems now necessary in present two-way units. Better still, it is a wide-range unit with quality up to that of the finest crystals and comparable to the GE magnetic (whereas most common crystals are out-and-out tonal bottlenecks in any good machine) and it does not require a preamplifier. It should be excellent for replacement and modernization, and for many applications where simplicity and low cost are important, and it has the advantage, for hot climates, of immunity to heat and moisture. The Columbia ceramic is made by Sonotone and I'm told should be available soon. Diamonds are available.

A number of special-type pickups have appeared in the past few years without offering serious challenge to the now standard crystal and magnetic types. Several have quietly died and will not be mentioned. A factor in a number of them has been the need for a direct-current voltage at the cartridge and hence for special wiring. One, the Weathers, has a flyweight arm and cartridge and, ideally, gives superb reproduction from all reports; but these same reports indicate an undue delicacy and a good deal of trouble with adjustment of the special accompanying circuits. Newer models than the one I was lent are more stable and the pickup may now be a good bet for the enterprising hi-fi man. It safely uses one point for all records, thanks to its extreme lightness, and your records should last forever with it.

A less fancy unit in a similar category is the Pfanstiehl strain-sensitive cartridge, offered as an inexpensive modernization unit to replace older cartridges. I've tried one and find that its quality is excellent, up to the magnetics, except in louder passages, due to some lack of compliance—and this has been improved in recent models. But the unit, again, requires its own special preamplifier and special wiring into the arm of your machine and, for the life of me, I can't see why a GE cartridge and preamplifier would not be a more practical purchase under any circumstance I can think of. Diamond points are available for the slip-in cartridges, one cartridge for each groove size.

Prokofiev: Symphony #7. Phila. Orchestra, Ormandy. **Lieut. Kijé Suite.** Royal Philharmonic, Kurtz. Columbia ML 4683.

As it so often seems to happen, this symphony was generally panned on its performance in New York, at least in public print. On records, where the chance for familiarity is so much better it makes a more telling impression. For those who feel as I do that this composer was really one of the big men of our time and one of the warmest, most human personalities in music, the Seventh will be a bittersweet pleasure; pleasing in its first, second, and third movements, all a logical continuation of Prokofiev's recent mellowing (toward the political line? I don't feel so). But it is the last Prokofiev we'll hear in the symphonic form. It is hard to believe he is dead.

Recording is superb, as might be expected, and this is one of Ormandy's not infrequent good performances, an honest, sincere and careful playing. For most listeners this will appeal more easily than the Sixth, and will compare in popularity with the Fifth.

Prokofiev: A Summer Day. Dvorak: **The Water Sprite.** Kabalevsky: **The Comedians.** Radio Berlin Symphony Rother, Guhl, Wiesenhutter. Urania 7082.

Urania's liaison with the German radio has brought us some incredible irrelevancies in the way of minor *echt Deutsch* nonentities. Verdi and Handel in German and the like, but the outflow first from older tapes that were often distorted, has now moved up to recent times and to excellent quality as well as frequent musical interest. The "Summer Day" suite of Prokofiev is his own orchestral aggrandizement of a group of the wonderful children's pieces in the collection "Music for Children," reviewed some time ago in *Harper's*. A comparison of these two recordings piano and orchestra, will tell more of the essence of musical composition than you can imagine. The bigness musically inherent in the little originals for piano—audible to those with ears but no overt in the sound—is brought out in the orchestration by the addition of much new and interesting material, filling-out, not an extension. More, one finds in Prokofiev's orchestral treatment the key to his ideas as to what is important in the piano pieces—a fascinating study for any pianist. Excellent recording and playing, and the pleasant and comfortable "Water Sprite," the lively "Comedians," make a good addition.



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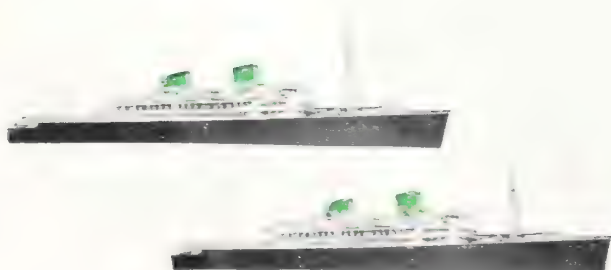
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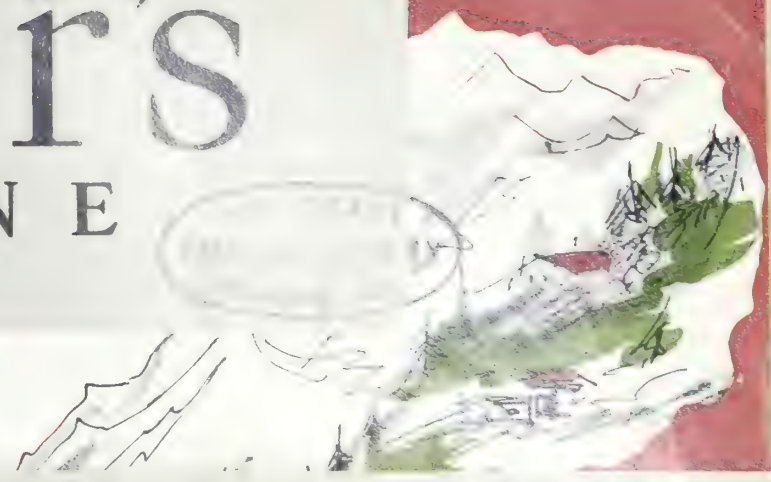
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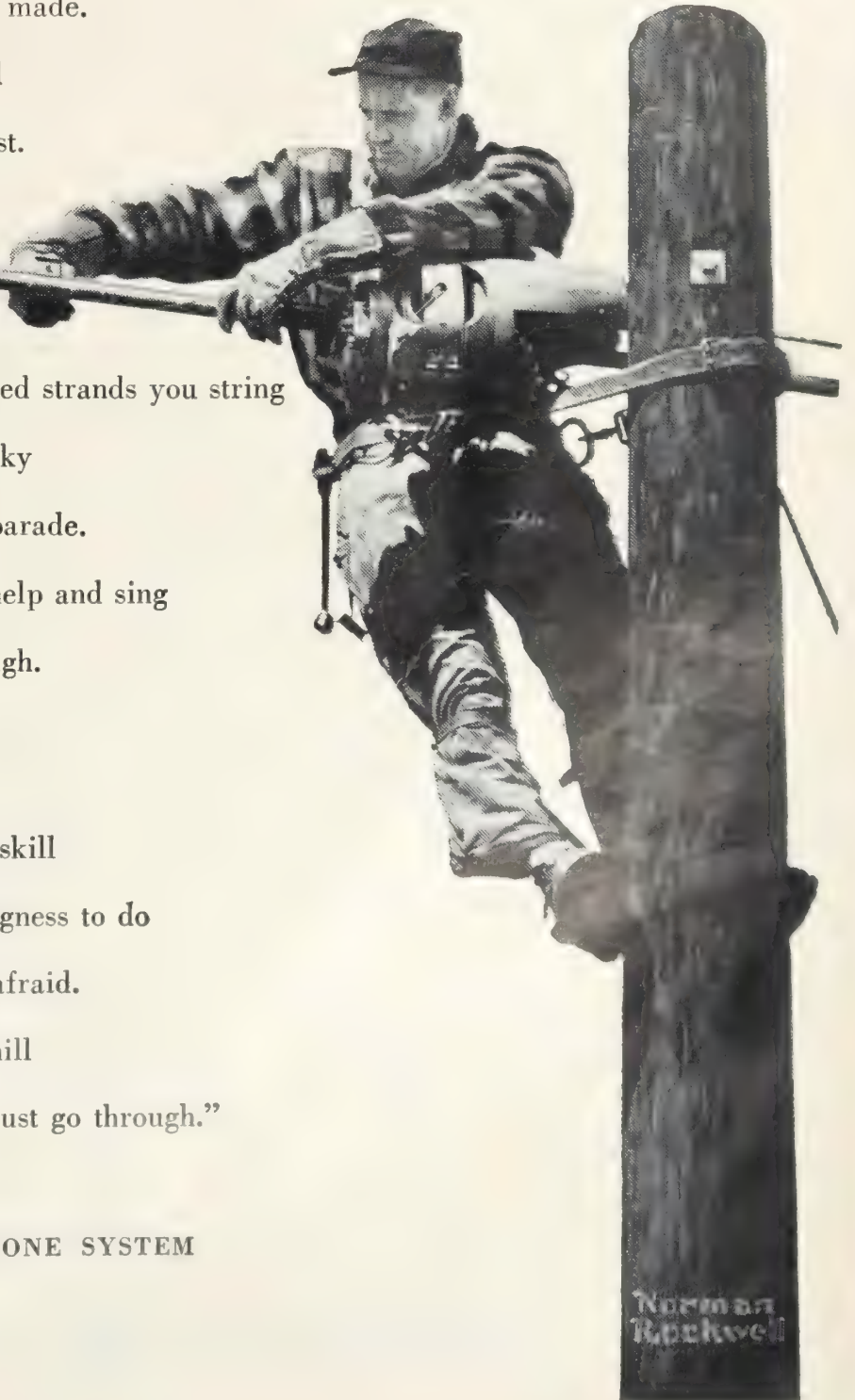
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Personal & Otherwise

IN HIS comments on the first annual "Do-It-Yourself" show, which was held in New York last Spring, our pseudonymous colleague, Mr. Harper (over in his "After Hours" column in the May issue), concluded that the current do-it-yourself boom is a concomitant of the present high cost of service. "Where service is cheap," he argued, "or if service were ever again to be cheap in this country, the incentive to do-it-yourself will be lacking; the large market [for home tools, etc.] will not be there, and the effort to serve it will not be made." P & O doesn't believe a word of it.

Admittedly there is some connection between high labor costs and the suddenness with which the boom in do-it-yourself has captured public attention. As *Darrell Huff* says in his article, "We've Found a Substitute for Income" (p. 26), by doing things yourself you can save money and have things which you otherwise could not afford. But, as the whole tone of his article suggests, the economic motive is only a part of the story. We'll bet that even if the bottom dropped out of the current high cost of services, do-it-yourself would continue to thrive.

In short, P & O is convinced that the motives underlying do-it-yourself are primarily social, not economic. Take Mr. Harper himself, for example. We happen to know that this pseudonymous gent has a done-it-himself record player which cost quite a bit more than he would have had to pay for a regular production model which would have sounded just about as good. He is a sensible fellow; so I can't believe he paid the extra money and did all that tiresome wiring and

fitting just so he could afford to hear the shrill and sibilant overtones which nobody ever heard out of a violin till the electronic engineers devised a way to make them audible. No; the point is that a home-made (or home assembled) record player has *éclat*, and a store-bought one does not.

There have always been people who used their hands as a substitute for income, repaired the plumbing, painted their houses, and upholstered the furniture. What is new, and exciting, is that it is now fashionable—if not positively *chic*—to do so. This is a social revolution whose consequences may be enormous.

If economy were the real incentive to what its promoters call do-it-yourself, the boom would have come in the thirties, when people had to make do on so little. As a matter of fact, of course, there was a boom of sorts during the depression, but it wasn't fashionable. Home-made furniture and clothes, and owner-painted houses, were necessities then, and necessity is never the mother of *chic*. In order to assume anything like its current *avant-garde* status, do-it-yourself has to be voluntary: "I could have bought one, but how dull!"

What has happened, in effect, is that it has once again become fashionable to be American. Mr. Huff quotes a magazine editor as saying that we are becoming "a nation of mechanics and tinkerers." Actually, we always have been, but for the better part of the past half-century we were ashamed of being so. Though few of us could afford to live up to the ideal of clean, uncalloused hands which



What is a magazine made of?

Pulpwood? Copper and zinc and printer's ink? Coal and oil and lead and web presses? Is a magazine merely the result of a shrewdly-timed use of all these dead objects? No. *Ideas are what magazines are made of.*

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During the past 28 years The New Yorker has attracted to its pages the greatest number of advertisers of all the magazines printed in America. Since 1925 these advertisers have used more than 70,000 pages in The New Yorker. What is more, these advertisements are exceptionally full of ideas.

Ideas are what advertisements in The New Yorker are made of.

The ideas in the advertisements couldn't have prospered without inspiration from the ideas of the editors. So together they got results.

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dominated popular fiction and books of etiquette, many of us tried to pretend we could; and we listened humbly to foreign critics who assailed our gross practical and mechanical bent.

The do-it-yourself renaissance marks the end of all this, at least for the time being. It is all a part of what *Harper's* editor, Frederick Lewis Allen, was writing about in his recent book, *The Big Change*: that is, America's new-found confidence in her own vernacular, and her increasing awareness that industrial civilization need not be judged by standards appropriate to other cultures.

Incidentally, Mr. Huff and Mr. Harper may be interested to know that as P & O rode down Oxford Street on the top deck of a London bus a few weeks ago, his eye was caught by a "Do-It-Yourself" show-window in Selfridge's vast store. The display centered around a mechanized manikin, dressed in white overalls, boring a hole in a plank with a brace-and-bit. So far as I could see there wasn't a single machine tool in the display—just the familiar hand-tools of the ancient crafts.

MR. HUFF, as his article indicates, is a do-it-yourselfer of long standing, the author of his own house and swimming pool as well as of many articles and books on this and other subjects. His latest piece in *Harper's* was entitled "How To Lie with Statistics" (August 1950)—which is also the title of his new book, to be published next month by Norton.

In partnership with Paul Corey (author of such go-thou-and-do-something books as *Buy an Acre*, *Build a Home*, and *Homemade Homes*) Mr. Huff runs an organization known as Cavedale Craftsmen of Sonoma, California, which produces how-to-do-it booklets for the manufacturers of all sorts of products which the do-it-yourselfers are likely to use. Messrs. Huff and Corey, in rebellion against the "next insert widget Q behind left-hand frammis R" school of writing, specialize in step-by-step picture and text explanations.

Americans as Strangers

WITHOUT wishing in any way to distract attention from the extraordinary intensity of the central problem in *James Baldwin's* "Stranger in the Village," (p. 42) P & O cannot help noting how much that Mr. Baldwin says about the experience of

being a Negro in a Swiss village where Negroes were unknown will awaken echoes in the minds and hearts of many other Americans who have found themselves strangers in Europe. Nathaniel Hawthorne, a century ago, was as movingly aware as Mr. Baldwin that a Gothic cathedral said something to the Europeans which it could not communicate to him. And it could well be argued that the American himself, not just the American Negro, has arrived (or is arriving) at his identity by virtue—in Mr. Baldwin's words—"of the absolute-ness of his estrangement from his past."

It is true that there are white Americans who still nourish the illusion that there is some means of recovering the European innocence—of returning to a state in which black men, or machines, or labor unions, or atomic physics, do not exist; just as there are Negroes who live in hopes of discovering a world which has never suffered slavery and persecution. Such illusions are necessary, as long as men have reason to doubt the legitimacy of their status, and the American—white or black—has never yet been quite sure what his status is.

We are, after all, the younger sons, the disinherited, the bastard offspring of Western culture. The estate to which we lay claim is not, and cannot be, ours by right of primogeniture, but by squatter's right or by virtue of conquest, or piracy, or love. And we are just beginning to learn, white and Negro Americans alike, the code by which the disinherited and the stranger shall live.

THE son of a Harlem clergyman, Mr. Baldwin was born in New York City in 1924. His first novel was completed in 1945 on a Eugene Saxton Fellowship, and in 1948 he and Theodore Pelatowski, the photographer, did a book on Harlem's store-front churches which won a Rosenwald Fellowship. Since then he has contributed to the *Reporter*, *Commentary*, *Partisan Review*, and other periodicals, and last spring Knopf published his novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*.

In answer to his publisher's request for autobiographical information, Mr. Baldwin wrote a letter in which he made many interesting comments on writers and writing. Here are a few excerpts:

"Any writer, I suppose, feels that the world into which he was born is nothing less than a conspiracy against the cultivation of his talent—which attitude certainly has a great deal to

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The Story of a Steak

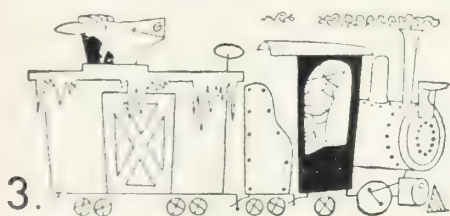
Before you have a steak (whether it's porterhouse or chopped), a cow has to have a calf. This is the story of one particular calf.



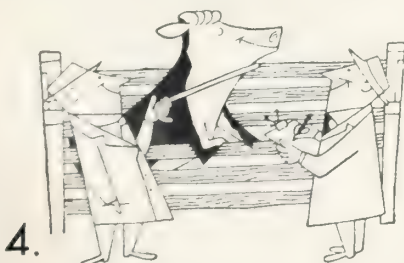
1. This calf was born on a Texas ranch. Several acres of grazing land are required to support each cow and calf.



2. As a yearling, the calf was sold to an Iowa farmer for "finishing" in feed lot. Proper feeding of corn and protein supplements adds many extra pounds and a lot of extra eating quality to our beef.



3. After several months in the feed lot, our calf, now a full-grown steer, was sent by rail or truck to the stockyards and consigned to a marketing firm for sale.



4. Buyers for several local and out-of-town meat packing companies put in bids based on the going consumer price of beef. This steer was one of a carload bought by an Ohio meat packing company.

5.



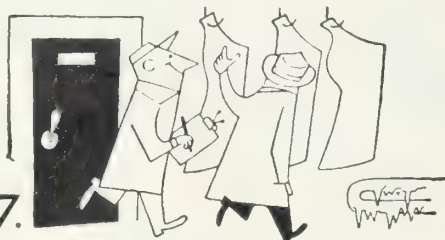
At the packing plant, the "beef crew" turned beef on the hoof into meat for the store. Beef was inspected, chilled and graded, prepared for shipment.

6.



Under refrigeration, the quarters of beef were shipped to New York's wholesale meat district—1500 miles from Texas, where the calf was born.

7.



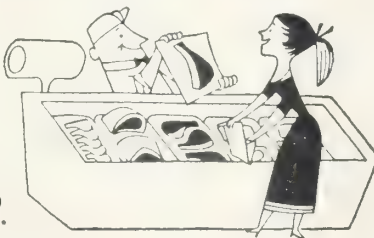
Owner of a Brooklyn meat market, after comparing prices and quality, selected a quarter of our steer.

8.



In the store, the quarter of beef was turned into steaks, roasts, stew and hamburger; was displayed for customer's selection competing with other meats.

9.



Yesterday, a housewife looked over everything in the counter, compared values, decided on steak, porterhouse or chopped, depending on what she wanted to spend.

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support it. On the other hand, it is only because the world looks on his talent with such a frightening indifference that the artist is compelled to make his talent important. So that any writer, looking back over even so short a span of time as I am here forced to assess, finds that the things which hurt him and the things which helped him cannot be divorced from each other; he could be helped in a certain way only because he was hurt in a certain way; and his help is simply to be enabled to move from one conundrum to the next—one is tempted to say that he moves from one disaster to the next. When one begins looking for influences one finds them by the score. I haven't thought much about my own, not enough anyway; I hazard that the King James Bible, the rhetoric of the store-front church, something ironic and violent and perpetually understated in Negro speech—and something of Dickens' love for bravura—have something to do with me today; but I wouldn't stake my life on it. Likewise, innumerable people have helped me in many ways; but finally, I suppose, the most difficult (and most rewarding) thing in my life has been the fact that I was born a Negro and was forced, therefore, to effect some kind of truce with this reality. (Truce, by the way, is the best one can hope for) . . .

"I have not written about being a Negro at such length because I expect that to be my only subject, but only because it was the gate I had to unlock before I could hope to write about anything else. I don't think that the Negro problem in America can be even discussed coherently without bearing in mind its context; its context being the history, traditions, customs, the moral assumptions and preoccupations of the country; in short, the general social fabric. Appearances to the contrary, no one in America escapes its effects and everyone in America bears some responsibility for it. I believe this the more firmly because it is the overwhelming tendency to speak of this problem as though it were a thing apart. But in the work of Faulkner, in the general attitude and certain specific passages in Robert Penn Warren, and, most significantly, in the advent of Ralph Ellison, one sees the beginnings—at least—of a more

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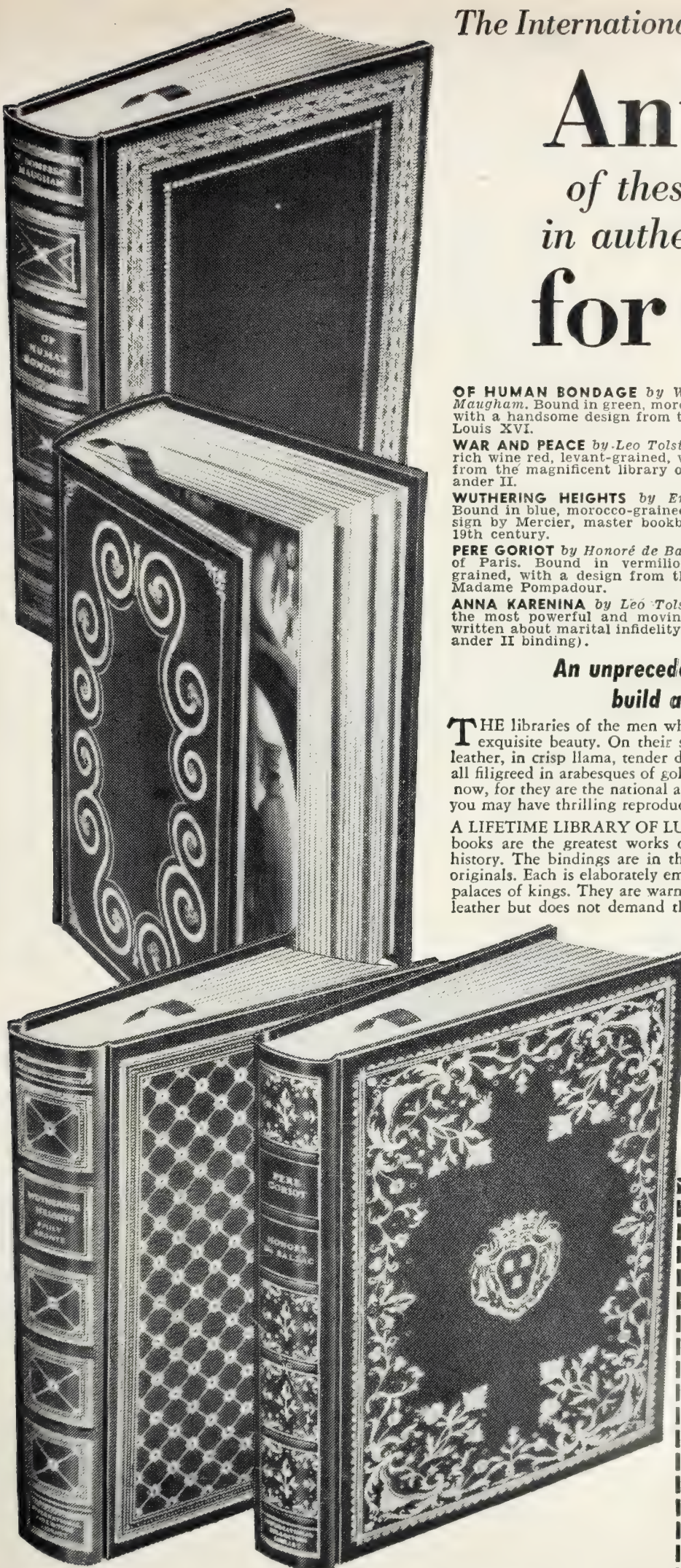
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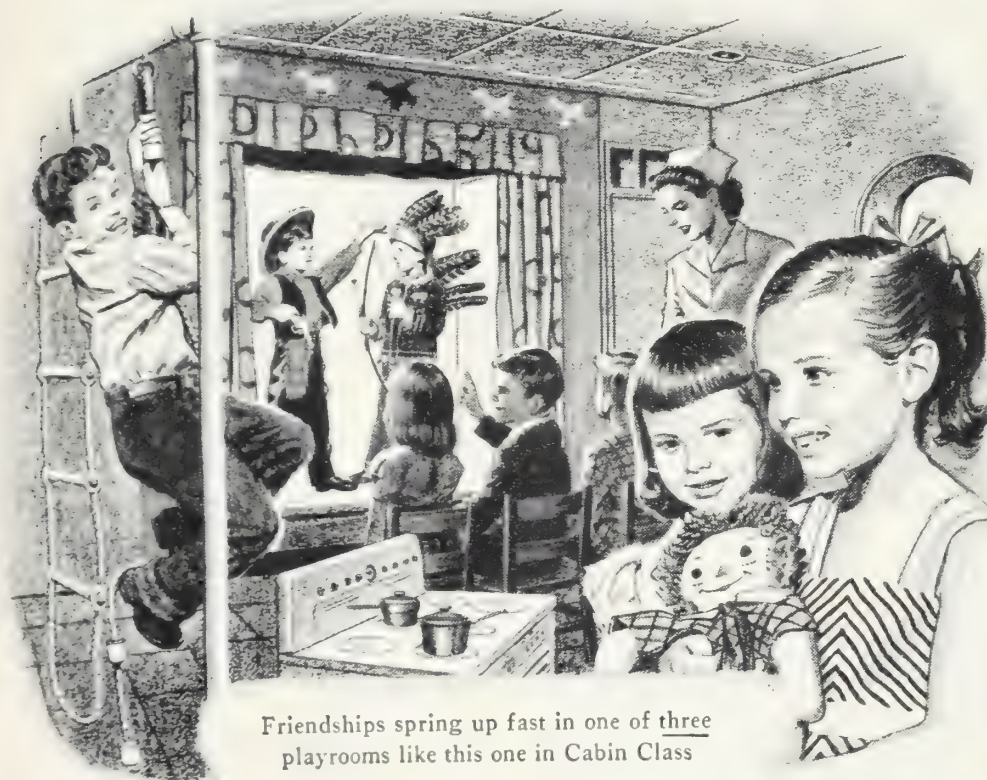
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genuinely penetrating search. Mr. Ellison, by the way, is the first Negro novelist I have ever read to utilize in language, and brilliantly, some of the ambiguity and irony of Negro life.

"About my interests: I don't know if I have any, unless the morbid desire to own a sixteen-millimeter camera and make experimental movies can be so classified. Otherwise, I love to eat and drink—it's my melancholy conviction that I've scarcely ever had enough to eat (this is because it's *impossible* to eat enough if you're worried about the next meal)—and I love to argue with people who do not disagree with me too profoundly, and I love to laugh. I don't like people who like me because I'm a Negro; neither do I like people who find in the same accident grounds for contempt. I love America more than any other country in the world, and exactly for this reason I insist on the right to criticize her perpetually. I think all theories are suspect, that the finest principles may have to be modified, or may even be pulverized, by the demands of life, and that one must find, therefore, one's own moral center and move through the world hoping that this center will guide one aright. I consider that I have many responsibilities, but none greater than this: to last, as Hemingway says, and get my work done. I want to be an honest man and a good writer."

Coincidence

ON THE evening of July 26, 1953, the news came through of the signing of the Korean truce. The following evening **Eric Sevareid** broadcast over CBS, from Washington, the statement with which this issue opens ("Why Did They Fight?" p. 25). We did not hear him, as it happened, but when we received a copy of the script a few days later, it took us less than an hour to pass it from hand to hand and decide that we wanted to print it in this issue. We telephoned Mr. Sevareid, who was on vacation in Virginia, to ask him if it had been widely picked up and he said no, but that somebody in the Washington office of the *Reader's Digest* had asked for a copy. Out of curiosity we then called up the *Digest*, only to be told that they had just decided to

lead off *their* October number with it! We said this wouldn't stop us and the conversation closed with jocular mutual compliments on the similar reactions of great minds. When you have read Mr. Severeid's words you will not wonder, we think, at the duplicate choice.

Mr. Severeid, a North Dakotan who graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1935, did newspaper work for the Minneapolis *Journal* and Minneapolis *Star*, for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and for the United Press before he became European correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System in August 1939. In his five-minute comments at the close of the CBS evening news broadcast he has said many wise and witty things, but never anything else quite so memorably right, perhaps, as his tribute to the men who fought so hard in Korea.

Two for the West

WHEN young journalists come to New York to look for jobs, an editor of our acquaintance makes a practice of asking them why they think residence in New York will help them and whether they have considered the relative advantage of staying put and acquiring a national reputation as a regional reporter. And in the course of the conversation the editor is likely to say, "Look, for instance, at **Richard L. Neuberger** of Portland, Oregon. He went to the University of Oregon, he went to work for the *Oregonian*, and he didn't come east. And now, when a New York editor wants a piece—or can be persuaded to buy a piece—on some phenomenon of the Northwest—whether it's the Grand Coulee Dam, or the Snake River, or Mr. Justice Douglas—the chances are that it's Neuberger who does it." In addition to being a free-lance writer whose most recent contribution to *Harper's* was on that super-phenomenon, the great Kitimat development (last January), Mr. Neuberger is also a legislator, a member of the Oregon State Senate; and in "The Decay of State Governments" (p. 34) he puts together the product of years of uncomfortable thought about the diminishing role of the state capitals in our national life.

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Bernard DeVoto, who has written the Easy Chair in this magazine without a single month's interruption since November 1935, lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, but came originally from Utah; and whenever he goes west the effect on him is like that of contact with the earth on Antaeus. Somewhere in the neighborhood of the 100th meridian his step quickens, his system is revived, and a new light comes into his eye. This past summer he spent weeks in the National Forests of the West, and the immediate result is to be found on page 49. It should be stated that in this piece Mr. DeVoto speaks for himself, not for the National Park Service or for its Advisory Board, of which he has been a member for five years.

Not to Mention—

...We weren't quite sure whether **Nancy Huddleston's** "Povera Baby" (p. 53) was fact or fiction, though we suspected that it was more of the former than of the latter. Her reply to our inquiry confirmed this. "It was my foot, all right," she replied, but she confessed that she had somewhat fictionalized the circumstances under which she was traveling. "I'm not married," she wrote, "and I was going to Europe for the usual (travel and pleasure) and not to live amongst NATO."

Miss Huddleston lives in Birmingham, Alabama, and calls herself a "yellow dog, or almost," Democrat. Her father was a member of the United States House of Representatives for twenty-two years and she lived in Washington until she was twelve. She has an M.A. in theology from the University of Chicago, and she studied writing under Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama. This is Miss Huddleston's first published piece.

...**George R. Stewart**, the author of "Fulbrighting in Greece" (p. 75), is a man who not only likes to travel but to whom few sights, however insignificant they may seem to ordinary folk, are not fascinating. His most recent book, *U. S. 40*, which was reviewed in *Harper's* in May, is an account of a highway, the cities and villages through which it passes on its way from Atlantic City to San

Francisco (and, of course, vice versa). Mr. Stewart's account of his experience in Greece as a Fulbright scholar bears witness to the sharpness of his observation and his sympathetic view of the unfamiliar. When he is at home in Berkeley, he professes English at the University of California, practices the arts of fiction (two of his novels are *Storm* and *Fire*) and non-fiction. He is now at work on what he calls "a non-fiction job based on some lectures I gave in Athens. It is to be a kind of grass-roots or anthropological approach to the U. S. A., with sections on food, drink, language, names, religion, holidays, clothing, shelter, etc."

...One of the definitions of "mouse" according to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, is "a person, as a woman, so called by way of endearment." There is something endearing in a mouse (or a woman) going quietly about the business of living while inadvertently raising Cain with scholarly notions about animal behavior. We can sometimes claim that women do it out of pure cussedness, but the Bar Harbor mice about whom *Jean Mayer* writes in "The Case of the Disrespectful Mice" (p. 81) cannot have read Simone de Beauvoir or Dr. Kinsey or anybody else who talks about patterns of behavior; they are just anti-dogmatists by nature.

Dr. Mayer comes by his scientific interests genetically. He is the son of a professor of physiology at the College de France. He has a Ph.D. from Yale and a D.Sc. from the Sorbonne, the Croix de Guerre, the Médaille de la Résistance, and ten other war decorations. He fought with the Free French Forces as an artillery officer, was on Atlantic convoy duty in 1942, in Libya and Tunisia in 1943, Italy in 1944. He took part in the landings on Southern France and got all the way to Germany. He subsequently has got all the way to Harvard where he is now an assistant professor in the School of Public Health. To prove to us that he is a scholar among scholars he sent us a copy of an article of which he is one of the authors. It is called "Metabolic, Nutritional, and Endocrine Studies of the Hereditary Obesity-Diabetes Syndrome of Mice and Mechanism of Its Development."

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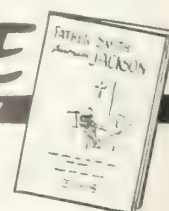
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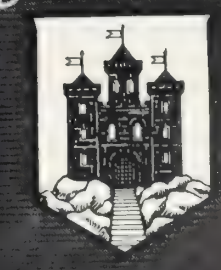
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... **W. S. Merwin** ("When I Came from Colchis," p. 33) reports from abroad that his second book of poems, *The Dancing Bears*, will be published by Yale; that he has recently finished a translation of *El Poema del Cid* for the BBC; and that he is now working on a prose translation of *The Song of Roland* for Penguin Classics.

... **Cabell Phillips**, who is currently Washington correspondent for the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*, has been with that paper for eight years ("The Business Invasion of Washington," p. 58). He had previously been Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Herald-American*, assistant director of public information for the Department of Justice, and editor of a book called *Dateline Washington*. He is a Virginian, born in Williamsburg "before the Rockefellers fixed it up."

... "The Secret of Life," says its author, **Loren C. Eiseley**, "should be read with the understanding that it is part of a larger unpublished whole, and does not purport to discuss at great length the problem of the viruses or other chemical aspects of life. . . . This essay is a yearning after false causes, something—if my memory does not play me false—which Francis Bacon warned all good scientists to avoid." (See p. 64.)

Professor Eiseley, of the University of Pennsylvania's Anthropology Department, is the author of numerous *Harper's* articles which have shown him to be more than a scientist and better than good.

... **Max Steele's** "Forget the Geraniums" (p. 69), like his "Chief Rainbow and the Kid in Paris" which we published last December, gives a dramatic glimpse into the life of the current crop of young Americans in Paris—a group of which Mr. Steele has been a member for the past few years. He is currently acting as an advisory editor on the *Paris Review*, one of the most promising of the new little magazines, and working with playwright Roger Garris on a dramatization of one of his short stories, but he plans soon to return to this country, having discovered on a recent vacation here "how much I prefer living in America." Mr. Steele's

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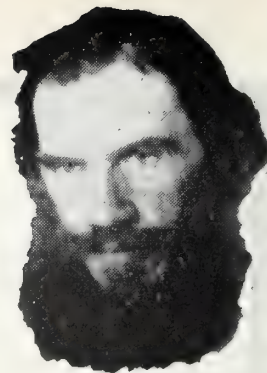
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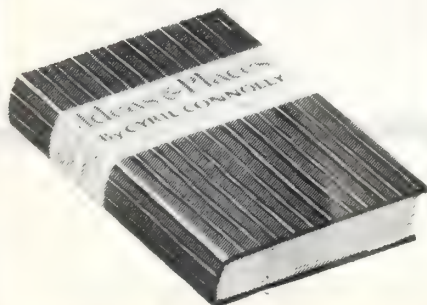
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P & O

stories have been appearing in Harper's with some regularity since 1944, when we bought the first one that he ever wrote, and his novel, *Debby*, won the Harper Prize Novel Contest in 1950.

...**Charles G. Bell**, the author of "Bloodroot" (p. 85), is a native of Greenville, Mississippi, and an assistant professor at the University of Chicago. A collection of his poems, including "Bloodroot," will be published this month by the Indiana University Press under the title *Songs for a New America*.

...**The William H. Whyte, Jr.** who maintains that "You, Too, Can Write the Casual Style" (p. 87) is the same William H. Whyte, Jr. who wrote *Is Anybody Listening?*, a book based on a series of articles he did for *Fortune*—among them a memorable pair that dealt with the Wives of Management. Currently he is writing another series for the same magazine called "The Transients" which concerns itself with the mores of a new generation of junior executives and the mass-produced suburbs in which they live. He is assistant managing editor of *Fortune*, a veteran of the 1st Marine Division, and a graduate ('39) of Princeton.

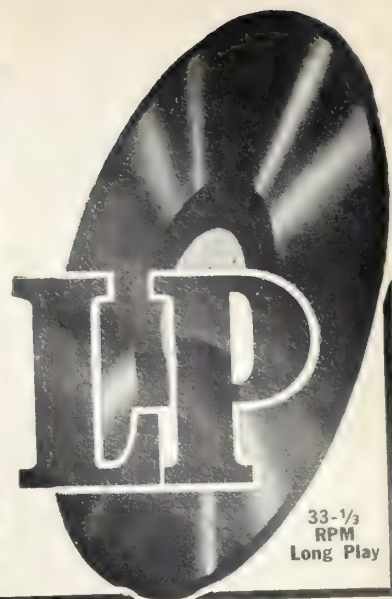
Pictorial Supplement

THIS month our artists have much in common. All were born in Europe but are now living in the United States. Both **Richard Erdoes**, who drew the cover, and **Julius Kroll** ("We've Found a Substitute for Income," p. 26) were students at the Berlin Academy of Art. Mr. Erdoes, Mr. Kroll, and **André Dugo** ("Povera Baby," p. 53) were political cartoonists in pre-Hitler Germany. Mr. Dugo broke into the magazine illustrating field in Paris, where **Arthur Marokvia** ("Forget the Geraniums," p. 69) first studied art (he had previously been a pianist, engineer, and ballet student). Mr. Kroll and Mr. Marokvia both live on Long Island. Mr. Marokvia and Mr. Erdoes and Mr. Dugo are writers as well as painters. Mr. Dugo and Mr. Erdoes have found markets for their art work in both magazines and advertising agencies. Mr. Kroll is the only one who

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LETTERS

Grand Old Man—

To the Editors:

I have had considerable fan mail on my article on old age ["Grandeurs and Miseries of Old Age," July 1953] from people ranging from 46 to 84. The most interesting letter was from a man in his early sixties who says his concern is with possible mental deterioration. But his concern does not seem to be acute. "My father," he writes, "didn't begin to break up mentally until he was 90. But then," he adds, "he never had much of a mind anyway, and he was drunk the last 60 years of his life." This possibly is an item to add to Mrs. Bowen's file on magnificent longevity.

ELMER DAVIS

Washington, D. C.

Pabst's not Piel's—

To the Editors:

In my letter in the August number about Robert L. Heilbroner's piece on advertising in the June number, I find to my shame that when I rhapsodized over the O's falling into place in a TV commercial, I attributed this triumph of inventiveness to Piel's beer. Of course it should have been Pabst Blue Ribbon—to whose TV experts I now offer my belated and groveling apologies.

MARTIN J. HIGGINSON
New Canaan, Conn.

Red Decade—

To the Editors:

Perhaps your readers may be interested in a discussion of some aspects of the article "How Red Was the Red Decade?" in your July issue by Granville Hicks. For I feel sure that many besides myself, while applauding its purpose and agreeing with its statement of facts (with some exceptions not germane to the immediate discussion), felt that the article missed or evaded the main problem.

Is the evaluation of Communist in-

fluence in America, its rise through the 1930s, its renewed extension during the War until 1945, and its spectacular collapse thereafter, really to be made by the confession of those who participated in it that "we were suckers"? Or is this answer improved by the further confession of failure as intellectuals, by saying "we were taken in by ideas we should have seen through and people we should have suspected"? I am sure there must be many who join me in rejecting this answer as in any way satisfactory, as a historical evaluation of a major social-political phenomenon.

That it was a major phenomenon is, I believe, sufficiently attested by the obsessive role it is playing today, in retrospect, in American public life.

Mr. Hicks speaks of the period when the Communist movement claimed to be "twentieth-century Americanism" as merely one of "disguise," unconnected with the Communist successes in any dynamic fashion. For Mr. Hicks the only dynamic element in the Communist movement of his time was its representation of Soviet dogma and interests.

It seems to me more realistic, and certainly more in harmony with democratic thought, to judge that the Communists *succeeded* to the extent that they actually entered the struggle for democratic aims, and *failed* to the extent that they stood primarily for Soviet dogma and interests. This thought is sustained by what happened after 1945; when the Communists stood forth nakedly as echoes of Communist dogma, they disappeared as an indigenous political force quickly and completely.

The fact that democratic ideas proved more dynamic than Communist dogma is the main lesson, in my view, of our postwar history.

It is a central task of American thinkers to assimilate this experience of the rise of communism to significant national influence during 1930-45, as an organic part of American

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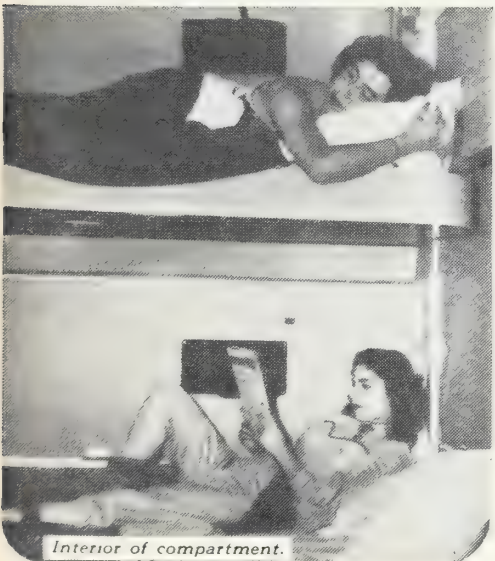
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LETTERS

experience. I say this as one who played some part in it, and is now completely divorced from the Communist movement here and internationally, and who judges that this movement has no future in America. Until that task is seriously undertaken, I am sure that America will remain a neurotic, jittery country, prey to McCarthyism and all the varieties of demagoguery whose stock-in-trade is the suppressed complexes arising out of unassimilated experience.

EARL BROWDER
Yonkers, N. Y.

(Mr. Browder was general secretary of the Communist Party in the United States from 1930 to 1944, and was its candidate for President in 1936 and 1940. According to Who's Who, he was expelled from the party in 1946.—The Editors.)

Federal Lands—

To the Editors:

We have read with a great deal of interest and amazement the article by Mr. Bernard DeVoto in the July issue of *Harper's* and since we feel it does not correctly express our policies relating to federal lands, we have decided to comment briefly on it so that you will better understand our views on this subject.

Our policy relating to federal lands, like all policies of the Chamber, has been adopted by a majority of our voting membership after ample opportunity for study and discussion. A brief statement of these policies relating to this subject is as follows:

Registration. A description of all lands of the United States, by whatever agency they may be administered, should be registered with the Department of the Interior, and recorded statistically to show annual rate of acreage increase or decrease.

Disposition of Federal Lands and Other Real Estate. The Congress should undertake an examination by departments, of the federal real estate inventory to the end that all property which, in the public interest, is best adapted to private ownership be offered for sale as soon as possible and thus placed on the tax rolls and in productive use by private enterprise.

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Daughter India

In this month's HOLIDAY, there is a remarkable piece on all of India, by Miss Santha Rama Rau.

Miss Rama Rau is a native daughter of India, an adopted daughter of the United States. Both her countries should be extremely proud of her.

Despite her youth, she writes exquisitely and maturely. And despite the scope of her subject, she has been able to bring India into surprisingly clear focus, without intellectual pompousness, without condescension to the reader.

At a time when this great country and its many, many millions are so important to America and all the world, HOLIDAY is proud to offer you this superb prose-and-picture document. And proud, too, that it is the kind of outstanding writing that is making HOLIDAY so respected by so many respected judges.

LETTERS

In order to provide more accurate data on federal lands not recommended for private ownership, it is further recommended that studies be undertaken of the problems involved in conservation and use of such lands, including their relation to lands in state and private ownership, such studies to be conducted in the several states by joint boards made up of representatives of federal, state, and private land-ownership.

Payments in Lieu of Taxes. The Congress should provide for continuance of payments to state and local governments in lieu of their taxes on federal properties, but the payments should be based on valuation instead of percentage of return. Such payments should be extended to cover not only properties which are in competition with private enterprises but also to the greatest practical extent should be made upon properties held or removed from the tax rolls for other reasons.

I am sure you will agree that our policies do not contain either implied or direct intent to turn our publicly owned natural resources to *exploitation* by private parties. We sincerely feel that our policies, instead, call for a sound, progressive, and orderly solution to a problem which is materially jeopardizing the sovereignty of the states; is adding to our tax burden; is reducing the revenue available to state and local governments; and is potentially a menace to private enterprise upon which the whole structure of the country depends.

Moreover, no reasonable person would advocate today that the federal government should turn all of its holdings back to the states or private ownership when unquestioned high public values are involved. In fact, our radio script on "Public Lands" recognized this in the following statement: "Of course, we know that much of this land—especially the land in the West—must remain in the hands of the government.

"We realize that most of our national parks and forests serve a useful purpose. And, of course, the government often requires land for military installations and other establishments. We must realize, too, that some of this land is so unpro-

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SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

LETTERS

ductive that private owners couldn't afford to pay taxes on it."

We have carefully checked the data and figures used in our radio script and believe them to be accurate and derived from official figures published by the government and reliable sources, with only one exception: a recheck indicates that 22 per cent and not 25 per cent of the total acreage of Sweden's commercial standing timber is owned by the government. For this error we can be justly criticized.

We hope this letter will be evidence to you of our sincere desire to promote policies which, in the long run, will be best for the country as a whole. To do so, we must overlook no opportunities to advance the views and constructive suggestions of business on all national problems.

RICHARD L. BOWDITCH
President, Chamber of
Commerce of the U. S.

MR BOWDITCH'S LETTER DOES NOT IN ANY WAY ANSWER MY ARTICLE. ALSO IT IS DISINGENUOUS AND MISLEADING. FOR YEARS THE US CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HAS SEDULOUSLY CIRCULATED ALLEGED REPORTS ON THE PUBLIC LANDS WHICH ARE FULL OF PREJUDICED STATEMENTS MISREPRESENTATIONS HALF TRUTHS AND DOWNRIGHT UNTRUTHS. ALL THIS IS A MATTER OF PUBLIC RECORD. AT ANY TIME I WILL BE GLAD TO WRITE ANOTHER ARTICLE DEALING WITH THE QUESTION IN FULL DETAIL

BERNARD DeVOTO
Missoula, Montana

Kitchen Talk—

To the Editors:

"My Kitchen Hates Me" was the first thing I read in the August *Harper's*. It kept my head bobbing in vigorous agreement right down to the last sentence. But my kitchen tops even Miss Wright's for efficiency. You see I have one where the snack bar is the only working surface, and I do make sandwiches in the sink. . . .

KATHRYN WOOLSON
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

To the Editors:

My life in these hot days and precarious times is eased by Sylvia Wright and her kitchen. . . .

JAMES W. BAXTER
Tryon, N. C.

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He has grown a little taller, his face looks a little more mature, he is unquestionably browner. But is he any better equipped to face the experience of school than he was when he left it? Has he stocked his head with new ideas and new information and new excitement about the endlessly fascinating world of discovery in which children live? Or has every morning been to you, his parents, a problem of invention? Have you wondered each morning, "Now what shall I do to keep the children entertained and busy?" Do you want another summer of that? Can your children afford another summer of that?

Next summer, you say (and you are right), will bring its own problems. But the problem of growth is constant and the opportunity to provide the optimum conditions of growth is every parents' responsibility. School, if it is a good school, provides this in the winter. Camp can provide it in the summer, and it is not too soon to consider now these essential questions: Where will my child find stimulating leadership and companions? Where can he combine the healthiest outdoor life and all sorts of sports with a chance to learn crafts and lore? Where can he broaden his experience, his friendships, and come back to school filled with that excitement of discovery that he will share with others to whom new worlds have been opened?

We feel that he can find these in a well chosen camp.

We, and the camp directors whose organizations are represented on this page, urge you—as wideawake, thoughtful parents—to begin looking for that "right" camp now. For, now

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is the time when your child will probably be most receptive to new ideas about his next summer. His classmates are talking about their summer accomplishments. His teachers are encouraging such discussions. Thus your child is more aware now, in the fall, of what he did or did not do last summer.

Camp directors will welcome your interest. In addition, we will be glad to help you by making a list of suggestions with which to begin your investigating. When writing, please tell us as many details as possible about your child. The information blank on this page perhaps will be of help to you. Address your letter to: of help to you.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

Why Did They Fight?

Eric Sevareid

This is the text of a CBS broadcast from Washington on July 27, one day after the Korean truce was announced.

THERE were many mysteries in this Korean war. To this reporter the greatest mystery is the human puzzle of what made American youngsters fight so hard, so long, and so well in this kind of war. There have been armies that fought well only for loot; there was none of that in Korea; armies that fought well only for glory and victory; there was little of that in Korea; armies that fought well only when their homeland was invaded; this was not true of the Korean war; armies that fought well when the national passion was aroused, when everyone was involved; this was not the case this time; and armies that fought as crusaders out of burning moral or religious zeal; but thousands who fought so well in Korea had only the dimmest conception of what United Nations and collective security are all about, and had therefore no compelling belief.

But they fought, they endured, they stayed to the bitter end; they fought a war they did not particularly believe in, to the armistice they have little faith in; and they will fight again, automatically and instantly, if the armistice should fail. They have done all this without requiring the moral exhortations and whippings of any political commissars; they have bled and died in the mud and the stones of that bleak and incomprehensible land, in

full knowledge that half their countrymen at home were too bored with it all to give the daily casualty lists a second glance; in full knowledge that while they were living the worst life they had ever known, millions of their countrymen, and from the same cause, were living the best, most prosperous life they had ever known. They saw the emaciated Korean children around them and knowing their countrymen showed little interest in contributing, they gave millions from their own paltry paychecks; they knew it was too much effort for many of their countrymen to walk to the nearest blood donation center, so they gave their own blood to their wounded comrades. And they fought on in no particular bitterness that all this was so.

They fought right ahead at the time military men of great authority were publicly arguing that they were being handled tragically wrong; they fought right ahead while politicians divided their countrymen about the very purpose of their fight, telling them that their wounds and aches were all in vain. And they fought ahead knowing that while allied nations were cheering them on, allied soldiers were not coming to help them in any numbers.

Why have these youths behaved so mag-

nificantly? It was true, as many said, that rotation was a substitute for victory in this war. But that was not all the answer. The rest of it lies very deep in the heart and tissues of this American life, and none among us can unravel all the threads of it. It has to do with their parents and their teachers and their ministers; it has to do with their 4-H clubs, their scout troops, their neighborhood centers; it has to do with the sense of belonging to a team, with the honor of upholding it, the shame of letting it down. But it also has

to do with their implicit, unreasoned belief in their country, and their natural belief in themselves as individual men upon the earth.

Whatever is responsible, their behavior in this undefinable, unrewarded war outmatches, it seems to me, the behavior of those Americans who fought the definable wars of certainty and victory. For this is a new thing in the American story; and for those of us who write the story, as they live it, this is a thing to be put down with respect and some humility.

We've Found a Substitute for Income

Darrell Huff

Pictorial Comment by Julius Kroll

IT is a good thing that I am not a mayor or a cop or an internal revenueur who might find himself on the sticky end of a graft investigation. I could too easily be asked some of those have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife questions that seem to preclude innocent answers. My income and my scale of living do not jibe.

How, an investigator might ask, do I keep a wife and four children in something like country-estate style on an income so small that the tax people can hardly afford to open my annual envelope?

And what about the house and land I have acquired—clear—in seven years? They are worth more than half the amount of my total income for that period plus the small savings on hand at the beginning. How did this happen on an income that home economists have shown to be barely above the subsistence level?

The investigators will find that questions like these apply to a surprisingly large number of families and that their answers will be

much like mine. While some families—so I read in *Harper's*, and we used to be one of them ourselves—are going broke on \$10,000 a year, others are at least breaking even on half that much. And they are living better.

The way that this is done, and it is the only way I know of to do it, is with the hands. Quite simply it involves a man's doing for himself many of the things that most Americans in clean-hands jobs had come to rely upon paying others to do.

There is a lot of it going on.

Both my brothers-in-law are college professors. One is building his own house, a substantial three-bedroom affair of cedar planks. When I say he is building it, I mean just that—not what the term “building a house” has come to mean. His is the hand that holds the hammer as well as signs the checks. My other brother-in-law hasn't gone so far yet, though he is thinking about it; but he has acquired a power saw and has made furniture for his home. Furthermore, and this part I can only stand back and admire, he regularly cuts his

wife's hair and pins it up for a permanent wave.

Please don't laugh at that last; the beauty-parlor business isn't laughing. The home permanent is one conspicuous part of what those manufacturing companies who are profiting by it call the "trend to do-it-yourself." It also seems to indicate a break in the growth of the service industries, but I don't think this is true. It is simply that many people are coming to do for themselves certain rather specific things that they would not have done a few years ago. A few of the service industries are hit but most of them go merrily on; some are helped.

Beauty parlors lose and home-wave manufacturers gain. Laundries lose and self-service laundries spring up. The laundress virtually disappears and the housewife does her work, with considerable help from automatic washers, dryers, and ironers. Cake mixes and electric mixers make kitchen work lighter, but bakeries still flourish. Electric shavers take over work that most barbers didn't want anyway; barber shops remain busy. A few more men tinker with their increasingly complex cars, some buying the simpler British cars that come with complete tool kits, but an idle mechanic is hard to find. If there are any fundamental trends here, the evidence is too spotty to show them up.

II

THE one area in which something clearly is happening is in building, maintaining, and improving the home and what surrounds it. This item is about one fourth of the usual budget, so any change in it becomes important.

The causes and the effects involved in do-it-yourself are as varied as the people. Sometimes it is clearly money, sometimes pleasure, sometimes convenience or simple necessity; and in the end it usually is all these things. Technology is in it too: tools and machinery made especially for home use are putting the amateur artisan on an equal basis of efficiency with the building tradesman.

Money probably comes first, as some say it always does. The white-collar man has to find a new way if he is to keep his scale of living as high as it used to be relative to other groups. A Chicago lumber dealer, quoted in

Time magazine, sums it up: "It's a simple economic fact that a \$75-a-week bookkeeper can't buy the services of a \$150 carpenter." Henry Thoreau once calculated that he could walk thirty miles before his neighbor could earn the price of a ticket and make the trip by rail.

Thoreau, by the way, though the patron saint of the theoretical do-it-yourself-man, would hardly have granted full approval to the man who works extra hours in order to build a bigger and more elaborate shelter for his family. But then a bachelor who never washed a diaper is no man to appreciate a Bendix.

Convenience is in favor of a man who does his own work. He is always on the job, able to put in an odd hour or less. He can do a twenty-minute repair job in twenty minutes; with coming and going, the professional may put in a couple of hours—at quite a bit per hour. Necessity may work the same way. A man may fear to call a plumber at midnight, an electrician on Sunday morning, and so he says, "All right, I'll see what I can do." If he succeeds in mending the leak or rewiring the receptacle and his family lets him see the



right mixture of surprise and pride, there's no stopping him after that. No Dagwood he!

Equally insidious are the tools of his new-found trades. A man who comes to own a pipe wrench or a power saw is impelled to use it, if only to justify the investment. A power saw leads to a jointer, a jointer to an electric drill and a belt sander. And a shop full of tools may lead to anything, even to building



a house. What is born is a manner of thinking that for many eventually becomes a way of living. Not "Shall we have the house painted this year?" but "Shall we paint the house?"

We can gain insight into the whole of this by looking at the paint industry, which is thriving, and the painter's trade, which is not. These words are from the *Wall Street Journal*: "Joseph C. Moenich, secretary-treasurer of the AFL Painters District Council No. 14 in Chicago, notes that the council's membership has shown no gain in the past three years—while paint sales have made their near-50 per cent gain. A council in another big city reports a 15 per cent drop in its membership rolls in the past five years." The population grows and paint sales grow even faster. Painters become no more numerous; most of them keep busy, but primarily on new construction. It is evident that somebody is slapping on all that paint and the people in the business have no doubt who it is: the householders themselves. More often than not, I suspect, it is the lady of the house. I know that my wife painted our house last spring—the outside of it too.

THE amateur painter often gets started when he finds that doing the job himself is actually easier than hiring it done. To have your bathroom ceiling painted you must first find someone in the business and call him up and arrange to choose a color and a time (which may be a month from next Wednesday) and then you must get the place ready for him. You or your wife will probably have to watch him while he works to be sure he does what you want and doesn't stand in the bathtub while doing it. In the end you're likely to find it simpler to go down to the paint store and buy supplies and put the paint on by yourself.

Certainly it will be cheaper that way. It isn't so much what the man gets for doing your work—he isn't getting rich either—as what you pay for nothing. What brings the bill up to more than you perhaps ever hope to earn per hour is overhead and his boss's office expense and advertising and a truck tied up and time coming and going several times and arguing over color and, on top of that, a percentage of the contractor's loss from customers who, unlike you, don't pay their bills.

Unless you are truly ham-handed you will do a better job yourself than you are likely to hire. As with other building trades these days, most of the able painters are busy on big jobs and simply can't afford to do your little one at a fair price. You also run the risk of getting what a friend of mine calls "a professional job." This is one that is done expertly but to the ruin of everything around it. The plumber scratches your floors, the painter splashes everything else in the room, the concrete gang tramples your prize shrubs.

You run a real risk of getting what I got the last time I hired help on my house, which, believe me, was quite a while ago. The fellow in question was a plumber, able enough within his limits, but he wasted a full day and a considerable list of fittings, at my expense naturally, before he decided it was impossible to hook up my water heater. He had never worked with copper pipe before, so three of the half-dozen solder connections he made leaked. And he flatly refused to do any sewer-line digging, leaving me the dullest part of the job. In the end I re-did the solder connections successfully merely by following some instructions and bothering to cut the pipe off neatly. I connected the impossible water

heater in an hour or so by taking time first to gossip with plumbing-supply people until I ran onto the one, highly exotic fitting that would do the trick. Apparently my man had never met it. (Amateur plumbers may be interested to know that the fitting that did the job was something called a union el; it makes a 90-degree turn and a connection at the same time, an enormous virtue in the tight spot between a low-slung appliance and a slab floor.)

For anyone on a tight budget, the sheer economic argument can be potent enough. A woman I know was given a \$150 estimate for repainting her living-room and dining-room. She did it herself at a cost of just over \$30 for paint, roller, paper dropcloth. And I don't believe she made much more of a production out of it than she would have if she'd had the painters come. Since she is in the position of most white-collar families today, she saved more money in a week than she could have by general scrimping over a period of several months.

The paint and equipment that the woman bought are an important part of the do-it-yourself story. The multiplying of the amateur artisan has led manufacturers to bring out more and more products especially intended for home use by non-experts. One is rubber-based wall paint. It goes on easily, refuses to accept brush marks, dries fast, has only the most temporary odor. If because you paint on into the evening you miss a few spots you can touch them up the next day without showing any lap. You don't need the journeyman's developed wrist for brushing because you can use a faster-covering roller instead; you can even get a roller that dispenses paint poured inside, and you can put a long handle on it and paint the ceiling without using a ladder. If you prefer a brush, you can get one that converts to three different sizes—versatility at minimum investment. A paper dropcloth at a dollar or so is cheap enough for one-time use.

III

THE home-owner who does the job himself is the target of manufacturers in many other lines. Big sellers in resilient floorings now are those in tile form; small squares of asphalt, plastic, linoleum, cork,

rubber, or wood. The big sheets were harder for the beginner to handle. There is even carpeting in tile form.

What happens when the amateur puts up wallpaper has been a humorist's favorite for a long time. It is easier now. Some wallpaper comes pretrimmed and cut to room-height lengths and some has the adhesive already applied. Recently put on the market is a paste that dries so slowly that the uncertain user can slide the paper about until he gets it where he wants it.

And so it goes with many other products. Plastic pipe for wells, yard sprinkling, and all cold-water plumbing can be connected with the use of a single common tool: a pocketknife having a screwdriver blade. A new gypsum-board system eliminates all filling and taping. Plywood comes in "handy panels," small pieces for the man with a single job in mind. There are gutters that can be put together without soldering. Preassembled parts make it easier to wire a new house or add a few outlets to an old one.



The pressure of the amateur market is beginning to force another kind of simplification too, in nomenclature. Several brands of sandpaper now range from "coarse" to "super-fine" instead of from "3" to "4 0." A committee of the National Retail Lumber Dealers is trying to change such terms as "No. 2 Common or Better" to "Construction Grade." Maybe we'll eventually be able to buy two-inch nails instead of six-penny, which will be quite a help to amateur builders and particularly to our errand-running wives.

Retailers of building supplies, grumpy at first with the one-board customer, have learned to welcome him. Lumber yards commonly find Saturday morning their busiest time; many stay open evenings and even Sundays to catch the after-hours customer. Clerks have become demonstrators and building advisers and have learned to say, "If you buy this asphalt tile and lay it yourself you'll cut the cost in half. This little kit contains all the tools and instructions you'll need."

Of course, while amateur builders have proved a boon to business in retail lumber yards, they are something of a headache too. The profit in a small sale is all too easily washed out by the cost of half-an-hour's explanation of how to use the purchase. The National Retail Lumber Dealers Association is aware of this problem and is working on means of doing something about it. Writes Executive Vice President H. R. Northup (in *American Builder*, of all places):

There is a wealth of good instructional material available, and NRLDA intends to find some workable means of making it available to dealers in such a way that they can pass it on to their How-to-Do-It customers at a reasonable cost.

Dealers equipped with a good kit of good How-to-Do-It instructional material can make many new friends in the community and sell a lot of additional lumber and other materials. Having such a kit would seem to be the key to making the most of this growing market.

Manufacturers out to capture this fastest-growing part of their market consider clear and simple instructions vital, although by no means all of them have achieved clarity. Sales literature that used to be devoted entirely to telling what the product was and how good

now most often carries the words "how to" in its title.

Magazine advertising has been similarly affected. Makers who used to boost their building products mainly in trade publications going to builders now concentrate more money on addressing the householder. The tone has changed from "Call your contractor today for an estimate" to "Here's how one woman put a shining new floor in her kitchen for only \$16.75." The home and service magazines give less attention now to articles on choosing a floor or a color combination, more to picture sequences designed to show the reader precisely how to go about doing such work himself.

When *Publishers' Weekly* put out a catalogue of how-to-do-it books recently, it ran to 293 pages. Bookstores found among their five best-selling non-fiction books in 1951 a cook book, a garden book, and a handyman's book. A 280-page book published just the other day is devoted almost entirely to telling how to use one of the multiple power-tools for wood-working.

IN HARPER'S for May, Mr. Harper touched on a good many of these changes in describing the first "Do-It-Yourself" Show. This was held in New York in March and in a way it gives the whole thing a stamp of recognition: if you can make an exhibit out of it, it's real. Mr. Harper also did a neat job of placing these phenomena in relation to the long-accepted trend toward a relative increase in the service industries. "Do-it-yourself," he said, "may be the way that mass production of services, in the home, can best be made to work."

Kimberly-Clark Corporation now describes the building insulation it manufactures as "the ideal 'do it yourself' insulation" and encourages lumber yards to install "do it yourself" self-selling centers for this and other products, including tools. This same company is authority for the figure that homeowners are now buying ten power saws and construction tools for every one bought by the professionals.

The recent success of several multiple tools is another indication of the importance of the home user. The professional has never cared much for these things; he doesn't want to take time to change over the tool. The amateur

often loves them because they give him more versatility per dollar and they take up less space. One company was created just to meet this demand. A refugee whose expediter job disappeared at the end of the war took an objective look at the American people and concluded that the most promising unsatisfied demand was for a good hobby tool, a home appliance for men. He worked out something that converts from table saw to wood lathe to sander to horizontal drill by juggling various parts. Tip it up and it becomes a drill press. The idea wasn't new but the quality of his design and workmanship were. Under the name Shopsmith, it went onto the market in 1947. Something more than 100,000 of the devices, at around \$200 apiece, have been sold by now, mostly to home-workshop people.

Others have come into the act, of course. At least four companies turn out saw-lathe-sander-drill combinations and one of the biggest power-tool makers offers a set of his single-purpose tools mounted on a stand to be run by one motor.

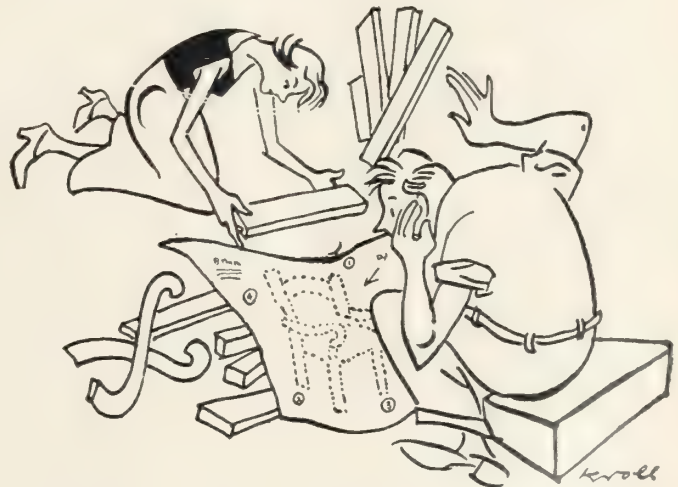
As this makes clear, do-it-yourself should not be confused with any return to handicraft methods. The householder who builds his own garage is likely to be better mechanized than the carpenter he does not hire. The small speculative builder may supply a table saw to supplement his carpenters' own hand tools, but the typical builder of his own home (who probably does a good deal of cabinet- and mill-work that a contractor would buy) is not satisfied with less than a multiple tool or several single power-tools. One of the home magazines says that 40 per cent of its readers have at least one power woodworking tool in the family; for a publication like *Popular Science Monthly* the figure is above two-thirds.

IV

WHAT are all these people doing with all these woodworking tools? Judging from the advertising and the magazine articles and the successful books, they are not in the main interested in such hobby items as umbrella stands and jigsawed what-not shelves. They are not electrified whittlers with time to kill. The people I know, and I've run into a good many of them, want some-

thing to show for their time and money: furniture or new or remodeled houses.

One young couple, Stanford graduates, set up housekeeping after the war in a tract house in Palo Alto. With the down payment taken care of, they had just about \$200 left for furniture. They spent the money on power-tools and lumber instead and set to work to build their own furniture in odd hours, getting by meanwhile with a few pieces borrowed from relatives. They ended up with a houseful of distinctive and, in the best sense, functional furniture. Most of it they made in their garage-shop; a few pieces, mostly chairs, they bought in kit form and assembled. The lady of the house says the process was slower than she had expected, but worth it. Typically they are now contemplating selling the house, at a good profit, and putting their tools and new skills to work at building a home.



Nobody knows just how many Americans are personally raising their roofs these days, but there are some good bases for guesses. One is in the behavior of such building-trade magazines as the fat *American Builder*. A few years ago it ignored these people. By last year it was worrying about them, editorially wondering how "builders can capture this market." At that time it estimated that "perhaps one-fifth of all the houses built in 1951 were owner-built." By early 1953 it was telling its contractor-readers how to go about helping amateur builders, at a profit of course.

A Bureau of Labor Statistics survey last year indicated that owner-builts made up 29 per cent of the new homes in Atlanta, 25 per cent in Boston, 20 per cent in Chicago, 29 per cent in Seattle, 40 per cent in Pittsburgh, 4 per cent in Dallas (Texans too busy? Too rich?).



Alarmed carpenters and plumbers should keep in mind that not all these builders did all the work themselves; and some may have merely handled their own contracting or hired their own help.

American Builder estimates that the cost of these home-made homes usually is between five and ten thousand dollars. Since this is usually cost of materials only, the builder who does his own work normally gets between two and three times as much house as he pays for. The owner-built home is by no means a shack; by *American Builder's* figures it should run well above the national average in size and quality, and that squares with my own observation.

Amateur builders of my acquaintance seem to spend about two-thirds as much money as they would if buying in a tract and to get about 50 per cent more house. My own enterprise is near enough to normal to show what I mean. I have spent about \$10,000 (including cost of land and well) to get a place that should be worth \$25,000. Neither sum represents what I might normally have spent to buy a house; I'd probably have reached a compromise between budget and the needs of a family of six at somewhere around \$15,000. I figure my gain three ways (time and calluses aside): a cash saving of perhaps \$5,000; a property worth an extra \$10,000 if I should wish to sell it; and meanwhile a larger and more comfortable home than I could otherwise afford to give my family.

There is another element here, one of which most of my home-building friends are proudly aware, that lifts the savings into an

astronomical level. If I had set out to provide a comparable house by the normal route of several thousand dollars down and heavy payments for the next twenty years or so, much of that money would have gone into interest. Those payments would actually have added up in the end to more than \$40,000 compared with my actual \$10,000.

I believe an economist might argue that I am neglecting one figure: the interest that should be figured on the investment I have in my house. I would reply that I have little or no investment. By beginning with capital equal to a normal down payment and buying materials as I went along with the money that would otherwise have been required for monthly payments (or rent), I have provided housing without making any investment. I could abandon my house today, after living in it for seven years, and be no loser so far as money is concerned. In effect, from today on, I own it free in return for my labor.

ALITTLE while back I said that power-tool buyers did not seem to be primarily interested in finding a hobby but were after results. Another way of putting it is that the home has become a major hobby; actually building that home from the ground up is the greatest hobby of them all. This seems to describe the way most amateur builders go about their work. They start modestly with a living unit just barely adequate to their family needs, move into it, and then go right on building.

I have known some exceptions to this. Two couples within twenty miles of where I live,

both of them having no children at home, have built houses in the 2,000-square-foot range at one swoop. One family put what they had originally thought of as the down payment for buying a house into having plans drawn by Frank Lloyd Wright for a house to build themselves. They can hardly add to this house when it is done without risking the wrath of Mr. Wright, which I understand to be formidable. I have also heard dire tales of the many optimistic people who have started to build houses for themselves only to find, at great loss to themselves, that they could not do it; but I have not met any of these.

Building one's own home is likely to be a never-ending process, rather in the manner of the famous Mrs. Winchester who created an incredible mansion because she believed that the day she stopped building she would die. I have known many who have proceeded much as we have. We began with kitchen-dining-living room, a couple of half bathrooms, and two bedrooms. Two children became four and we added a separate building to give the two older girls a bedroom and sitting room of their own. We turned the attached double garage into another bedroom and a parents' sitting room plus laundry and darkroom. And now I must put up a car shelter to take the place of the lost garage.

Like so many of the people who have learned to do things for themselves, we are both individualistic and given to co-operative endeavor; a co-operative is, to my mind, a high and enterprising form of individualism. Jointly with the family on the adjoining acres,

we have built a woodworking shop, an office in which to work, and, just this spring, a swimming pool. Our acres are fenced as a unit to provide pasture for the saddle horses that are one of the bonuses of what must impress many as a hard way of life.

A home-magazine editor has happily remarked that "We are becoming a nation of mechanics and tinkers" and possibly some of this do-it-yourself is at the expense of cultural activities. I think not, at least not for long at a time. For us and for those I know, a good deal of the saw-and-brush work is done in time that otherwise would be spent negotiating to have it done. And there is little cultural loss in driving nails instead of selling more insurance or dry goods in order to earn the money with which to hire a carpenter. Taking part in so many kinds of work impresses me as a gain in itself, and I am not sorry that my children are growing up to know that a house or a chair or a sidewalk is made of something besides money and hired labor. We have as much time as most people for books, much more time than I had as a commuter. We are deprived of what is offered on the television screen, but I am not unhappy when I recall that it was my children's decision to get a record player instead when offered a choice.

Like so many others we have substituted doing things for ourselves for part of the cash earnings we might otherwise have. I cannot see that there is any loss, except possibly to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and I am not going to worry about that.

When I Came from Colchis

W. S. MERWIN

WHEN I came from Colchis
Where the spring fields lay green,
A land famed for fine linen,
Bounded northerly
By the glistening Caucases,
By the Euxine westerly,

Most I spoke of fine linen
But did, in truth, tell something
Of Jason who had come sailing
And poised upon that shore
His fabulous excursion.
All turned the incredulous ear.

From Troy, over the water
Returning, I recounted
The tale of wrecked walls, but said
That gray waves lap and surround
That shore as any other.
With a shrewd smile they listened.

Now if, amazed, I come
From the deep bourn of your hand,
A stranger up from the sunned
Sea of your eyes, lady,
What fable should I tell them,
That they should believe me?

The Decay of State Governments

Richard L. Neuberger

STATE government in America has fallen upon such sorry days that a substantial body of public opinion regards any natural resources entrusted to the care of the states as practically gone forever. Opponents of the Eisenhower Administration use the opprobrious term "giveaway" on the assumption that state governments lack both the will and the capacity to hold the people's heritage in escrow for the next generation.

When the tideland petroleum deposits were bestowed upon the governments of Texas, Louisiana, and California, a considerable number of United States Senators contended this was tantamount to outright delivery to the oil companies—a claim which may not have been entirely lacking in prophecy. Many of these same Senators warn that proposed interstate compacts dealing with rivers will herald an end to hydroelectric development free of control by private utility interests. And the obvious alarm among campers, sports fishermen, and botanists over possible transfer of areas in the National Forests to the eleven Western states can mean only one thing. These people who revel in the outdoors fear destruction by sawmills and livestock operators of every last tree and blade of grass, if state governments should replace the federal government as custodian of our woodland reserves.

Indeed, even some of the men who orate the most frequently and fervently on "states'

rights" have revealed, by their own actions, an absence of genuine personal attachment to this realm of government in which the founders of the nation magnanimously lodged all authority not specifically granted to Congress.

Although Lincoln declared that "the Governors of the Northern states are the North," there are few ambitious citizens today who would prefer a Governorship to a seat in the United States Senate. This is demonstrated by the fact that nearly a third of the present Senate consists of erstwhile Governors. The gingerbread old state executive mansions have been only halfway-houses on the road to Washington for these twenty-eight men, who blithely deserted state duties to serve the federal colossus. And they number in their ranks such lusty verbal champions of state supremacy as Bricker of Ohio, Bridges of New Hampshire, Hooey of North Carolina, Byrd of Virginia, Hickenlooper of Iowa, and Russell of Georgia.

What has happened? The Governor beneath the soaring marble dome was once a majestic figure. On many dramatic occasions he was invested with the power of life and death. Monarch of all he surveyed, the Governor could command a vast horde of state employees, few of them fettered by civil service. Furthermore, he was constantly titillated by knowledge of Governors of the recent past who had gone all the way, like Woodrow

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Wilson of New Jersey, Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts, and Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York.

But state government has not been up to the triple challenge of the great depression, global war, and rocketing inflation. The problems created by these events have been far beyond its scope. Anchored though the federal government may be by tradition and checks and balances, it has the agility of a ballet troupe contrasted with the forty-eight states.

Maryland has been unable to raise the salary of its Governor past \$4,500 a year because of an anachronistic state constitution, and Tennessee, as of this writing, still pays the legislators who enact its laws \$4 a day. In New Hampshire legislators receive \$100 a year and in mighty Texas, that domain of embarrassing riches, \$10 a day while the assembly meets in Austin. A lawyer who aspires to be Attorney General of Idaho must, if he is resolutely honest, gear himself to a salary of \$5,000 a year. In Arizona the chief law officer of the state is paid \$6,000 and in Missouri \$7,500. While a U. S. Senator from Oregon is allowed \$39,540 annually to hire an office staff, the Governor of Oregon must handle infinitely more administrative responsibilities with a payroll of \$28,296. Utah's Governor rules a state of 700,000 people for a wage of \$7,500, which is less than that paid to innumerable functionaries in federal bureaus.

Federal grants-in-aid have helped to make the states mere principalities of Washington, D. C. In 1931 the national government paid \$219,162,574 into state treasuries to finance certain activities. Dominant among these modest undertakings were rural post roads, trunk highways, and the National Guard. By 1951 the total grants-in-aid had multiplied more than ten times, to \$2,280,959,373. And the principal things which this money sustained were functions which, twenty years earlier, only reformers and agitators would have considered matters for federal concern. Foremost were such items as old-age assistance, aid to dependent children and the blind, national school lunches, unemployment compensation, and the planning and construction of public hospitals.

In 1931 road-building projects had used up 71 per cent of all federal financial grants to the states. Two decades later, social wel-

fare programs took 68 per cent of an enormously expanded series of grants. Pressure by the electorate had forced enactment of these programs. When most of the states evidently would not respond to public opinion, the federal government took over and required the states to maintain the programs under ironclad regulations and with at least half the money coming from federal matching funds. Any deviation by a state meant an immediate shutting off of the money spigot. This was humiliating, but no other solution to human suffering and grave economic problems seemed feasible.

II

WHY have the states lost so much of their sovereignty? Why do many able men contradict their own speeches by rushing pell-mell to Washington, D. C., at the first political opportunity and then rarely returning to state government after defeat at the polls?

With a few exceptions—New York being particularly notable in this respect—state government is attempting to operate with stone-age tools. Legislators who write state laws and district attorneys who enforce them are, in the main, part-time officials. They can give their responsibility to the state only a lick and a promise. Other sources provide their basic incomes. Where the treasure is, there is the heart—and the vote. These men are not free to make the public interest their exclusive concern. They must cater to special interests or they don't eat. This may have been tolerable when Oregon's budget for a year was \$25,000,000. It strains matters when the budget aggregates \$384,519,871.

I have sat in the Senate of my state listening to Senators who were lawyers for creameries arguing against low milk prices, and to men who were writing out life-insurance policies for timber barons pleading for a low ceiling on income taxes. A Senator who represented small-loan companies felt that 36 per cent annually was not necessarily a usurious rate of interest. Senators doubling as attorneys for utility corporations could discern no sound reason why a power company should be denied permission to pour concrete across a mountain stream famous for fly-fishing. Senators who were counsel for

real-property interests could become eloquent in denunciation of public housing. And restrictions on the sale of liquor made little sense to Senators who were retained by breweries.

But are the Senators at fault or is the public the real culprit? What about a prevailing attitude toward state government which is so indifferent that it permits State Senators to be paid a trifling \$600 a year? If a man making laws cannot sustain his family on the salary he receives from the state, then he must serve other masters. Some of these masters may be pleased to have him in their retinue if only because he can voice a *yea* or *nay* during strategic roll calls in the State Senate. I have watched many honest legislators sweating out a conflict between their duty to the voters and a command from those who supplied their daily bread. The inevitable outcome of most such conflicts helps to explain why state government is such a gambling ground for privilege and monopoly.

In his autobiography *Breaking New Ground* Gifford Pinchot has described how legislatures in the Western states were adopting resolutions against the setting up of federal forest reserves, even while Congress was trying in a gingerly way to save what survived of the virgin fir and pine. It was difficult enough to put a conservation policy through Congress, but in the legislatures it would have been impossible. As early as Pinchot's time, special interests had greater influence in the states than in the national government.

AND if the legislature should pass a law tinged with idealism, would it be scrupulously enforced? In quite a few counties in our state the district attorneys have been getting \$4,000 annually. It is up to these men to go before the grand jury when a statute has been violated. Otherwise state law is suspended in mid-air like Mohammed's coffin, with no application to realities.

Let me repeat an illuminating conversation with one district attorney, a lawyer whose integrity and sincerity I would rank high. He said to me:

"Of course, I always bring to book the criminals who rob banks, assault women, and steal cars. This is simple and it also gives me headlines if I decide to run for Congress. But what if a big dairy is watering milk?

Suppose a leading store is violating minimum-wage laws or elevator-safety regulations? Is the transcontinental railroad operating trains through crowded towns faster than the law allows? What if I suspect that the committee backing the successful candidate for Governor has not listed even a fraction of its total campaign expenses in our county? Is a butcher shop failing to comply with sanitary standards? Has an automobile dealer hooked his customers with repainted 'lemons' by turning back speedometers and making other false representations?"

The young district attorney continued:

"These matters involve state law. But how often do you imagine I take them into open court, to set an example for other wrongdoers? I am a struggling lawyer. The \$333 a month from the state is just a start toward my family's expenses. The bank bandit never will be my client, the meat market might. I can't afford to offend powerful people in the community when I have to build my law practice at the same time that I'm district attorney. What chance do you think there is for impartial enforcement of state laws against the high and the low alike, until folks learn that the district attorney should serve only the public and nobody else?"

I interrupted with a question: "What salary do you think a district attorney should get in this county?"

"About \$12,000 a year if you want a top-notch man."

"But that's as much as the Governor gets," I protested. "The voters never would stand for it."

"Then," answered the district attorney, "the voters will have to stand for the fact that state laws aren't going to be upheld very diligently against important and influential people unless they hold up a train or pull a trigger with felonious intent."

III

I WOULD list five fundamental reasons for the decline of state government in the United States, a deterioration which has accelerated in recent years. These are the reasons:

(1) The part-time status and negligible salaries of state legislators and most state district attorneys.

(2) The inability to reapportion legislatures so they will represent a state's population as it exists today, not as it did in the frontier past.

(3) Detailed and cluttered state constitutions that lace state governments in a rigid straitjacket.

(4) The one-party political domination which prevails in at least half the states.

(5) The fact that state elections are held simultaneously with Presidential elections and congressional elections.

The last point may seem innocent enough, and yet it tells why the bulk of the basic problems confronting state government seldom get through to the electorate.

Nearly everywhere in the country, candidates for Governor and the state legislature run as Republicans or Democrats. But people judge the two parties preponderantly on such questions as the Korean war or federal price controls or an ability to cope with the menace of Russian communism. State government is hardly more than flotsam and jetsam on a great tide when the voters pick between the two parties.

The late Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska put it well in the late nineteen-twenties. "Republicans and Democrats," he argued, "are divided according to the views of our people on the tariff, the League of Nations, ship subsidies, and similar propositions. With these questions, the legislatures of our states have nothing whatever to do. Legislators should be elected on state issues, which are entirely different from national issues. But under present conditions, we elect a member of the legislature because he bears the label of a national party. Those who vote their ticket 'straight' vote for members of the legislature on the same ticket, regardless of the fact that the voter may not agree with the candidate on any of the state issues over which the state legislature will have jurisdiction."

Politicians being what they are, nonpartisan state government probably will come to the United States only with the millennium and the development of space suits. But a more limited proposal has been put forward by the National Municipal League, which submits

that better state government will result if legislatures are elected in the odd-numbered years. This, of course, would effectively separate state and national elections.

Unless such a reform takes place, outstanding men and women are sure to be sluiced out of many state legislatures in years of national adversity for their political party. Worst of all, the cause of their defeat will be prevailing sentiment on issues wholly unrelated to state government. In the campaign of 1952 Republican candidates for the legislature in our state had one plank—Eisenhower. During the nineteen-thirties the Democratic legislative platform was equally succinct: FDR.

I have a friend in the parliament of one of Canada's prairie provinces. He at first refused to believe my comment that state and national elections were customarily held on the same day in the United States. "Why," he exclaimed, "that's bound to put the result in the state almost completely at the mercy of the national trend! We wouldn't think of scrambling up our provincial and federal elections. They don't have any relation to each other."

When my wife and I campaigned for the Oregon legislature, we tried to talk with our constituents about school reorganization, colored margarine, the need for state meat inspection, and about consolidating surplus counties. We were asked if, as Democrats, we went along with Acheson's ideas on Formosa and Red China and what we had to say about the scandals in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

My wife bristles more quickly than I do. "What do those things have to do with the Oregon state legislature?" she asked one such interrogator.

"Well, you're both running on the Democratic ticket," he shot back.

A COROLLARY of the impact of national elections on state government is the fact that this particular dilemma exists in only about half the states. Throughout the rest of the country the situation is, if anything, considerably more disturbing. In approximately twenty-four states not even a national political upheaval can provide a two-party system within the legislature. One party reigns omnipotently and its fiat stretches back

through history. We are all aware of Democratic dominance in the border states and the deep South. But not all of us have realized that there is likewise one-party rule in such Republican strongholds as Maine, Vermont, Iowa, Oregon, the Dakotas, and Kansas.

The Senate of Oregon, where I serve, has a Republican majority which matches in lopsidedness the Democratic clutch on the Senate of Tennessee. I am one of four Democratic Senators in a chamber of thirty members. Tennessee's Senate consists of twenty-eight Democrats and five Republicans. Iowa has a State Senate of forty-six Republicans and four Democrats. The Alabama House of Representatives is comprised of 105 Democrats and one forlorn Republican. North Dakota's Senate has forty-eight Republicans and a lone Democrat, while the lower branch of the Mississippi legislature numbers 140 Democrats and not a solitary Republican intruder.

On a national basis, the one-party states tend to cancel out each other as they mingle in Congress. This explains why the rule of neither Democrats nor Republicans in Washington, D. C., ever has remotely approached the political tyranny which is the normal condition of things in many states. It also explains why the states have been so backward in responding to public opinion. Does a majority party heed popular rumblings when its hegemony is almost as secure as if held by whip and fire? The Republicans with whom I serve in the Oregon legislature are as arrogant as maharajas, and I have no doubt that my fellow Democrats in Little Rock, the state capital of Arkansas, are every bit as smug and superior.

This is the most difficult of all problems facing state government because no ready answer seems at hand. One-party supremacy is rooted in courthouse political rings, in vast handouts of patronage and jobs, in passions and prejudices which date back to the Civil War and the old wilderness, and in the lavish donating by special interests of a monopoly of campaign funds into the coffers of one party. Why back a hopeless cause?

Not even the national cataclysms which sway the so-called "swing" states can crack the walls of these impregnable citadels. Oregon voted four times for Roosevelt for President, but Oregon's last Democratic legislature convened in 1878. Florida supported Eisenhower

in 1952, yet the Florida State House of Representatives still has ninety-five Democrats and only five Republicans.

Thus state government finds itself nipped between two strangely contrasting pincers. In half the states the election of the legislature and Governor is dictated almost entirely by national tendencies that are remote from state affairs. And in the other half of the states, there almost might as well be no election at all. For regardless of corruption or reaction or extravagance with the taxpayers' money, the same dominant party within the state just keeps rolling along.

IV

A PERSON unfamiliar with state constitutions would not believe what he was reading if he had thrust upon him the basic charters which govern many of the forty-eight states.

To begin with, most of these constitutions are incredibly long. Although the Constitution of the United States contains but 7,500 words, the constitution of the state of Oklahoma totals 34,000 words, that of Louisiana 63,000 words, and that of California a massive 72,000 words. To attain the length of a detective novel, a constitution inevitably will include many needless and absurd inhibitions on state government.

The constitution of Oregon restricts the location of all new state institutions such as colleges and mental hospitals to just one out of the state's thirty-six counties, irrespective of other factors. The constitution of Tennessee makes ineligible for public office any individual who denies "a system of rewards and punishments." West Virginia's constitution bars officials of railroads from serving in the legislature. The constitution of Texas forces the state to maintain five times as many courts and judges as serve the infinitely larger population of the United Kingdom. California's constitution goes into endless detail regarding such trivialities as the duration of wrestling matches and the breeding of mollusks and crustaceans.

A matter locked in a state constitution is beyond the touch of the Governor or legislature. Only a referendum vote among a majority of a state's citizens can set it aside. This involves a minimum of two years' time, fre-

quently more. Emergencies rarely allow such a leisurely pace, which is why the federal government often must step into the breach. Nor does a state referendum invariably come out as logic seems to dictate. The constitution of Oregon still specifies that the Governor shall be paid \$1,500 a year and the State Treasurer \$800. Families with an average income of \$3,500 are not disposed to raise the salaries of those who govern them. Despite the plain language in the Oregon constitution, the courts have permitted the pay of officials to be increased far past the constitutional limits—principally, perhaps, because the state's charter likewise restricts Justices of the Oregon Supreme Court to \$2,000 a year apiece!

But debonairly ignoring a state constitution is not always as simple as this. Colorado's constitution requires at least 85 per cent of all state revenues from sales taxes to be reserved for old-age assistance. The well-being of the elderly is a worthy goal, but there are other people in the state, too. Colorado's top position nationally in per capita payments to the aged contrasts jarringly with the fact that the ore-rich mountain state ranks sixteenth in state aid to dependent children, twenty-second in average salaries for school teachers, and twenty-sixth in general relief for distressed families. Because the legislature is powerless to readjust the distribution of state funds, the *Denver Post* has described the crisis as "constitutional autocracy."

OLD-AGE assistance is a comparatively new undertaking, but a propensity for clogging state constitutions with perilous restraints on government is as old as the nation—nay, probably older. A century ago Alexis de Tocqueville was amazed to learn that the constitutions of some of the states had been written prior to the Constitution of the United States. And in *Democracy in America* he added, "I am of the opinion that the federal Constitution is superior to the constitutions of the states."

If the prophetic Frenchman lived today, he would be reaffirmed in this conclusion. Many state constitutions confine legislatures to sessions which are two years apart. In these uncertain times, it would be difficult to plan for a pretzel factory twenty-four months ahead, let alone a state of millions of people. Other constitutions impose an arbitrary time

limit of sixty days on the length of legislative sessions. The result is a tremendous mass of bills fluttering through the chambers like confetti. Florida passed 672 laws in less than two months. The legislature of the state of Washington must draw up a billion-dollar budget with indecent haste. A dozen roll calls an hour on important bills occasionally have been par for the course in the Oregon Senate. Like Cinderella, dozens of legislatures must quit at midnight of the sixtieth day or else risk having their work ruled unconstitutional. The clocks are stopped and laws enacted amidst scenes of brawling and confusion which would disgrace a Yukon saloon.

Inflexible constitutions, dating from the pioneer past, have been at the root of the virtual disenfranchisement suffered in state elections by many of America's city dwellers. In essence, these people are denied anything like their fair share of representation when state laws are written, as John Creecy pointed out in his article on "Inflation in Your Ballot Box," in the August *Harper's*. The United States Conference of Mayors has summarized the quandary by pointing out that 60 per cent of Americans live in cities and pay nearly 90 per cent of all federal, state, and local taxes, but receive a mere 25 per cent of the membership in the state legislatures of the nation. To this denial of city seats may be attributed the fact that state government has been loath to come to grips with such questions as housing, retarded and wayward children, race relations, traffic congestion, and consumer protection. These problems are predominantly urban in intensity.

Such discrepancies are often the product of constitutions which imply to counties the same standing that states enjoy in the Union. This may have been advisable when people were out of touch with government unless the county seat were within a day's convenient travel by buckboard. But now families span a state faster and easier than they formerly crossed a county. Yet all the counties remain—254 in Texas, 114 in Missouri, 105 in Kansas, 102 in Illinois, 99 in Iowa. Furthermore, this assigning of legislative seats to counties rather than to people occurred before the crowding of huge metropolitan areas. It was done in a period when counties were more nearly balanced in population. Salt Lake County then did not have 274,895 resi-

dents and Daggett County of Utah 364. On top of all this, a county is in no way comparable to a state structurally. A state is sovereign. It can pass laws. Counties lack any authority of their own. Who ever speaks of the United Counties of Pennsylvania as we speak of the United States of America?

V

IF HIS campaign speeches are not to be forgotten, the whole problem of tottering and ineffective state governments may sometime have to be considered by Dwight D. Eisenhower. When he was running for office, the new President told the country that many duties taken on by a centralized and swollen federal bureaucracy might best be returned to the states. He mentioned specifically public lands, water-power development, and the rights of minorities.

Yet, as these words are written, bills setting up Fair Employment Practices Commissions have just died in the legislatures of Illinois and Missouri. What becomes of President Eisenhower's assurance that civil rights are a matter for the states if the states will not act? Nor is it without significance that the Illinois and Missouri legislatures are two of the many state law-making bodies in which a fair apportionment of seats has been denied for decades.

To date the only suggestion from the national capital has been that overlapping fields of taxation be eliminated. The federal government presumably would relinquish its two-cents-a-gallon tax on motor fuel and perhaps the excise taxes on cigarettes and amusement tickets. The states, in turn, would abandon their taxes on personal and corporate incomes. But these recommendations have been only tentative. States which rely heavily on income taxes, such as Wisconsin and Oregon, might be swapping a horse for a rabbit. And will a Presidential Administration backing continuation of the excess profits tax, which it acknowledges to be unsound, give up sources of revenue that are far more widely accepted?

Ultimately, the United States may decide to follow the Canadian system of income-tax collection, under which only the government at Ottawa imposes this type of levy and then makes rebates to the provinces. It would have the advantage of tending to equalize the tax

burden among residents of the different states. The spectacle would be gone of wealthy industrialists maintaining their plants in Oregon while living across the Columbia River in Washington, which has a sales tax on consumers but no state levy on personal incomes. These fortunate men buy their groceries in Oregon but file their income-tax returns in Washington.

Yet despite the fact that approximately 18 per cent of the average state budget depends on federal grants, it is not the collection of revenue which lies at the root of the states' difficulties. Money must be collected somewhere and it is always agonizing to the victim. This has encouraged politicians to emphasize the fiscal phase of state problems. But to give prolonged attention to this question would be to swat flies rather than drain the swamp. The surgery must be more fundamental.

A model state constitution has been prepared for the National Municipal League by a committee of distinguished political scientists headed by W. Brooke Graves, chief of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress. Any state which adopts this constitution will have erected at least the foundation and scaffolding for an effective new edifice of government.

The proposed constitution is terse and to the point. It includes a bill of rights and simple requirements for the general framework of government. The legislature would be geared to population and not to wide open spaces. It would have only one chamber, an innovation which has worked out with considerable success in Nebraska. American city councils, once saddled with two houses, now perform capably as single units. The one-house Canadian provincial parliaments have served that prospering country satisfactorily.

The model constitution also would put a strict upper limit on the number of seats in the legislature, depending to some degree on the size of the state. Thomas Jefferson counseled his friends: "Render the legislature a desirable station by lessening the number of Representatives. Reduce your legislature to a convenient number for full but orderly discussion."

This advice has been honored mainly in the breach. Some American legislatures are larger than Canada's national House of Commons. The New Hampshire

legislature has 423 members, the Connecticut legislature 313 members, that of Massachusetts 280, and that of Pennsylvania 258.

The average legislature in the United States today totals 151 seats. The political scientists assembled by the National Municipal League recommend a quota closer to the forty-three-desk unicameral chamber in Nebraska. "A large body of men is not deliberative," said Senator George Norris. In the closing days of many sessions, government by mob replaces ordinary debate. Members mill around nervously. In addition, it is impossible for the voter to follow the behavior of a horde of legislators. Victory on a ballot of bedsheet dimensions is reduced to name familiarity. If a legislative candidate has a widely known name, he wins. In some Western states as many as 190 names have confronted the citizen on election day.

Under the model state constitution, the Governor would appoint such lesser officials as the Secretary of State and the State Treasurer. In forty-two states at present, these men are elected. Imagine the hodgepodge in the national government if the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury were elected! Harry Truman could have found himself trying to work in harness with Joe McCarthy in charge of the State Department and Harry Byrd managing the Treasury. Yet just such internecine political warfare, on a somewhat smaller dramatic scale, frequently turns state government into chaos. The Governor must try to team with heads of major departments who are after his job and trying to sabotage his policies. He cannot replace them because they owe their commissions to the electorate. Several times my state has had a Governor and State Treasurer who refused even to nod to each other. The business of Oregon had to be conducted through intermediaries.

A NEW constitution could correct these situations and give a state a cabinet form of government. But how does a state get a new constitution?

The most common method is a constitutional convention. This could be promoted by the legislature or, in the twenty-six states with the initiative and referendum, the ques-

tion can be placed on the ballot by petitions. But public opinion must be mobilized before the people will demand that the state acquire a modern charter, in keeping with the crucial problems of the atomic age. Trade unions, enlightened business groups, farm organizations, the League of Women Voters, and consumer co-ops can perform this job. The presence of a newspaper like the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* or the New York morning dailies will reinforce the effort immeasurably.

And of course a Governor with fire in his eyes and courage in his heart cannot hurt the cause. Adlai Stevenson made a first order of his administration in Illinois passage of a so-called "gateway" amendment, opening the portals to change in a granite-anchored state constitution. For more than forty years not an "i" had been dotted or a "t" crossed in this constitution, because any revision had to be approved by a majority of all the votes cast in an election. This was virtually impossible; too many voters never reached the measures at the bottom of the ballot. Now the Illinois constitution can be changed by a two-thirds majority of the people voting on that particular issue. Although Stevenson has gone from the marble halls at Springfield, the way at last is clear to giving the fourth most populous state a constitution somewhat newer than the ankle-length bathing suit.

Most of the circumstances which have put state government on the toboggan can be rectified through a wholesale overhauling of state constitutions. Leaders in the Council of State Governments have emphasized that this is a rare opportunity, for a man sits in the White House today who believes sincerely in widening the scope of state authority and prestige. But the electorate is sure to repudiate his philosophy in this respect if the states, given their great chance, are not equal to it. The federal bureaucracy never has been popular *per se*, but the American people are hardly likely to accept in its stead either special privilege or a vacuum at the state level.

Constitution revision can provide the states with twentieth-century tools. It will not, of course, persuade men and women in the one-party states to let the hated opposition have a try. That is a matter for education and for future generations.

Stranger in the Village

James Baldwin

FROM all available evidence no black man had ever set foot in this tiny Swiss village before I came. I was told before arriving that I would probably be a "sight" for the village; I took this to mean that people of my complexion were rarely seen in Switzerland, and also that city people are always something of a "sight" outside of the city. It did not occur to me—possibly because I am an American—that there could be people anywhere who had never seen a Negro.

It is a fact which cannot be explained on the basis of the inaccessibility of the village. The village is very high, but it is only four hours from Milan and three hours from Lausanne. It is true that it is virtually unknown. Few people making plans for a holiday would elect to come here. On the other hand, the villagers are able, presumably, to come and go as they please—which they do: to another town at the foot of the mountain, with a population of approximately five thousand, the nearest place to see a movie or go to the bank. In the village there is no movie house, no bank, no library, no theater; very few radios, one jeep, one station wagon; and, at the moment, one typewriter, mine, an invention which the woman next door to me here had never seen. There are about six hundred people living here, all Catholic—I conclude this from the fact that the Catholic church is open all year round, whereas the Protestant chapel, set off on a hill a little removed from the village, is open only in the summertime when the tourists arrive. There are four or five hotels, all closed now, and four or five *bistros*, of which, however, only

two do any business during the winter. These two do not do a great deal, for life in the village seems to end around nine or ten o'clock. There are a few stores, butcher, baker, *épicerie*, a hardware store, and a money-changer—who cannot change travelers' checks, but must send them down to the bank, an operation which takes two or three days. There is something called the *Ballet Haus*, closed in the winter and used for God knows what, certainly not ballet, during the summer. There seems to be only one schoolhouse in the village, and this for the quite young children; I suppose this to mean that their older brothers and sisters at some point descend from these mountains in order to complete their education—possibly, again, to the town just below. The landscape is absolutely forbidding, mountains towering on all four sides, ice and snow as far as the eye can reach. In this white wilderness, men and women and children move all day, carrying washing, wood, buckets of milk or water, sometimes skiing on Sunday afternoons. All week long boys and young men are to be seen shoveling snow off the rooftops, or dragging wood down from the forest in sleds.

The village's only real attraction, which explains the tourist season, is the hot spring water. A disquietingly high proportion of these tourists are cripples, or semi-cripples, who come year after year—from other parts of Switzerland, usually—to take the waters. This lends the village, at the height of the season, a rather terrifying air of sanctity, as though it were a lesser Lourdes. There is often something beautiful, there is always something

James Baldwin, the author of Go Tell It on the Mountain, is now living abroad and working on a second novel. He here contrasts the present status of the American Negro in Europe and at home.

awful, in the spectacle of a person who has lost one of his faculties, a faculty he never questioned until it was gone, and who struggles to recover it. Yet people remain people, on crutches or indeed on deathbeds; and wherever I passed, the first summer I was here, among the native villagers or among the lame, a wind passed with me—of astonishment, curiosity, amusement, and outrage. That first summer I stayed two weeks and never intended to return. But I did return in the winter, to work; the village offers, obviously, no distractions whatever and has the further advantage of being extremely cheap. Now it is winter again, a year later, and I am here again. Everyone in the village knows my name, though they scarcely ever use it, knows that I come from America—though, this, apparently, they will never really believe: black men come from Africa—and everyone knows that I am the friend of the son of a woman who was born here, and that I am staying in their chalet. But I remain as much a stranger today as I was the first day I arrived, and the children shout *Neger! Neger!* as I walk along the streets.

IT MUST be admitted that in the beginning I was far too shocked to have any real reaction. In so far as I reacted at all, I reacted by trying to be pleasant—it being a great part of the American Negro's education (long before he goes to school) that he must make people "like" him. This smile-and-the-world-smiles-with-you routine worked about as well in this situation as it had in the situation for which it was designed, which is to say that it did not work at all. No one, after all, can be liked whose human weight and complexity cannot be, or has not been, admitted. My smile was simply another unheard-of phenomenon which allowed them to see my teeth—they did not, really, see my smile and I began to think that, should I take to snarling, no one would notice any difference. All of the physical characteristics of the Negro which had caused me, in America, a very different and almost forgotten pain were nothing less than miraculous—or infernal—in the eyes of the village people. Some thought my hair was the color of tar, that it had the texture of wire, or the texture of cotton. It was jocularly suggested that I might let it all grow long and make myself a winter coat. If I

sat in the sun for more than five minutes some daring creature was certain to come along and gingerly put his fingers on my hair, as though he were afraid of an electric shock, or put his hand on my hand, astonished that the color did not rub off. In all of this, in which it must be conceded there was the charm of genuine wonder and in which there was certainly no element of intentional unkindness, there was yet no suggestion that I was human: I was simply a living wonder.

I knew that they did not mean to be unkind, and I know it now; it is necessary, nevertheless, for me to repeat this to myself each time that I walk out of the chalet. The children who shout *Neger!* have no way of knowing the echoes this sound raises in me. They are brimming with good humor and the more daring swell with pride when I stop to speak with them. Just the same, there are days when I cannot pause and smile, when I have no heart to play with them; when, indeed, I mutter sourly to myself, exactly as I muttered on the streets of a city these children have never seen, when I was no bigger than these children are now: *Your mother was a nigger.* Joyce is right about history being a nightmare—but it may be the nightmare from which no one *can* awaken. People are trapped in history and history is trapped in them.

II

THERE is a custom in the village—I am told it is repeated in many villages—of "buying" African natives for the purpose of converting them to Christianity. There stands in the church all year round a small box with a slot for money, decorated with a black figurine, and into this box the villagers drop their francs. During the *carnaval* which precedes Lent, two village children have their faces blackened—out of which bloodless darkness their blue eyes shine like ice—and fantastic horsehair wigs are placed on their blond heads; thus disguised, they solicit among the villagers for money for the missionaries in Africa. Between the box in the church and the blackened children, the village "bought" last year six or eight African natives. This was reported to me with pride by the wife of one of the *bistro* owners and I was careful to express astonishment and pleasure at the solicitude shown by the vil-

lage for the souls of black folk. The *bistro* owner's wife beamed with a pleasure far more genuine than my own and seemed to feel that I might now breathe more easily concerning the souls of at least six of my kinsmen.

I tried not to think of these so lately baptized kinsmen, of the price paid for them, or the peculiar price they themselves would pay, and said nothing about my father, who having taken his own conversion too literally never, at bottom, forgave the white world (which he described as heathen) for having saddled him with a Christ in whom, to judge at least from their treatment of him, they themselves no longer believed. I thought of white men arriving for the first time in an African village, strangers there, as I am a stranger here, and tried to imagine the astounded populace touching their hair and marveling at the color of their skin. But there is a great difference between being the first white man to be seen by Africans and being the first black man to be seen by whites. The white man takes the astonishment as tribute, for he arrives to conquer and to convert the natives, whose inferiority in relation to himself is not even to be questioned; whereas I, without a thought of conquest, find myself among a people whose culture controls me, has even, in a sense, created me, people who have cost me more in anguish and rage than they will ever know, who yet do not even know of my existence. The astonishment with which I might have greeted them, should they have stumbled into my African village a few hundred years ago, might have rejoiced their hearts. But the astonishment with which they greet me today can only poison mine.

And this is so despite everything I may do to feel differently, despite my friendly conversations with the *bistro* owner's wife, despite their three-year-old son who has at last become my friend, despite the *saluts* and *bonsoirs* which I exchange with people as I walk, despite the fact that I know that no individual can be taken to task for what history is doing, or has done. I say that the culture of these people controls me—but they can scarcely be held responsible for European culture. America comes out of Europe, but these people have never seen America, nor have most of them seen more of Europe than the hamlet at the foot of their mountain. Yet, they move with an authority which I shall

never have; and they regard me, quite rightly, not only as a stranger in their village but as a suspect latecomer, bearing no credentials, to everything they have—however unconsciously—inherited.

For this village, even were it incomparably more remote and incredibly more primitive, is the West, the West onto which I have been so strangely grafted. These people cannot be, from the point of view of power, strangers anywhere in the world; they have made the modern world, in effect, even if they do not know it. The most illiterate among them is related, in a way that I am not, to Dante, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Aeschylus, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Racine; the cathedral at Chartres says something to them which it cannot say to me, as indeed would New York's Empire State Building, should anyone here ever see it. Out of their hymns and dances come Beethoven and Bach. Go back a few centuries and they are in their full glory—but I am in Africa, watching the conquerors arrive.

THE rage of the disesteemed is personally fruitless, but it is also absolutely inevitable; this rage, so generally discounted, so little understood even among the people whose daily bread it is, is one of the things that makes history. Rage can only with difficulty, and never entirely, be brought under the domination of the intelligence and is therefore not susceptible to any arguments whatever. This is a fact which ordinary representatives of the *Herrenvolk*, having never felt this rage and being unable to imagine it, quite fail to understand. Also, rage cannot be hidden, it can only be dissembled. This dissembling deludes the thoughtless, and strengthens rage, and adds to rage, contempt. There are, no doubt, as many ways of coping with the resulting complex of tensions as there are black men in the world, but no black man can hope ever to be entirely liberated from this internal warfare—rage, dissembling, and contempt having inevitably accompanied his first realization of the power of white men. What is crucial here is that, since white men represent in the black man's world so heavy a weight, white men have for black men a reality which is far from being reciprocal; and hence all black men have toward all white men an attitude which is designed, really,

either to rob the white man of the jewel of his naïveté, or else to make it cost him dear.

The black man insists, by whatever means he finds at his disposal, that the white man cease to regard him as an exotic rarity and recognize him as a human being. This is a very charged and difficult moment, for there is a great deal of will power involved in the white man's naïveté. Most people are not naturally reflective any more than they are naturally malicious, and the white man prefers to keep the black man at a certain human remove because it is easier for him thus to preserve his simplicity and avoid being called to account for crimes committed by his forefathers, or his neighbors. He is inescapably aware, nevertheless, that he is in a better position in the world than black men are, nor can he quite put to death the suspicion that he is hated by black men therefore. He does not wish to be hated, neither does he wish to change places, and at this point in his uneasiness he can scarcely avoid having recourse to those legends which white men have created about black men, the most usual effect of which is that the white man finds himself enmeshed, so to speak, in his own language which describes hell, as well as the attributes which lead one to hell, as being as black as night.

Every legend, moreover, contains its residuum of truth, and the root function of language is to control the universe by describing it. It is of quite considerable significance that black men remain, in the imagination, and in overwhelming numbers in fact, beyond the disciplines of salvation; and this despite the fact that the West has been "buying" African natives for centuries. There is, I should hazard, an instantaneous necessity to be divorced from this so visibly unsaved stranger, in whose heart, moreover, one cannot guess what dreams of vengeance are being nourished; and, at the same time, there are few things on earth more attractive than the idea of the unspeakable liberty which is allowed the unredeemed. When, beneath the black mask, a human being begins to make himself felt one cannot escape a certain awful wonder as to what kind of human being it is. What one's imagination makes of other people is dictated, of course, by the laws of one's own personality and it is one of the ironies of black-white relations that, by means of what the

white man imagines the black man to be, the black man is enabled to know who the white man is.

I have said, for example, that I am as much a stranger in this village today as I was the first summer I arrived, but this is not quite true. The villagers wonder less about the texture of my hair than they did then, and wonder rather more about me. And the fact that their wonder now exists on another level is reflected in their attitudes and in their eyes. There are the children who make those delightful, hilarious, sometimes astonishingly grave overtures of friendship in the unpredictable fashion of children; other children, having been taught that the devil is a black man, scream in genuine anguish as I approach. Some of the older women never pass without a friendly greeting, never pass, indeed, if it seems that they will be able to engage me in conversation; other women look down or look away or rather contemptuously smirk. Some of the men drink with me and suggest that I learn how to ski—partly, I gather, because they cannot imagine what I would look like on skis—and want to know if I am married, and ask questions about my *métier*. But some of the men have accused *le sale nègre*—behind my back—of stealing wood and there is already in the eyes of some of them that peculiar, intent, paranoiac malevolence which one sometimes surprises in the eyes of American white men when, out walking with their Sunday girl, they see a Negro male approach.

There is a dreadful abyss between the streets of this village and the streets of the city in which I was born, between the children who shout *Neger!* today and those who shouted *Nigger!* yesterday—the abyss is experience, the American experience. The syllable hurled behind me today expresses, above all, wonder: I am a stranger here. But I am not a stranger in America and the same syllable riding on the American air expresses the war my presence has occasioned in the American soul.

III

FOR this village brings home to me this fact: that there was a day, and not really a very distant day, when Americans were scarcely Americans at all but discontented

Europeans, facing a great unconquered continent and strolling, say, into a marketplace and seeing black men for the first time. The shock this spectacle afforded is suggested, surely, by the promptness with which they decided that these black men were not really men but cattle. It is true that the necessity on the part of the settlers of the New World of reconciling their moral assumptions with the fact—and the necessity—of slavery enhanced immensely the charm of this idea, and it is also true that this idea expresses, with a truly American bluntness, the attitude which to varying extents all masters have had toward all slaves.

But between all former slaves and slave-owners and the drama which begins for Americans over three hundred years ago at Jamestown, there are at least two differences to be observed. The American Negro slave could not suppose, for one thing, as slaves in past epochs had supposed and often done, that he would ever be able to wrest the power from his master's hands. This was a supposition which the modern era, which was to bring about such vast changes in the aims and dimensions of power, put to death; it only begins, in unprecedented fashion, and with dreadful implications, to be resurrected today. But even had this supposition persisted with undiminished force, the American Negro slave could not have used it to lend his condition dignity, for the reason that this supposition rests on another: that the slave in exile yet remains related to his past, has some means—if only in memory—of revering and sustaining the forms of his former life, is able, in short, to maintain his identity.

This was not the case with the American Negro slave. He is unique among the black men of the world in that his past was taken from him, almost literally, at one blow. One wonders what on earth the first slave found to say to the first dark child he bore. I am told that there are Haitians able to trace their ancestry back to African kings, but any American Negro wishing to go back so far will find his journey through time abruptly arrested by the signature on the bill of sale which served as the entrance paper for his ancestor. At the time—to say nothing of the circumstances—of the enslavement of the captive black man who was to become the American Negro, there was not the remotest possibility

that he would ever take power from his master's hands. There was no reason to suppose that his situation would ever change, nor was there, shortly, anything to indicate that his situation had ever been different. It was his necessity, in the words of E. Franklin Frazier, to find a "motive for living under American culture or die." The identity of the American Negro comes out of this extreme situation, and the evolution of this identity was a source of the most intolerable anxiety in the minds and the lives of his masters.

For the history of the American Negro is unique also in this: that the question of his humanity, and of his rights therefore as a human being, became a burning one for several generations of Americans, so burning a question that it ultimately became one of those used to divide the nation. It is out of this argument that the venom of the epithet *Nigger!* is derived. It is an argument which Europe has never had, and hence Europe quite sincerely fails to understand how or why the argument arose in the first place, why its effects are so frequently disastrous and always so unpredictable, why it refuses until today to be entirely settled. Europe's black possessions remained—and do remain—in Europe's colonies, at which remove they represented no threat whatever to European identity. If they posed any problem at all for the European conscience, it was a problem which remained comfortably abstract: in effect, the black man, *as a man*, did not exist for Europe. But in America, even as a slave, he was an inescapable part of the general social fabric and no American could escape having an attitude toward him. Americans attempt until today to make an abstraction of the Negro, but the very nature of these abstractions reveals the tremendous effects the presence of the Negro has had on the American character.

WHEN one considers the history of the Negro in America it is of the greatest importance to recognize that the moral beliefs of a person, or a people, are never really as tenuous as life—which is not moral—very often causes them to appear; these create for them a frame of reference and a necessary hope, the hope being that when life has done its worst they will be enabled to

rise above themselves and to triumph over life. Life would scarcely be bearable if this hope did not exist. Again, even when the worst has been said, to betray a belief is not by any means to have put oneself beyond its power; the betrayal of a belief is not the same thing as ceasing to believe. If this were not so there would be no moral standards in the world at all. Yet one must also recognize that morality is based on ideas and that all ideas are dangerous—dangerous because ideas can only lead to action and where the action leads no man can say. And dangerous in this respect: that confronted with the impossibility of remaining faithful to one's beliefs, and the equal impossibility of becoming free of them, one can be driven to the most inhuman excesses. The ideas on which American beliefs are based are not, though Americans often seem to think so, ideas which originated in America. They came out of Europe. And the establishment of democracy on the American continent was scarcely as radical a break with the past as was the necessity, which Americans faced, of broadening this concept to include black men.

This was, literally, a hard necessity. It was impossible, for one thing, for Americans to abandon their beliefs, not only because these beliefs alone seemed able to justify the sacrifices they had endured and the blood that they had spilled, but also because these beliefs afforded them their only bulwark against a moral chaos as absolute as the physical chaos of the continent it was their destiny to conquer. But in the situation in which Americans found themselves, these beliefs threatened an idea which, whether or not one likes to think so, is the very warp and woof of the heritage of the West, the idea of white supremacy.

Americans have made themselves notorious by the shrillness and the brutality with which they have insisted on this idea, but they did not invent it; and it has escaped the world's notice that those very excesses of which Americans have been guilty imply a certain, unprecedented uneasiness over the idea's life and power, if not, indeed, the idea's validity. The idea of white supremacy rests simply on the fact that white men are the creators of civilization (the present civilization, which is the only one that matters; all previous civilizations are simply "contributions" to our own)

and are therefore civilization's guardians and defenders. Thus it was impossible for Americans to accept the black man as one of themselves, for to do so was to jeopardize their status as white men. But not so to accept him was to deny his human reality, his human weight and complexity, and the strain of denying the overwhelmingly undeniable forced Americans into rationalizations so fantastic that they approached the pathological.

At the root of the American Negro problem is the necessity of the American white man to find a way of living with the Negro in order to be able to live with himself. And the history of this problem can be reduced to the means used by Americans—lynch law and law, segregation and legal acceptance, terrorization and concession—either to come to terms with this necessity, or to find a way around it, or (most usually) to find a way of doing both these things at once. The resulting spectacle, at once foolish and dreadful, led someone to make the quite accurate observation that "the Negro-in-America is a form of insanity which overtakes white men."

In this long battle, a battle by no means finished, the unforeseeable effects of which will be felt by many future generations, the white man's motive was the protection of his identity; the black man was motivated by the need to establish an identity. And despite the terrorization which the Negro in America endured and endures sporadically until today, despite the cruel and totally inescapable ambivalence of his status in his country, the battle for his identity has long ago been won. He is not a visitor to the West, but a citizen there, an American; as American as the Americans who despise him, the Americans who fear him, the Americans who love him—the Americans who became less than themselves, or rose to be greater than themselves by virtue of the fact that the challenge he represented was inescapable. He is perhaps the only black man in the world whose relationship to white men is more terrible, more subtle, and more meaningful than the relationship of bitter possessed to uncertain possessor. His survival depended, and his development depends, on his ability to turn his peculiar status in the Western world to his own advantage and, it may be, to the very great advantage of that world. It remains for him to fashion out of his experience that

which will give him sustenance, and a voice.

The cathedral at Chartres, I have said, says something to the people of this village which it cannot say to me; but it is important to understand that this cathedral says something to me which it cannot say to them. Perhaps they are struck by the power of the spires, the glory of the windows; but they have known God, after all, longer than I have known him, and in a different way, and I am terrified by the slippery bottomless well to be found in the crypt, down which heretics were hurled to death, and by the obscene, inescapable gargoyles jutting out of the stone and seeming to say that God and the devil can never be divorced. I doubt that the villagers think of the devil when they face a cathedral because they have never been identified with the devil. But I must accept the status which myth, if nothing else, gives me in the West before I can hope to change the myth.

YET, if the American Negro has arrived at his identity by virtue of the absoluteness of his estrangement from his past, American white men still nourish the illusion that there is some means of recovering the European innocence, of returning to a state in which black men do not exist. This is one of the greatest errors Americans can make. The identity they fought so hard to protect has, by virtue of that battle, undergone a change: Americans are as unlike any other white people in the world as it is possible to be. I do not think, for example, that it is too much to suggest that the American vision of the world—which allows so little reality, generally speaking, for any of the darker forces in human life, which tends until today to

paint moral issues in glaring black and white—owes a great deal to the battle waged by Americans to maintain between themselves and black men a human separation which could not be bridged. It is only now beginning to be borne in on us—very faintly, it must be admitted, very slowly, and very much against our will—that this vision of the world is dangerously inaccurate; and perfectly useless. For it protects our moral high-mindedness at the terrible expense of weakening our grasp of reality. People who shut their eyes to reality simply invite their own destruction, and anyone who insists on remaining in a state of innocence long after that innocence is dead turns himself into a monster.

The time has come to realize that the interracial drama acted out on the American continent has not only created a new black man, it has created a new white man, too. No road whatever will lead Americans back to the simplicity of this European village where white men still have the luxury of looking on me as a stranger. I am not, really, a stranger any longer for any American alive. One of the things that distinguishes Americans from other people is that no other people has ever been so deeply involved in the lives of black men, and vice versa. This fact faced, with all its implications, it can be seen that the history of the American Negro problem is not merely shameful, it is also something of an achievement. For even when the worst has been said, it must also be added that the perpetual challenge posed by this problem was always, somehow, perpetually met. It is precisely this black-white experience which may prove of indispensable value to us in the world we face today. This world is white no longer, and it will never be white again.

Pioneer Bid for the Egg-head Vote

I HAVE often wondered whether a gentleman at Laporte, in Indiana, who advertised his desire to be sheriff, gained his election. He declared in his advertisement that he had not been largely solicited, but that it was his own desire that he should be sheriff: he would not promise to do away with mosquitoes, ague, and fever, but only to do his duty. This candidate has his own way of flattering his constituents.

—From *Society in America*, by Harriet Martineau, 1837.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Let's Close the National Parks

THE chief official of a national park is called the Superintendent. He is a dedicated man. He is also a patient, frustrated, and sorely harassed man. Sit in his office for an hour some morning and listen to what is said to him by the traveling public and by his administrative assistant, the Chief Ranger.

Some of his visitors are polite; some aren't; all have grievances. A middle-aged couple with a Cadillac make a formal protest: it is annoying that they must wait three-quarters of an hour to get a table at Lookout Point Lodge, but when it comes to queuing up in order to use the toilets at the Point—well, really! A woman in travel-stained denim is angry because Indian Creek Camp Ground is intolerably dusty. Clouds of dust hang over it, dust sifts into the sleeping bags at night, dust settles on the food and the children and the foliage, she has breathed dust throughout her two-weeks stay. Another woman reports that the toilet at Inspiration Cliff Camp Ground has been clogged since early last evening and that one of the tables there went to pieces at breakfast time. A man pounds the desk and shouts that he hit a chuck-hole on Rimrock Drive and broke a spring; the Drive, he says, is a car-killer and will soon be a man-killer. Another enraged tourist reports that a guardrail collapsed when his little girl leaned against it and that she nearly fell into the gorge. The representative of a nature society sums up his observations. He has hardly seen a ranger since he reached the park. (One reason is that most of the rangers are up in the high country fighting a forest fire.) Tourists have picked all the bear grass at Eyrie Overlook and the observer doubts if the species will come back there. Fifty-one names have been freshly carved in the vicinity of

Cirque Falls, some of them actually on the famous Nine Centuries Tree itself. All but one of the camp grounds look like slums; in the observer's opinion, the reason why they look that way is that they are slums.

Such complaints must be distinguished from the irrational ones voiced to the Superintendent by tourists who are cantankerous, crackbrained, tired, or merely bewildered. They must be so distinguished because they are factual and true. (The Superintendent, not having a plumber, will send a ranger to clean out the toilet but replacing the guardrail will leave him too little money to buy lumber for a new table. He squeezed \$1,200 from his budget to enlarge Indian Creek Camp Ground and so reduce the dust there but Brawling River undercut fifty feet of main road and the emergency repairs cost \$1350.) He answers all complaints courteously, as a representative of the National Park Service and the United States Government, but he has no effective answer. He is withheld from saying what would count, "Build a fire under your Congressman." He cannot go on and explain that the Service is suffering from financial anemia, that it is the impoverished stepchild of Congress, and that the lack of money has now brought our national park system to the verge of crisis. He cannot say this and neither can his superiors in the Washington office, but it is true.

Between visitors the Chief Ranger has been developing this theme. He got together a crew yesterday and put them to work on the decaying bridge inside the north entrance; it can be shored up for the rest of this season but next year it will be beyond help and the north entrance will have to be closed. He also went over Beaver Creek Trail again yesterday and he is scared; unless some work can be done on

it at once it must be closed as unsafe. Costs on last week's rescue job are now in. Fourteen men worked three shifts a day for two days to bring that climber with a broken hip down from Deception Peak. A doctor had to be summoned from eighty miles away and an ambulance from a hundred and seventy-five miles. The episode cost just over a thousand dollars, which will have to come out of the budget, and this means one summer ranger less next year. (In 1936 the park had two more summer rangers than it has this year—and only one-twelfth as many visitors.) Furthermore, Ranger Doakes, an expert alpinist, has demanded overtime pay for that rescue—sacrilege in the Service, but the Chief Ranger cannot blame him. The recent increase in rents hit Ranger Doakes hard. He got only a 137 per cent increase, which was less than some others, but it brought his rent to 23.5 per cent of his annual salary.

LET'S leave the Chief Ranger's remaining woes unprinted and look at this latest device for reducing pay by compelling personnel to subsidize the National Park Service budget. The most valuable asset the Service has ever had is the morale of its employes. I have said that the Superintendent is a dedicated man; all his permanent staff and all the temporary rangers and ranger-naturalists are dedicated men, too—they are all lovers and all fanatics or they would have quit long since. Ever since it was organized the Service has been able to do its difficult, complex, and highly expert job with great distinction because it could count on this ardor and devotion. The forty-hour week means nothing in a national park. Personnel have always worked sixteen hours a day and seven days a week whenever such labor was necessary. Superintendent, rangers, engineers, summer staff, fire lookouts—they all drop their specialties to join a garbage-disposal crew or a rescue party, to sweep up tourist litter, to clean a defouled spring, to do anything else that has to be done but can't be paid for. They are the most courteous and the most patient men in the United States and maybe once a week several of them get a full night's sleep. If you undermine their morale, you will destroy the Service. Well, the latest increase in rents has begun to undermine it.

By decree of the Bureau of the Budget the

rents of government housing must be equalized with those of comparable housing in the same locality. In the end this amounts to some sleight of hand in the bookkeeping of the U. S. Treasury but it is probably sound in theory. Sound, that is, for a lot of government housing—but not for that which, to a varying degree, shields NPS employees from the weather. In the first place, the locality with which rents must be equalized is the nearest resort town outside the park, where rents are two or three times as high as in the nearest non-parasitical town. In the second place, there is practically no comparable housing. These are not the massive dwellings of a military installation, the imposing and luxurious ones that the Bureau of Reclamation erects, or the comfortable cabins of the Forest Service that were built by the CCC. Apart from a few such cabins by the CCC and a few new structures which the Service has been able to pay for from the pin-money that passes as its appropriation, they are either antiques or shacks. The best of them are usually inadequate—one-bedroom houses for couples with two or more small children, two-bedroom houses for couples with two or more adolescent children. Many of the rest of them belong in the Hoovervilles of 1931—CCC barracks built of tar-paper in 1934 and intended to last no more than five years, old warehouses and cook shacks built of slabs, curious structures hammered together from whatever salvaged lumber might be at hand. I have seen adobe huts in damp climates that were melting away from the rain, other quarters that were race-courses for rats, still others that would produce an egg shortage if you kept chickens in them.

PARK Service employes are allowed an "isolation deduction" of from five to forty per cent, intended to compensate them for being forced to live at a galling and expensive distance from the services of civilization. Even so, the already high rents have been cruelly increased by the last directive from the Bureau of the Budget. On a list I have at hand of seventeen dwellings in Grand Teton National Park, the lowest increase (after the isolation deduction) is one hundred per cent, the highest two hundred per cent, the average one hundred and fifty-plus.

At this park there is an associated ingenuity.

The park pays Teton County, Wyoming, \$26,000 a year in lieu of taxes; it produces God knows how much for the state in gasoline and sales taxes; the business brought in by its visitors is all that keeps the town of Jackson solvent or even alive. But a hangover from the controversy over Jackson Hole National Monument, a controversy created for profit by local politicians and the gamblers and land-speculators allied with them, has enabled the town of Jackson to pressure the state administration. By decree of the state Attorney General, park personnel are not residents of Wyoming, though any itinerant Okie who paused there would be, and must therefore pay for the transportation and tuition of their children who attend public schools. They total \$158 per pupil. It makes quite an item in the family finance of an underpaid public servant who has now had his rent increased, the rent of a leaky and rat-ridden crate which he cannot select but must take as assigned—and in which he gets no equity though he pays a fifth of his salary or more.

This last summer I visited some fifteen NPS areas. It was a commonplace to meet a park employee who had had to bring a son or daughter back from college, as a result of the rent increase. It was even commoner to find one who had decided that the kids could not go to college when they finished high school. In many places, wives of park personnel are working for the private firms licensed to operate businesses in the parks, and this is a highly undesirable practice. The chief clerk of one of the most important parks works weekends in a grocery store in order to stay fed while retaining the job he loves. I could add to these specimens indefinitely but let it go with the end-product: the most valuable asset of the National Park Service is beginning to erode away.

SO ARE the parks and national monuments themselves. The deterioration of roads and plant that began with the war years, when proper maintenance was impossible, has been accelerated by the enormous increase in visitors, by the shrinkage of staffs, and by miserly appropriations that have prevented both repair and expansion of facilities. The Service is like a favorite figure of American legendry, the widow who scrapes and patches and ekes out, who by desperate expedients

succeeds in bringing up her children to be a credit to our culture. (The boys work the graveyard shift in the mills; the girls' underwear is made of flour sacking.) Its general efficiency, the astonishingly good condition of its areas, its success at improvising and patching up is just short of miraculous. But it stops there, short of the necessary miracle. Congress did not provide money to rehabilitate the parks at the end of the war, it has not provided money to meet the enormously increased demand. So much of the priceless heritage which the Service must safeguard for the United States is beginning to go to hell.

Like a number of other small areas in the system, the Black Canyon of the Gunnison has no NPS personnel assigned to it. On one rim of this spectacular gorge there are a few inadequate guard rails, on the other and more precipitous rim there are none. When I visited it, one of the two registers for visitors and all the descriptive pamphlets had been stolen. The ranger force at Mesa Verde National Park is the same size it was in 1932; seven times as many people visited it in 1952; the figures for June 1953 were up 38 per cent from last year's. The park can man the entrance station for only one shift; automobiles which arrive in late afternoon cannot be charged the modest entrance fee. It cannot assign a ranger exclusively to fire-duty at headquarters, though it is in an arid region where destructive fire is a constant danger; the headquarters ranger must keep the fire-alert system operating while he attends to a dozen other jobs. All park facilities are strained to the utmost. Stretches of the main road keep sinking and must be repaired at excessive cost because there is not money enough to relocate them where the underlying strata are more stable. There is not even money enough to replace broken guard-rail posts along the edge of the canyon. Colorado and New Mexico are about to construct a new highway past the park to the famous Four Corners. On the day it is completed visitors to Mesa Verde will double in number and the park will be unable to take care of them. It will be paralyzed.

Last year Senator Hunt of Wyoming made a pleasure trip to Yellowstone Park, at least a trip that was intended to be pleasurable. He was so shocked by the condition of the roads that he wrote a letter of protest to President Truman. (It got buried under the election

campaign.) And yet, considering the handicaps, Yellowstone has done magnificently with its roads; those of many other parks are in worse condition. (Of the *main* road system in the park 15 per cent is of pre-1920 standard, 42 per cent of pre-1930 standard, and only 27 per cent of 1930-1940 standard. Exactly three miles of new road have been constructed since 1945 and those three complete a project that was begun before the war.) This is the oldest, most popular, and most important national park. In 1932, when 200,000 people visited it, its uniformed staff was large enough to perform just over 6,000 man-hours of work per week; last year, with one and one-third million visitors, the shrunken staff performed just over 4,000 man-hours per week.) Like nearly every other popular park, it has reached the limit of performance and begun to slide downhill. There are not enough rangers to protect either the scenic areas from the depredations of tourists or the tourists from the consequences of their own carelessness—or to gather up the litter or to collect all the entrance fees that should be paid. Water and garbage and sewage systems are beginning to break down under the load put on them; already some sewage is being discharged in Yellowstone Lake. The park's high plateaus covered with lodgepole pine are natural fire-traps which some day will be burned out because the budget will not permit adequate fire-protection.

I have touched on only a few of Yellowstone's critical problems. What I have said is true also of all the most popular areas administered by the Service and in some degree of almost all the less accessible areas. There are true slum districts in Yellowstone, Rocky Mountain, Yosemite, Mesa Verde, various other parks. The National Park Service does a far better job on its starvation rations than it could reasonably be expected to do, but it falls increasingly short of what it must do. It is charged with the preservation, protection, maintenance, development, and administration of 28 national parks, 5 national historical parks, 85 national monuments, 56 areas of various other classifications, and 785 National Capital parks. Their importance to the American present and future is simply incalculable; they are inestimably valuable. But Congress made no proper provision for rehabilitating the areas at the end of the war or for preparing

them for the enormous increase in use—more than thirty million people visited them last year. It could have provided for renovation and expansion at about a fourth or a fifth of what the job would cost now—but it didn't. It requires the Service to operate a big plant on a hot-dog-stand budget.

THE crisis is now in sight. Homeopathic measures will no longer suffice; thirty cents here and a dollar-seventy-five there will no longer keep the national park system in operation. I estimate that an appropriation of two hundred and fifty million dollars, backed by another one to provide the enlarged staff of experts required to expend it properly in no more than five years, would restore the parks to what they were in 1940 and provide proper facilities and equipment to take care of the crowds and problems of 1953. After that we could take action on behalf of the expanding future—and save from destruction the most majestic scenery in the United States, and the most important field areas of archeology, history, and biological science.

No such sums will be appropriated. Therefore only one course seems possible. The national park system must be temporarily reduced to a size for which Congress is willing to pay. Let us, as a beginning, close Yellowstone, Yosemite, Rocky Mountain, and Grand Canyon National Parks—close and seal them, assign the Army to patrol them, and so hold them secure till they can be reopened. They have the largest staffs in the system but neither those staffs nor the budgets allotted them are large enough to maintain the areas at a proper level of safety, attractiveness, comfort, or efficiency. They are unable to do the job in full and so it had better not be attempted at all. If these staffs—and their respective budgets—were distributed among other areas, perhaps the Service could meet the demands now put on it. If not, additional areas could be temporarily closed and sealed, held in trust for a more enlightened future—say Zion, Big Bend, Great Smoky, Shenandoah, Everglades, and Gettysburg. Meanwhile letters from constituents unable to visit Old Faithful, Half Dome, the Great White Throne, and Bright Angel Trail would bring a nationally disgraceful situation to the really serious attention of the Congress which is responsible for it.

Povera Baby

*Nancy
Huddleston*

*Drawings by
André Dugo*



I SEEM to have funny ailments that don't have anything to do with me but just something attached to me, like a foot or an arm or hand. I had been marking time for three months with my mother in Atlanta and if something had to happen to my heel it could have happened then instead of waiting until I was on an Italian liner going to meet my husband in Naples. Frank was assigned to NATO and he had a leave and we planned to hire a car and driver and take a trip through Italy before we went back to Paris.

The bruise had appeared the first day on board, but I thought if I ignored it, it might go away; it didn't. The third day out was rough and toward evening when I was in my cabin getting dressed for dinner, the ship took a wave head on and lurched and shook and bounced and I came down on my heel and the pain burst straight to the top of my head. I rang for the steward and asked him to get the ship's doctor.

After about fifteen minutes the nurse came. She had deep-set dark eyes encircled by gray-blue patches of flesh and her face was carefully blank. Her hair was surprisingly blond, worn to the shoulder, parted down the middle, and topped by a squarish unbecoming cap. Her skin was that yellowish poorly nourished skin, but her legs were sturdy. Not fat, but very sturdy, with the ties of the beige

sandals making deep impressions in her ankles and calves.

I started to explain about the heel, but she lifted her shoulders, more stretch than expression, and said in Italian that she didn't speak English. I don't understand Italian but I understood that. Then she asked if I spoke French, and I started to say no but changed my mind. So in halting French, translating each word, I told her about the pain in my heel. Almost everyone on board spoke English, but none of the Americans spoke Italian. The nurse spoke Italian and French, but not English.

She bent down to the edge of the bed, where my foot rested on a pillow, and she pressed the heel.

"*Petit, petit,*" she said, "it's nothing."

It was just the way she said it, with her voice flat and her face empty. I sat up and doubled over to examine the bruise to make sure it hadn't vanished. It was still there, and getting bigger and uglier. I leaned back and pulled the sheet over my leg and the nurse stood beside the bed and waited.

"Where's the doctor?" I said.

"He was very busy and couldn't come, but he'll be in in the morning," she said. "Is that all right?" She didn't wait for an answer.

I pressed the heel down against the stiff sheet and the pain went through my leg.

I rang for the steward and asked him to get me a couple of magazines and a dinner menu. He bent over me as delicate as a bee, and looked very concerned and assured me the doctor was the greatest in Europe and that I would be well in no time.

The next morning the doctor came in. He was a handsome solemn Yugoslav-Italian from Trieste whom I had noticed earlier dancing with the older women on board. He was very tall and gray, with his gray hair brushed straight up from his forehead, and he held himself more like an officer than a doctor. The nurse came in behind him and leaned with her hands in back of her against the door jamb, and she looked as if she had never seen me before.

The doctor pulled his chair close to the bed and wrapped some gauze around his hands very lightly and picked up my foot. He fingered and pressed the bruise and watched my face. He asked a few questions in a muffled uninflected English and then he said, "It needs to be lanced."

Just like that. I asked him to repeat and he did and then he added, "You might wait until Naples, but it will be getting worse."

I asked him if there was a chance it might clear up and he smiled vaguely as if he wanted no part in decision-making and then he shook his head. That was that. I certainly didn't want to have to go to a doctor the minute we docked, especially since Frank had planned for us to get to Sorrento that night, and so I said all right. I motioned for the nurse to come over and I pointed at my foot. "*Pas petit*," I said, "you were wrong."

"Soak it every two hours," the doctor said, "and by late afternoon we'll be ready." He unwound the gauze, carefully folded it inside out, and dropped it in the waste basket. Then he wiped his hands on a clean handkerchief.

THE day didn't promise very much. It was gray and cold and the sea was rough and my cabin was damp and close. I didn't feel very pleasant and the nurse didn't look it. I picked up a magazine and began thumbing through it and the nurse brought in a pan of steaming water. She mixed in a few drops of a rich purple disinfectant and reached for my foot, and I put down the magazine.

"That's too hot," I said, "it'll burn me."

"The hotter the better."

"I'm not in that much of a hurry, we've got all day."

"No, madame," she said, "I have other things to do." But softly, politely, a statement of fact, so that I had nothing to say.

She walked to the bathroom and came back with a glass of cold water and poured in a few drops, not a teaspoon, and again reached for my foot. I looked at the water and shook my head and she poured in a few more drops. I looked at her, stooping beside the bed resigned and waiting, and I shook my head again and she poured again. Even so, the steam was coming off—not loose damp steam, but full-bodied and hot. That could go on all day. I plunged my foot in the water and kept it there. It was hot and painful and I closed my eyes and forgot about the bruise and concentrated on enduring the heat. Finally I looked up, but the nurse had gone out without making a sound.

I kept my foot in the water nearly two hours, and I began to feel restless and bored, like being under a hair-drier or waiting in an optometrist's office with belladonna in my eyes. But the soaking had done a good job. A small painful point emerged from the center of the bruise and the heel had turned a dingy grayish blue. When the nurse came back the water was cold and I was entertaining myself by rocking the pan and watching the oscillations. It wasn't much fun.

"Where've you been?" I asked. "This cold water doesn't do my foot any good."

She laid out a towel on the edge of the bed and lifted my foot to it. "It won't hurt it," she said.

She brought in a fresh pan of hot water and along with it a glass of cold water, precariously caught between thumb and index finger with the other three fingers of that hand balancing one side of the pan. Her truculence, I realized, was essentially an economy of energy, a quiet making-do with meager instruments and small time, and she was tired. And I was lonely and so I said, "Where are you from? Rome?" Americans, I had learned, are from New York.

"My family lived on the Riviera," she said, putting down the pan and the glass. "The Italian Riviera."

"What part?"

"Americans don't go there," she replied.

"It's only a fishing village. I haven't been there since the war." She poured in the disinfectant and then picked up the glass of cold water and looked at me.

"Where's your family now?"

"I have no family," she said. "They were killed in the war." She spread her arms in a brief gesture and then let them fall and I didn't know what to say so I got my foot in the water on the first try. It turned red and began to swell and I thought that there was a certain pleasure in self-inflicted pain. The nurse put the glass of water on the dressing table and said,

"Genoa is my home now, the ship goes there," and started for the door.

"Where are you off to now?" I asked. "You're in such a hurry, everybody on board must be sick."

"Not up here," she said. "Only a few hangovers, indigestion, and your infection. But down below it's different. One case of flu and poof." And even then, waiting for me to let her go, she was busy tidying the room, folding the towel, dumping the ash-tray.

"What?" I said. "I mean, why poof down there?" On my dutiful survey of the ship, I hadn't gone beyond the rope that marked off the classes, but I didn't want her to know it.

"Seventy old men in one dormitory," she said, "and seventy old women in another."

"Lord," I said. I pictured a vast hole in the middle of the ship, beds placed end-to-end and one on top of the other, and stale air and coughing and old old Italians. "That's awful."

"Yes," she said. She walked toward the door and I called after her, "The water's not too hot this time, but it was the first." I heard the soft click of the door and lay back and watched the steam.

WHEN she came back the next time, two hours later, I had my foot on the bed, turned so the sheet wouldn't scratch or press the bruise. It felt raw and the least touch set off a throbbing.

"You should keep your foot in the water," she said, "because of the disinfectant."

I wanted to tell her I didn't care about the foot, it was no longer connected with me. I felt awful, nagged, hurt, bored, and I wished

I had flown to Paris instead of taking the ship. But my French wasn't that good and so I said, "The water's cold and I'm sad."

"Uff," she said, picking up the pan, "you're going to meet your husband and travel all over Europe and live in . . . is it Paris? How can you be sad when you're going to be with your husband?"

"He's not here and I'm not there." All right, I thought, you haven't any husband, you haven't any family, and I'm sorry. But my foot hurts like hell. "My foot hurts," I said.

"Write him and tell him your foot hurts. Then it won't hurt so much."

She brought in a pan of fresh water, then began setting out rolls of gauze and adhesive tape and sharp-pointed metal instruments from the medicine kit. The operation wasn't far off.

"Look, sit down and have a cigarette." I held out a package of cigarettes and a box of candy I had bought in New York and she put her hand on the back of the chair, as if feeling out its safety. It was her first uncertain gesture.

"Sit down?" she repeated. "It's been such a bad crossing, so many ancient Italians going home to die, and all of them sick, or almost. They save their money, crowd into those holes, and then force themselves on unwilling relatives. But . . . I suppose it's worth it to them." She shook her head and smiled. I had not seen her smile before.

"Sit down," I said, rattling the candy.

She ran her hand over the top of the chair and looked over her shoulder as if someone might be calling for her and then she sat down. As she took first a piece of candy and then a cigarette, the tension of her eyes seemed to fade and her sandal straps slipped down. Maybe she shouldn't have stopped, I thought, maybe she won't get up again.

"Nursing seems awfully hard," I said, "but I guess it's interesting. Operations, emergencies. . . ." I spoke idly, mere conversation, but she took it up.

"And beautiful American hospitals. I went through one in New York. It was very impressive, like a complete city for the sick, with every drug and painkiller and comfort one could want. It was beautiful."

"Why did you decide to be a nurse?" I asked, holding out a light.



She took the light very clumsily, turned the cigarette to look at the end, as if the awkwardness were there, then she inhaled very deep and put the candy in her mouth and blew out the smoke. It seemed odd that she would eat and smoke at the same time. But she did it very naturally and with a certain grace.

"My grandmother was the midwife in our village," she said after she finished the candy, "and I went along to squeeze the mother's hand and sometimes spank the baby, though usually the mother snatched it from me. Then the war came and there was a need for nurses."

"And so here you are," I said, "and you never went back to your village."

"They had a nurse and they didn't need me," she said. "It was a very poor village."

"My part of America, the South, is supposed to be the poorest," I said.

"Is it?" Her eyes did not leave my face, yet they seemed to go around the room, into the bureau, the suitcases, the closet, seemed to ferret out every luxurious article in quiet contradiction.

She pressed out the cigarette and without wasting a sigh got up to leave. She was all efficiency again and whatever distance our smoking together might have spanned gapped between us.

"Thank you," she said. "It was a nice little rest for me."

As she got to the door I sat up in bed and called after her, "I don't like too hot water, but that doesn't mean I'm a coward." I

wanted to draw the words back, but they hung distinct in the air.

"Of course not," she said and disappeared in the hall. Then she stuck her head back in the room and she said, "Your French is getting much better."

And I said, "Thank you."

I HAD a late lunch and at three thirty the stewardess came in to straighten the room, smooth the bed linen, plump the pillows. I decided to fix myself up for the operation and so I asked her to hand me the pink lacy bed jacket Frank had sent me from Paris. It was very pretty and I felt better just having it on. When the doctor and the nurse came, I knew it was time.

The doctor's usual solemnity pushed itself into a sad professional smile as he drew a chair close to the bed and again wrapped his hands in gauze before touching my foot. It was, I was sure, more ritual than precaution, a hold-over from infected wounds. The nurse stood beside him.

I closed my eyes, thinking that if I didn't see the needle it wouldn't hurt so much. But suddenly I felt the edge of a knife, not a needle at all. The doctor had already begun to cut and pinch down on the infection and my foot was as alive as it had ever been. More so, because it had its own hurt. I jerked my foot away so sharply the knife fell from his hands to the bed, and I pushed back against the headboard and stared at him. Then I smiled. "You forgot the anesthetic."

"It will only be a moment," he answered, reaching for my foot, "but you must be still."

"Wait," I said, "where's the Novocain?"

The nurse stood just behind the doctor, expressionless, waiting. This was one time, I thought, when there wasn't going to be any hand-squeezing. Not my hand. "You're not going to cut on my foot without some kind of painkiller," I said. It was half question and half declaration, and in any case I meant it.

"We don't have much," he said, "and we have to save it for an emergency." He patted my shoulder and I laughed, not very pleasantly, and moved farther against the corner of the bed.

"This is an emergency," I said. "If it's a case of having to pay for it, all you had to do was say so."

"It isn't money," the doctor said. "Our supply is short and we simply cannot spare it. I told the purser it wasn't enough, but he's a careful man, too careful. If you would rather wait until Naples, there's an American hospital." He spoke in a low sweet patient voice and looked to me to make up my own mind.

I lifted the edge of the sheet, slipped my foot under it and pulled my bed jacket closer around me. I glanced at the nurse. She began to put the rolls of gauze and adhesive tape and metal instruments back in the black bag. She looked as if she had known all along what would happen, that the long day and the preparations had been a waste of her precious time. Well, I thought, let her think what she will. She must be crazy. Frank would be outraged by the whole astonishing performance, he wouldn't mind the delay. Anyway, they would probably do a better job at the American hospital in Naples. Let her think what she will.

"I'm very sorry," the doctor said, and I said, "All right, go ahead, get it over with."

I brought my foot out from the sheet. The nurse turned and her face was full of surprise and the doctor looked down at me and smiled and I knew I was caught. Somehow they had trapped me. I closed my eyes and I felt my whole body go stiff and tight with fear and the foolish courage deserted me.

"It will only be a moment," the doctor said. "It will only be a moment."

But it wasn't, it was a long terrible process. I had never known such pain—sharp, harsh, intense, and yet steady. I bit my hand, the

pillow, I pinched myself and tore at the loose flesh of my arm, anything to divide the pain I felt as if the core of my leg were being gouged out, that every nerve had been slit.

"Just one moment more," the doctor murmured. "Try to hold very still for the drain." As he pushed the cotton into the hole he had cut, I felt the room caving in on me and there was nausea all through my body. I couldn't suppress the sound, it crashed against the walls and then back at me, and it was then the nurse held out her hand and I grasped it and tried to pass the burden on.

Then it was over, everything came into place, and I dropped the nurse's hand and fell back. "It was a piece of glass," the doctor said. "You must have been walking barefoot."

I hardly listened. "That's the worst pain I've ever felt," I said. He leaned over and explained that now I would be all right. I gazed at him. Would be all right? Damn, I thought, I *was* all right, I was magnificent.

"Was I a good patient?" I asked in French.

"You were a very good patient," he said. I turned but the nurse was busy tearing gauze.

After the doctor left, the nurse brought me my handbag and I took out a lipstick and comb. She straightened the covers and with the edge of a towel wiped the drops of sweat from my temples. It was silly to care what the doctor and the nurse thought, but I suppose that the pain and being so much at their mercy made me feel like a child, and the nurse's opinion was more important just then than the throbbing in my foot.

"That was a terrible thing, wasn't it?" I said.

She looked down at me and there was no bitterness. I noticed immediately that there was no bitterness. She nodded and handed me a package of cigarettes and my lighter and then she walked back to the medicine kit and carefully, quickly finished packing it.

"You have lots of painkiller in America, don't you?" she said. "We Italians seldom have it and seldom think about it." As she started for the door she added, "Sometimes it's better to have the pain. And it's free."

"Yes," I said.

"Povera baby," she said from the door, and then she was gone. I was alone, lying on the soft pillows in the lacy bedjacket, and clutching in my hand the five-dollar bill I had meant to give her.

The Business Invasion of Washington

Cabell Phillips

THE Republicans won the election in 1952 but the true victory belongs to Rotary International. Quietly but persistently the Welfare State is being dismantled and the government is being rebuilt in the image of General Motors and the Chase National Bank, with philosophic overtones inspired by Herbert Hoover and Elbert Hubbard. It represents a sharp rightward trend in economic and political outlook that conforms, almost by chapter and verse, to the conservative themes the Men of Rotary have been preaching for two decades. It is almost, in fact, the Managerial Revolution come to pass.

This should cause neither surprise nor dismay. A business man's government is what the Republicans promised the country. It was the platform on which President Eisenhower was elected by the greatest vote ever cast. Moreover, the transition is taking place in plain sight and is accompanied, on occasion, by an innocently bare-bottomed, unzipped sort of candor.

Yet it is only when the whole Washington newsreel of the past eight months is run off that we get a chance to measure cumulatively what has taken place. The jolt comes when we discover how far the change has gone and how tangential its direction is.

The physical measure of the change cannot better be suggested than by the now-wearied cliché that the Eisenhower Cabinet is composed of "nine millionaires and a plumber." Whether this is literally true is beside the

point. It is figuratively true of the attitudes and the aspirations which these administration leaders bring to their jobs. This philosophic infusion, moreover, has penetrated deeply into the policy-making layer of government through the importation of between eight hundred and a thousand new top-level officials and administrators. Men of Big Business, Big Finance, and Big Law—men whose careers have been almost totally devoted to the creation and supervision of personal and corporate wealth—now dominate the planning and execution of national policy.

To forestall an inevitable semantic difficulty in this discussion, it should be made clear that no invidious connotations are to be read into frequent allusions to business men or a business man's government—not, that is, unless one also applies the same strictures to professors, lawyers, and politicians. Men belonging to one or another of these categories are almost bound to dominate a national administration under our representative form of government. We level them all to "bureaucrats" anyway, after they have been in office for a while, and damn them with carefree impartiality. The present happens to be a time when the professors and politicians have been benched and the business men are at bat.

Neither, of course, are business men strangers to government. They are essential to it and probably always will be. Even under Roosevelt and Truman there was a well-beaten path between Wall Street and Consti-

Many of the innovating qualities of the Eisenhower Administration are shown only in the cumulative impact of scattered and individually minor events, here brought together by Cabell Phillips, Washington correspondent of the Sunday New York Times.

tution Avenue, worn by such incorruptibly capitalist feet—some of them registered Republican—as those of Robert P. Patterson, Averell Harriman, Joseph P. Kennedy, James Forrestal, Robert A. Lovett, and a host of others. They were no less dedicated to the institutions of free competitive enterprise than are the Humphreys, the Weekses, the Bensons, and the Wilsons of the present Cabinet generation.

What does distinguish the two groups is a difference in the *kind* of intellectual equipment they brought to Washington with them. The former crowd had, on the whole, or had acquired as their careers developed, a more cosmopolitan background, a wider range of interests, and a little more plain savvy about what makes the twentieth century world go round than their successors. The present group, by and large, are men who have confined nearly all of their mental energies up to now to a restricted channel; whose habit it has been to assess the state of the nation and the world in terms of their particular corporate interests. Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson undoubtedly spoke from the heart when he told a Senate committee that he had always thought “what was good for General Motors would be good for the country.”

Another distinction is this. The business men who came to Washington in the thirties and forties had to rely a good deal less on instinct or trial and error to get on top of their jobs. They were surrounded on all sides by associates and underlings, with greater experience in government and a more versatile concept of it than their own, upon whom they relied for guidance and execution. Today's chiefs are not only uniformly intent upon changing most of what they have found in Washington but they have restaffed the departments and bureaus with other business men whose inexperience matches their own. Not only has this led to some embarrassing fumbles, but so much like-mindedness has tended to stultify creative thinking about government.

II

NOW THAT the business men, after twenty years of waiting, have their chance to govern, how are they going about it? How are they recasting government into

patterns more pleasing to them? They have worked out no hard and fast formulas but their performance to date suggests that they are heading for three well-defined goals.

(1) *To reduce the size and cost of government.* Big government is, per se, anathema to the business man. Big government means costlier government, and therefore high taxes. Big government imposes expensive and troublesome obligations—the bookkeeping for social security and withholding taxes alone costs industry millions of dollars annually. And big government means meddlesome government, with regulatory laws and bureaus that interfere with normal business practices.

The new Administration is pursuing this goal with more determination than success so far. It has lopped about ten billion dollars from the last annual budget submitted by Mr. Truman and has reduced civilian employment in the bureaus by about 75,000. Several reorganization plans have been approved by Congress which will result ultimately in slimming down and streamlining the operations of several departments, with resultant economies. But the national budget still stands at around \$63 billions, the national debt is pushing the statutory ceiling of \$275 billions, tax reductions remain only a promise for 1954, and federal employment is still well above the 2,000,000 level. Budget Director Joseph M. Dodge, as the government's housekeeper-at-large, is mainly responsible for whittling the bureaucracy down to size. He is an able and resolute man, but he is discovering some harsh disparities between what the business men hope for and what it takes to run a government.

(2) *To narrow the functions of government.* In addition to reducing the sheer size and cost of government, the business men would like to curb its excursion into fields they think are alien to it. In this, they take their stand along with the states' righters who insist that the federal government has usurped whole categories of activities that belong to state and local governing bodies. It is by such expansion, they would argue, that governments grow big and national blocs of political dependencies are created among labor, farmers, veterans, social security beneficiaries, and others who, in turn, become special pleaders for still more benefits.

They have abolished all direct controls

over the economy and tried to do away with federal low-cost housing. Mr. Ezra Taft Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture, launched his Cabinet career by trying, without success, to persuade American farmers that price support programs should be regarded only as "disaster insurance" and that they were no substitute for rugged individualism. While the President is on record as favoring an extension of some social security benefits, the people in control of this part of his program have a rather restricted view of the matter. Chairman Dan Reed (of excess profits tax memory) of the House Ways and Means Committee pigeonholed one Presidential proposal for "prolonged and detailed study." And over at the new Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby has loaded her advisory committee on social security with representatives of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce whose recommendations are regarded by most professionals in the field as a step back toward the doctrines of the soup kitchen and the "means test." In substance, the Chamber's idea is to get the federal government out of the "relief" business entirely and to put old age and survivors insurance on a "pay-as-you-go" basis. This not only destroys the whole insurance feature of the program, the experts reason; it would convert old age pensions into a perennial political football.

Big government has greatly extended its influence over the past twenty years by various systems of grants-in-aid for highway construction, school and hospital building programs, regional reclamation projects, and so on, in addition to certain forms of social welfare. Inevitably, the federal government has sought to set the standards for these programs and see to it that the states which receive the bounty fulfill their obligations. This has led to the familiar lament about taxpayers' lives being "run by a bunch of bureaucrats in Washington."

WHAT may turn out to be the most drastic reform of the business administration is a device for getting the federal government out from under these co-operative responsibilities. The device is a new Hoover Commission, with former President Herbert Hoover, himself, again at the helm, to study not only the operations of government, but

the *functions* of government as well. In the language of the act, passed during July, the new commission is empowered to decide "... whether there is justification for federal aid in these fields, ... whether federal control of these activities should be limited, ... whether federal aid should be limited to need, ... [and] the ability of the federal government and the states to finance activities of this nature." The obvious intent of this study, which is to be made with all the authority and prestige of the earlier Hoover Commission, is to evolve a rationale and a means for eliminating a number of welfare and public service undertakings altogether, or at the least for withdrawing federal assistance from them. An important part of the study is to be directed at defining areas of taxation, now pre-empted by federal authority, which can be restored to the states, thus affording new state revenues by which such programs can be financed. Experience has shown, however, that such things as public assistance, old age benefits, school and hospital construction, public health activities, etc., get pretty uneven treatment when left to the easy virtue of statehouse politics.

(3) **To end government competition with private enterprise.** President Eisenhower recently referred to TVA as the kind of "creeping socialism" he hoped to avoid in his Administration. Big Business loudly applauded him for this sentiment. For TVA has long been a symbolic bloody shirt for one of the most powerful and articulate segments of Big Business, the private utility industry. Business admits it could never undertake so gigantic a project as TVA, nor would it be sound business judgment for even the biggest corporation to undertake the economic rehabilitation of a whole interstate region by such means as soil conservation, flood control, reforestation, recreational developments, and—above all—selling electricity cheap enough to put it in the homes of sharecroppers. TVA has done this, and in the process trebled the taxable wealth of the region and made possible the development of atomic energy, but business (outside the TVA country, that is) has never been reconciled and it wants no more TVAs—nor anything like them.

The new Administration has come out four-square for this business concept of the development of natural resources. The key decision was announced in May by Secretary

of the Interior McKay when, in effect, he turned over to the Idaho Power Company, a private utility owned in Boston, the privilege of developing the great Hell's Canyon site on the Snake River that runs between Idaho and Oregon. Plans were shelved for a half-billion-dollar development by the federal government that would have provided an installed generating capacity of over 1,000,000 kilowatts plus maximum flood control and an extensive irrigation system. In its place the Idaho Power Company plans three small dams producing about 750,000 kilowatts and making correspondingly more modest provisions for flood control and irrigation. Once the smaller dams are installed all prospects for more extensive development at the site are precluded.

Similarly, the Republican Congress agreed to the Administration's request to cut expansion funds for both the Southwest and the Southeastern Power Administrations—a move which may threaten the existence of several rural electrification co-operatives. It voted to turn all hydroelectric generating rights in the Niagara River over to private interests, overriding the earnest, personal protests of New York's Governor Tom Dewey, who wanted it reserved for his state's developmental authority.

In spite of all the high-flown oratory about sacred states rights, the controversy over the off-shore oil lands actually boiled down to a contest between the concept of public versus private ownership of undeveloped natural resources. Private ownership won on this issue, as everyone knows. The marginal oil lands will be leased to the large oil companies for exploitation. But hardly had the smoke of this battle cleared away before powerful industrial interests in the West got to work to "liberate" the forest, grazing lands, and mineral wealth now lying within the public domain.

For the first time in almost forty years—forty years of a stubborn policy of preserving the national domain for the benefit of all the people—the climate of Washington has changed to favor the exploitation of these resources for private benefit. The federal barge lines, which provided cheap transportation for both large and small shippers on the Mississippi, are to be sold to the highest bidder. So, too, are the synthetic rubber

plants which the government built at a cost of over half a billion dollars during the war. And Secretary McKay has shut down two nearly completed experiments for the synthetic production of liquid fuel from coal, a project which has been viewed most unsympathetically in the past by the big oil companies.

Nothing could more eloquently explain the attitude of the business men toward the question of government getting in the way of free enterprise than a remark made by Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks early last summer. He had just fired Dr. Allen V. Astin, director of the National Bureau of Standards, whose tests had formed the basis of a postal fraud order against the manufacturer of a powder supposed to pep up old storage batteries. "As a practical man," Mr. Weeks said, "I cannot see why a product should be denied the opportunity of the market place." Good or bad, fraud or no fraud, let the buyer beware and keep the government out of it, says the Secretary of Commerce.

III

IT WOULD certainly be presumptuous to say that business men can't run a government. But it is true, even if it is trite, to say they can't run a government as they run a corporation. It cannot be run with the same sort of pushbutton efficiency nor with the same sort of motivation. Government is not business; many of its concepts are diametrical opposites of those of the board room and the market place. And that is where the business men are having their greatest difficulty in this transition, and where they will continue to have it until the hard lessons of necessity have been learned.

The profit motive, for example, is a basic element of the business man's philosophy; though many of his decisions are made without direct regard for profit-and-loss, the figures on the company's books provide the ultimate test of his performance. But the profit motive is not (except in a very restricted sense) applicable to government. If a government program or project earns a "profit," it is in terms of good performance and of benefits bestowed; there is no pecuniary return to the performing agency—government. Government "loses" money every day on the conduct of foreign

affairs, on the regulation of interstate commerce, on the preservation of national security, yet it constantly enhances the wealth of the nation. Government is a service agency, not a profit-making agency. On the other hand, no motor manufacturer in his right senses is going to continue to turn out low-priced cars after they have ceased to return a profit, no matter how great the need of the populace may be for cheap transportation. Business men, of course, are not ignorant of this distinction, but to accommodate themselves to it requires a subtle and fundamental readjustment in their scale of values which not all of them are able to make.

Another readjustment many of the business men are having difficulty with is that of outlook; of widening their vision to encompass a nation and a world. Most successful business men have spent a lifetime, if not with a single company, at least in a single industrial field. By habit, they weigh most of the phenomena of the outside world in the scales of this single, dominant interest.

When Paul G. Hoffman came to take over the Economic Co-operation Administration when it was set up several years ago, he was troubled by the doubts of conservative bankers who wanted to know what kind of useful collateral the United States could accept from nations teetering on the brink of ruin. "What good," he asked them, "would collateral be, or any sort of repayment guarantee, if these countries should be overrun by communism? We have to go on the theory that our effort will produce recovery, and that when peace is secured the loans will be repaid." That is the sort of thinking, highly unorthodox to the business man, that the government executive must be able to produce.

ONE of the strongest notions in the business world is that a man is paid what he is worth. If the chairman of the board is paid \$100,000 a year, he must be worth it because he is able to get it. When the business men came to Washington, some of them had a pretty definite conviction that the \$10,000 and \$12,000 career people they found in their departments couldn't be much good because otherwise they would have got out long ago to make more money elsewhere. In their headlong rush to supplant the "Truman-

Acheson crowd" with men of their own faith and kidney, the business men have worked to their own disadvantage. They have lost some unusually experienced people whose counterparts it will be virtually impossible to recruit from the business world. And they are replacing them, in large measure, with lawyers and business executives "on loan" who have no intention of making government a career. Secretary Weeks, at the Department of Commerce, is rotating scores of young business executives through the upper tiers of his organization on a six months' enlistment basis. Such people take government jobs for a variety of reasons—to help out in the "crusade," to widen their own experience, or just as an innocent sort of lark—but not because of the money, and rarely because of any deep dedication to public service. This not only imperils efficient operation, but it plays hob with morale in the regular career service where, regardless of what sort of politics prevails on top, the spade work of government is done.

Finally, the business men are finding that public relations in business and in government do not mean the same thing. To many a corporate executive good public relations is something he buys—he pays so much for a public relations director and invests so much in institutional advertising, and there he has it. The really alert executive is aware that there is an extra dimension to his performance, which is public accountability, and that he cannot have his good public relations unless he earns it; but even he finds, when he goes into government, that his accountability to the public is suddenly magnified, and that the earning of good public relations is an uncomfortable and often exasperating process. He cannot choose his own times for making well-considered pronouncements; he may be forced into the open at embarrassing moments and under hostile circumstances. The press, the Congress, and the public are demanding and sometimes unreasonable, yet they must all be appeased.

The business men, by and large, were slow to recognize this. For many weeks after the new Administration took over, Washington correspondents fumed over the inaccessibility of its leading figures. To counteract the "bad press" some officials resorted to private dinners and "off-the-record" meetings for care-

fully selected columnists and editors. They soon found that even the columnists would not stand for this highly selective dole of legitimate news. Secretary of State Dulles professed to be horrified at finding his "background" disquisition on Far Eastern problems last April printed on the front page of the *New York Times* the next morning. There has been a salutary relaxation of these barriers lately, but much remains to be done.

Congress, with its jealousies and its deeply cherished prerogatives, offers a very special problem in this area of public accountability which some of the business men wholly misjudged. In their early appearances before congressional committees they tried the tactics which they had found successful at sales meetings and with minority stockholders—they talked down to the members, patronized them, or tried to lecture them. They lost large patches of hide in the process. When they deigned to seek advice from Congress, they followed the rules of protocol that had served them in Boston and New York and Detroit but which were less acceptable in Washington, to wit: the Big Names are important. But politics hath no fury like a subcommittee chairman scorned. President Eisenhower touched base with all the important Republican leaders whose names appear in the newspapers, but no one told him until too late about the Honorable Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska, head of the House Ways and Means Committee subcommittee on social security. The first inkling Mr. Curtis had that the President proposed postponing the statutory increase in payroll taxes was when he read about it in his morning newspaper. When the bill came later that day to his desk Mr. Curtis deposited it in a dark pigeonhole where it is still gathering dust.

Nothing has perplexed the business men more than that their actions, their thoughts, even their moods, have become legitimate objects of public scrutiny. It is not that they are shy or have anything to hide. It is simply that nothing in their training has prepared them for this primary demand of political life—to live in a goldfish bowl and to weigh every

thought, word, and deed in terms of how it will look in the next day's newspapers. This has been the hardest lesson of all to learn.

IV

THE BUSINESS world likes to think of itself as an essentially rational place where two and two invariably come out plus-or-minus four, and a man can learn all he needs to know from the auditor's report. In fact, of course, things aren't quite as simple as this in business. Yet it is a tidy, well-ordered world compared with that of politics. What the business man finds in Washington seems to him, by contrast, irrational, unpredictable, and endlessly exasperating. The frustrations of the business men come from their inability to reconcile these contradictory worlds.

No doubt their difficulties are enhanced by trying to do too much too soon. After all, the Welfare State was twenty years in the building, and taking it down in a year is bound to cause some rumblings in the foundations. Many such warnings the business men have taken to heart. They are no less firm in their goals, but they are proceeding with more forethought for the essential nature of government and with more caution in their efforts to change it. Mr. Humphrey did a fast double-take when his upping of the Treasury's interest rate reverberated through the whole credit structure of the nation. His appeal to the Federal Reserve for relief was a retreat but not a defeat. Hard money is still his goal, but he will take it in pieces instead of a lump.

The business men know pretty well what they want to do about government. They want to cut it down to size, they want to stamp out the "creeping socialism," and they want actually to hear those fetters which have been shackling free enterprise clattering on the capital's marble floors. But the job is not so simple as they had supposed. Their thinking about it has been confused by imbibing too freely of their own propaganda. What they have yet to learn is that politics is not the science of the market place but the art of the possible.

The Secret of Life

Loren C. Eiseley

I AM middle-aged now, but in the autumn I always seek for it again hopefully. On some day when the leaves are red, or fallen, and just after the birds are gone, I put on my hat and an old jacket, reject the protests of my wife that I will catch cold, and start my search. I go carefully down the apartment steps and climb, instead of jump, over the wall. A bit further I reach an unkempt field full of brown stalks and emptied seed pods.

By the time I get to the wood I am carrying all manner of seeds hooked in my coat or piercing my socks or sticking by ingenious devices to my shoestrings. I let them ride. After all, who am I to contend against such ingenuity? It is obvious that nature, or some part of it in the shape of these seeds, has intentions beyond this field and has made plans to travel with me.

We, the seeds and I, climb another wall together and sit down to rest, while I consider the best way to search for the secret of life. The seeds remain very quiet and some slip off into the crevices of the rock. A woolly bear caterpillar hurries across a ledge, going late to some tremendous transformation, but about this he knows as little as I.

It is not an auspicious beginning. The things alive do not know the secret, and there may be those who would doubt the wisdom of coming out among discarded husks in the dead year to pursue such questions. They might say the proper time is spring when one can consult the water rats or listen to little chirps under the stones. Of late years, however, I have come to suspect that the mystery may just as well be solved in a carved and intricate seed case out of which the life has flown, as in the seed itself.

In autumn one is not confused by activity and green leaves. The underlying apparatus, the hooks, needles, stalks, wires, suction cups,

thin pipes, and iridescent bladders are all exposed in a gigantic dissection. These are the essentials. Do not be deceived simply because the life has flown out of them. It will return, but in the meantime there is an unparalleled opportunity to examine in sharp and beautiful angularity the shape of life without its disturbing muddle of juices and leaves. As I grow older and conserve my efforts, I shall give this season my final and undivided attention. I shall be found puzzling over the saw teeth on the dessicated leg of a dead grasshopper or standing bemused in a brown sea of rusty stems. Somewhere in this discarded machinery may lie the key to the secret. I shall not let it escape through lack of diligence or through fear of the smiles of people in high windows. I am sure now that life is not what it is purported to be and that nature, in the canny words of a Scotch theologian, "is not as natural as it looks." I have learned this in a small suburban field, after a good many years spent in much wilder places upon far less fantastic quests.

II

THE notion that mice can be generated spontaneously from bundles of old clothes is so delightfully whimsical that it is easy to see why men were loath to abandon it. One could accept such accidents in a topsy-turvy universe without trying to decide what transformation of buckles into bones and shoe buttons into eyes had taken place. One could take life as a kind of fantastic magic and not blink too obviously when it appeared, beady-eyed and bustling, under the laundry in the back room.

It was only with the rise of modern biology and the discovery that the trail of life led backward toward infinitesimal beginnings in primordial sloughs, that men began the seri-

ous dissection and analysis of the cell. Darwin, in one of his less guarded moments, had spoken hopefully of the possibility that life had emerged from inorganic matter in some "warm little pond." From that day to this, biologists have poured, analyzed, minced, and shredded recalcitrant protoplasm in a fruitless attempt to create life from nonliving matter. It seemed inevitable, if we could trace life down through simpler and simpler stages, that we must finally arrive at the point where, under the proper chemical conditions, the mysterious borderline that bounds the inanimate must be crossed. It seemed clear that life was a material manifestation. Somewhere, somehow, sometime, in the mysterious chemistry of carbon, the long march toward the talking animal had begun.

A hundred years ago men spoke optimistically about solving the secret, or at the very least they thought the next generation would be in a position to do so. Periodically there were claims that the emergence of life from matter had been observed, but in every case the observer proved to be self-deluded. It became obvious that the secret of life was not to be had by a little casual experimentation, and that life in today's terms appeared to arise only through the medium of pre-existing life. Yet if science was not to be embarrassed by some kind of mind-matter dualism and a complete and irrational break between life and the world of inorganic matter, the emergence of life had, in some way, to be accounted for. Nevertheless, as the years passed, the secret remained locked in its living jelly, in spite of larger microscopes and more formidable means of dissection. As a matter of fact the mystery was heightened because all this intensified effort revealed that even the supposedly simple amoeba was already a complex, self-operating chemical factory. The notion that he was a simple blob, the discovery of whose chemical composition would enable us instantly to set the life process in operation, turned out to be, at best, a monstrous caricature of the truth.

With the failure of these many efforts science was left in the half embarrassing position of having to postulate theories of living origins which it could not demonstrate. After having chided the theologist for his reliance on myth and miracle, science found itself in the unenviable position of having to create

a mythology of its own; namely, the assumption that what, after long effort, could not be proved to take place today had, in truth, taken place in the primeval past.

My use of the term *mythology* is perhaps a little harsh. One does occasionally observe, however, a tendency for the beginning zoological textbook to take the unwary reader by a hop, skip, and jump from the little steaming pond or the beneficent chemical crucible of the sea, into the lower world of life with such sureness and rapidity that it is easy to assume that there is no mystery about this matter at all, or, if there is, that it is a very little one.

This attitude has indeed been sharply criticized by the distinguished British biologist Woodger, who remarked some years ago: "Unstable organic compounds and chlorophyll corpuscles do not persist or come into existence in nature on their own account at the present day, and consequently it is necessary to postulate that conditions were once such that this did happen although and in spite of the fact that our knowledge of nature does not give us any warrant for making such a supposition. . . . It is simple dogmatism—asserting that what you want to believe did in fact happen."

Yet unless we are to turn to supernatural explanations or reinvolve a dualism which is scientifically dubious, we are forced inevitably toward only two possible explanations of life on this planet. One of these, although not entirely disproved, is most certainly out of fashion and surrounded with greater obstacles to its acceptance than at the time it was formulated. I refer, of course, to the suggestion of Lord Kelvin and Svante Arrhenius that life did not arise on this planet, but was wafted here through the depths of space. Microscopic spores, it was contended, have great resistance to extremes of cold and might have come into our atmosphere with meteoric dust, or have been driven across the earth's orbit by light pressure. In this view, once the seed was "planted" in soil congenial to its development, it then proceeded to elaborate, evolve, and adjust until the higher organisms had emerged.

This theory has a certain attraction as a way out of an embarrassing dilemma, but it suffers from the defect of explaining nothing, even if it should prove true. It does not elucidate the nature of life. It simply removes

the inconvenient problem of origins to far-off spaces or worlds into which we will never penetrate. Since life makes use of the chemical compounds of this earth it would seem better to proceed until incontrovertible evidence to the contrary is obtained, on the assumption that life has actually arisen upon this planet. The now widely accepted view that the entire universe in its present state is limited in time, and the apparently dangerously lethal nature of unscreened solar radiation are both obstacles which greatly lessen the likelihood that life has come to us across the infinite wastes of space. Once more, therefore, we are forced to examine our remaining notion that life is not coterminous with matter, but has arisen from it.

IF THE single-celled protozoans that riot in roadside pools are not the simplest forms of life, if, as we know today, these creatures are already highly adapted and really complex, though minute beings, then where are we to turn in the search for something simple enough to suggest the greatest missing link of all—the link between living and “dead” matter? It is this problem that keeps me wandering fruitlessly in pastures and weed thickets even though I know this is an old-fashioned naturalist’s approach, and that busy men in laboratories have little patience with my scufflings of autumn leaves, or attempts to question beetles in decaying bark. Besides, many of these men are now fascinated by the crystalline viruses and have turned that remarkable instrument, the electron microscope, upon strange molecular “beings” never previously seen by man. Some are satisfied with this glimpse below the cell and find the virus a halfway station on the road to life. Perhaps it is, but as I wander about in the thin mist that is beginning to filter among these decaying stems and ruined spider webs, a kind of disconsolate uncertainty has taken hold of me.

I have come to suspect that this long descent down the ladder of life, beautiful and instructive though it may be, will not lead us to the final secret. In fact I have ceased to believe in the final brew or the ultimate chemical. There is, I know, a kind of heresy, a shocking negation of our confidence in blue steel microtomes and men in white in making such a statement. I would not be understood to

speaking ill of scientific effort, for in simple truth I would not be alive today except for the microscopes and the blue steel. It is only that somewhere among these seeds and beetle shells and abandoned grasshopper legs I find something that is not accounted for very clearly in the dissections to the ultimate virus or crystal or protein particle. Even if the secret is contained in these things, in other words, I do not think it will yield to the kind of analysis our science is capable of making.

Imagine, for a moment, that you have drunk from a magician’s goblet. Reverse the irreversible stream of time. Go down the dark stairwell out of which the race has ascended. Find yourself at last on the bottom-most steps of time, slipping, sliding, and wallowing by scale and fin down into the muck and ooze out of which you arose. Pass by grunts and voiceless hissings below the last tree ferns. Eyeless and earless, float in the primal waters, sense sunlight you cannot see and stretch absorbing tentacles toward vague tastes that float in water. Still in your formless shiftings, the *you* remains, the sliding particles, the juices, the transformations are working in an exquisitely patterned rhythm which has no other purpose than your preservation, you, the entity, the ameboid being whose substance contains the unfathomable future. Even so does every man come upward from the waters of his birth.

Yet, if at any moment the magician bending over you should cry, “Speak! tell us of that road!” you could not: the sensations are yours but not—and this is one of the great mysteries—the power over the body. You cannot describe how the body you inhabit functions, nor picture nor control the flights and spinings, the dance of the molecules that compose it, nor why they chose to dance into that particular pattern which is you, nor, again, why up the long stairway of the eons they dance from one shape to another. It is for this reason that I am no longer interested in final particles. Follow them as you will, pursue them until they become nameless protein crystals replicating on the verge of life. Use all the great powers of the mind and pass backward until you hang with the dire faces of the conquerors in the hydrogen cloud from which the sun was born. You will then have performed the ultimate dissection that our analytic age demands, but the cloud will still

veil the secret and, if not the cloud, then the nothingness into which it now appears the cloud, in its turn, may be dissolved. The secret, if one may paraphrase a savage vocabulary, lies in the egg of night.

Only along the edges of this field after the frost there are little whispers of it. Once even on a memorable autumn afternoon I discovered a sunning black snake brooding among the leaves like the very simulacrum of old night. He slid unhurriedly away, carrying his version of the secret with him in such a glittering menace of scales, that I was abashed and could only follow admiringly from a little distance. I observed him well, however, and am sure he carried his share of the common mystery into the stones of my neighbor's wall, and is sleeping endlessly on in the winter darkness with one great coil locked around that glistening head. He is guarding a strange, reptilian darkness which is not night nor nothingness, but has, instead, its momentary vision of mouse bones or a bird's egg, in the soft rising and ebbing of the tides of life. The snake has diverted me, however. It was the dissection of a field that was to occupy us—a dissection in search of secrets—a dissection such as a probing and inquisitive age demands.

III

EVERY so often one encounters articles in leading magazines with titles such as "The Spark of Life," "The Secret of Life," "New Hormone Key to Life," or other similar optimistic proclamations. Only yesterday, for example, I discovered in the *New York Times* a headline announcing: "Scientist Predicts Creation of Life in Laboratory." The Moscow-dated dispatch announced that Academician Olga Lepeshinskaya had predicted that "in the not too distant future, Soviet scientists would create life." "The time is not far off," warns the formidable Madame Olga, "when we shall be able to obtain the vital substance artificially." She said it with such vigor that I had about the same reaction as I do to announcements about atomic bombs. In fact I half started up to latch the door before an invading tide of Russian protoplasm flowed in upon me.

What finally enabled me to regain my shaken confidence was the recollection that these pronouncements have been going on for well

over a century. Just now the Russian scientists show a particular tendency to issue such blasts—committed politically, as they are, to an uncompromising materialism and the boastfulness of very young science. Furthermore, Madame Lepeshinskaya's remarks as reported in the press had a curiously old-fashioned flavor about them. The protoplasm she referred to sounded amazingly like the outmoded *Urschleim* or *Urplasma* of Haeckel—simplified mucoid slimes no longer taken very seriously. American versions—and one must remember they are often journalistic interpretations of scientists' studies rather than direct quotations from the scientists themselves—are more apt to fall into another pattern. Some one has found a new chemical, vitamin, or similar necessary ingredient without which life will not flourish. By the time this reaches the more sensational press it may have become the "secret of life." The only thing the inexperienced reader may not comprehend is the fact that no one of these items, even the most recently discovered, is *the* secret. Instead, the substance is probably a part, a very small part, of a larger enigma which is well nigh as inscrutable as it ever was. If anything, the growing list of catalysts, hormones, plasma genes, and other hobgoblins involved in the work of life only serves to underline the enormous complexity of the secret. "To grasp in detail," says the German biologist von Bertalanffy, "the physico-chemical organization of the simplest cell is far beyond our capacity."

It is not, you understand, disrespect for the laudable and persistent patience of these dedicated scientists happily lost in their maze of pipettes, smells, and gas flames, that has led me into this runaway excursion to the wood. It is rather the loneliness of a man who knows he will not live to see the mystery solved, and who, furthermore, has come to believe that it will not be solved when the first humanly synthesized particle begins—if it ever does—to multiply itself in some unknown solution.

It is really a matter, I suppose, of the kind of questions one asks oneself. Some day we may be able to say with assurance, "We came from such and such a protein particle, possessing the powers of organizing in a manner leading under certain circumstances to that complex entity known as the cell, and from the cell by various steps onward, to

multiple cell formation." I mean we may be able to say all this with great surety and elaboration of detail, but it is not the answer to the grasshopper's leg, brown and black and saw-toothed here in my hand, nor the answer to the seeds still clinging tenaciously to my coat, nor to this field, nor to the subtle essences of memory, delight, and wistfulness moving among the thin wires of my brain.

I suppose that in the forty-five years of my existence every atom, every molecule that composes me has changed its position or danced away and beyond to become part of other things. New molecules have come from the grass and the bodies of animals to be part of me a little while, yet in this spinning, light and airy if we could but see it, as the dance of a midge swarm in a shaft of sunlight, my memories hold, and the loved face of twenty years ago is before me still. Nor is that face, nor all my years, caught cellularly as in some cold precise photographic pattern, some gross, mechanical reproduction of the past. My memory holds the past and yet paradoxically knows, at the same time, that the past is gone and will never come again. It cherishes dead faces and silenced voices, yes, and lost evenings of childhood. In some odd, nonspatial way it contains houses and rooms that have been torn timber from timber and brick from brick. These have a greater permanence in that midge dance which contains them than ever they had in the world of reality. It is for this reason that Academician Olga Lepishenkaya has not answered the kind of questions one may ask in an open field.

IF THE day comes when the slime of the laboratory for the first time crawls under man's direction, we shall have great need of humbleness. It will be difficult for us to believe, in our pride of achievement, that the secret of life has slipped through our fingers and eludes us still. We will list all the chemicals and the reactions. The men who have become gods will pose austerely before the popping flashbulbs of news photographers, and there will be few to consider—so deep is the mind-set of an age—whether the desire to link life to matter may not have blinded us to the more remarkable characteristics of both.

As for me, if I am still around on that day, I intend to put on my old hat and climb over the wall as usual. I shall see strange mech-

anisms lying as they lie here now, in the autumn rain, strange pipes that transported the substance of life, the intricate seed case out of which the life has flown. I shall observe no thing green, no delicate transpirations of leaves, nor subtle comings and goings of vapor. The little sunlit factories of the chloroplasts will have dissolved away into common earth.

Beautiful, angular, and bare the machinery of life will lie exposed, as it now is, to my view. There will be the thin, blue skeleton of a hare tumbled in a little heap, and crouching over it I will marvel, as I marvel now, at the wonderful correlation of parts, the perfect adaptation to purpose, the individually vanished and yet persisting pattern which is now hopping on some other hill. I will wonder, as always, in what manner "particles" pursue such devious plans and symmetries. I will ask once more in what way it is managed, that the simple dust takes on a history and begins to weave these unique and never recurring apparitions in the stream of time. I shall wonder what strange forces at the heart of matter regulate the tiny beating of a rabbit's heart or the dim dream that builds a milkweed pod.

It is said by men who know about these things that the smallest living cell probably contains over a quarter of a million protein molecules engaged in the multitudinous coordinated activities which make up the phenomenon of life. At the instant of death, whether to man or microbe, that ordered, incredible spinning passes away in an almost furious haste of those same particles to get themselves back into the chaotic, unplanned earth.

I do not think, if someone finally twists the key successfully in the tiniest and most humble house of life, that many of these questions will be answered, nor that the dark forces which create lights in the deep sea and living batteries in the waters of tropical swamps, nor the dread cycles of parasites, nor the most noble workings of the human brain, will be much if at all revealed. Rather, I would say that if "dead" matter has reared up this curious landscape of fiddling crickets, song sparrows, and wondering men, it must be plain even to the most devoted materialist, that the matter of which he speaks contains amazing, if not dreadful powers, and may not impossibly be, as Hardy said, "but one mask of many worn by the Great Face behind."



Forget the Geraniums

A Story by Max Steele

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

WE WERE sitting as usual that summer on the terrace of the Café Mona, around the corner from the Odéon and straight down from the Comédie Française. Now it was late August and the streets were deserted. Thousands of Parisians had gone south on their annual holidays and the only creature about was the street-cleaner with his broom of bound twigs.

Benito Rapello—an American artist studying on the GI Bill—and I were alone on the terrace that morning. The fact is he had sent me a *pneumatique* asking me to meet him here. The note was rather puzzling because I did not really know him that well: I had seen him several times in an evening sketching class and later had gone with Daphne, a mutual friend, to the opening of his third exhibit, which was even more successful (the French liked it, that is) than the first two; and I had talked with him maybe ten times in passing on the street.

He was about thirty, extremely clean-cut and perhaps too good-looking in a Latin way:

teeth too regular and white, eyes too dark and soft, a strong jaw too square, complete in every way, even down to the cleft chin and jaw muscle which rolled and dimpled when he chewed or talked. Sometimes he was with a strikingly beautiful woman but I think there was nothing to that because she was living with a sculptor in Montparnasse.

Usually he was alone and always in a hurry, which was understandable considering the fact that he had over sixty paintings in each show and all three in a period of four years. Solid clean water colors of the Seine, quite simple and nice and unpretentious; and even more solid oils which were of Paris too, places one knew quite well, such as the bridge at St. Martin or the *quais* along the Île St. Louis, but which in his pictures were the most desolate places in the world, filled with a solemn green light which one might expect to see in the sky in advance of a hurricane or maybe thirty minutes after an atomic blast. It was this strange, impending, doomed light and the complete bareness and lack of hope, that the

French liked and not the admirable draftsmanship which they looked upon with contempt as at anything outdated in the fields of fashion and ideas. The other American GI students were guardedly quite proud of him, in spite of a certain envy—not of his paintings, they let you know—but of his ability to work, and work hard and stay out of café life. As a result there were rumors about him of various sorts, so contradictory that if you considered them all together they seemed rather ridiculous. If he were aware of these rumors one could never know: he was always very pleasant, though extremely serious, polite, correct, even a little formal. Certainly he dressed more like a bright young man just out of Harvard than like a Left Bank artist or an American student in Paris.

Well then, he was sitting at the Café Mona that morning when I arrived at ten o'clock. The place was naturally deserted at that early hour, it being mainly a nighttime hangout for the odd assortment of strange Americans and their tobacco-hungry, occasional admirers. His blue-black beard, more like a thick paste than like a stubble, would have been surely an affectation, a rather silly source of pride for a vain man, but he stroked it immediately and apologized for it by saying that he had been up all night and had not been home to shave. Otherwise he looked, as always, quite neat and healthy. He ordered a coffee and *croissant* for me but wanted nothing himself. During the time Pierre had gone to fetch the coffee and bun I said without too much curiosity: "I haven't seen you around in a long time. Not since the beginning of summer, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "At least two months." He paused as though that would be all, then wet his thin lips, which were already wet, with the tip of his tongue and let them curl ironically. "I've been crucifying Christ."

"Crucifying Christ," I said as though it might be a well-known expression or joke, if it were a joke.

"No, quite seriously. I've been nailing Christ to the Cross."

"For two months?" I asked. "Is it a painting?"

"No. I had to get a job. My GI Bill ran out in June and I went down to a foundry a French friend works summers in—where they're casting those warhorses for Peron, as

a matter of fact—and got a job nailing Christ to the cross. I had to have work." He explained that they made every size crucifix. From pocket size to cathedral size. Stacks and stacks of them. All day long. He sighed suddenly and all the irony drained from his face, leaving his eyes unusually dark. "Well, it's over now."

"Uh-oh," I thought warily. "He wants to borrow money. Why else a *pneumatique* at nine in the morning?" All the broke Americans assumed they could borrow money from anyone who still wore a tie and socks.

He may have seen the close, guarded look on my face for he added: "I quit."

That did not make the possibility of a loan less likely. But then he said, flatly, in exactly the same tone as before: "I'm going to kill myself."

"I beg your pardon," I said. It was probably another expression, like Crucifying Christ, which too would have a perfectly plausible, unalarming explanation.

He looked up from the water running along the curb and for a second his face tightened so that he did not need to add another word for emphasis; but he did, nevertheless, calmly and flatly as before: "I'm going to kill myself."

It would have been too dramatic, indeed burlesque, to set the coffee cup down noisily on the saucer, so I took a long sip while trying to think. When I could delay no longer and it was obvious that he had nothing more to say, I asked: "Do you know why?"

HE KNEW why. That was a little after ten o'clock and at a little after three he was still orating why. He was not sad. It was no momentary depression. It was something he had been considering sanely for sometime, even before coming to Europe. It was not love, money, or success. It was not the lack of any of these three. He could have anything he wanted. He wanted nothing. "Everything is a farce," he kept saying in summation. No matter what we talked about he concluded that it was a farce.

Even so, to me after a night of sleep, that did not seem reason enough for suicide. It could as easily be the reason for trying to stay alive as long as possible. But I listened not so much to his words as to the flat tone in his voice and knew that he was not merely play-

ing. Once you have heard that note, calm, beyond despair, you heed it when you hear it again a second time. In college I had known an unhumorous lad who said in that matter-of-fact voice that he was going to kill himself and who had gone straightway unheeded (it was during a football broadcast) to his room, poured lighter fluid over his clothes, set them on fire, cut his throat with a razor blade, and jumped out of the third floor of the dormitory onto the cement service platform. An ambulance could not be got so he had to be half-carried, half-walked, wrapped in a blanket, across the campus to the infirmary where he went into shock and died almost immediately. So here at the Café Mona I listened without alarm but with real respect to Benito Rapello's undramatic words which were convincing because of the complete lack of emotion with which he recited them.

One thing I kept in mind while he spoke: "He wants to be talked out of it, he wants to be persuaded. Otherwise he would have done it last night. Otherwise he would not have waited alone until the post office opened to send the note." I would have hoped for someone else to join us to aid, but we had only one friend in common, Daphne, and she was now in North Africa. Each time he stopped talking I would ask a question, for when the silence became too long and deep he always ended it by extending his hand and saying thanks for listening and moved in his chair as though about to leave. It didn't seem a good idea to be persuading him constantly to stay or to live because if he kept pretending or threatening he would have both to leave and to kill himself for his own distorted pride.

"But your painting?" I said tentatively, knowing that it sounded fatuous to a man who had been up all night and got himself into such a state.

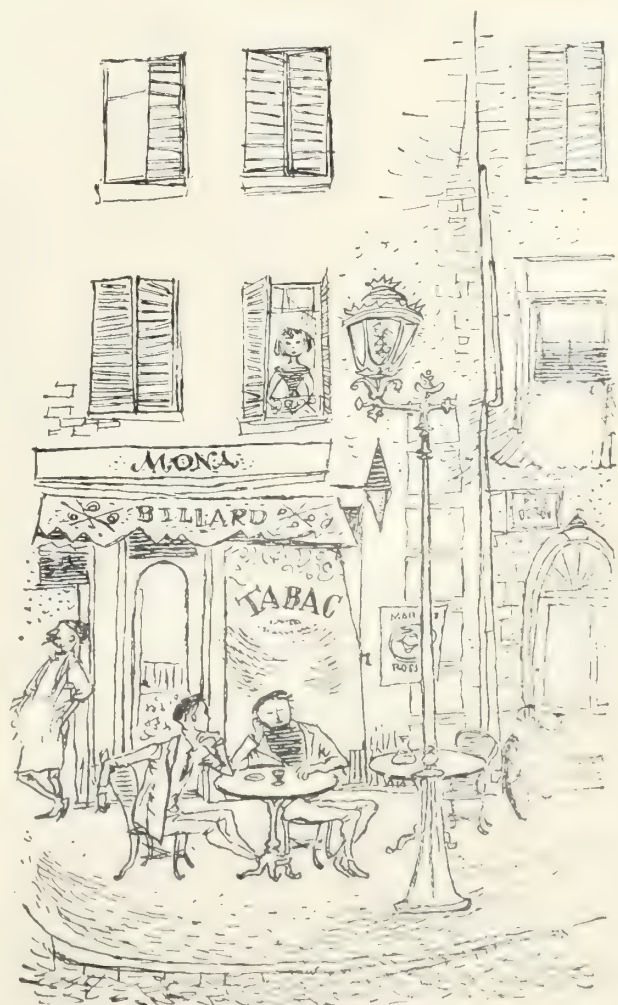
"To hell with it," he said.

"But the reviews were excellent. Even Bernard Mérimée's."

"Exactly," he said. "But what does it mean? I can paint. I know that. I can go on and on and paint more and more pictures and better and better and better ones and the critics will say more and more decent things and stupid people will start buying them and paying more and more. But what does it come to? Nothing. It's a farce. A great big farce like everything else." We talked about painting

for almost forty minutes: the young painters who were being pushed by the right critics; those who had real talent who were building respectable reputations; those who were phonies who were getting there on exploitable personalities; those who were arriving by affording chic galleries; those who had once had talent but who now, having nothing more to say, were turning out slick phony junk and becoming even more the rage; those who were willing to pay actual money to critics. All these people arriving, getting there, some through merit, some not, but all arriving. And where was there? It was a great big farce; that's what it was, a farce.

"What about going back to the States?" I offered. But no, he had left the States with exactly this same sense of futility, not as acute and debilitating as now because then he had believed that the fault lay not within himself but in the essentially materialistic, essentially anti-intellectual philosophy of the Americans. Now he knew that was not true. Their ambitions were simply different, their goals per-



haps more obvious and less admirable (to own a Packard rather than a Picasso), their means more direct and open. But even so, here or there it was a farce.

For a while, his first year abroad, he had not understood America and had been in constant revolt against its mania for cleanliness and against its puritanism. He had grown a beard, gone dirty, worn clothes that hung like rags. He had slept with so many that he sometimes did not recognize them any longer on the street. All in meaningless revolt against a meaningless system. Farce in reaction to farce.

"Women," he said. "I've had more women in two years here than I would have thought possible. Sometimes serious affairs too, but they always end the same way: boredom. No, seriously," he said when he saw my quizzical brow. "After a while anything becomes boring and I don't think I'm capable of any real, deep, sustaining emotion, except in painting." He paused a long time, then said without any vanity but as a statement of ordinary fact: "You can't look like me," he indicated his face with a flare of his hand, "and have a straight back, strong chest, no hips, and good legs without attracting more women than you know what to do with. And men. And I've tried that but it's ridiculous." He had tried, it evolved, beer, wine, reefers, cognac, complete celibacy, and every other vice, and having a completely detached approach was not at all interested in what anyone said. "Those petty little gossipers see all those things, like drunkenness and lustings, as ends in themselves rather than as ways toward something real: as a way out of oneself." But now he was tired of experimenting, tired of trying to break through his isolation.

DURING these long discourses I was trying to remember articles on suicide I had read since the night the stunned boy had been found on the dormitory step and led dazed and pleading to the infirmary. ("No one believed me," he kept saying, his eyes wide and wild, "no one believed me." And then lying on the floor in the hall of the infirmary whispering from his torn-looking mouth: "If you only knew what it is I'm afraid of." What it was he never revealed.) More people, I remembered, kill themselves in daytime than at night, more on sunny than on dark days, more on Sundays and holidays

than during work days. None of this was encouraging for here we sat in the middle of a bright sunny afternoon while half of Paris was away on holidays. People rarely kill themselves, the book had said, on a full stomach, but Benito Rapello refused any invitation to go around the corner to a restaurant. He had a cup of tea before him only because Pierre, the waiter, insisted that he could not sit there all day without ordering. The fragrance of geraniums, a professor had said, was known to have an exhilarating effect upon depressed patients, but he had not explained how to lead the patient to a geranium.

Finally I asked what I had been wondering since receiving his note: "Why me? Why did you decide to talk first to me?" It sounded blunt and even accusing, but he did not seem to notice.

"Because," he said, "Daphne told me that you tried to commit suicide."

"Did she?" I was astonished. I could not even remember having confided such information to her. Actually I was annoyed.

"Yes," he continued. "Oh it was nothing. I'd merely mentioned that you, more than most people here, seemed to know what you were doing and apparently enjoyed being alive. She said maybe so but you'd poured lighter fluid on yourself in college and jumped from a window."

"That was somebody else." I reddened disagreeably. "A boy I knew."

He watched the red which would not subside and half-relenting, half-persisting said: "Maybe I got the story wrong. But you have tried?"

He had no right to be asking, but then under the circumstances I had no right to refuse him any knowledge that might change his mind.

"I suppose most people have. Or have thought about it."

"But you almost succeeded." He obviously believed I was the lad with the lighter fluid.

"Yes." I said and felt, under his gaze, that I should lean casually over and turn the water on the table before us into wine. Such desperate faith he had in me now: how could I admit that I had merely swallowed forty-four of what were supposed to be powerful sleeping-pills and then had (for fifteen dollars) rushed myself to the hospital in an ambulance to have them pumped out? Or about the

laughter of the intern who discovered, in such a loud voice, that it had been only milk of magnesia tablets? Under Benito's admiring gaze I sat discreetly trying to look like one who had been burned, slashed, and hurled from a third floor window.

"What made you change your mind?" he asked. "You seem happy enough now."

I shrugged my shoulders and pouted like a Frenchman. Such a complex question that any answer would be silly, incomplete, and untruthful. "Analysis, I suppose."

"Psychoanalysis!" he spit the word out as though it were fat meat.

I admitted reluctantly yes, wondering, with annoyance, why in hell some people can't kill themselves without having to ask personal questions.



HE BEGAN a tremendous, offensive tirade against analysis, so bitter that I knew he was extremely interested. I said nothing and made no defenses for it. In fact I agreed with him on many points: it was painfully expensive, and did certainly take time, sometimes years; yes, some people seemed not to benefit outwardly from it, though you couldn't be sure they were dismissed. The only positive point I insisted on was that it was a wiser choice than suicide. He argued on and on but always we came back to the fact which I established with authority: it was a wiser choice than suicide. Finally and quite suddenly he agreed by saying: "Do you know of any psychiatrist here? One who speaks English."

"If I do, will you go?"

He thought for several minutes. "For how long?"

"For even one hour."

Again he reflected: "Yes, for one hour."

"You'll wait here?" I asked without stressing the question. "While I phone."

He said sure.

I phoned the American Hospital and asked for a list of psychiatrists who spoke English. The girl there explained that many of the doctors were out of town during the holidays. Couldn't I telephone back in September? When I told her my predicament she let me speak at once to a neurologist on duty who said I didn't want to get in touch with an analyst but with a psychiatrist and gave me immediately the name and address of one

with whom he had talked only five minutes before and who fortunately lived not ten minutes' walk from the Café Mona, three minutes by cab. He himself would telephone the man that we were on the way. Well naturally he couldn't say but he didn't think Rapello would do anything drastic, not if he had been sitting talking rationally all day, but he shouldn't go, in such a state, alone through another night without sleep.

We walked. Rapello wanted to buy cigarettes. He considered, too, going to his room to shave which could have been a hopeful sign or merely a ruse, so we went on without stopping. All the way he became more nervous: "What am I going to say to the man?"

"Just what you've been saying to me."

"Just that?" He stopped. "What's the use of going?"

"He may ask you a few questions. May ask you something which will open up whole new fields of thinking, whole new ways of looking at yourself and at the world."

Rapello was not convinced but he followed and as we rang the bell to the heavy door he whispered like a child: "All that I said this morning to you?"

"Whatever you like." I whispered back.

Suddenly he drew away. "About the money. I don't have any with me. How much is this going to cost?"

"He won't ask for money. If he does I have some."

The doctor himself opened the door and the girl at the desk in the reception room did not even look up from her typing. A rather elegantly dressed lady sat nervously pretending to read a magazine which she had obviously just picked up. The doctor regarded us and could not make up his mind. Had my mask of sanity slipped?

"This is Benito Rapello," I said hastily in introduction. "The American Hospital called you about an appointment, didn't they?"

"Yes, yes," he said kindly but rather vaguely. "Fortunately I have some minutes." He had a very heavy accent, clearly not French, perhaps German or farther east even. He chose his words with careful deliberation, like a near-sighted typesetter, as though he were not sure they were the words he wanted.

Rapello disappeared with him into the tremendous Louis Quinze living room beyond the sliding doors. The nervous patient glanced at her watch and said in a torrent of French that she could not sit here like this that she would come back in thirty minutes, in an hour, never if she felt like it. The girl did not look up from her typing during this outpour or when the door slammed shut.

Beyond the sliding door Benito Rapello's steady voice droned on, five minutes, ten, fifteen, a half an hour, forty-five minutes. During this time I went over all that he had said that morning and hoped the wise-looking old doctor could find a more appropriate comment than I had found. ("But I'm simple," I had said lamely, yet sincerely. "I like farce.") Near the end of the hour the girl asked Rapello's name, address, and ability to pay which she typed onto a card.

WHEN the sliding doors finally opened and the two came into the room, Rapello's eyes were as happy and bright as a child's but the doctor's face was as before: calm, sage, and inscrutable. Rapello thanked the doctor and as he did so his face broke into an amused smile, the sparkle and sincerity of which completely startled me. He was almost laughing. When the old doctor opened the door, Rapello burst out, and, most unlike him, galloped down the steps. He raced through the hall below too fast for me to keep up.

"Wait. Hey, wait up!" For a moment I didn't know whether to follow or go back and call for the doctor. When I caught up with him at the corner he turned, as though still unaware of me, toward the Seine.

"What did he say?"

But Benito was across the street and off again toward the river. We were almost running now and when I came abreast of him his eyes were still bright and his thin lips were twitching to hold back a grin. "Let's go get a beer," he said. "I'll buy you one."

NEAR the Beaux Arts we sat in front of a café looking out across at the Louvre. We were both breathing hard and Benito had not yet decided to relate what had happened in the conference room. He merely sat shaking his head from side to side and the smile was growing into a broad grin.

"Well," I said when the waiter had placed the beers before us and left.

"I talked for an hour . . ." Rapello began chuckling. "I talked for an hour . . ." Handsome people rarely give themselves over to any emotion so disfiguring and contorting as open laughter; but for a second Benito Rapello threatened to. Long habit though straightened his face and smoothed his features again. "I told him just what I told you this morning: everything is a farce."

"Yes?" I said in mock-sobriety.

"He just sat there listening." Benito's lips began stretching into an elastic grin that would not stay the same size. "Not saying a word. Only listening. And nodding his head in agreement."

Benito drank off half his beer as though he were just back from a three-day desert journey. "He didn't say a word. Not until the end of the hour."

"What then?"

For a moment Benito could do nothing with the grin. But finally he said: "At the end of the hour, he reached for an English dictionary on his desk and said: 'This word: *farce*. What does it mean?'"

That was almost a year ago. Now when Benito Rapello and I meet on the street or see each other on the terrace of the Café Mona he says: "This word, *farce*." And I say: "What does it mean, Lazarus?"

Fulbrighting in Greece

George R. Stewart

TIME was when teaching in a university meant first term and then second term, and perhaps a summer session, on the same campus, squeezed in before the beginning of next-year's first term. Once in a lifetime the professor might go somewhere else to teach for a year. All that is greatly changed now, and if you ask what has changed it, you may receive a variety of replies, but you may also be answered with the single cryptic word, "Fulbright." Let my own case serve as example.

The telegram came on August 5, 1952. It asked whether I would go, for the coming academic year, to the University of Athens as Professor of American Literature and Civilization. I cleared with my own university and wired back that I could accept the appointment but for the first term only. On August 19, governmental red tape having been cut with surprising rapidity, I received official and final notice. (At the same time my loyalty must have been established, in such a short time as to suggest that my life has been blameless to the point of insipidity.) Ten days later—having rented the house, bought clothes, organized lecture notes, secured reservations, and settled all other business, as with lawyers, dentists, and doctors—my wife and I left home, on August 30.

I should hasten to add that this procedure, while it well illustrates the new element of sudden change that has entered academic life, is by no means typical of the way in which Fulbright appointments are handled. There was an emergency in the Greek situation, someone unable to go at the last moment. Moreover, although I had not applied for the appointment, I was considering an applica-

tion for the following year, and this was known to various people.

In any case, we drove across the country and sailed from New York on September 12. After more than the ordinary vicissitudes of travel, and some resultant delays, we arrived in Athens on October 18.

The term "Fulbright" echoes the name of Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas, himself a former Rhodes scholar, and therefore sensitive to international cultural relations. In 1946 he sponsored Public Law 584, Seventy-ninth Congress, commonly called the Fulbright Act. As Department of State Publication 3197 declares succinctly, this legislation was inspired by "two compelling factors: (1) the need for broader international understanding and (2) the shortage of dollars." In certain foreign countries, after the war, there was much valuable property of the United States. The foreign countries were eager to buy these supplies, but lacked our currency. Public Law 584 permitted them to buy the surplus property, not by expending dollars, but by bringing American scholars and students to those countries where they could be paid in domestic currency. A so-called "reverse Fulbright" has also been made possible—that is, the sending of scholars and students from the participating country to the United States. The ultimate aim, as expressed in another official document, is "to further goodwill and understanding between the United States and other countries through the exchange of students, teachers, lecturers, research scholars, and specialists." Moreover, although the same statement emphasizes scholarship, the most significant factor of the individual's participation is stated to be his

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continuing effects or influences "in the direction of ultimate World Peace."

Under the act, agencies known as United States Educational Foundations have been set up in the participating countries. These boards are generally composed of members in equal numbers from the United States and from the respective foreign country. On their recommendation the funds are expended, the programs established, and the candidates appointed.

Appointments fall under the three general heads of Visiting Lecturers, Research Scholars, and Special Categories. The first are generally professors of established reputation in some American university. Research scholars may range from people who might equally well be Visiting Lecturers to modestly compensated "Junior Fulbrights," who are young graduate students. Under Special Categories fall librarians, social workers, and specialists in many other fields. Teachers, typically at the secondary-school level, are also sent.

THE arrangements are now in effect with no less than twenty-six countries, although those with China and Korea have recently been (for obvious reasons) suspended. Even at the risk of compiling a mere catalogue, the countries should be listed, for by their very names they display the far-flung nature of the enterprise, and suggest the importance of this two-way cultural influence. In Europe the participating countries include Austria, Belgium and Luxembourg, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and the United Kingdom. In Asia the alphabetical list runs from Burma, through Ceylon, India, Iran, Iraq, Japan, Pakistan, the Philippine Islands, and Thailand, to end with Turkey. Australia and New Zealand both participate. The continent of Africa, with only Egypt and the Union of South Africa included, might seem to be slighted, but actually most of it is brought within the range of action because the colonial dependencies of participating countries are included.

The arrangements are in general set up on a twenty-year basis, of which about fifteen years are left to run in most countries. The number of appointments varies with the countries, being affected by a number of factors. It is highest, as might be expected, for the

United Kingdom, France, and Italy. In 1951-2 the program for the first of these countries, including its colonial dependencies, called for thirty-two Research Scholars and twenty-eight Lecturers and Specialists. The figures for France were thirty and twenty; for Italy, twenty-three and twelve. Some of the smaller countries, however, took unexpectedly large quotas. Egypt accommodated eight and fifteen; Norway, seven and ten. Greece, too, ranks higher in the list than one would expect of a country with a population of seven and one-half millions, smaller than that of New York City.

IN ATHENS I found a university valiantly struggling to recover from the ravages of war, and a program in American studies which had to be created rather than continued. But, as Scott puts it, "twere vain to tell" the petty excitements and confusions of meeting my colleagues, calling upon the Dean with an interpreter, scheduling classes, and locating rooms. It ended by my having three classes, for nine hours of teaching, and one public lecture weekly. At least this was no sinecure! On the other hand, the late date of starting, Christmas vacation, and a special vacation on account of the Greek elections, all reduced the number of teaching weeks to such a small figure that I can lay no claim to having been overworked.

Almost immediately I discovered that most of the students did not know English well enough to do much reading in literature. I therefore decided to emphasize the "civilization" rather than the "literature" of my double-barreled title, and was thus put into the paradoxical position of trying to teach civilization to the Athenians. I ended up by devoting most of my time to American geography and history, because of the obvious utility of these subjects when the students should become teachers of English in Greek secondary schools.

The students themselves were delightful. They were about equally men and women, some older ones, but most of them about the age to be expected of American freshmen and sophomores. They could of course, like any students, be irritating at times. Greeks like to talk, and periodically, in response to some petty stimulus, the whole class would break into floods of an unintelligible tongue. Then

I would have to struggle to get them back into English. The language problem was always a difficult one and made every hour's teaching the equivalent in labor of two or three at home. The students had learned English by all sorts of means, one of them merely by listening to radio broadcasts from London. The amazing thing was that they could handle the language at all, not that they had difficulty with my American speech. But they were in general eager, polite, and intelligent. One American assured me, "There are no dumb Greeks!" While I distrust even complimentary generalizations about a whole race, my experience at the University of Athens would lead me to confirm this particular one.

I soon saw that, considering how few weeks were available to me, the actual amount of teaching that I could do would not be very important. Of greater moment would be the organizing of a program and the establishment of good relations with the students, both of which I could pass on to my successor.

So, as part of this plan and after some hesitation, I decided to invite each of the classes to a Sunday afternoon at my house, with refreshments. This was a somewhat revolutionary procedure, and might not even have been approved by the university authorities if they had known of it. In Greece the continental tradition holds, and a professor is a thing apart from and above his students. Moreover, the straitened postwar finances of the country are reflected in low salaries for professors, and most of them simply cannot afford to entertain.

Each of the afternoons turned out to be a tremendous success. In spite of his postwar poverty, the Greek never omits to be polite, and so my wife and I were greatly touched when on each Sunday morning a huge bunch of flowers was delivered with the compliments of the class. At the proper hour the students arrived, almost wholly in a body. After a few moments of stiff formal conversation in English, we showed them into the dining-room, and like true students everywhere they fell upon the food. They also drank moderately of the mild Greek wines and liqueurs. When the food had been consumed—I speak literally—we returned to the other room. Now things had loosened up, and the conversation was more animated and easy. They looked at pictures of our house in the United States and

of our children. It ended by their sitting on the floor singing Greek folksongs in magnificent voices and with a full distribution of parts.

Upon my final departure from Greece I was again much touched—remembering their poverty—when each of the classes presented me with a farewell gift. The small framed watercolor of the temple of Zeus hangs now in my living room, and the copy of a little Greek vase stands nearby.

AS THE weeks passed, I gradually came to know more about the whole Fulbright set-up in Greece. The U. S. Educational Foundation had its headquarters in Athens, and from the office of its chairman, Maurice S. Rice, the lines of its influence radiated outward. Besides myself, there were six lecturers at work. One of these was Merle Rife of Muskingum College, my colleague at the University. Three were at the University of Salonika, and two others in specialized work in Athens. Three Americans held research appointments—a numismatist, a historian, and a New Testament scholar. There were seven at the graduate-student level. In addition, thirty Americans were variously distributed in other kinds of work—as librarians, in connection with the YMCA and YWCA, and, mostly, as teachers in schools of the secondary level. Some of these last were attached to the four private schools that have always been under considerable American influence, but eight teachers were actually functioning in the Greek public-school system. As someone put it, "Scratch a cultural activity, and find a Fulbrighter."

Actually the work of the foundation did not even cease at this point. No less than \$70,000 was expended in the course of the year on scholarships for Greek students at the four private institutions already mentioned. The education of some 250 young Greeks was thus facilitated. And at the same time, under sponsorship of the foundation, sixty-eight Greek students were studying in the United States.

Of all these varied activities the one that seems the boldest and to call the most for special comment is the new practice of sending American secondary-school teachers to the gymnasia in various smaller Greek cities. It was a bold experiment and might well have

failed. Most of the provincial Greek towns are very dull, few people speak English, the standards of living are vastly different from our own. There was a very good chance that a young American suddenly isolated in such an environment simply could not take it. But, on the whole, the program turned out to be a brilliant success. The work of these teachers has made certain that some contact with the United States has been made, not only by the Athenian (who is a good deal of an international anyway), but also by the grass-roots Greek of the provinces. As Justice Douglas pointed out in *Beyond the High Himalayas*, really to get at a people we must work at the village level. These Fulbrighters in Greece were not quite in the villages, but they have shown that Americans can successfully move in that direction.

IN SIMILAR fashion one phase of my own work took me away from Athens and into the provinces. I had scarcely arrived when William Weld, the cultural attaché and a member of the Educational Foundation, approached me with the idea of giving lectures in various Greek towns. I took a dim view of the matter. I had been advised by friends that the project was scarcely worth my energy; like most professors, I knew how outside lectures can sap a man's time and strength and generally seem to accomplish little.

In the end I let myself be persuaded, more because the novelty of the adventure appealed to me than in the expectation of accomplishing any great good.

First, I had to write a lecture. I took as my subject "The Influence of Greece upon the United States." My idea was not to talk of the general influence of Greek civilization upon the Western world, but rather upon its specific influences in the United States, such as the effects upon our architecture, names, and literature. The language raised a particular problem. My audiences would know little English, and my own Greek was definitely at the stage of "This-is-the-pen-of-my-father." So we had my lecture translated, and then with my teacher I worked at perfecting myself well enough to read the first ten minutes of it in Greek. This was about as artificial as learning a part in a play, but I thought it worthwhile to make the gesture, because Greeks are not accustomed to having Americans try to learn

their language, and would be correspondingly pleased.

Then, just before Christmas—armed with manuscripts in Greek and English and with interpreters arranged for—I set out on the Greek circuit. My schedule called for Patras and Pyrgos in the southwest; Rhodes in the Dodecanese off the coast of Turkey; and Kaballa and Salonika in the north. I ended by feeling not only that these lectures were among the most interesting of all my doings as a Fulbrighter, but also that they were perhaps the most useful.

Twice I read the lecture altogether in English, presenting a paragraph or two, and then pausing while the Greek interpreter read from his text. Three times I read my introductory section in Greek, and here I shall state (recalling Churchill's immortal tetrad) that if I have never shed blood or tears in the cause of Greek-American amity, I have at least expended a great deal of toil and sweat. I certainly hope my audiences appreciated the gesture. It was the hardest working gesture in which I ever indulged. One Greek-American friend paid me a high compliment upon my performance. He said, "I understood every word you said, and sometimes it sounded like Greek."

MY EXPERIENCE at Pyrgos was the most interesting, and perhaps the most typically Greek. The others can be considered as variations.

Pyrgos is a town of some fifteen thousand people, in the ancient territory of Elis, close to Olympia. It is not a prosperous town even for Greece, and this means that by our standards it is indescribably poor. As usual, the U. S. Information Service had sponsored the lecture, and had made efficient arrangements in advance.

We made a long day of it by visiting Olympia first, and finally pulling into Pyrgos about five o'clock. It was a chilly, drizzly day, and the town offered little in the way of hotel or restaurant. So we had been invited to take tea with one of the leading families. Their hereditary business was the export of currants, but they had recently shifted to rice, which is now being grown in the district as the result of the work of American agricultural experts.

Tea-time was a memorable experience. There was real Greek courtesy and considera-

tion, and plenty of real Greek food. The nomarch, Greek equivalent of a state governor, came to have tea also, and proved highly intelligent and agreeable. All four of the grown-up children spoke English, and the younger son, in his lieutenant's uniform, made the world shrink even beyond its proverbial smallness. We Californians met him in Pyrgos where he had just returned from being attached to an American division in Korea.

Then we all went to the lecture-hall. It was the best place in town, a very bare and barn-like room indeed, but seating about two hundred, on benches. It was full, and people were standing. Their clothes showed the poverty that is all but universal in Greece. They were mostly men; even yet, oriental customs have a strong hold in provincial Greece.

All the local dignitaries were there. The nomarch sat on the platform to make the introductory speech. The mayor was there too, along with the interpreter and Nelson Stephens, the U. S. Information Service representative for that area of Greece. In the front row sat that most important person in a Greek town—the bishop, magnificent with long black beard, flowing robes, and colorful insignia.

First the nomarch spoke. Being a true Greek, he spoke fluently and at length. My wife, in the balcony, whispered to one of the daughters we had met at tea-time: "What's he saying?" The reply was: "He is telling what your husband has done." Ten minutes later my ever-loyal spouse whispered again: "Well, he can't still be talking about my husband; George hasn't done that much!"

However that may be, I eventually got the floor. Scarcely anyone in the audience understood English, and they soon developed a routine. When the interpreter talked, they listened intently. As soon as I began, they relaxed with an audible rustle, and began—quite naturally and not at all disrespectfully—to clear their throats and blow their noses. The exceptions were a few young boys, whom I took to be students of English. They were scattered here and there, generally seated between parents who turned proud eyes on their progeny during the periods of my own speaking. From the strained looks on those youths' faces I doubted whether they understood much, but at least they could pick up the

Greek that followed, and so the parental pride need not be deflated.

I concluded, and then the interpreter concluded, and then came the applause. I thought it was over, and was ready to make my break from the platform. But the bishop was on his feet. He was speaking formally and with great dignity. I could not follow his Greek, but the occasion reminded me so much of the awarding of a degree to a commencement speaker at the university that I momentarily imagined I was being created an honorary archdeacon. I believe, however, he was only giving some kind of official commendation and thanks.

Finally we adjourned to the balcony and there the town notables assembled for a slight collation with Greek brandy and ouzo. (If you have been to Greece you will know ouzo; if not, it doesn't matter.)

IN RETROSPECT, I have decided the lectures served a good purpose. Whether, considered as high-level propaganda, they helped to prevent anyone's conversion to communism or to aid his reconversion, I would not know. They showed a certain number of Greeks, however, that an American professor was willing to take the trouble to come to speak in their towns, and Greek respect for a professor is very high. Such lectures—others of the Fulbrighters also gave them—may likewise help to show that the United States is interested in other things than the purely material ones.

The reception of the lectures was flattering. The halls were full; sometimes people were standing, and at Patras and Pyrgos a number had to be sent away for lack of even standing room. Local dignitaries turned out regularly, and some of them always sat on the platform along with the American representatives. At Kaballa—not far from the Bulgarian border and a Communist center—the major-general commanding the area attended, and a large number of officers. At Rhodes the local YWCA added its sponsorship. At Salonika the patriarch himself, although unable to attend, was careful to send his regrets.

The lectures were well reported in the local papers. In one city the demand was so great that the U. S. Information Service had the Greek text mimeographed for distribution. In another city the text was published in the newspaper.

A THOUGHTFUL man can scarcely return from Greece without feeling that the Fulbright program there is tremendously important and successful. Granted it has some shortcomings and some individual weak spots, the general conclusion can stand.

As elsewhere, the program in Greece works in two ways. It enables Americans to know Greece and Greeks, and it enables Greeks to know Americans. The contacts, moreover, are deeper than those of the tourist level. In the course of months they are established as living contacts, cultural contacts, and working contacts. In such international relationships the danger is always, of course, that the result may be bad, not good. In getting to know each other, people of two nations may only develop frictions, and end in dislike and lack of mutual respect. Too often some such distressing situation has resulted, or seems to be developing, in countries where large numbers of Americans have been engaged on missions of various kinds—thus giving the Communist propagandists their excuse to raise the cry of “the American occupation.”

Our missions—economic, military, and other—have done incalculable good in reconstituting the war-shattered systems of many nations, but they have also piled up a stupendous debit of bad personal feeling. Proud peoples have too often felt themselves treated like “natives.” American colonies have fenced themselves in with invisible wire—ridden in their own buses, bought at the PX, eaten in their own restaurants, sent their children to American schools, learned not a word of the language of the country, gathered in their own clubs. While I was in Athens a story circulated about an American woman who had been there for a year or more and had never seen any Greek money. When someone showed her a bill and said it was worth ten-thousand drachmae (except that he probably said “dracks,” in the usual American fashion), she replied, “What are *they*?” I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story, but it may well be true. It would certainly be possible, for in Greece many Americans are paid in dollars and spend them at the Post Exchange and the snack-bar in the Tameion Building.

On the other hand, the Fulbrighter—by the very terms of his appointment—is largely kept out of such an artificial situation. He is paid in drachmae and rarely

sees a dollar. In Athens we called ourselves the members of a mythical alphabetical set-up—the AWOP's, meaning Americans Without Privileges. We could not use the Army Post Office. We could not use the PX, actually a considerable financial hardship. We could not use the Mission buses, except by bluffing with our American clothes to get on, hoping we would not be thrown off. I developed something of a Greek's feeling about the snack-bar, and never even drank a coffee there, though I might have broken one of the six dollar bills I carried in my wallet. (Besides, when in Greece, I would rather sit in a street café and drink Greek coffee.)

Such a situation may have a tendency to develop a slight paranoia in the Fulbrighter, but at least it helps develop a sympathy with the people of the country. In addition, the Fulbright ranks are recruited from teachers and scholars, those classes which are most carefully trained to appreciate other people's points of view and to be interested in their customs and history.

The Fulbrighters, if they have not remade economies and armies, have at least spread good will, and—I think—very little bad will. They have not been primarily missionaries or do-gooders. If they had been or had attempted to be, they would have been less successful. On the other hand, they have not been exploiters. In contrast to the salaries and living-allowances received by many Americans abroad, the Fulbrighter draws a modest stipend in the currency of the country, and sometimes ends the year with a deficit, which he has to make up expending whatever dollar-savings he may have had at home.

If you ask various Fulbrighters why they are on their jobs, you will get various answers. Those on research appointments can simply say they are doing their own research and are essentially working in line with their own careers. The teachers will most likely say they want the experience of living and working abroad, that they want to get out of their rut at home, that they enjoy learning about a foreign people. Rarely will one of either kind say that he wanted to “help” the foreign country, carry on propaganda against communism, or spread American ideals. Largely, I think, because he is not a professional in any of these departments, he actually manages to accomplish a considerable amount in all of them.

The Case of the Disrespectful Mice

Jean Mayer

I SPEND much of my time studying disrespectful mice. Sometimes it looks as though these mice do not actually aim to show disrespect for widely publicized expert opinions and that their sins are mostly of ignorance. They have not read the right books and they just don't know. And yet at other times anyone watching them would feel that they *have* read the textbooks and that they *are* downright malicious when they misbehave. This is very disconcerting to many experts who, on the basis of their knowledge of physiology, psychology, nutrition, or medicine, feel they ought to be able to predict how these mice should react in at least a number of situations. It would be upsetting to me, too, if by now I had not come always to expect the worst from them. If you develop this viewpoint, these mice will rarely disappoint you.

Appropriately enough, this steady series of scientific paradoxes can be traced to a catastrophe. A few years ago, a forest fire started on Mount Desert Island and, just as everyone thought it had died down, suddenly jumped out of control. By the time it was over, it had ruined a large part of Bar Harbor and destroyed, not only a number of baroque hotels and Victorian houses, but also the Jackson Memorial Laboratory.

This unique institution, famous the world over among biologists, is for specialists of the genetics of mammalian species the equivalent of what the Louvre and the British Museum

combined would be for archaeologists. Founded by Dr. C. C. Little, a scholar and an administrator who enjoys the almost unique distinction of still being a productive scientist after having been president of two universities, the Jackson Laboratory was (and, in its new plant, is) devoted to the study of hereditary processes in mice. Lest this appear to stern utilitarians a somewhat futile pastime, let it be pointed out that it is difficult for an animal to study the genetics of its own species, because by the time it has seen two or three generations appear the observer is dead. Biblical observers, who, according to the scriptures, very much outlived the commonly allotted three score and ten, and who did pay close attention to genealogy, do not seem to have made use of their fine opportunity to study human genetics. On the other hand, mice become of marriageable age in a few weeks, and observations of hereditary processes in the little creatures have taught us more in a few years than we could have learned if the ancient Egyptians had taught the human race to count blue and brown eyes instead of stars.

Furthermore, there are no limitations, among experimental mice, about who can be bred to whom. Even in societies which do not leave the choice of a mate to chance and romantic love, such practices as brother-sister or mother-son marriages are discouraged. It may be that one of the reasons for the strong taboos which universally forbid choosing a

Dr. Jean Mayer, a specialist in nutritional problems and a Frenchman by birth, has been since 1950 an assistant professor at the Harvard School of Public Health, where he encountered the fat and disconcerting mice herein described.

parent, or a brother or sister, for a spouse is precisely the reason why this type of mating is such a useful tool in genetics; it brings to light and allows one to recognize and study hitherto hidden genetic characteristics which, in the case of the human race, might profitably remain in a discreet shadow.

In the hands of the geneticists of Bar Harbor, the systematic use of incest as the only basis for producing new generations (or perhaps "half generations" in some cases) has taught us much about the heredity of disease. In particular, we have learned something about the heredity of skeletal malformation and other "congenital" abnormalities, of susceptibility to infection, and of the so-called degenerative conditions, often characteristic of old age, like kidney diseases. Above all the mice have taught us a great deal about the hereditary factors in cancer and about the way in which environmental influences interplay with constitutional traits to cause or prevent the appearance of tumors.

But to get back to the fire and to the mischievous mice. As often after upheavals of societies, one of the consequences of the disaster was a number of unscheduled matings. The colony was being reconstituted from a few escapees rescued from the flames, as well as from the progeny of the native Bar Harbor mice which had been sent to outside institutions, and in the course of this process a "V" male was crossed with a "Black 57" female. (There are some more picturesque genetic designations, such as non-agouti, fuzzy, leaden, or—as we shall see—waltzing.) Among their descendants, in a proportion which—for once—conformed to the rules for a "Mendelian recessive" gene (about one fourth), there appeared animals which, as they developed, became grossly obese, weighing two, three, sometimes four times as much as their normal-weight brothers and sisters; round, soft, placid little balls of mouse-fat, shorter lived than average, but seemingly contented.

Let me hasten to add that although these obese animals—the disrespectful mice of this story—dutifully conformed to the laws of genetics, we faced a practical difficulty: they did not reproduce. Still they could be obtained, slowly at first, by finding out, by trial marriages, which ones among the thin male and female mice carried the "obese" gene, and by mating males and females who were both

carriers. When two dozen or so of the obese mice had been produced, a little over two years ago, some of them were sent to us to study, in our laboratory at the Nutrition Department of the Harvard School of Public Health. We had been interested for a long time in what makes animals and people eat, what makes them stop eating, and why some of them don't stop and become fat; and now with the aid of funds from a number of industrial concerns, which came to us through the Nutrition Foundation of New York, and from the U. S. Public Health Service, we began some specific investigations. Here were real challenge and real opportunity.

II

IT MUST be noted that by their very existence, these obese mice contradict a great many authoritative teachings. As overweight is not only unbecoming but actually bad for one, physicians, nutritionists, and health authorities have justifiably preached reducing to the extra plump. We know, in fact (if the truth be for once told), extraordinarily little about why people get fat. The one thing which is well established in this field is the old law of conservation of matter and energy, which in this context means that fat does not materialize out of thin air. To become fat, you must have absorbed more energy, as food, than you have expended as heat and as muscular work. (The "you" is used in the oratorical, not the personal, fashion.) Conversely, if we starve you, you will lose weight. Once again, this is just about all we know on the subject, and it leaves unanswered the real question, which is, "Why do some people eat more than they require?" Perhaps understandably, most therapists seem to fear that if they give the slightest consideration to search for causes of this overeating, overweight patients will seize upon it as an excuse for avoiding self-starvation. If the victims of obesity are led to think that there may be a physiologic basis for their condition, they may cease to struggle and simply blame destiny.

However, not a few laymen (among whom, perhaps, the reader himself may be numbered) have noted that corpulence often "runs" in families. They have concluded, not unnaturally, that there is an hereditary factor in

obesity. According to many textbooks of nutrition, medicine, public health, etc., they could not be more wrong. These textbooks are all the more emphatic in that they bring forth no convincing evidence on the subject, only pompous statements. For example, a well-known treatise on clinical nutrition comes forth in its twenty-eighth chapter, "Obesity," with some typical pronouncements. Besides stating once and for all that "Body build is inherited; obesity is not," it adds that "Pains must be taken to explain . . . that while shape is inherited, obesity is an acquired characteristic." Pains indeed! (The only honest way to describe the situation is probably to say that while a tendency to eat more than the body requires, and hence to obesity, may be inherited, one still has to do the actual overeating to become fat; if one doesn't, one may remain thin, but it may be at the cost of spending one's whole life feeling hungry.)

If you get one of the more sophisticated proponents of the view that genetic factors must be ruled out to agree that there *are* families which show an unusually high proportion of plump members, he will quickly explain that this is because of the socio-cultural familial environment, which stresses large meals and rich foods. He is left undisturbed by the fact that you can't make normal experimental animals obese by varying the composition of their diet. He also ignores whatever evidence has been collected by students of human genetics.

In spite of the difficulties of the subject there are a few geneticists who have concentrated on observing human beings. Scientists such as Von Vershuer and Newman have noted such simple facts as the extreme similarity of the weights of identical twins through life, even when they have been reared and have been living in different environments. Other observers, such as Julius Bauer, Rony, Angel, and Gurney, have studied more devious matters such as the number of children and the proportion among these of obese individuals in the marriages of the various possible combinations of obese and normal-weight men and women. (This means, more clearly, of thin men with fat women, fat men and thin women, and the assorted pairs.) Out of all this enough material has been gathered to support tolerably well the suggestion that there *are* several genes which

control obesity in man. In fact a couple of these geneticists are so sure of themselves that they are not afraid to describe one of these genes as dominant and another by the rather formidable characterization of "sex-linked and recessively lethal." However, catch a "health educator" believing all that. He will go on insisting that there is no heredity in obesity.

But meanwhile here are our obese mice, triumphantly Mendelian, moving around for all the world to see in the same socio-cultural environment as their thinner siblings.

ANOTHER distressing trait of the obese mice is their attitude toward exercise. Orthodox teaching holds that exercise is no way to reduce. You may have contrasted, in juvenile fantasies, the hard, lean Indian scout, warrior, or explorer with the roly-poly banker seated at his desk. Nonsense, say the experts. You should know that the more you rise from your armchair, the more your appetite will increase. Eighteen holes of golf on a cool crisp fall morning would not offset the effect on your weight that a supplementary Hershey bar (or whisky sour) would have. Well, the mice have never heard of all this. The thin mice are in perpetual motion. Put them in a squirrel cage equipped with a counter and you will find that the wheel will turn several thousand times a day if there is a thin mouse in the cage, almost not at all if the inhabitant is a fat mouse.

Worse than this, we have already mentioned the fact that there is such a thing as a "waltzing" gene. The unfortunate mice which display this hereditary characteristic are doomed to perpetual motion, round and round in their cage. If they see anything they want, they can only approach it after following a series of circles. They will pause for food, water, sleep, and other basic physiologic needs, but the rest of the time they are bent on their apparently aimless errand, in a manner reminiscent of Dante's Inferno or, more appropriately perhaps, of athletic practice. If an obese mouse is also a waltzing mouse, he may not stay quite as thin as a "non-obese" mouse, but he reaches only about half the weight of an ordinary fat mouse. Arthur Murray please note. If you are tempted to the conclusion that perhaps exercise *is* a reducing aid, provided it is practiced daily and in

moderation (*not* in sudden and violent weekend and summer vacation bouts), you may find by personal experience or observation that you were justified in your guess, expert opinion notwithstanding.

I shall pass lightly over several other low blows to the specialist, the extreme offensiveness of which might not be apparent to the layman. For example, textbooks say that obese subjects should display a normal "basal metabolic rate." The fat mice do no such thing; their basal metabolic rate is low and may be down to minus fifty. Their endocrine glands misbehave. They develop a form of diabetes which is superbly unaffected by doses of insulin that would shake a horse, and which may be due to a hitherto undescribed hormone. They are unable to burn their fat properly. Also, if you place them in the cold, in spite of their enormous paddings of fat they will die within a couple of hours while the thin mice survive indefinitely. Similar examples of "deviationism" could be enumerated for an hour.

But these heresies are trivial compared to what is yet to come. For what is yet to come is acquiescence, not disagreement. Submissiveness, not revolt. And unfortunately this perfect agreement is with the one branch of science and medicine which might not appreciate it, to wit, psychiatry. It is in this respect that the fat mice show themselves naked for what they are: ruthless, vicious iconoclasts.

III

PSYCHIATRIC textbooks and articles and lecturers with knowledge in such things generally agree that obesity is a psychosomatic disorder. Obese patients, they say, have remained at the "oral" stage of personality development. That is, they have not transferred their "sexual" interest from maternal milk—and food in general—to more adult preoccupations. They are, as a result, still using food as a substitute for newer forms of release—hence their obesity. In addition, they show other infantile traits: lack of initiative and of will power, need for approval and affection, and often an outwardly lethargic—even though inwardly insecure—attitude. Often they have been subjected in their early childhood to the excessive attention of an overprotective mother. Their only redeeming

feature is that, according to life-insurance statistics, obese people are less prone to suicide than thin people.

This is where it is going to hurt. The obese mice overeat. Furthermore, if you put them in a "cafeteria" situation, where they can freely select the components of their diet, they will compose themselves a diet very different from that chosen by ordinary mice. Strangely enough, in the diet they so select, the proportion of fat, protein, and sugar resembles that of milk.

As for libido, the obese mice just won't mate. Their sex organs are, as far as the most competent anatomists and histologists can tell me, quite normal. In fact, if an egg formed by the ovary of an obese female is transplanted into a thin mouse and properly fertilized, it will give a perfectly good mouse (this is the way obese mice are actually mass-produced nowadays). Similarly, the male sperm seems fit for active duty. Yet an obese male and an obese female, thrown together, won't mate. They won't mate with thin partners either, which seems to eliminate purely aesthetic considerations. They are just not interested in sex.

Also the fat mice have no initiative, no curiosity. Put a thin mouse in a new cage and he will run and explore it. But not the fat mouse. Sometimes he will sit and eat and sometimes he will just sit. After a while he will eat.

The fat mice do like to be patted on the back. They crane their necks to be caressed and they nestle in your hand. By contrast, try to catch a thin mouse. He will run like mad to elude you. If finally cornered, he will turn around and bite (I speak from long and bitter experience). Or in desperation he will jump from the table, even if the three-foot drop is going to kill him. But not the fat mouse. He will only ask for more fondling.

As for overprotective mothers, it is hard to say who has them and who hasn't. But there can be little doubt that mother mice, whatever their color, their weight, or their genetic composition, are overprotective. If you so much as look from a distance at a mother mouse, she will collect all her litter and hide it in the darkest corner of the cage. She hides the future thin mice and the future fat mice too. But then many thin people have had solicitous mothers.

If you reduce the obese mice by fasting them, they will become active, though still not quite so active as non-obese mice. They will exhibit more initiative and more curiosity in their search for food. They act as if they felt better. On the other hand, so far in our experience, their loss of weight leaves unchanged both the predilection for fat and the lack of interest in sex. And of course, if the slimmed mice are left free again to decide on their own caloric intake, they will quickly eat their way back to obesity.

I think you will now agree that the obese mice have an "oral" personality. It goes with the tendency to obesity. You can't separate it from the obesity no matter what breeding schemes you try. But does it really cause obesity, or is it simply, like obesity, a visible symptom of a deeper, more primitive genetic lesion? Like, for example, the fact that these little pieces of fatty acids won't let themselves

get completely oxidized, but stubbornly build up again. Or do you care to go deeper still and place the primary lesion at the confines of Mind and Matter, in a faulty arrangement of the "probable" positions and movements of the atoms which constitute the elementary components of genes? No matter where you choose to stop, however, look and see what happened to all these learned theories on obesity.

Well, now you know why the mice are turning me into something of a skeptic. But, don't forget, while they have made a hash of human explanations and predictions, they have been very scrupulous with the laws of nature. The conservation of energy still holds. If your cousin eats less, she won't grow so fat. And, if need be, the same would be true for you. And remember, the thin mice bury their fat brothers and sisters whose libido never grew up.

Bloodroot

CHARLES G. BELL

I WALK them in my sleep, those woodland trails
Of the Ragged Mountains. Often when milk-trucks roar
Or garbage cans are gathered in the dusk before
The gray dawn of the city, I stand at the old place
By the tulip tree, where the path bends with the hills
And a clear spring breaks out cold from the rock face.

It was a long way from the town, a day's tramp
To reach it and return, but the forest there
Was almost virginal, the moss on the ground
Dense as a carpet and scenting the clean air,
And that was where in the spring I always found
The strange white flower with the bitter stem.

Bitter and dropping blood. It seemed a sign,
That pure loveliness out of the bleeding frond;
And at the same place, in the shelter of the hills,
Brown leather mushrooms grew, the great morels,
That we called devil's fingers, a hideous brood,
Mingling with those flowers like evil and good.

From the tulip tree a trail went up to the ridge,
To a run-down mountain house in an apple grove,
The apples hard and bitter; a wagon groove
Led down the other side to the valley road.
A man lived there of no particular age,
A good-hearted man, but with a rough edge.

I did not like him at first; he had a bride
So beautiful you could only think of her.
Men are slow to learn they must beware
That kind of lonely-eyed excess of beauty.
She left the man one night and their young child,
For a boy going in a big car to the city.

The man lived on, nursing his child a year.
He was joined at last by a woman so plain, I thought
Her his sister; but they said otherwise.
I used to camp out overnight quite near;
They would come down with some good surprise,
Sit by the fire while we ate what they had brought.

And something of nature's paradox I learned
That last spring from the man. I had never heard
Such things were edible. He brought them stewed,
Those devil's fingers—"the best food in the wood;
But never you taste," he said, "the bloodroot's blood,
Unless you want your heart and bowels to burn."

So I learned it waking, and afterwards with pain;
But still in sleep I come to the place of the dream,
And trampling the devil's fingers in my old mood,
With the joy of the first sighting, pluck and admire—
O the eight long petals yearning like a star—
That pure white beauty from the bine of the bitter blood.

You, Too, Can Write the Casual Style

William H. Whyte, Jr.

A REVOLUTION has taken place in American prose. No longer the short huffs and puffs, the unqualified word, the crude gusto of the declarative sentence. Today the fashion is to write casually.

The Casual Style is not exactly new. Originated in the early Twenties, it has been refined and improved and refined again by a relatively small band of writers, principally for the *New Yorker*, until now their mannerisms have become standards of sophistication. Everybody is trying to join the club. Newspaper columnists have forsaken the beloved metaphors of the sports page for the Casual Style, and one of the quickest ways for an ad man to snag an award from other ad men is to give his copy the low-key, casual pitch; the copy shouldn't sing these days—it should whisper. Even Dr. Rudolf Flesch, who has been doing so much to teach people how to write like other people, is counseling his followers to use the Casual Style. Everywhere the ideal seems the same: be casual.

But how? There is very little down-to-earth advice. We hear about the rapier-like handling of the bromide, the keen eye for sham and pretension, the exquisite sense of nuance, the unerring ear for the vulgate. But not much about actual technique. The layman, as a consequence, is apt to look on the Casual Style as a mandarin dialect which he fears he could never master.

Nonsense. The Casual Style is within everyone's grasp. It has now become so perfected by constant polishing that its devices may

readily be identified, and they change so little that their use need be no more difficult for the novice than for the expert. (That's not quite all there is to it, of course. Some apparently casual writers, Thurber and E. B. White, among others, rarely use the devices.)

The subject matter, in the first place, is not to be ignored. Generally speaking, the more uneventful it is, or the more pallid the writer's reaction to it, the better do form and content marry. Take, for example, the cocktail party at which the writer can show how bored everyone is with everyone else, and how utterly fatuous they all are anyhow. Since a non-casual statement—e.g., "The party was a bore"—would destroy the reason for writing about it at all, the Casual Style here is not only desirable but mandatory.

Whatever the subject, however, twelve devices are the rock on which all else is built. I will present them one by one, illustrating them with examples from such leading casual stylists as Wolcott Gibbs, John Crosby, John McCarten, and (on occasion) this magazine's "Mr. Harper." If the reader will digest what follows, he should be able to dash off a paragraph indistinguishable from the best casual writing being done today.

(1) *Heightened Understatement.* Where the old-style writer would say, "I don't like it," "It is not good," or something equally banal, the casual writer says it is "*something less than good.*" He avoids direct statement and strong words—except, as we will note,

where he is setting them up to have something to knock down. In any event, he qualifies. "Somewhat" and "rather," the bread-and-butter words of the casual writer, should become habitual with you; similarly with such phrases as "I suppose," "it seems to me," "I guess," or "I'm afraid." "Elusive" or "elude" are good, too, and if you see the word "charm" in a casual sentence you can be pretty sure that "eludes me," or "I find elusive," will not be far behind.

(2) *The Multiple Hedge*. Set up an ostensibly strong statement, and then, with your qualifiers, shoot a series of alternately negative and positive charges into the sentence until finally you neutralize the whole thing. Let's take, for example, the clause, "certain names have a guaranteed nostalgic magic." Challenge enough here; the names not only have magic, they have guaranteed magic. A double hedge reverses the charge. "Names which have, *I suppose* [hedge 1], a guaranteed nostalgic magic, *though there are times that I doubt it* [hedge 2]. . . ."

We didn't have to say they were guaranteed in the first place, of course, but without such straw phrases we wouldn't have anything to construct a hedge on and, frequently, nothing to write at all. The virtue of the hedge is that by its very negating effect it makes any sentence infinitely expansible. Even if you have so torn down your original statement with one or two hedges that you seem to have come to the end of the line, you have only to slip in an anti-hedge, a strengthening word (e.g., "definitely," "unqualified," etc.), and begin the process all over again. Witness the following quadruple hedge: "I found Mr. Home entertaining *from time to time* [hedge 1] on the ground, *I guess* [hedge 2], that the singular idiom and unearthly detachment of the British upper classes have *always* [anti-hedge] seemed *reasonably* [hedge 3] droll to me, *at least in moderation* [hedge 4]." The art of plain talk, as has been pointed out, does not entail undue brevity.

If you've pulled hedge on hedge and the effect still remains too vigorous, simply wipe the slate clean with a cancellation clause at the end. "It was all exactly as foolish as it sounds," says Wolcott Gibbs, winding up some 570 casual words on a subject, "and I wouldn't give it another thought."

(3) *Narcissizing Your Prose*. The casual style is nothing if not personal; indeed, you will usually find in it as many references to the writer as to what he's supposed to be talking about. For you do not talk about the subject; you talk about its impact on you. With the reader peering over your shoulder, you look into the mirror and observe your own responses as you run the entire range of the casual writer's emotions. You may reveal yourself as, in turn, listless ("the audience seemed not to share my boredom"); insouciant ("I was really quite happy with it"); irritated ("The whole thing left me tired and cross"); comparatively gracious ("Being in a comparatively gracious mood, I won't go into the details I didn't like"); or hesitant ("I wish I could say that I could accept his hypothesis").

(4) *Preparation for the Witticism*. When the casual writer hits upon a clever turn of phrase or a nice conceit, he uses this device to insure that his conceit will not pass unnoticed. Suppose, for example, you have thought of something to say that is pretty damn good if you say so yourself. The device, in effect, is to say so yourself. If you want to devastate a certain work as "a study of vulgarity in high places," don't say this flat out. Earlier in the sentence prepare the reader for the drollery ahead with something like "what I am tempted to call" or "what could best be described as" or "If it had to be defined in a sentence, it might well be called. . . ."

Every writer his own claque.

(5) *Deciphered Notes Device; or Cute-Things-I-Have-Said*. In this one you are your own stooge as well. You feed yourself lines. By means of the slender fiction that you have written something on the back of an envelope or the margin of a program, you catch yourself good-humoredly trying to decipher these shrewd, if cryptic, little jottings. *Viz.*: "Their diagnoses are not nearly as crisp as those I find in my notes"; ". . . sounds like an inadequate description, but it's all I have on my notes, and it may conceivably be a very high compliment."

(6) *The Kicker*. An echo effect. "My reactions [included] an irritable feeling that eleven o'clock was past Miss Keim's bedtime,"—and now the Kicker—"not to mention

After

Hours



EARLY in August I got off a DC-4 in Miami on my way from Nassau to New York. Since I was coming from a foreign country, I had to expose a hastily packed suitcase to the casual but expert eye of a customs inspector. He looked first at my declaration, which listed a couple of straw baskets and a shell bracelet and said, "What time of day did you leave the country?" It seemed an odd question, but I answered it and asked why he had to know. "You just made it," he said. "You have to be out of the U. S. for forty-eight hours to bring things in duty free."

Actually just forty-eight hours and twenty minutes had elapsed between the time I had got on a BOAC Stratocruiser in New York and the time I was back in the United States. I had dined in Nassau, gone by yacht to the island of Andros, caught a couple of small barracuda and a sunburn, "gone slumming" in a native night club, looked at how Axel Wenner-Gren's money was being lavished on making a desolate island into a "vacationer's paradise," and had bought a few trinkets at a native market in Nassau.

Most professions have their bonanzas. Doctors get free medical care; writers sometimes get a free ride. A trip from New York to Andros (or Purgatory to Paradise, or vice versa) and back in two days is one of those explosive bits of experience which it is hard to think of as real. I felt a little like a Strasbourg goose firmly held by the neck while

corn was being forced down my throat to fatten my liver. It was my own fault that I felt this way; everything was done for my pleasure and I was obliged to do nothing I didn't want to. I was winced and dined and then winced again. I was wafted across the Caribbean on the yacht *Edmar*, 106 feet of air-conditioned streamlining; I swam in a turquoise blue pool and drank gin and tonic under several different umbrellas upholstered in rosebuds and surrounded by palm trees with colored floodlights attached to them. The company was excellent, the scenery was spectacular, the food was delicious, the sense of festival was unmistakable. Let me recommend Andros to anyone who likes beaches, lagoons, deep-sea fishing, fresh water fishing, flamingos, calypso, geese (migratory Canadian), and the atmosphere of an exceedingly luxurious resort. What all this costs is a question I never thought to ask.

Mind you, we were there out of season, a flying wedge of journalists on a junket. Between us (we were nine) we represented a very considerable body of readers—the woman's angle, the vacationer's angle, the wholesome, the sophisticated, and the skeptical. We were the docile creatures of the science (or possibly it is an art) of public relations, which, in turn, is the science (or art) of razzle-dazzle.

I will now tell you what I glimpsed through a haze of equal parts of razzle and rum.

ANDROS is the biggest of the Bahamas and lies about twenty-five miles southwest of Nassau (which I was surprised to learn is not an island but a city on the island of New Providence). It is the only one of the Bahamas where, the press release says, "salt water and fresh water meet." The dictionary would describe such water as brackish, and it is true that it is, but when you get upstream a bit it is actually fresh. For this reason the place where our yacht (I mean the company's yacht) tied up at a four-hundred-foot concrete pier is called Fresh Creek. So you can fish for fish that can't tell salt water from fresh water and will put up with both, though I didn't. I elected to spend my afternoon at Andros deep sea fishing from a boat called the *Doubloon*, a reminder that Andros, presumably, has buried treasure on it. I took a dramamine before we set out and I caught the two smallest barracuda of the eight or so that got pulled in. Both of mine were thrown back. An editor from *McCall's* hooked a kingfish, the only denizen we took that was edible. "The natives eat barracuda," the captain said, "but sometimes it's poisonous."

Andros is flat and ringed with long beaches agreeably strewn with white clusters of branch coral and little conch shells. Of its sixteen hundred square miles (it is 104 miles long and 40 miles across at its widest) the Andros-Bahamas Development Company Ltd. owns 100,000 acres and has an option on as much more. In the last couple of years the company has built two luxurious clubs—one yacht and one swimming—in which glass and pickled wood are the dominant features (the style of their architecture: British Empire Ranch House). The company has put down four miles of hard-surfaced roads, installed underground telephone wires to building lots, put up a cement manufacturing plant, amphibious plane ramp, and power house, and generally got rid of about two and a half million dollars.

It plans in the next several years to spend seven and a half millions more on a golf course, on building an island in the middle of Fresh Creek where a casino will be erected (as if one island weren't enough without making another) and heaven knows what all. Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist, promoter, and philanthropist, who is deferentially referred to by the public relations scien-

tists as "one of the richest men in the world, if not the richest," is financing the project. He is an old and good friend of the Bahamas. The dream is being converted into reality under the jocular and eagle eye of Edward Charles Davis, Jr., a young man with a predilection for things tasty and an engineer besides. If you would like to invest thirty thousand dollars or up in a house on Andros, Mr. Davis would be glad to sell you the land and build the house for you if, of course, its architecture meets the standards of taste and elegance established by the corporation of which he is the president.

WE WERE taken to a so-called native night club, across the several hundred yards of Fresh Creek, in rowboats sculled by natives. It was a night when the stars in the sky looked as though they also had been arranged by public relations; there were heavy pink hibiscus blossoms everywhere and the air smelled of jasmine and lilies. The club was a square of high stuccoed wall open to the sky with tables around the edges and a bar in a small building at one side. Coconut trees stood around it and out of one corner came the music of a guitar, a trumpet, an African drum, and gourds. When we arrived forty or fifty people were dancing, some as couples, some alone; many were children. We sat at a long table, set with vases of flowers, at one side of the square and watched. The most impressive sight I saw on Andros was a slender native woman in a neat dark blue dress wearing a little blue straw hat trimmed with white. She held a baby about a year old on her left arm; its head was on her shoulder and it was asleep. In her right hand she clasped the baby's left, and she danced with quiet rhythmical steps to the calypso, her head held erect, her shoulders back, her face proud, calm, and entirely self-contained. Her dignity was complete and private. She danced with her whole world in her arms, scarcely aware of the children chasing sand crabs across the dirt floor, the young people dancing furiously around her, or the junket of Americans who had come to look on at her world.

Two of us left Andros the day before the rest. We got into an amphibious plane, taxied down the ramp into the shallow water of Fresh Creek, a mottle of turquoise

and deep blue, turned and swept roaring down the inlet toward the sea. Below us as we rose from the water, the hundred pennants on the tall mast in front of the yacht club fluttered in an inverted pyramid of orange and white and blue and red. Near by, in the shade of palm trees, stood our colleagues waving and fluttering, a group of journalists left behind in Paradise.

Art and the People

HERE are two comments (one overheard, the other made to me) on the state of appreciation of the arts commonly known as "modern."

The first was in the New Weston Hotel in New York where an elderly, but sprightly, lady was talking to an out-of-town young man over a cup of tea.

"Have you seen Lever House?" she asked him. He nodded. "What do you think of it?"

"It's all right," he said.

"Is that all you can say about it? Don't you think it's wonderful?" She was obviously an enthusiast for the glass skyscraper on its silver stilts. "Why, my boy," she said, "every time I see it I say to myself, 'Look, Ma, no hands!'"



The other remark was made by my fifteen-year-old son. We were driving down upper Fifth Avenue one evening on our way back from the country and as we passed a vacant lot at the corner of 88th Street, I said, "That's

where they're going to build the new Museum of Non-Objective Art."

"What do you mean?" he said. "Doesn't anybody object to it any more?"

Morality Play

WHEN Columbia Pictures took on the job of making a movie of James Jones' novel of prewar army life in Hawaii, *From Here to Eternity*, they must have felt themselves confronted with exasperating difficulties. When I had a chance to sit in briefly on the process—toward the very end, as the last touches were added to the sound track—I was constrained to admire the technical proficiency with which it had been conducted, at least on the part of several craftsmen in the music department's screening room whom I watched as they went over a few seconds of the background score virtually note by note. But this was in California, several months ago, and now that I have seen "From Here to Eternity" in its entirety, under less handicraft circumstances, I'm not so certain what to make of it.

The melody on the sound track was the picture's theme, the "Re-enlistment Blues," a mournfully artificial ballad with a built-in cowboy lilt composed especially for the film and arduously negotiated with Mr. Jones, as author of the lyrics. With no extended reflection it suggests the incidental music for "High Noon," the benzedrine-and-blue-jeans horse opera of last year in which Gary Cooper defended rugged individualism as though it were a form of pure cussedness and he its only friend. This is not surprising, since the same man directed both pictures, successfully imbuing both with a characteristic concern for desperate, last-stand stubbornness: the Hero as Hardhead. Integrity, as here portrayed, is a by-product of prolonged warfare between an Innocent and the Big Bad World, a battle in which victory is immaterial. High-Pockets Cooper wins, but throws the triumph in the faces of his tormentors; Mr. Jones' Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt loses, but wins the posthumous gage of perfect praise: "He loved the Army more than any man I ever knew." The outcome is less important than the struggle itself, to prove one's independence by doing everything the hard way, and by making independence look as much as possible like ob-

stinate, presumptuous, and conspicuous stupidity.

The reader will have an opportunity to see how skillfully this terse, slimmed-down message has been hacked from a bulky, unmanageable novel, and there is no point in trying to define the film in terms of the suppositions and subtle emendations that were necessary. The results struck me as substantially fair to the book; it was only around the edges that they frayed off into absurdities, like Prewitt's performance with a bugle that made noises like a trumpet, or the Eagle Scout quality that Burt Lancaster gave to the role of an old-line Top Sergeant. "From Here to Eternity" is in most respects as earnest and as honest as one could ask in giving dramatic life to Mr. Jones' hit-me-again-I-love-it feeling for the Army, and in making the book's defects its own.

These are more apparent on the screen than they were on paper, perhaps inevitably, since the book had time and space to introduce ambiguities and a larger number of characters who were not simply Good Guys or Bad Guys. Yet the simple outlines of the central figures, and of the background against which they move, are essentially those their author gave them. Behind the screen of tough-talk and perfunctory brutality, they are curiously fragile and sentimental outlines. Mr. Jones' world-I-never-made not only seems invented, but invented to suit the particular needs of his protagonist: the boy who is hard as nails but, you know—sensitive. Who would not admire to be like Private Prewitt, the best boxer and the best bugler both, but too proud either to box or to bugle?

And then we have Sacred and Profane Love: the two affairs of the heart—both illicit, both doomed—through which the dedicated men-at-arms of Prewitt's world have their closest contact with the Outside. Profane love, in the person of Prewitt's prostitute girlfriend, is comradely, spiritually chaste, warmly animal and unreflective, but ridden by a hunger for respectability. The Captain's wife, as Sacred Love, is respectable only on the surface; otherwise she is promiscuous, barren, nervous, and intellectual; her part is naturally played by a British actress, and she tries to get the First Sergeant—"But I *hate* officers!"—to try for a commission. He saves the day for the Good Guys (*vs.* respectability) by refusing to

accept the responsibility of rank until the Japanese unfairly attack Pearl Harbor and force him to, by strafing Schofield Barracks in the customarily unreal conflicts between planes in the air and men on the ground.

THIS is supposed to be "realism" and it is supposed to be "tragic." John McCarten of the *New Yorker*, handling "From Here to Eternity" with gingerly respect, called it "a glimpse of the military that is very rare." *Time's* movie reviewer, normally loath to employ such terms, said that it "tries to tell a truth about life, about the inviolability of the human spirit. . . ." I submit that it does nothing of the kind—that it (1) sentimentalizes the dilemma of the individual by surrounding it with mock heroics, and (2) falsifies the complexities of the individual's context in order to make his plight seem exceptional and excusable. Prewitt and the Sergeant are representative heroes for the current mold of melodrama, since they have about them the required aura of stymied, aching mooniness, indicating latent powers which will never be employed and troubled depths of spirit behind their he-man bravado. In brief, and in the contemporary idiom, they are a couple of crazy, mixed-up kids.

There is one mature individual in "From Here to Eternity," however, and fortunately his part fell into the hands of the ablest actor of the lot. It is Private Maggio, and the actor is Frank Sinatra, who manages to make a fully rounded character from a minimum number of lines and convey all the ripe bravura of the original without any of its profanity. Mr. Sinatra's Maggio moves toward his own private destiny—the Stockade and its slimily sadistic sergeant-of-the-guard, beautifully portrayed by Ernest Borgnine—with the inevitability that distinguishes tragedy from pathos. His performance is clean and economical, and it ranges convincingly from drunkenness to death. If Mr. Sinatra can keep this up he has a bright future in the non-singing line, and even if he can't he deserves as much credit as anyone connected with "From Here to Eternity." The film is a good try and a good show, for all its bootless and bittersweet weightiness, but only Mr. Sinatra manages to break through the ordinary into art. One Oscar, coming up.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Reality, Satire, Romance

Gilbert Highet

THE Literary Guild selection for October is a wise and satisfying one: *The Short Novels of John Steinbeck*, with a well-written introduction by the San Francisco critic, Joseph Henry Jackson (Viking, \$2.95). They are not conventional novels by any means. Some are simply groups of short stories combined to give an impression of an individual or a society, and one is more like an idyll or even a parable. Two of them reflect low life and high spirits in Monterey; two of them come from ranch life in California; one is a dark tale of Mexican-Indian poverty and suffering, and one a dark-and-bright story of European conquest and resistance. A lot of life, a lot of fun, much pathos and some tragedy, clear characterization on a surprisingly wide range: a fine book, marred only by being printed in small type and narrow double columns like the schoolbooks which once gave us headaches.

Steinbeck is really a splendid writer, with a clear, harmonious, original vision of life. Like all good authors, he has his eccentricities—the most disagreeable being his glorification of the brothel as a social institution embodying courage and honesty, and the most genial his Rabelaisian disregard for the inexorable physiological bond between drink and hangovers. He has always been warmly interested in the rebels and the dispossessed—tramps, vagrants, exiles, nonconformists. But he does not write with the narrow-minded shrillness of so many authors who are stuck at the rebellious stage and cannot speak below a yell of protest. He knows there is much more in our life than orthodoxy and revolt; what he enjoys most and conveys best is its illimitable variety of pattern. He most dislikes and ham-

mers flattest the two vices of hypocrisy (which is fear) and mechanistic thinking (which is stupidity). Outside these, he looks at the world with a vision scarcely ever impeded by hate or clouded by sentiment. The depth and warmth of his understanding are reflected in his vibrant style, which can describe the murder of a woman or the flight of a bird with appropriate tempo and harmony and with unerringly sensitive eloquence.

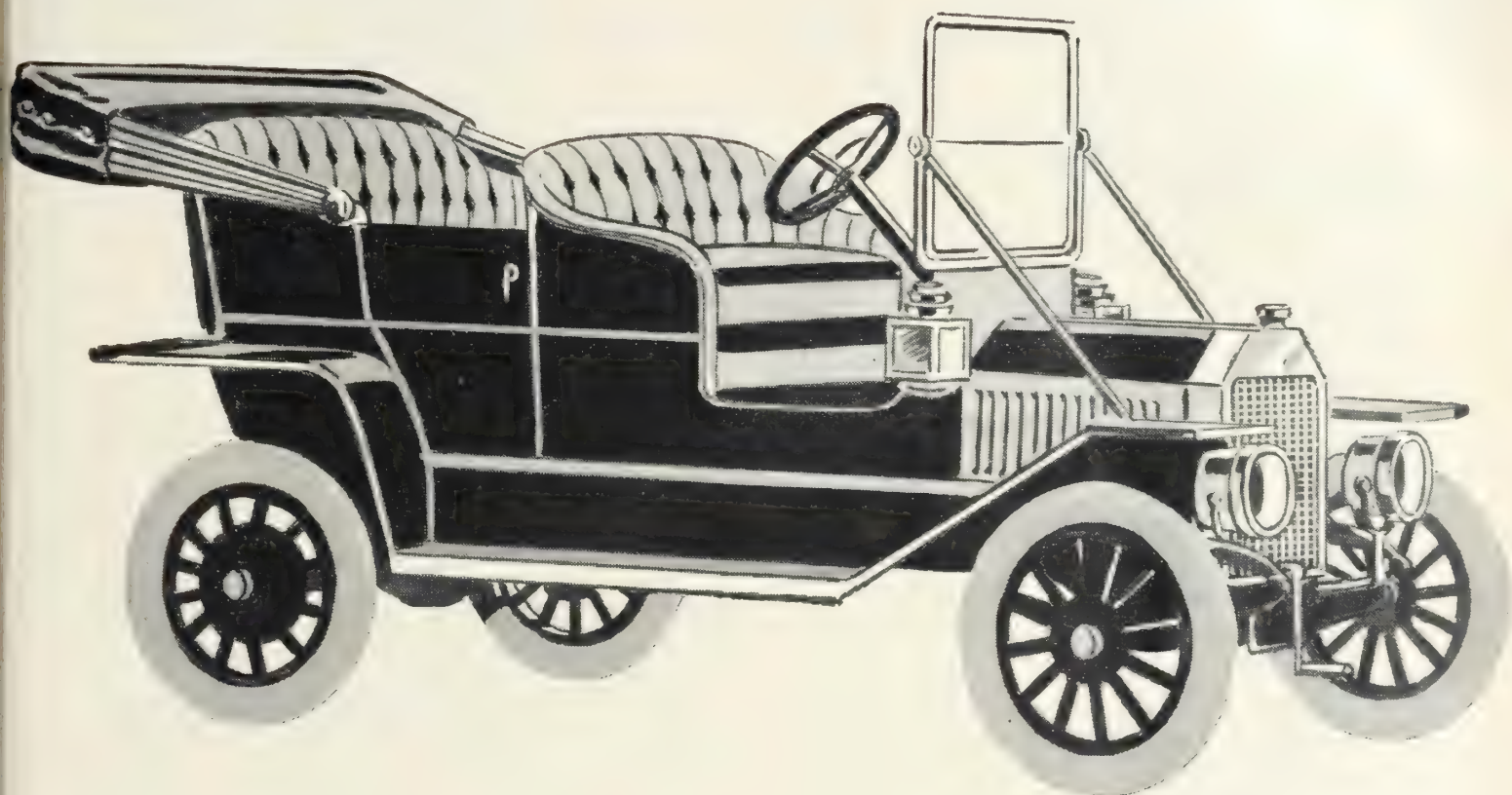
One more point. Steinbeck is one of the finest humorists in modern American literature. Some of his jokes are just on the edge of being unprintable; but so is much of the best native humor.

Rising Novelists

HERE are two long and skillfully constructed stories, both written in pretty much the same dry, cynical, observant style. Jerome Weidman has always been an interesting writer. I recall with pleasure his horribly bitter books about a crook in the clothing business, *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* and *What's in It for Me?*, and his macabre picture of aging and youthful failures, *I'll Never Go There Any More*. He has now produced a study of life in a Connecticut town, a town which suddenly finds itself a focus of national interest. This is *The Third Angel* (Doubleday, \$3.95), which is recommended with some reservations.

Its merits strike you at once. Mr. Weidman's style is easy, the talk of his characters is brisk and almost painfully lifelike, their problems are urgent and genuine, and all the problems and people are built into a pattern which grows fast enough to keep you con-

1953 joy ride



The automobile pictured above is shown in color, along with 28 other typical models, in World Book Encyclopedia's picture panorama, "60 Years on Wheels." Part of the 21-page article "Automobile," in the 1953 edition, it is just one example of the way World Book makes the process of gathering information a real "joy ride" for its readers.

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stantly surprised and concerned. The seventy-four episodes of the story are told from the points of view of scores of different characters, each an individual impinging on the others, but each with a different level of perception. By the end of the book you really know them, and you know a lot about the town of Swindon, Connecticut.

Many readers, however, will be discouraged by the dirty language. Real or not, there is too much of it. Some will be titillated and some will be revolted by several pieces of sexual nastiness, of which at least one seems too fantastic to be credible. But there is something else wrong with the book: the complicated situations are disentangled too neatly and too suddenly at the end, and secured with unconvincing bows of pink ribbon. Temptation, injustice, guilt, remorse, corruption—they are all resolved in a few pages almost by divine intervention. The flash of lightning that blows up the safe containing the secret . . . oh, no, no. The end is partly melodrama and partly comedy; but Mr. Weidman is capable of something better than both, as he has demonstrated through much of the rest of his ambitious and interesting novel.

A British novelist who ought to be better known in this country is Nigel Balchin. He has a special gift for creating the sort of institution where most of us spend our working lives—factory, office, clinic, government department—and evoking unusual but credible dramas from the interaction of men's and women's lives within it. His new story, *Private Interests* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), interweaves at least four distinct but connected plots drawn from the destinies of several hundred people connected with a light engineering plant, and works out twenty or thirty thoughtfully-observed characters. In particular there is a fine picture of a suave and ruthless old financier—a serious version of the crippled tycoon in "The Man in the White Suit."

This is recommended. If you enjoy it, try his *Small Back Room* and *Mine Own Executioner* also. The flavor lasts.

One for the Child-Minded

PRESIDENT Garfield defined the ideal education as "Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other."

In that durable phrase he grasped the central truth about education, that it is the direct passage of thought from a mature mind to an immature mind; and he outlined the fact which we have largely forgotten, that the environmental equipment and administrative epiphenomena should be reducible—excuse me, I am falling into the jargon—that the work should be done as simply as possible. The modern educational specialist, with a special language of his own, with ritual titles and tabu-systems which are part of his folkways and accepted mores—confound it, there I go again—anyhow, the professor of education is usually far more important than the school-teacher who does the work. The courses educators give on methods of teaching are far fuller than any thinking they and their disciples do about what subjects should be taught. The formulae about the ratios of teacher-work to pupil-acceptance—please forgive me, this is not my normal manner, but T-C-Speak is infectious—the sham science and the dismally imperfect attempts to apply mathematical patterns to human activities, these are considered more "meaningful" than the actual contact of mind with mind, the transmission of permanently valuable knowledge, and the full development of the intelligence of boys and girls. Much contemporary American public-school education is wrong, because it is governed by wrong theories. (After so many centuries we ought to know that "scientific" theories of education are usually wrong, just like "scientific" theories of art, love, politics, or literature. O Science, what crimes, etc.)

A WITTY, forcible, and informed investigation of this painful subject, Albert Lynd's *Quackery in the Public Schools* (Little, Brown, \$3.50), is not the big central book on education which we need, but it is worth reading. There will probably be no reply to it by the followers of Kilpatrick, Harold Rugg, Professor Counts, old uncle John Dewey and all, because they have learned tactics, and know that the best way to maintain a threatened orthodoxy is to sit tight and multiply words, whirl more prayer-wheels, and create more saints and more lamas. It will not be classified as one of the essential manuals of education; but it can be welcomed as one of the first attacks on a broad



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structure of philosophical thinking"
that would be laughed out of the
room by any philosophy class in any
French high school.

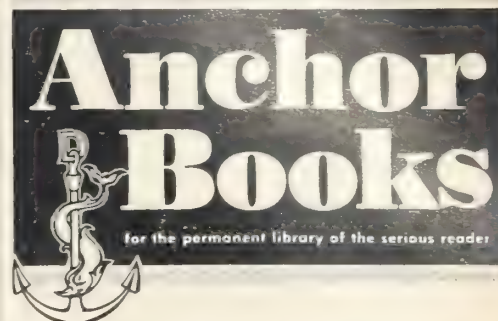
Not by prejudice, but by over ten
years of impartial thinking and ob-
servation, I am convinced that Mr.
Lynd is on the right track. School-
teachers seem to me to be growing
less energetic and effective. More
and more of the keener minds among
them seem to despise and deride
the techniques and "philosophies"
taught them in colleges of education.
Friends tell me that, among boys and
girls entering business and industry
from the schools, the level of in-
formation and communication is
steadily falling. Juvenile crime is in-
creasing in a terrifying way, and is
centered among the young people
who attend, or ought to attend, high
school. (On this, there is a readable
and realistic book called *Teen-Age
Gangs of New York*, by Dale Kramer
and Madeline Karr, published by
Holt at \$3.) And in fact the philo-
sophical principles on which most
current educational theory is based
are terribly thin and largely false:
they are collections of fragments
from the broken rainbow of the late-
nineteenth-century idealists, not
logic, still less science, but the rem-
nants of romance.

Mr. Lynd's book is reminiscent of
another painful but salutary opera-
tion, Abraham Flexner's *Universi-
ties: American, English, German*.
That too was over-emphasized, but
it began the reform of many abuses.
Quackery in the Public Schools is an
incomplete work, but it is worth
more than five thousand unreadable
treatises on education written by the
professors who have done such a
Laputan job of preparing their
pupils neither for creative knowledge
of the past nor for realistic grappling
with the future.

Fantasy and Crime

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fantasies, since the days when,
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NEW BOOKS

landed on the moon, heard the great bell tolling beneath its sunlit surface, and was interviewed by the Grand Lunar himself (his brain-case many yards in diameter); or, from the ruins of a shattered villa, watched the Martians at their hideous meal. Only, there have been so many badly written and vulgarly conceived stories and films in the general field of "scientifiction" that for a time I ignored nearly all such books, and re-read H. G. Wells and C. S. Lewis occasionally with a regretful pleasure. Now I think this was mistaken. I am beginning to believe that scientific fantasy may become an important branch of our literature: the real inheritor of the tales of magic which mankind always loves to tell; a fine medium for intensely imaginative prose; a new channel for the faculty that makes myths. It can carry important social and intellectual criticism too, as Miss Marjorie Nicolson has shown in her *Voyages to the Moon*; and it must be filled with that "strangeness in the proportion" which Bacon said was essential to beauty.

In America the first successful explorer of this fantasy was Poe, in such unforgettable tales as "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar"; other fine fantasists are appearing, to follow and rival him. A few months ago I reviewed Ray Bradbury's finely styled visions, *The Golden Apples of the Sun*. Since then I have read more of his work, and recommend it highly: in particular, *The Illustrated Man*. From Britain now comes a real staggerer by a man who is both a poetic dreamer and a competent scientist, Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood's End* (Ballantine, \$2 and 35¢). The scientific part of it is minimized, perhaps wisely. The powers exercised in it are usually so far advanced beyond our technology as to be incomprehensible in our terms—in fact, magic. The least successful part of the book is the social criticism, for Mr. Clarke has not thought very profoundly about politics and morals. But the best parts are undoubtedly the strange re-creation of one of the oldest Western myths, and the astounding description of the final disaster in human history: disaster, or transfiguration?

True detection and real trials are usually more interesting but worse

described than fictional search and conviction. This truth reappears (though not painfully) in a set of reminiscences by an English detective, *Fabian of the Yard* (British Book Center, \$2.75). This will interest all connoisseurs of crime, because it shows the methods which a modern policeman uses, rather than the crossword-puzzle techniques favored by so many detective-story writers. Most of these cases were solved in the same way as Hauptmann was detected and convicted, by discovery of the loot, by analysis of material objects left on the scene, and by careful work with maps. One murderer here was caught because he left the tinfoil cover of a gin bottle in the waste-basket, another because he threw the victim's handbag into a stream. Supt. Fabian includes two of his failures: a phenomenal case where a gang got £100,000 by drugging racing dogs—he knew the criminal but could not convict; and the murder of a wizard in the Cotswolds—no human being knew the criminal, except about four hundred taciturn Warwickshire villagers.

Thirty-three Hours

WITH tremendous energy and confidence, a copious memory, and a style varying between hot excitement and calm analysis, Col. Charles Lindbergh has produced an account of his flight from New York to Paris in 1927, *The Spirit of St. Louis* (Scribners, \$5, Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September). Into it he has woven a good deal of autobiography, covering his boyhood in Minnesota and Washington, his education, his training as an aviator, his days as a stunt flyer (and in a way, the transatlantic flight was a tremendous stunt, too), his career as an air-mail operator, and finally the conception and preparation of the flight to France. Like most reminiscent books written by dominating personalities, it is far too long and contains far too much inessential detail; but it is well worth reading for the wonderfully vivid impressions of flying, and particularly for Col. Lindbergh's memories of his painful longing for sleep during the long hours in a tiny cockpit. Many men who have experienced both would rather endure pain than suffer the torture

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Wry smiles

AUBREY MENEN, one of the ablest living satirists, has turned from fantasy to fact—as far as a satirist ever writes fact. His latest is a book of essays and impressions called *Dead Man in the Silver Market* (Scribners, \$3, Book-Find Club selection for September). It is rather like listening to one of those rare wits who produce epigrams every five minutes and exhaust neither their listeners nor their subjects. His mother was Irish and his father came from southern India: the Irish and the Indians and the English all amuse him, and he is deadly funny about them all. There is an uproarious piece about Indian fakirs, and a savagely jolly picture of an English official in the last days of the empire in India, still resolved on getting the best out of it for himself. In this work Mr. Menen has failed to solve the satirist's chief problem, which is to find a satisfactory form for his caustic humor. But the epigrams are splendid. The British Raj he describes as "a nonchalant tyranny"; and elsewhere he says "All men are created equal in at least one thing: not one of them is to be trusted to rule the rest unless he is restrained by law."

Beauty

TWO handsome picture-books appeared this month. One is a superb collection of the work of *Michelangelo* by Ludwig Goldscheider, published by Phaidon and distributed by Garden City (\$8.50, and well worth it as a permanent investment). There are fourteen pages of "catalogue," describing the masterpieces very briefly; a fine little bibliography; and a one-page index. The rest is composed of plates, in which the black-and-white reproductions of painting seemed to me disappointing, the relatively few color photographs handsome, and the pictures of sculpture exquisitely delicate. The mask of Brutus on p. 192 and the softly living lines of the

Medicean Madonna on p. 165 are almost all one could ask from a photograph.

The other is a British book, brought out for the Coronation, *The History and Treasures of Westminster Abbey*, by L. E. Tanner (British Book Center, \$4.50). This is a thoughtful history of a remarkable building, rather artificially attached to a photographic record of the crowning of Queen Elizabeth II. Here the architectural photographs are far finer, and are diversified by pictures of documents and sculpture which are far stranger because they cover such a wide range of history. The book conceals the worst parts of the Abbey (its baroque statuary and inscriptions) and shows some wholly unknown beauties, such as the Library, a statue of St. Matthew wearing spectacles (like a hard-working tax-collector), and Chaucer's lease of an apartment in the precincts.

Karl Ipser's *Vatican Art* (Philosophical Library, \$7.50) is a collection of extremely interesting works from the Vatican galleries, poorly photographed, and accompanied by an atrociously bad translation of a German text. This job was printed in Spain, and apparently edited in a dim light by a displaced person. Better than nothing, but still a shame.

Miscellanea

THE table is still heaped with good books and books that look good. Some I am not competent to review, but I am reading them with great interest: Will Durant's *The Renaissance* (Simon & Schuster, \$7.50), S. F. Mason's *Main Currents of Scientific Thought* (Schuman, \$5.00), and Michael Florinsky's *Russia* (Macmillan, \$15). Others I enjoyed, but have no room to describe: Marc Bloch's *The Historian's Craft* (Knopf, \$3), Niall Brennan's *The Making of a Moron* (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50), G. B. Shaw, *a Critical Survey*, edited by Louis Kronenberger (World, \$6, rather dear), Peter Towry's *Richard Said No* . . . (Morrow, \$3), and a fine comedy called *The Innocent Knights*, by Gil Buhet (tr. G. Saintsbury, Viking, \$3.50). But as Melville said, Oh Time! Strength! Cash! and Patience!

The New Recordings

Not in My Lifetime

Edward Tatnall Canby

PERHAPS I should begin this month with a brief note of homage to what, perforce, is now called "live" music. Let us take for granted that music in the flesh, in the act of performance, can never quite be replaced by any form of recorded sound. The concert, in all its variety, is an institution combining social and intellectual pleasures that is surely far from outdated as yet, and I am the first to savor the experience of leisurely contemplation of the musical fare, the gregarious sense of agreeable sharing, the pleasant greetings to friends, the sharp awareness of being in a public place, on display and yet anonymous, the subtle uncertainties, the sense of safe accomplishment, that inevitably accompany the actual performance of music in front of one's eyes and ears. There is nothing like a concert and no phonograph record can possibly replace it. This and more of the same I am always ready to grant.

But that is not to say that I am unwilling, even so, to put the phonograph far ahead of the concert in other respects. The two, we must understand, are now in extraordinary competition as purveyors of the musical art. The phonograph record is, of course, far ahead on the basis of sheer quantity of listening man-hours and the variety of its audience; but the concert maintains its advantage not only on its intrinsic merits, but because, by a kind of inertia, we still have not come to understand that recorded music is not merely a substitute for a concert but rather a wholly new medium for musical propagation, quite unrelated to concert listening. Moreover, most music now in the phonographic repertoire was composed specifically for "live" performance of one sort or another (aside from a few modern works that show a clear understanding of the phonograph-radio medium's potentialities); it is quite by accident that some works of music turn out to be wonderfully suited to phonograph

listening, whereas others are at an unfortunate disadvantage. If the half of our musical repertory were composed specifically for the new sort of listening, our concert world would be in a far greater state of decay than it is.

All of which comes as a prelude to my conclusion, after a long summer in Europe, the first for twenty years, that the place to acquire phonograph records and playing equipment as well is, *par excellence*, the United States, and the place to hear the best of European music in its broadest variety is not Europe, in spite of the festivals, but your own living room in America. We are the recipients of an unprecedented wealth of European art at this point—unusual even in this time of gross economic disparities.

I don't mean to deprecate European recording activity; I admire its persistent enterprise, and it is easy enough to see that a good part of our own huge LP catalogue has been recorded by European technicians who—most of them—are still a jump ahead of ours in the knack of microphoning a natural and unaffected musical sound. Nor have I any intention of running down the European concert world, which generally offers a good deal more variety and a far larger quantity of music per capita than does ours, so far as I can judge. (For all our wealth we cannot yet compete with the system of governmental support of the arts so widely accepted in Europe.)

But economics, science, and profound aspects of social habit between them have a way of controlling the destinies of art. As of this tempestuous moment, the phonograph was never, I'd say, at a greater disadvantage in Europe nor at a greater advantage in America. Indeed, much of the large recorded production of European musicians is never heard by Europeans at all—it goes straight to us, taped, to widen our already vast choice of material for listening.

ECONOMICS come first. It was discouraging to find that the LP record itself, kingpin in our current phonographic expansion, has been an expensive innovation in Europe, costing more, minute by minute, rather than less, than the old shellac 78s it is replacing. I don't know the details but anyone who merely window shops in a few continental cities will see that even in terms of dollars—a decidedly false measurement—music on LP is costly, at from roughly \$7 to \$12 a disc. In terms of local middle-class wage and salary levels, a much truer index, there are undoubtedly many parts of Europe where a single disc costs what amounts to as much as \$30 in terms of our own wage money! (Judging from some incomes I heard of last summer in Italy, I'm sure this is far from an exaggeration.) It's amazing, under such conditions, to find any LPs at all for sale and I was not surprised that most of those I saw were familiar items, long available in our catalogues.

Along with the economics of cost (including, needless to say, an array of high taxes, especially on the imported product) goes a more involved factor, best described as technological complexity, that is nothing more than a reflection of the state of Europe as a whole. It is disheartening to any American of a technical turn of mind to discover the semi-anarchy of non-standardization that exists on the Continent in respect to electrical appliances. Home equipment, quite aside from the expense of the material itself, must be painfully complex to cope with the various voltages, plugs, and cycles to which it must somehow be adapted. I found at random (by looking at light bulbs) not only our own 115 volts but 140, 180, and 220; numerous flickerings and fadings attested to other points between. Worse, the nominal 50-cycle current, at odds with ours at 60, actually varies (in the absence of electric clocks) well above and below that point, according to load and local attentiveness—and thus the cheap and universal synchronized phonograph motor that we use is quite impossible: it would change speed with every variation. A far more expensive motor than ours is a necessity to begin with, plus the clumsy provisions for two or more voltages and

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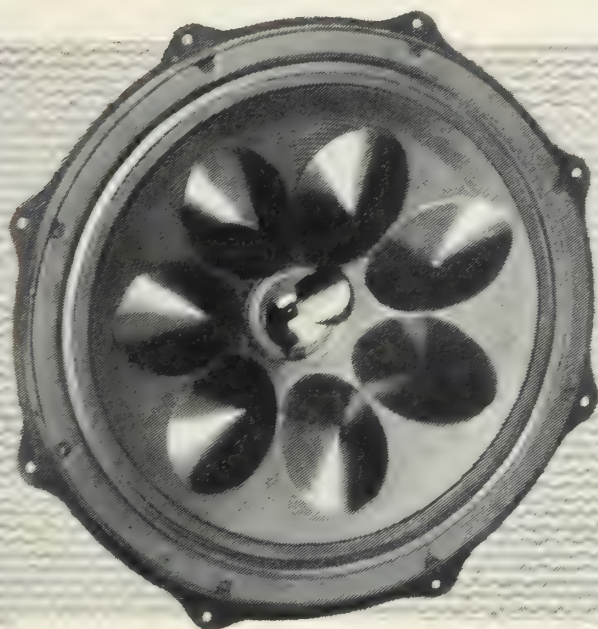
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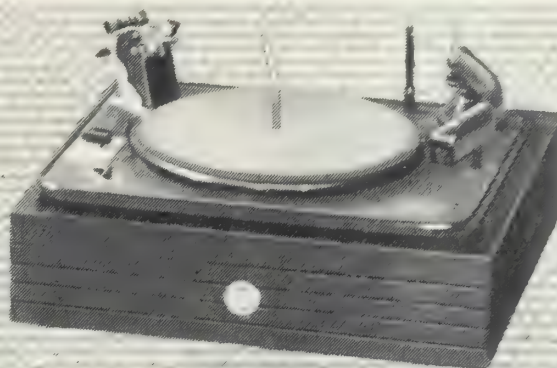
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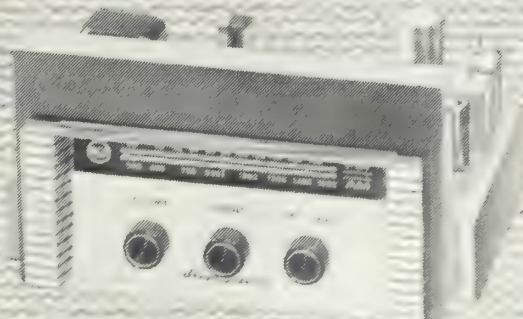
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even several types of plug. Under such conditions we at home could not sell a "bottom priced" record player attachment for much under \$35, at a guess, in place of the \$12 or so now common. (Similarly, it takes as many as *ten* radio bands to cover adequately the available broadcast material on a good European home set. Even the simple portable radios have dials plastered with fine print and numbers, and insides correspondingly complicated.)

WHICH brings me to the most interesting part of this report—the question of European temperament, and of our own in contrast. Strangely, I came away with an admiration for the European way of living in spite of the above tale of technological woe. I respect the European caution, which preserves its own tried and true values and can wait indefinitely for the proof of some new utility. It is a reasonable and sane attitude, on the whole, where our precipitate interest in the new, proved or unproved, is a kind of idealism that at heart seems unrealistic. The European has a wonderful ability to live pleasantly without our modern conveniences and I, for one, came very quickly to feel the fool with all my cameras, recorders, electric razors, and what-not (not to mention my car, which put me in a category of crass opulence that is, honestly, not my way of life at all!). Economics or no, I'm convinced that, politics aside, most people in Europe lead a life about as happy as ours with but a fraction of the means, and I'm ready to admit that in European terms life can be quite beautiful (and far less cumbersome) without the phonograph, the electric clock, or the tape recorder!

It is a mistake to think that European technology is necessarily behind ours—the difference is as much in attitude as in the economics. There is really very little feeling that the vaunted American gadgets are necessary or even desirable. Without the impetus which we have toward the indefinable "better," people in Europe are simply in no hurry to apply the knowledge and skills that they undoubtedly have toward the ends which seem so urgent to us. But once the basic value of a new development is proved and established,

with all due leisure—then there need be no maligning of European excellence. Electric railways, radios, electricity itself, are everywhere. The smallest village—with pigs, goats, cattle, and chickens wandering about in the timeless manner of small villages—has electric lights. Electric trains and trams and trolley-buses abound in every country, rich or poor, and huge autobuses flood the highways. These things have been established as basic. Bicycles, motorscooters, automobiles, in proportion to their cost and mobility, are superbly built in every category to match the best that we could hope to produce. Given the acceptance of necessity, there is little the European cannot do and equal us.

The phonograph, in its relatively limited sphere, has long been accepted in principle, in Europe, as a desirable way of propagating music. Until the last war its cost was not greatly different from ours. But since the war's end our advances in sound reproduction have hit Europe at its worst moment. It's not merely that the newer records and the new playing equipment are expensive—their arrival, by the European time schedule, has been much too sudden. Five years, since LP's introduction, is far too brief a time for European acceptance of what, to us, already is fundamental and clearly of lasting merit. Given another ten years and better economies, the LP will not only establish itself but the need for simplicity in the associated technologies will come to be appreciated—and action will be taken. All in good time.

FINALLY, what are our own virtues? Perhaps our idealism, searching for the impossible "better," is unrealistic and unhealthy. But we do have an extraordinary ability to take tremendous risks, recklessly, to jump headlong into new things with so little thought that at times we are more right by intuition than we could ever be by careful and reasonable planning. We have few scruples about tearing up the old to make room for the new, which makes us a shallow people without roots, in the European view. But by this very fact we are able to do bold, simple things, to be uncompromising where compromise merely leads to frustration. We may not know how to live quiet

lives, but we have a genius for direct, simple action, for dramatic change—the more dramatic it is the more enthusiastically we go for it—which is quite lacking in Europe. We are builders, not conservers.

It is not the LP record itself which is our great accomplishment in the phonographic field, but rather the large background of our impulsive, idealistic, practical thinking which made a place for it—which provided the cheap raw materials, the standardized house current, the rapid technology of manufacture and distribution, the purchasing power, and above all the attitude of mind which could lead to such a whirlwind change in so short a time. Here at least is one occasion where our lust for "newness" has paid off in the soundest of values.

And so I return to my earlier suggestion, that our best musical *entrée* into musical Europe is right in our present LP record catalogues (and the expanding lists of the new 45 Extended Play discs). At Florence in July, listening to "*musica antiqua*"—title of a concert series—in the outdoor courtyard of the Pitti Palace, I was struck again by the extraordinary impetus of the LP record for the spreading of musical culture: for it had already given me, a stranger and newcomer to that environment, such an unprecedented largeness of experience that I could place those musicians critically in the balance against other similar groups, playing similar music, in every part of our musical world. I could recognize the familiar Italianate purity of the string playing, the peculiar tempi at which some of the music was played, a kind of enthusiastic exaggeration I had heard many times before on discs; I knew the music, rediscovered 18th-century works or others like them, I knew of the movement in Italy toward such resurrections and of the similar movements elsewhere, in Germany, England, America, Denmark, France, each with its peculiar flavor and accentuation. Indeed, I knew even the musicians themselves—they were on my shelves at home.

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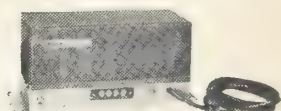
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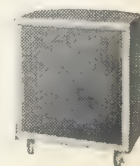


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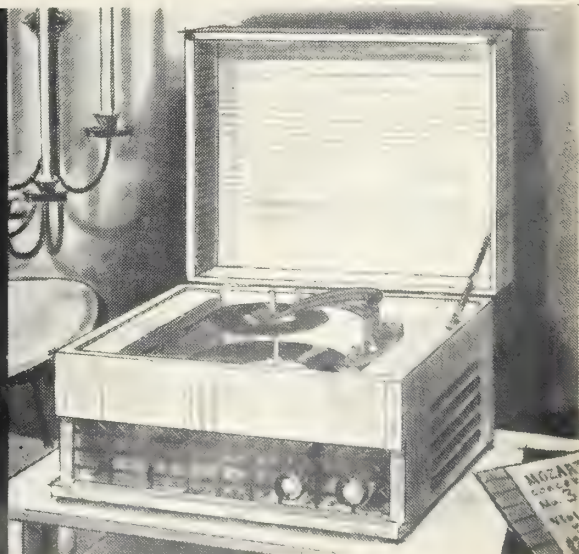
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Beethoven: Music from Goethe's Egmont. Württemberg State Opera, Chorus, Leitner. Lore Wissmann, sop. P. Hartmann, narr. Decca DL 7540.

Good, bad, or indifferent, this sort of music is of tremendous interest to any Beethoven collector—for here, adding another complete item, is the first recording I've ever heard of more than the ultra-familiar overture to this opus. A most startling record, with much fusty German narration in the Freischütz manner; the music, with familiar themes here and there, is interesting and a lot of it easily worth having around in the convenient LP form. What a revolution in this sort of score the LP record has made! All the old favorites-in-excerpt are now with us complete, "Rosamunde," "Ruins of Athens," and the rest.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto #5 ("Emperor"). (1) Gieseking: Philharmonia, Von Karajan. Columbia ML 4623. (2) Badura-Skoda: Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WL 5114.

Badura-Skoda is a top Mozart and Schubert pianist but both his youth and his temperament are against him in any such heroic undertaking as this grandly powerful piano work. The "Emperor" is clearly written for a master pianist and a stage dramatist; its interpreter must have fingers of steel and a temperament that can stand up to the full orchestra and exult in more than equality. Gieseking is the man for this and his reading is so tremendous, so worldly-wise in the most precise and effective tricks of the musical art, that the good performance of B-Skoda is put in the shade. Von Karajan's Beethoven is a better, steadier, less eccentric co-partner than Scherchen's. But the Westminster recording is clearly in the lead; English Columbia's is so-so, requires a flat high end in the playing to avoid muffled tone.

Adlai Stevenson Speaks. Edited and narrated by James Fleming. RCA Victor 1769.

Mr. Stevenson is a fine speaker and this is a fine collection of his words, but aurally speaking there are just too many of them for one dose. Fleming does his best, but his material is coloristically limited. And tricks such as Adlai quoting his own words in the original, via a fancy flashback, are confusing. No fault, all this, of anyone but Adlai, who can't very well be other than himself, however carefully excerpted for variety. Too much of a very good thing.

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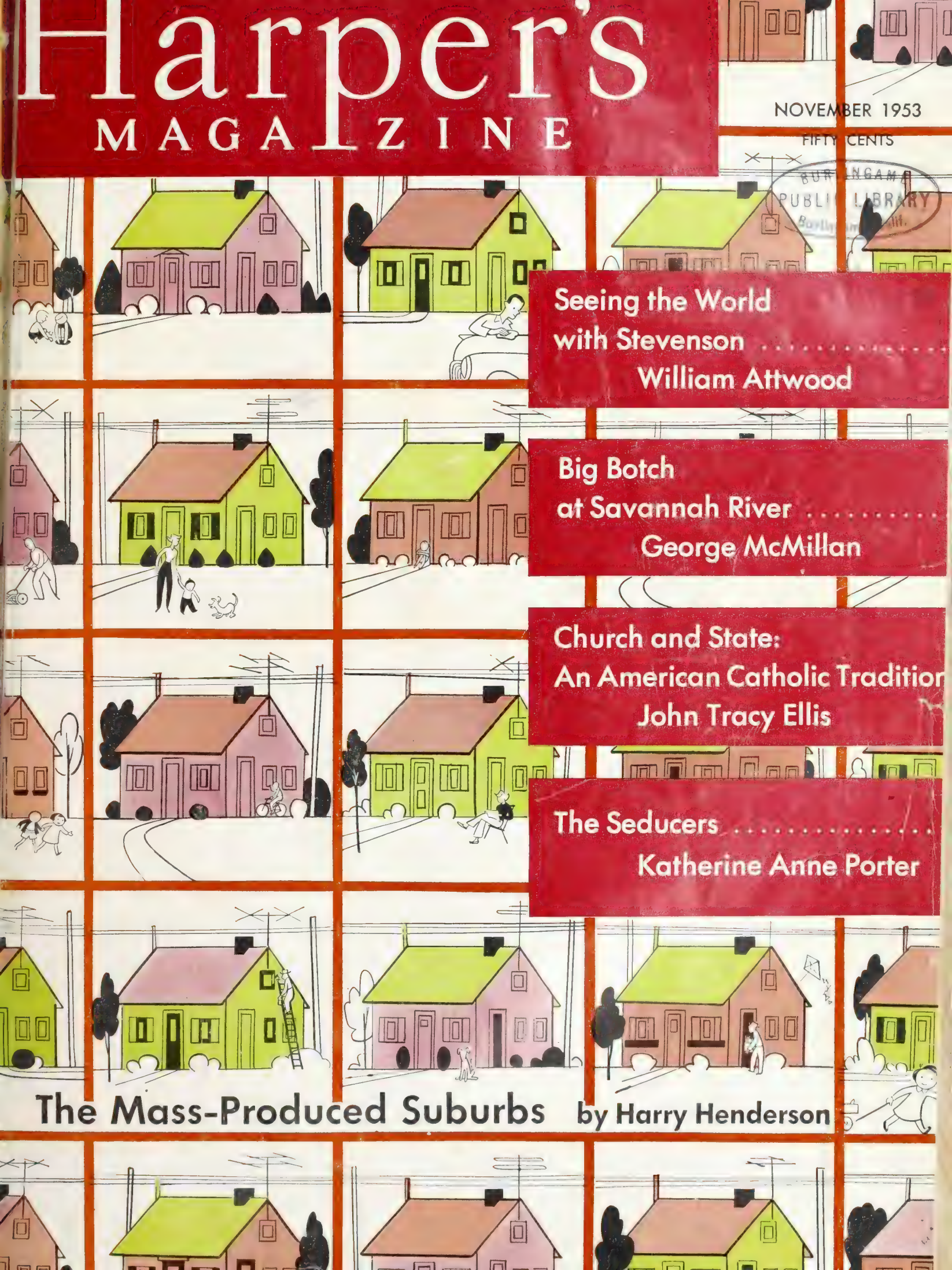
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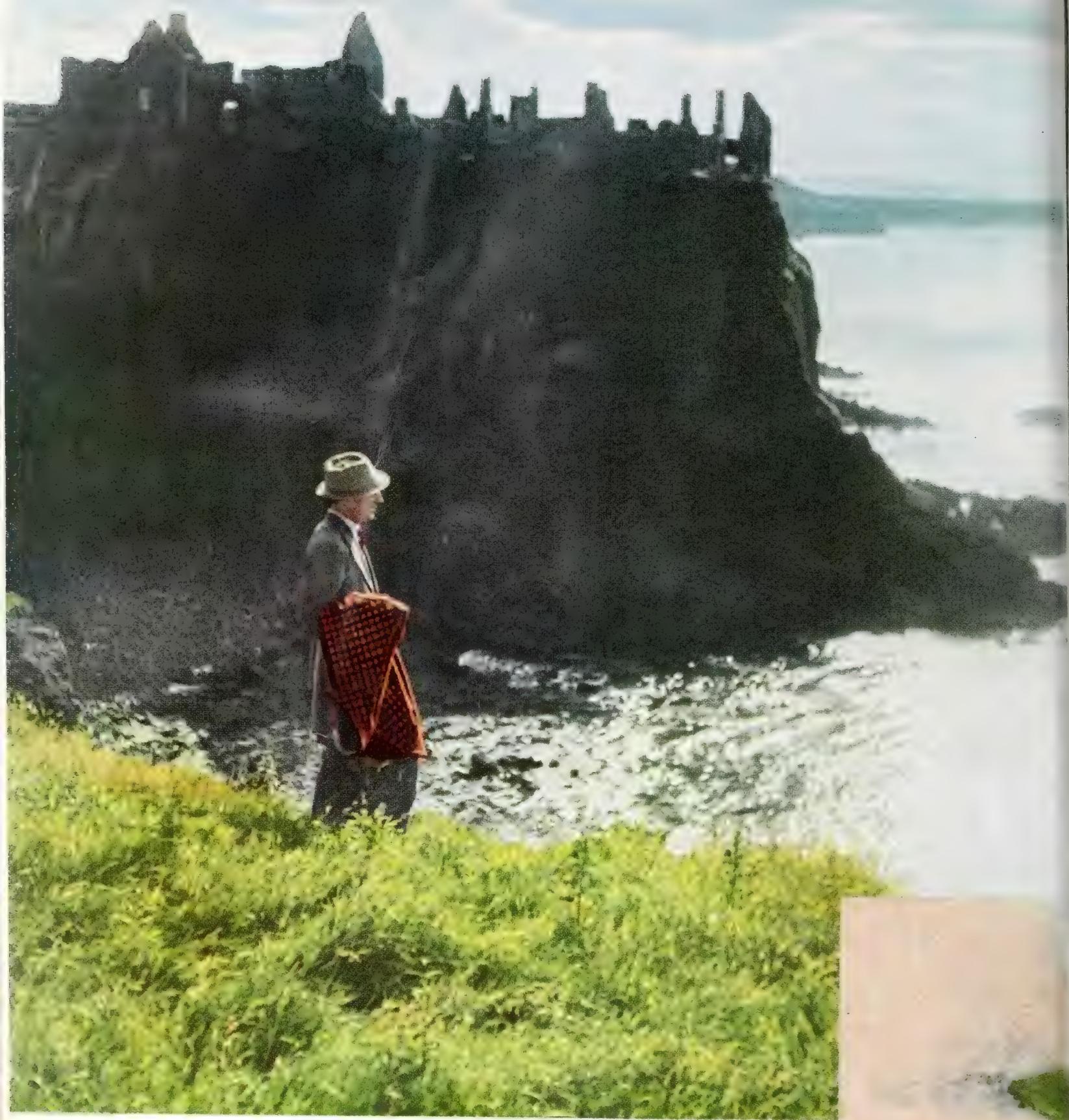
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with Stevenson
William Attwood

Big Botch
at Savannah River
George McMillan

Church and State:
An American Catholic Tradition
John Tracy Ellis

The Seducers
Katherine Anne Porter

The Mass-Produced Suburbs by Harry Henderson



Where splendour falls on castle wa

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW! This is the grim, scarred fortress of Dunluce on the coast of Northern Ireland, ancient stronghold of warrior kings named MacQuillan, O'Neill and Sorley Boy Macdonnell. Dunluce is another testament to Britain's fierce, rugged past. For cross reference, see Stirling Castle in Scotland where crumbled walls still echo the battle cry of Wallace's men. Or proud Harlech in Wales, inspiration for the stirring Welsh anthem "Men of Harlech, on to glory." You'll find a castle for every mood in Britain. Gloomy, frowning castles with battlements still haunted by the ghosts

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We wouldn't blame these people if they didn't sell to you. They don't have to, you know. Maybe they want the stock for the same reason you do.

Not even a thousand millionaires, each putting in a million dollars, could "own" General Electric. The "man" who owns General Electric has 248,404 names. There are that many owners on the books.

Simple mathematics can shoot a large round hole in the childish misconception that America's basic companies are owned by a few lucky people.

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Cover by Sam Norkin

Personal & Otherwise

THERE used to be a department in this magazine called "The Lion's Mouth," where we grouped the briefer and more light-hearted contributions which in those days were known as familiar essays. In the issue of December 1921, there was a piece on "The Goon and his Style," by a young man identified in P & O as "secretary to the Corporation of Harvard University."

The goonish style, he wrote, "is thick and heavy. It suggests the sort of oatmeal served at lunch counters, lumpy and made with insufficient salt. . . . It employs the words 'youth' and 'lad,' likes the exclamation 'lo!' and says 'one may readily perceive' instead of 'you can easily see.' . . . The trouble with the goonish style usually is that its possessor forgets that he is addressing ordinary human beings, and writes for something strange and portentous which he thinks of as a Public."

One might have readily perceived that a writer with such a precise eye for pretention and stuffiness would, in a short time, make his mark. And lo!, within two years he had become an editor of this magazine; in ten he had written *Only Yesterday* (a classic of modern historical writing whose title, by the way, has become a descriptive adjective for a whole class of books which have followed in its pioneering way); and in precisely twenty years, with the issue of December 1941, he had become *Harper's* editor in chief.

Now, having completed twelve years in that post, **Frederick Lewis Allen** is resigning, in order (as he said in his letter to Cass Canfield, chairman of the board of Harper & Brothers) "to experiment with a somewhat differently organized life, with a little more chance to do my own observing and say my own say, while

maintaining a connection with the House of Harper."

As the only member of the editorial staff who has been around since before Fred Allen became the boss, P & O has a sort of proprietary interest in him and assumes the right to remind him, thus publicly, of the affection and respect which all of us feel for him and for his incorruptible anti-goonishness. We are glad that after a few months in Europe he will be back with us on a part-time basis at least.

Meanwhile, starting with next month's issue **John Fischer**, formerly an associate editor on our staff and more recently the editor in chief of Harper & Brothers' general book department, will become the seventh editor *Harper's Magazine* has had in its 103 years and five months of uninterrupted publication. Upon him and upon managing editor Russell Lynes (no goons they, we can assure you) will fall the chief responsibility for maintaining and extending those special functions of our magazine which Fred Allen described in a speech accepting, on *Harper's* behalf, the University of Missouri School of Journalism's 1945 medal for distinguished service in journalism.

There were five special functions which he listed (you can find them in P & O, July 1945), two of which we think we will reprint here as a farewell and hail:

[*The magazine*] should provide interpretation and discussion of the important issues before the public. . . . This discussion should be honest, searching, independent, and aimed at serving the general public interest: no special pleading, no pressure-group stuff, no axe-grinding, no kowtowing to any private interest or power, no evasion of the



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"In real sincerity, as long as you keep printing The New Yorker, there are many Americans who have a spokesman. The documentary material is unmatched. But most of all and really important is your ability to puncture the false and, with simplicity and good humor, to exalt the true."

Because The New Yorker is addicted to humor and consecrated to truth it is read the world over by people with civilized minds, who turn to it for enlightenment and encouragement, as they would to an old and tried friend. The vigor of their devotion is the test of the magazine's success and the measure of its greatness.

THE
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uncomfortable fact. It should be just as farsighted as possible. And it should try to make, now and then, at least an approach to wisdom.

The magazine should provide a platform for original and inventive thinkers, for voices crying in the wilderness, for really creative ideas wherever they may be found. . . . We are looking for the seminal idea, the objective judgment on the trend of things, the air-clearing outburst of indignation, the long-awaited satirical indictment, which will suddenly throw everything about us into a new perspective—and which is as likely as not to come from some individual who sits all by himself, unorganized, unrecognized, unorthodox, and unterrified.

No one knows better than Fred Allen how unattainable the ideals implied in these functions are; no one else in the journalism of our time has, by his own example, demonstrated so appealingly that they can be approached and are worth working for. For that—and for making it fun to try—all of us on the staff thank him.

In Darkest Suburbia

IN AMERICA city life and country life have both developed distinctive, self-conscious traditions, and both have had their spokesmen and apologists from the days of Hamilton and Jefferson. But no dominant suburban tradition has ever established itself, and until recently few people have bothered much about the suburbs in print, except to sneer at them. Now, all of a sudden, we discover that although a very large percentage of the American people live in suburbs, we really *know* almost nothing about the way of life, the manners and customs, which these in-between regions require and produce. They turn out, as **Harry Henderson** demonstrates in his pioneering observations on "The Mass-Produced Suburbs" (p. 25), to be a vast social terra incognita, about which there are as many legends and as much unreliable information as there was about central Africa before Livingstone and Stanley.

There was a time, about the turn of the century, when something like a suburban tradition took shape, but it was always a bit exotic, modeled as it was on the life of the

English landed gentry, with plumbing, a big piazza, and a few other Yankee improvements thrown in. There are vestigial remnants of this still to be found in the older suburbs like New York's Scarsdale and Philadelphia's Chestnut Hill, but the pattern is just about meaningless nowadays. The advent of the automobile in the twenties began to wreck it, and easy credit for veterans since the last war has all but finished the job, distorting the older suburbs out of all resemblance to their former selves and establishing elsewhere a wholly new kind of suburbia which is still in the process of discovering how to live with itself.

The most dramatic examples of the new suburbia are the mass-produced suburbs about which Mr. Henderson writes—the Levittowns and such. Our colleague, Eric Larrabee, told the fantastic story of the creation of the largest of these towns in an article we published back in September 1948. Now, for the first time, Mr. Henderson gives us a report, based on direct observation and firsthand inquiry, on the emerging patterns of life in these new suburbs. His findings may well surprise you.

MR. HENDERSON first became interested in the mass-produced suburbs in 1947, when he did an article for *Collier's* on the problems involved in planning the one at Park Forest, Illinois. In gathering the material for his present article he interviewed as many families as possible in several communities. Later he interviewed people who are permanently and strategically placed in the communities—merchants, ministers, leaders of various organizations—as a check on the impressions gathered in the family interviews.

After graduating from Penn State, where he majored in journalism, Mr. Henderson worked on several different Pennsylvania newspapers before beginning to write for the magazines. Since 1938 he has done a number of articles for *Collier's*, and pieces by him have also been published in *Cosmopolitan*, *Red Book*, and the *Reader's Digest*. With Sam Shaw, the photographer, he covered such varied subjects as mine cave-ins, strip-teasers, and Senator Bilbo, and also with Shaw did the picture book, *War in Our Time*, which Doubleday published in 1942. This is his first appearance in *Harper's*.



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The stylized (but only slightly) representation on the cover, of Mr. Henderson's mass-produced houses was individually produced by **Sam Norkin**, versatile artist and illustrator who has worked frequently for this magazine and a variety of other publications.

The Errors of Comedy

IN HIS article, "The Englishman Laughs" (p. 49), **V. S. Pritchett** distinguishes two traditions in English comic writing—the (lately submerged) muscular and extroverted strain which descended from Fielding, and the (recently prosperous) neurotic strain of brainy laughter, as in Evelyn Waugh. It is his contention that, in the work of writers like Joyce Cary and, more especially, Anthony Powell, there are signs of a return to some of the strength and common sense of the older tradition.

Mr. Pritchett naturally does not mention (though he is much too perspicacious a critic not to have noticed) that his own fiction provides an excellent instance of this renewal and strengthening of the masculine strain. *Harper's* readers will, however, remember stories like "The Saint" (January 1947) and "The Aristocrat" (October 1949) and will want to read, if they have not done so, his recent novel, *Mr. Beluncle*.

In the field of criticism, Mr. Pritchett's *The Living Novel* (1947) and *Books in General* (1953) have won him the kind of respect and affection which only a wise and unencumbered judge can earn. It is a pleasure to announce that by the time this issue of *Harper's* is in print he will be in residence at Princeton University, giving lectures on the English comic novelists, under the auspices of the Christian Gauss Seminars in Criticism. Meanwhile he still retains his posts as literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation* and contributor of the London letter to the *New York Times Book Review*.

Man, Time, and Fossils

OF COURSE everyone who has ever been to the zoo has known all along that Darwin was right. But it is exciting nevertheless to learn that new findings in abstract and

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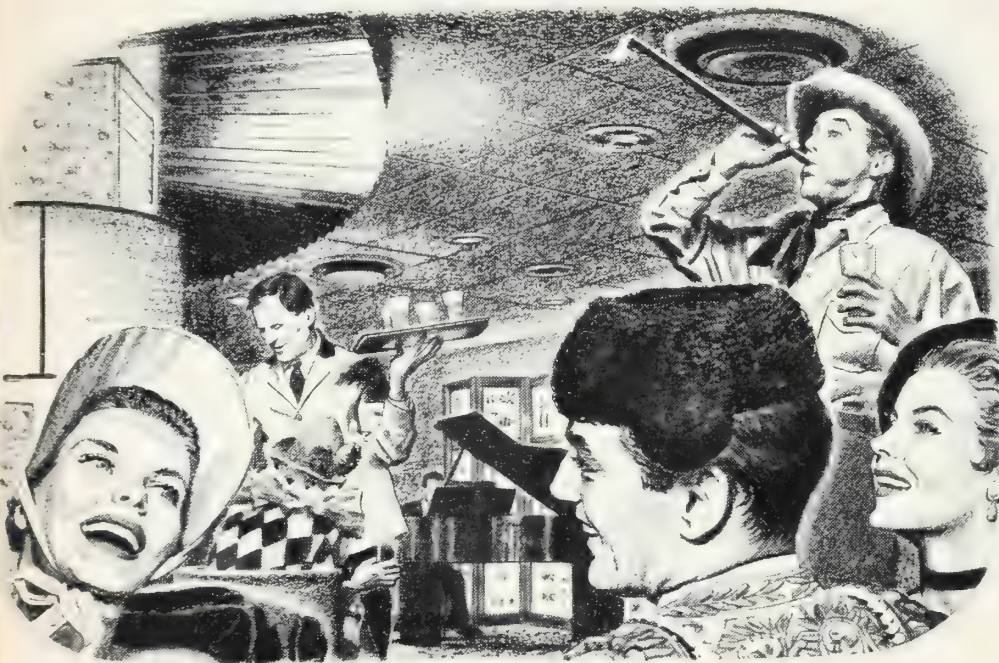
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P & O

physical science, while modifying a number of Darwinian suppositions, have buttressed his most notorious implication—that man is indeed a relative of the apes.

According to **Ruth Moore's** report on "Evolution Up to Date" (p. 84) the "missing link" has been found; new knowledge—obtained through analysis of radioactive elements—has abbreviated the whole timetable of evolution; and new experiments have proved that it is genetically possible for man to have evolved in the relatively brief time which the new timetable allows. It is all very comforting to those of us who like to keep our genealogy straight, though there may be some old families who will resent having a half-million or a million years lopped off their family trees.

One of the most interesting findings reported in Miss Moore's article is the discovery that man did not first develop a brain and then become erect and capable of tool-using, as has been supposed. It now appears that the reverse is true. He developed the brain to use his hands after he had become erect and had thus freed his hands for use. This is a nice point, when you come to think of it, and might in the long run have happy effects on our educational theory. If we want to improve our general level of intelligence (and it wouldn't be a bad idea), it's apparently the body, not the brain, we should work on. Maybe "milk for the Hottentots" will turn out to have been better as educational policy than as politics.

RUTH MOORE, who reports soberly and fascinatingly on these matters about which P & O has been frivolous, is a graduate of Washington University in St. Louis. She has worked as a reporter for the St. Louis *Star-Times*, as reporter and Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Sun*; and as assistant editor of the *Kiplinger Magazine*; and she is now back in Chicago as a reporter for the *Sun-Times*.

She first got interested in the subject of her present article about three years ago when she was assigned to cover a conference of economists, called together by the University of Chicago at White Sulphur Springs. One night at dinner she was talking

with one of the university's vice presidents about Carbon-14, about which she had written an article that had interested the publishing firm of Alfred A. Knopf. Her dinner companion mentioned that with Carbon-14 the theory of evolution was being rewritten.

Following that lead, Miss Moore undertook the investigation whose results are summarized in her article. Her book, *Man, Time, and Fossils*, which tells the whole story, beginning with Darwin and continuing through the work of Mendel, deVries, the geneticists, and the discoverers of the fossil remnants, right up to the modern findings, will be published on November 9 by Knopf, who planned the work as a companion volume to *Gods, Graves, and Scholars*. She is already at work on her next book, which is to be a biography of Darwin.

November Harvest

...Back in 1950 *Harper's* ran a series of three excerpts from *Katherine Anne Porter's* novel-in-progress, *No Safe Harbor*—a novel set on shipboard between Vera Cruz and Bremerhaven in the year 1931. This month we are proud to present a fourth excerpt, "The Seducers" (p. 33), which reintroduces some of the characters who appeared in the earlier series, and is at the same time a completely self-contained, sharp, and disturbing vignette that reveals once more the insight and stylistic perfection on which Miss Porter's considerable reputation rests.

Since she last appeared in these pages, Miss Porter has been to Paris as one of the six writers representing American literature at the International Festival of the Arts in May 1952, has published a collection of her essays and occasional writing entitled *The Days Before*, has given a series of thirteen poetry readings over NBC, and has acted as lecturer and reader at a number of writers' conferences and colleges. She has recently left her home in New York City for a year as guest writer at the University of Michigan, where she is teaching a course in contemporary poetry and an advanced class in fiction.

Albert Gay, a New York painter and illustrator, made the drawings



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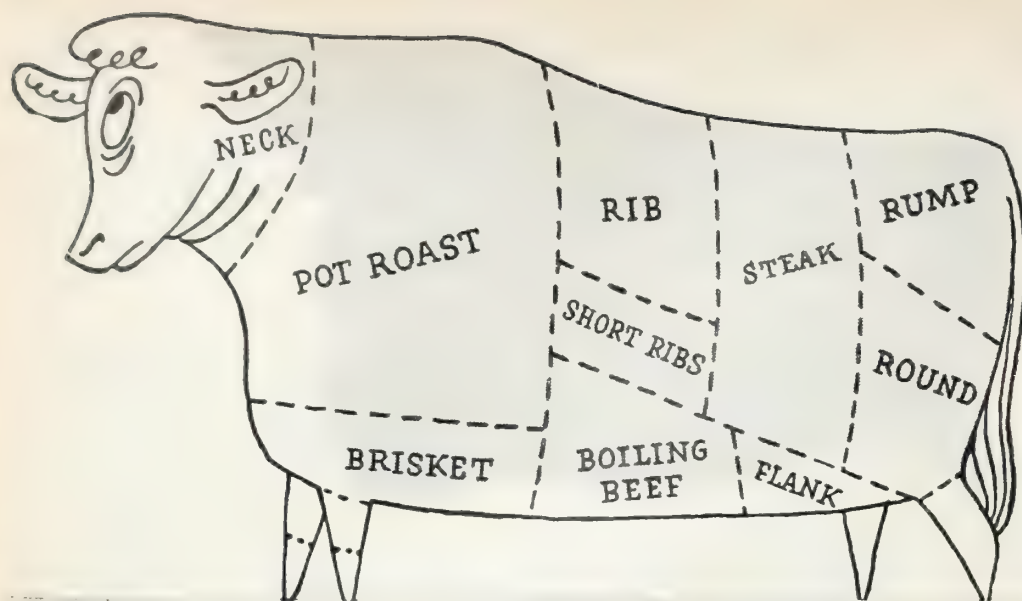
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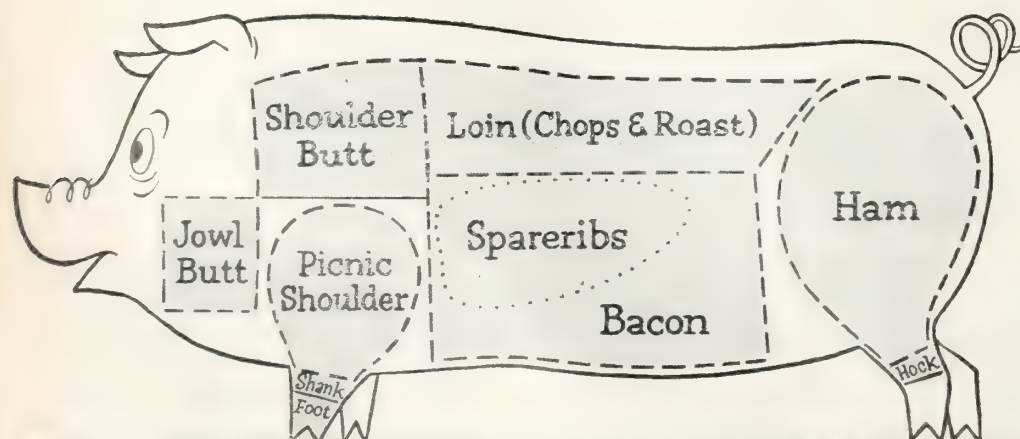
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of the "Seducers." Except for a four-year military stretch during World War II, Mr. Gay has devoted most of his adult life to studying drawing, painting, and photography—which he has done in New York and San Francisco, France and Italy.

•••George McMillan, who draws up the evidence on "Big Botch at Savannah River" (p. 39), is the Marine veteran whose book about the First Marine Division, called *The Old Breed*, was one of the most effective histories to come out of World War II.

In the past year Mr. McMillan has occupied himself mainly with following and telling the story of what he sees as the Atomic Energy Commission's failure of responsibility in the Savannah River project. In earlier discussions of the topic—in articles in the *Reporter*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and *House and Home*—he has focused attention mainly on the dollar waste involved; now he broadens the scope of his analysis to include the purposes of the development, the human factors, and the implications for governmental and private management. Specifically, he concentrates on what has happened to the housing program. In the months to come the question of the United States' H-bomb development is likely to unfold in one of those famous "bun-gling and confusion" scandals. In it Mr. McMillan's revelations may become a basic source book.

Before serving in the Marines in the Peleliu and Okinawa campaigns, Mr. McMillan worked in Washington for the Office of Emergency Management and the OWI, and also for the *Washington Daily News*.

•••When Adlai Stevenson took off last spring on his trip around the world, there was little question where he would go; the route determined itself. Since the days when fashionable young gentlemen, as the complement to their education, perambulated the cultural capitals of Europe, there has been a change in the pattern of broadening, self-improving travel. Now one makes the circuit of the hot-spots, the pathway of the VIPs around the edges of the free world, where the future is in balance and there is much to be

earned—by visiting hospitals, interviewing notable figures, witnessing the evidences of "development," talking to technical experts, and generally working like a dog. Now that the itinerary, pioneered by journalist-tourists like Martin Flavin, has been successively trod by Governor Dewey, Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President Nixon, and a host of P's not quite so VI, it has been virtually fixed to follow the seacoast of Asia to Europe, leaving out Australia, Africa, South America—and, of course, the heartland within the Soviet orbit. P & O wonders, sometimes, how long it will be before this pattern of energetic, duty-minded voyaging becomes the standard as well for tourists, at least for the inveterate ones who will feel they should "do" the world as Adlai Stevenson did it.

William Attwood, the European editor of *Look* who accompanied the defeated candidate, makes it clear in "Seeing the World with Stevenson" (p. 56) that such an exhausting junket is not for the likes of everyone, but only those who suffer, as he says Governor Stevenson does, from a case of chronic stamina. Having seen Mr. Attwood on his return—and been among those who pestered him, as he describes, with prying questions—P & O is willing to take his word for it, and not begrudge him his flight (as soon as he completed his article for us in Paris) to an island in the Mediterranean where there are no diplomatic dinners to attend, planes to catch, or manuscripts to be written.

Mr. Attwood, though young, is a veteran foreign correspondent and military intelligence officer in World War II (the Near East, Europe, and the Pacific), and he normally makes his headquarters in Paris. He speaks five languages—as they used to say at one military intelligence camp that P & O was told of: "Henglish de bast." Mr. Attwood is the author of *The Man Who Could Grow Hair*, published by Knopf.

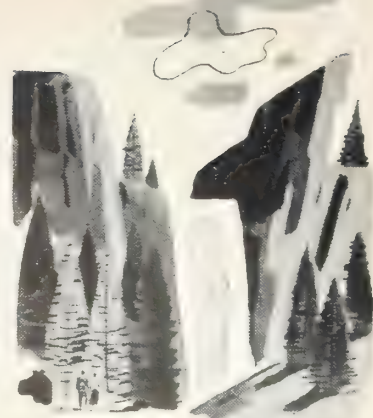
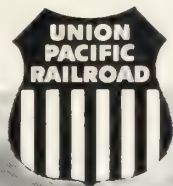
The cartoons of the Stevenson trip are the work of **Jon Nielson**, a Hudson Valley painter, illustrator, and art teacher who has traveled over most of the routes now included in the journalist's grand tour.

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the controversies over tax money and the parochial schools, it is important to base our judgment upon fact rather than upon supposition—especially if the supposition unwarrantedly impugns the loyalty of many of our fellow-citizens. With that in mind, we are happy to publish this month a scholarly article by the Reverend John Tracy Ellis on "Church and State: An American Catholic Tradition" (p. 63).

Father Ellis is professor of Church history at the Catholic University of America, managing editor of the *Catholic Historical Review*, and secretary of the American Catholic Historical Association. His books include a study of *Anti-Papal Legislation in Medieval England* (1930), *Cardinal Consalvi and Anglo-Papal Relations, 1814-1824* (1942), and *The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons* (1952). He is presently writing a one-volume history of the Catholic Church in America.



Western Traveler

...**Bernard DeVoto**, occupant of the "Easy Chair" since 1935, has frequently heaved himself therefrom and gone forth in search of adventure and learning. The manifold fruits of his latest trip to the Far West are garnered in this month's "Notes on Western Travel" (p. 45), and we seize the chance to present the demon tourist in a costume not mentioned in this report. Above is Mr. DeVoto in earnest mien and the garb of a smokejumper. Along with

The Passing of the Paleface

People used to go to Florida or California in the winter because they were (a) filthy rich, (b) 77 years old, (c) owners of a yacht which might be bruised by floating ice.

Today, everybody's in the sunshine, either down south, or on a sunny ski slope, or for long weekends at what were once only summer homes, but are now year-round holiday houses. There's so much tan around, a white face looks positively conspicuous.

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Best fire fighters working for the U. S. Forest Service, Mr. DeVoto slipped into a real fire in the summer of 1951 and wrote it up for *Esquire's*. Here we give you Mr. DeVoto out of the "Easy Chair" and into the fire.

•To American readers "The Pen Friend" (p. 68) by **Wilmer Hamilton** may seem like a story that couldn't happen here and wouldn't be written by an American author. Mr. Hamilton's romantic treatment of a theme which usually gets much more violent handling in American fiction has a strange shock value on this side of the Atlantic—something which might not be felt by the British public who have seen the story in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Mr. Hamilton is a writer new to us; he was attached to British Naval Intelligence during the second world war and is honorary secretary of the Albert Howard Foundation of Organic Husbandry.

Tom Knott, the artist who illustrated "The Pen Friend," came to this country with his wife and daughter last year. Born in Hamburg in 1922, he studied painting there and in Berlin and Paris.

••Now in November, at the time of municipal elections, citizens are reminded that it takes more than routine use of the democratic process to achieve civic reform. However resolutely we go to the polls, we suspect that our chances of throwing the scoundrels out are flickering. At such a time **William H. Hessler's** article about "Cincinnati: The City thaticked Corruption" (p. 76) reopens the question which many of us had unappetingly supposed was a dead issue. Can a basic change in political procedure produce and sustain a substantial reform in civic morality? Mr. Hessler contends that what has happened in Cincinnati demonstrates that a good system and good institutions can make for continuing good municipal government. If this is so, we wonder, what special characteristics of Cincinnati have made it possible for that city to hang onto the city manager plan and proportional representation when New York and Cleveland and other big cities have tried and failed? Surely a city which lived through a bloody riot in 1887

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Chablis	Shah blee
Chateau Yquem	Shot-oh Ee-Kem
Chateaneuf du Pape	Shot-oh Neff du Pop
Chambertin	Sham bear tan
Graves	Grahv
Haut Sauternes	Oh So tairn
Macon	Mah kon
Medoc	May dock
Montrachet	Mawn Rah Shay
Pommard	Poe mahr
Pontet-Canet	Pon tay Kan nay
Pouilly Fuissé	Poo yee Fweesay
Prince Blanc	Prance Blahn
Prince Noir	Prance Nwahr
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St. Emilion	Sant Ay mee lee on
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P & O

over lax administration of the law, saw its courthouse burned, the militia called out, and forty-five of its citizens killed is not a community which was pure from the start. Cincinnati's reform had to come at the roots, and this makes its experience more significant for the rest of us.

William Hessler is editorial writer and foreign news analyst for the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the author of two books, *Our Ineffective State* and *Operation Survival*. He served three years in the Navy in World War II, was in combat in the Luzon, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa campaigns, and did duty in military government and public relations. Besides doing his newspaper work, Mr. Hessler broadcasts on the "World Front" over Station WLW and he was for two years president of the Cincinnati Foreign Policy Association.

...Ruth Adams, who appears to have such a firm grasp on the ground rules and variations possible in the currently popular game of "Washington RIF" (p. 81), must, P & O suspects, have learned them the hard way. For several years after the war she was a researcher in the State Department, which she left this past June because, she writes, of "the confusion and my conviction that budget cuts would make government work pretty much a waste of time."

Prior to her stint in the government, Miss Adams, a Vassar graduate who comes originally from Chicago but who went to school in La Jolla, California, was successively research assistant to the Senators from California, a member of the Washington staff of *Life* magazine, and food editor of *Look* magazine. At present she is working on a book.

...Anne Goodwin Winslow's "Moment's Monument" (p. 32), a simple-seeming poem, invites several readings with a wide-open inner ear. Mrs. Winslow is the author of *The Springs* and other novels about the South. She lives in Raleigh, Tennessee, and is at work on a new novel and new short stories.

"At Tidemark" (p. 55) marks Elizabeth Enright's third appearance in *Harper's* this year. In May we published her story, "One for the Collection," and in August another poem, "Swing Song." Miss Enright

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EDITORS are so accustomed to looking forward that they feel a little shock of surprise when, once in a while, something happens to remind them how long the editorial process has been going on at *Harper's*. Like the receipt of this letter, dated June 5, 1953:

To the Editors:

Perhaps you might be interested to hear why *Harper's* has a special meaning for me. I was born in a pioneer family early in 1872, and spent my childhood years on a prairie in what is now South Dakota, thirty miles from a railroad. Settlers were few and miles apart, mostly bachelors seeking land for future homes, or immigrant families, German or Danish, fine people, earning their right to become U.S. citizens.

There were no schools the early years. We happened to have brought along about a dozen paper-bound copies of Dickens' and Scott's novels, and my mother had a subscription to *Harper's*. A clear picture of her remains in my memory, sitting in a Boston rocker at a window, usually with a baby in her lap and *Harper's* before her whenever she could snatch a moment from her busy overworked day. She had a knack of translating any article into terms we children could understand. She loved the world and travel stories and the exciting activities of life everywhere. The walls of our shack (just as potatoes were *spuds*, so were houses *shacks*) were covered with maps, the world, continents, nations, states—and places we heard about had to be located. It was in the decade after the Centennial, 1876, and there were many articles to stir the imagination—the machine was developing fast; transmission of light and sound, astronomical research made headway (we had a map of the constellations). Mail came once a week and there was always a scramble for it when *Harper's* was due, in its sober brown covers—no cover girls.

And so our education began without benefit of school buildings or teachers. I had read Dickens before



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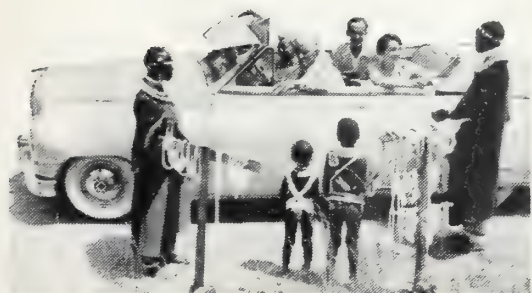


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HARPER & BROTHERS

there was a school near us, and *Harper's* had been a real general textbook for us all. And "the bachelors" within a radius of fifteen miles or so would ride over to borrow the old copies, which were passed around from one to another till they were literally read to pieces.

Finally came a year when we had several months' school in a sod schoolhouse, and another few months the following year in the shack of four bachelors who had a long work bench through the middle of the room, which, when flanked by plank benches, provided seats for four or five students on each side; everyone brought whatever text books he had, and a newly created Board of Trustees provided complete sets of McGuffey's Readers. We had a comely young teacher who drilled us in the rudiments, and entertained the four bachelors who had reserved the right to sit around the school stove, and to throw in items of educational value from time to time.

When I was twelve, I was sent back to Buffalo, New York, the early home of my parents, to go to a real school. I was sure enough a greenhorn—had never seen a locomotive till I was put on a train in care of a conductor to make the trip to Chicago—and a city filled me with terror. My earliest impression of Chicago, where I was later to spend many years, was only of a big noise and a horrible smell. I felt totally lost in a schoolroom of some thirty pupils of my own age, all of whom seemed models of confidence, competence, and so very smart! But a kindly, understanding principal after a long talk with me decided to place me on trial in the eighth grade, and I actually came out on top at the end of a year.

One thinks more clearly toward the end of a road eighty-two years long than one does on its earlier laps, and it now seems to me that I was very fortunate in having the education that came to me on those prairies with only a few good books and "Three cheers for *Harper's*" with my mother as regular interpreter.

Years later, after my pioneer spirit had helped much to push my way through many difficulties, including a big university, I wrote my mother that I had just registered in Law School, and asked, "Are you sur-

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P & O

prised?" She replied that nothing I could do would ever surprise her, to which I retorted, "After all, it's all your fault!" And now with the fuller maturity so many years bring, I add, "Yours and Harper's."

JEANETTE BATES
San Diego, California

Congratulations, Mr. LePage

OVER six years ago Harper's ran an article that P & O, for one, always hoped someone would do something about. It was written by an aeronautical engineer named Laurence LePage, and it was called "Wanted: A Plane That Can Slow Down." Mr. LePage had the perfectly simple, if not obvious, idea that we were making a mistake in concentrating on the speed of passenger aircraft, since (1) many accidents take place at landing or take-off and (2) the faster the plane the longer must be its runway and the more expensive the airport. Mr. LePage proposed, instead, that more attention be paid to "convertiplanes," combinations of helicopters and conventional craft, which can cruise in the hundreds of miles per hour yet float gently, and safely, to earth at no speed at all. "If we don't want more and worse crack-ups from time to time," wrote Mr. LePage, "this is the direction in which the aircraft industry must go."

P & O was therefore delighted to see, not long ago in the *Wall Street Journal*, an article by Richard P. Cooke which claimed that all over the country there are companies at work designing and building convertiplanes. "In plants from Pottstown, Pa., to Palo Alto, Calif., dreamers and practical aerodynamicists are drawing designs for craft that can hover in mid-air like a helicopter or fly like an airplane in fast forward motion." Mr. Cooke went on to suggest that there are still major objections to the convertiplane (he quotes a number made by that old helicopter man, Igor Sikorsky, who doubts it will ever be useful for anything but specialized military missions), yet he left no doubt that a good many engineers intend to find out for sure before they drop the notion. We couldn't be more pleased and wish them Godspeed in the search for slowness.

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L E T T E R S

That Report—

To the Editors:

Your current review of Kinsey's forthcoming volume ["Dr. Kinsey's Second Sex," September] is well done.

I cannot quite comprehend, however, why we should call "scientific" a treatise which is based wholly on hearsay and in no part on observation.

I do not impugn the female whose experience was total at the age of one year. I merely suggest that perhaps she, and not Kinsey, is the scientist.

JOHN BARKER
Pittsfield, Mass.

To the Editors:

I feel affronted! Having established over a period of years a magazine purporting to appeal to the thinking mind of man, you now shell out the ballyhoo on the Kinsey Report. I have not read Mrs. Freedgood's report, save her conclusion, nor do I intend to. . . .

MRS. R. A. WOOD
Upper Montclair, N. J.

To the Editors:

Elmer Davis asks in one issue [August] "Are We Worth Saving?" Editor Freedgood in her Kinsey review answers "No." "Worth" implies morality, and Editor Freedgood will have none of it.

I thought we had finished with that shallow, sleazy intellectualism that makes morality a mere expedient of wayward emotions. . . .

S. G. McFARLAND
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

I have been juggling my brains for over a week to sketch a shape for several ideas felt and formed by P & O's prelude to Anne Freedgood's "Dr. Kinsey's Second Sex." The juggling stopped and the light flashed on page 84, "Reporting in China," by Christopher Rand: ". . . publishers might well stop taking polls and resume doing their own thinking." . . .

Dr. Kinsey, though dedicated and thoroughly honest, is a further symptom of a prevalent and fruitless trend; the premeditated attempt to realize facts and truths through measurements or statistics per se. Vast areas coming under scientific scrutiny are unfit for measurement in the classic physical sense. The misconception is widespread and unproductive that assumes and expects that with time and technique we may measure mental phenomena much as we measure mesons. . . .

The reception Dr. Kinsey's stimulating titles have received is a social phenomenon whose investigation may yield more social insight than the books creating the furor.

I was somewhat surprised at the naïveté of *Harper's* for taking quite so full and willing a bite at this juicy morsel. . . .

MARVIN B. RODNEY, M.D.
Harundale, Md.

To the Editors:

Anne Freedgood probably didn't know it when she wrote her report on *The Report*, but she was a sort of catalytic agent that helped me discover what my religion really is. As I thought about the Kinsey Report it suddenly dawned on me that the truth is my religion—and it's a religion that develops in a nation that believes in free speech and press. . . . If the problem of Church and State is to be solved in America, I say find a team in some university that is as interested in the truth about religion as Kinsey and his associates are interested in the truth about sex.

Of course now I have seven children and so the subject of sex doesn't interest me. . . .

ERNA BENTZ
White Bird, Ida.

To the Editors:

Anne Freedgood's otherwise excellent article on the new Kinsey volume, like all the other articles so far published, displays the expected ignorance of the literature of modern sexology. Thus she speaks of Have-

lock Ellis and Sigmund Freud as the major pioneers before Kinsey. No mention of René Guyon's monumental nine-volume *Studies in Sexual Ethics*. . . . Your writer mentions Dr. Kinsey's "earnest, dedicated attempt to find out from the people themselves how they behave and what they think," but does not mention that Guyon spent thirty years in similar observation and questioning of men, women, and children throughout Europe and Asia, before spending twenty years in writing his nine volumes. Does his effort not deserve the same recognition being given so lavishly to Kinsey? . . .

It is urgently desirable that the American reading public be informed that there are, in process of publication, three major and inseparable sexological studies, one by Kinsey (supplemented by the volume of Ford and Beach) on sexual behavior, one by Albert Ellis on sexual attitudes, and one by Guyon on sexual axiology.

GEORGE R. WEAVER
Pasadena, Calif.

To the Editors:

I wish to congratulate you most sincerely on your report on the Kinsey Report. It was the best of all the articles in the magazines and periodicals. It surprised me that a lady could write so freely. . . .

HENRY GERBER
Washington, D. C.

Bodecker Issue—

To the Editors:

Not that everybody else didn't do a good cover-to-cover job on the Bodecker issue—I mean the September issue—but he ran away with the cover too. Yes, Bodecker and Chumley ["Cholmondeley the Chimpanzee"] were the special delights of this number.

Harper's graphic work is really choice—and has been for over a century as the Centennial number proved; and the artists whose work is acceptable to *Harper's* deserve (and

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

AN AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

need) to have their names mentioned alongside the authors' names in the table of contents, as they were for years. Isn't there any way they can be reinstated in the new (and very good-looking) layout adopted some time ago? . . .

J. BLANKFARD MARTENET
Baltimore, Md.

Reporter's Problem—

To the Editors:

I wish to thank you and the author, Christopher Rand, for the article "Reporting in China." For many years I have known in a general way the difficulty under which the reporter labors. . . . In my opinion false reports and speculations about things they know nothing about regarding facts are among our worst evils.

J. L. READ
Riverside, Calif.

Perfect Lamb—

To the Editors:

Praise Allah (and Roald Dahl and *Harper's*) for reviving the short story. "Lamb to the Slaughter" [September] is a welcome and delightful tale, in sharp contrast to all the social-problem and psychological case histories which seem to dominate short fiction.

More power to Roald Dahl and *Harper's*.

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis, Tenn.

Highet and Gide—

To the Editors:

Mr. Highet has admirably conceded ["New Books," September] that the fact that Gide was "a sexual pervert who kept proclaiming and justifying his perversion" perhaps blinds him to his merits. . . .

Aside from the fact that Mr. Highet seems to have completely lost sight of Gide's more profound and philosophical side . . . his whole criticism is confined to the subject matter and morals of the author, and this . . . probably explains his failure to bring attention to the subtlety and complexity of Gide's thought.

If necessary, Gide's work can be seen as a highly imaginative study

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LETTERS

of an individual who might very well figure as one of Kinsey's anonymous statistics, and it is ironic that Mr. Highet's article should appear as a companion piece to the report on Kinsey whose author, in addition to being free from prejudice, makes a point of the element of human variation as brought out by Kinsey.

BETSEY OMANSKY
Mattapan, Mass.

To the Editors:

It is really too bad that Mr. Highet is so troubled by perversion, so eager to be a "psycho-moralist" that he is unable to see the work without the man. Literary and even nonliterary figures often have strange bedfellows. May they rest in peace.

ELAINE NAVARRE
New York, N. Y.

Handy Harper's—

To the Editors:

During my fourteen months in Japan your magazine has been invaluable. It has helped to keep me in contact with the changes going on in the United States and the rest of the world. Your coverage of the Republican and Democratic conventions and the election campaigns was particularly appreciated, as the reporting in the *Stars and Stripes* and the *Nippon Times* was very superficial and one-sided. In addition, I found *Harper's* very handy for pressing my photographs which had begun to curl in the rainy season.

CAPT. MAURICE VARON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tragic Tale—

To the Editors:

I am very interested in knowing the source of the article in your September issue entitled "Cholmondeley the Chimpanzee" by Gerald M. Durrell, and whether the story is fictional or not.

If the story is true, it seems very cruel that "Chumley" should be shot.

JIM SLOVER
Coos Bay, Ore.

[The story is true, alas, but we understand that Chumley's legs began to bother him, so his death may have saved him suffering.—The Editors.]



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«

SUMMER CAMPS

»

"Look Now To Next Summer"

There is no month when summer seems further away than it does in November. The trees are stripped, the World Series has come and gone and your son's hero is a quarterback now instead of a slugger. June and summer vacation are in the class with space travel—a dream of the future. A great many things will happen to your children in the long winter months and in the fleeting days of spring. Their heads will be crammed with new ideas and new experiences; they will grow at a rate that will astonish you. By the time school is over you will have different children and a different summer problem to face from the one you faced last summer.

But there is no reason why you should face it unprepared. You are doing the best you know how by your children this winter, and you can already see the pattern that will evolve as the school year unfolds. The question is: what is the best way to supplement the experiences of this school year and to prepare for the challenges of the next?

There is no better answer to "the summer problem", as many parents call it, than a good camp. This may not be true for all children or all families, but you would be surprised at the tremendous variety of kinds of camps—for the art-minded as well as the athletic children, for the budding musicians as well as the young mechanics. And if your child is one who will benefit by healthy outdoor association with other children of the same age, who will respond to the guidance and leadership of professionally trained experts, then camp may well be the answer.

Consider what a good camp offers and accomplishes. It trains a

boy or girl not only in manual skills and games, in the lore of the outdoors and in swimming and sailing and woodcraft; it teaches him self-reliance, good sportsmanship, and the arts of getting along with other people. He learns the benefits of discipline in a group and of self-discipline in himself. And he learns these things in a healthy, wholesome atmosphere of fun, happiness, and fellowship.

Camps vary in their specialties, in their programs, and in their approach to direction. A well-rounded program in which a child tries each activity is one method; another is the flexible schedule where the child freely elects the activities he wishes to concentrate on and to perfect. The very specialized camps differ still further. Take music for instance . . . ideals, goals, and the child's present skills determine your choice in this field. All types are represented in our national camp roster. The same holds true for the other arts: dancing, painting, dramatics; and the more technical sports such as horsemanship, sailing, canoeing. Trip camps are also many and varied. Any single activity that your child cherishes can be encouraged and improved in the right atmosphere. There are hundreds of good camps, some better suited to your child's needs than others. Your decision on the best camp for your child should not be made casually or in a hurry. November is a good month for you to start to consider this problem.

Let us know about your child's age, interests, and problems, and your best hopes for him. We'll gladly try to help you find the perfect answer to your child's summer.

Write: Adele Wallace, *Camp Information Bureau*, Harper's Magazine, 49 E. 33rd. Street, New York, N. Y.

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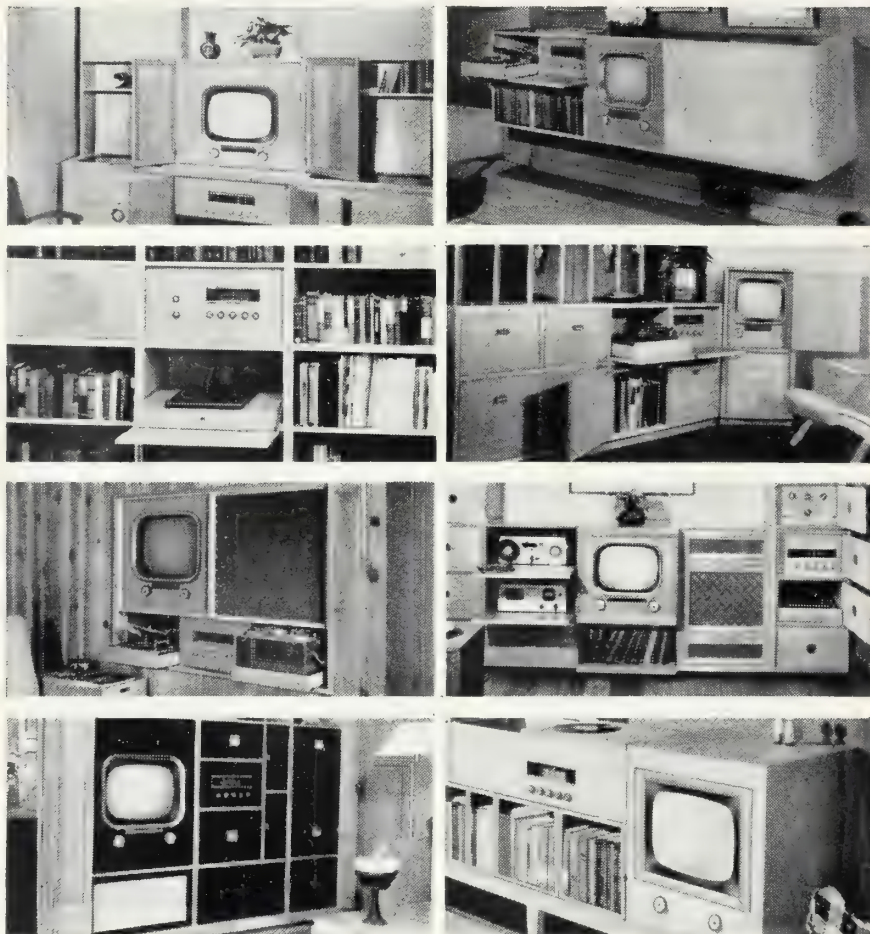
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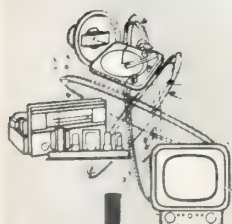
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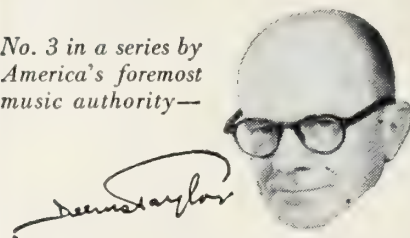


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Harper's MAGAZINE

The Mass-Produced Suburbs

I. How People Live in America's Newest Towns

Harry Henderson

SINCE WORLD WAR II, WHOLE NEW TOWNS and small cities, consisting of acres of near-identical Cape Cod and ranch-type houses, have been bulldozed into existence on the outskirts of America's major cities. Begun as "veterans' housing," and still commonly called "projects," these new communities differ radically from the older urban areas whose slow, cumulative growth depended on rivers and railroads, raw materials or markets, industries and available labor. They also differ from the older suburbs which were built around existing villages. These new communities are of necessity built on open farmland—to house people quickly, cheaply, and profitably. They reflect not only the increased number of young American families, but an enormous expansion of the middle class via the easy credit extended to veterans.

The best known of these communities, Levittown, Long Island, is also the largest; its population is now estimated at 70,000. Lakewood, near Long Beach in the Los

Angeles area, is a close second. Park Forest, some thirty miles south of Chicago—which has significant qualitative differences from the others, in that its social character was as conscientiously planned as its physical layout—now has 20,000 people and will have 30,000 when completed. No one knows exactly how many of these postwar communities exist in all. The Federal Home and Housing Authority, which insured mortgages for nearly all the houses, has no records in terms of communities or even large developments. However, one can safely assume that their combined population totals several million people.

These communities have none of the long-festered social problems of older towns, such as slums, crowded streets, vacant lots that are both neighborhood dumps and playgrounds, or sagging, neon-fronted business districts that sprawl in all directions. Instead everything is new. Dangerous traffic intersections are almost unknown. Grassy play areas abound. Shops are centrally located and

One of the most conspicuously new features of the American landscape is the mushroom growth of large, rapidly built suburban developments. In the first of two articles, Harry Henderson describes the manner of life they lead to.

under one roof, at least theoretically, with adjacent off-street parking.

Socially, these communities have neither history, tradition, nor established structure—no inherited customs, institutions, “socially important” families, or “big houses.” Everybody lives in a “good neighborhood”; there is, to use that classic American euphemism, no “wrong side of the tracks.” Outwardly, there are neither rich nor poor, and initially there were no older people, teen-agers, in-laws, family doctors, “big shots,” churches, organizations, schools, or local governments. Since the builder required a large cheap site, the mass-produced suburbs are usually located at the extreme edge of the commuting radius. This means they are economically dependent on the big city, without local industry to provide employment and share tax burdens.

Three years ago I began a series of extensive visits to these new communities to learn what effect this kind of housing and social organization has on people. I was particularly interested in what customs developed, what groups became important, what attitudes and ways of handling problems were created. I wanted to know, for instance, how people made friends, how you became a “big shot,” and how life in these towns differed from that of our older towns.

The notes below are an attempt to describe what I found out, a reporter's report on a new generation's version of the “American way.” They are based on interviews and my own observations in six such communities, including Levittown and Park Forest. While each community is different, certain common patterns exist, although their strength varies in accordance with two factors: screening and size.

Screening—or the selection of people by fixed criteria—obviously affects the economic, social, and cultural life. Where screening is based on something more than the ability to make a down payment, the population tends to become a narrow, specialized, upper stratum of the middle class. Size affects the community in another way. The construction of fifty or a hundred new homes on a common plot immediately beside a suburb of 5,000 merely results in their becoming part of that community, adopting its social structure. But when the number of new homes is many times larger than the old, both problems and

new ways of living emerge with greater force. (However, even in small projects some new patterns are present.)

These notes are, of course, subjective and as such liable to personal distortion. Valid statistical data—because of the short time people stay put in these towns, plus a host of other factors—are simply beyond the reach of one man. But, for whatever they are worth, here they are:

AT FIRST GLANCE, REGARDLESS OF VARIATIONS in trim, color, and position of the houses, they seem monotonous; nothing rises above two stories, there are no full-grown trees, and the horizon is an endless picket fence of telephone poles and television aerials. (The mass builder seeks flat land because it cuts his construction costs.)

However one may feel about it aesthetically, this puts the emphasis on people and their activities. One rarely hears complaints about the identical character of the houses. “You don't feel it when you live here,” most people say. One mother, a Midwestern college graduate with two children, told me: “We're not peas in a pod. I thought it would be like that, especially because incomes are nearly the same. But it's amazing how different and varied people are, likes and dislikes, attitudes and wants. I never really knew what people were like until I came here.”

Since no one can acquire prestige through an imposing house, or inherited position, activity—the participation in community or group affairs—becomes the basis of prestige. In addition, it is the quickest way to meet people and make friends. In communities of strangers, where everybody realizes his need for companionship, the first year is apt to witness almost frantic participation in all kinds of activities. Later, as friends are made, this tapers off somewhat.

THE STANDARDIZED HOUSE ALSO CREATES AN emphasis on interior decorating. Most people try hard to achieve “something different.” In hundreds of houses I never saw two interiors that matched—and I saw my first tiger-striped wallpaper. (The only item that is endlessly repeated is a brass skillet hung on a red brick wall.) Yet two styles predominate: Early American and Modern. What is rarely

seen, except in homes of older-than-average people, is a family heirloom.

Taste levels are high. My interviews with wives revealed that their models and ideas came primarily from pictures of rooms in national magazines. Nobody copies an entire room, but they take different items from different pictures. At first most women said, "Well, moving into a new house, you want everything new." Later some altered this explanation, saying, "Nearly everybody is new. . . . I mean, they are newly married and new to the community. They don't feel too certain about things, especially moving into a place where everyone is a stranger. If you've seen something in a magazine—well, people will nearly always like it." So many times were remarks of this character repeated that I concluded that what many sought in their furniture was a kind of "approval insurance."

ASKED WHOM THEY MISSED MOST, WOMEN usually replied, "My mother." Men's answers were scattered, apt to be old friends, neighbors, relatives. Many women said, "I wish there was some place close by to walk to, like the candy store in the city. Just some place to take the kids to buy a cone or newspaper in the afternoon. It helps break up the monotony of the day." They considered the centrally located shopping centers too distant for such outings.

BECAUSE THESE COMMUNITIES WERE BUILT from scratch, they afforded a degree of planning impossible in our older cities, and—depending on the builder's foresight and awareness of social problems—advantage was taken of this. Planners solved complex problems in traffic flow, space arrangement, play areas, heating problems, site locations to provide sunlight, and kitchen traffic. But nobody thought about dogs.

The people in these communities have generally escaped from crowded city apartments. Their 50 x 100-foot plot seems to them to be the size of a ranch. One of their first acts is to buy a dog, on the theory that "it's good for the children," an old idea in American family folklore, and to turn the dog loose. Usually the people know nothing about dogs or their training. Theoretically, the dog is

the children's responsibility; generally they are too young to handle it.

The result is that the dogs form great packs which race through the area, knocking down small boys and girls, wrecking gardens and flower beds, and raising general hell. Then people try tying them up; the dogs howl and bark until no one can stand it. Locked up inside the house, they are a constant worry, and charge out to bite mailmen and deliverymen. In one community thirteen mailmen were bitten in one summer.

Dogs, along with children, are the greatest cause of tension within a block. In Park Forest, outside Chicago, dogs were finally voted out of the 3,000-unit rental area in the bitterest, hottest, meanest, most tearful fight in that community's history. But they are permitted in the private-home area because our conception of private property includes the right to own a dog even though he may be the damndest nuisance in the world. One can hardly describe the emotions aroused by dogs in these communities. One man told me he had bought his dog simply "because I am damn sick and tired of my neighbor's dog yapping all night. I just want to give them a taste of what it's like."

II

THE POPULATIONS DIFFER STRIKINGLY from those of the older towns. The men's ages average 31 years; the women's about 26. Incomes fall somewhere between \$4,000 and \$7,000 yearly, although incomes in excess of this can be found everywhere. Their homes cost between \$7,000 and \$12,000. Roughly 90 per cent of the men are veterans. Their major occupational classifications are managers, professionals, salesmen, skilled workers, and small business men. Most communities also have sizable numbers of transient army families.

Buying or renting a home in one of these communities is, of course, a form of economic and personal screening. As a result, there are no poor, no Negroes; and, as communities, these contain the best educated people in America. In Park Forest, where the screening was intensive, more than 50 per cent of the men and 25 per cent of the women are college graduates; the local movie theater survives by showing Westerns for the kids in the after-

noon and foreign "art films" for the adults in the evening.

INITIALLY, CITY-BRED WOMEN, ACCUSTOMED to the constant sights and sounds of other people, suffer greatly from loneliness, especially if their children are as yet unborn. One woman expressed it this way: "Your husband gets up and goes off in the morning—and you're left with the day to spend. The housework is a matter of minutes. I used to think I had been brought to the end of the earth and deserted." Another said, "I used to sit by the window . . . just wishing someone would go by."

Generally this disappears as friends are made and children appear. Today most communities have "older" (by several years) residents who make real efforts to help newcomers overcome their "newness."

HARDWARE STORES REPORT THEIR BIGGEST selling item year-round is floor wax. "Honest to God," said one store manager, "I think they eat the stuff."

THE DAILY PATTERN OF HOUSEHOLD LIFE IS governed by the husband's commuting schedule. It is entirely a woman's day because virtually every male commutes. Usually the men must leave between 7:00 and 8:00 A.M.; therefore they rise between 6:00 and 7:00 A.M. In most cases the wife rises with her husband, makes his breakfast while he shaves, and has a cup of coffee with him. Then she often returns to bed until the children get up. The husband is not likely to be back before 7:00 or 7:30 P.M.

This leaves the woman alone all day to cope with the needs of the children, her housekeeping, and shopping. (Servants, needless to say, are unknown.) When the husband returns, he is generally tired, both from his work and his traveling. (Three hours a day is not uncommon; perhaps the most widespread dream of the men is a job nearer the community, and they often make earnest efforts to find it.) Often by the time the husband returns the children are ready for bed. The husband helps put them to bed; as they grow older, they are allowed to stay up later.

Then he and his wife eat their supper and wash the dishes. By 10:00 P.M. most lights are out.

For the women this is a long, monotonous daily proposition. Generally the men, once home, do not want to leave. They want to "relax" or "improve the property"—putter around the lawn or shrubbery. However, the women want a "change." Thus, groups of women often go to the movies together.

Usually both husband and wife are involved in some group activity and have meetings to go to. A frequent complaint is: "We never get time to see each other"; or, "We merely pass coming and going." On the one occasion when I was refused an interview, the husband said, "Gee, I'd like to help, but I so seldom get a chance to see my wife for a whole evening. . . . I'd rather not have the interruption."

Many couples credit television, which simultaneously eased baby-sitting, entertainment, and financial problems, with having brought them closer. Their favorites are comedy shows, especially those about young couples, such as "I Love Lucy." Though often contemptuous of many programs, they speak of TV gratefully as "something we can share," as "bringing romance back." Some even credit it with having "saved our marriage." One wife said: "Until we got that TV set, I thought my husband had forgotten how to neck."

These are the first towns in America where the impact of TV is so concentrated that it literally affects everyone's life. Organizations dare not hold meetings at hours when popular shows are on. In addition, it tends to bind people together, giving the whole community a common experience.

THE COFFEE KLATSCH IS AN INSTITUTION everywhere. A kind of floating, day-long talk-fest, shifting from house to house, it has developed among young women to help fill their need for adult conversation and companionship. The conversation is strictly chit-chat. One woman described it as "Just small talk . . . about what's new . . . about whose kid is sick . . . and then about who is apt to get sick." Yet many women complain there is "too much talk," and some are very critical of the gregariousness.

III

WHEN PEOPLE MOVED INTO THESE communities, they shed many of their parents' and their home-town customs. For instance, slacks or shorts are standard wear for both men and women at all times, including trips to the shopping center. Visiting grandparents invariably are shocked and whisper: "Why, nobody dresses around here!"

Children, regardless of sex, wear dungarees or shorts and a cotton T-shirt until puberty. One mother expressed the attitude of most: "Kids don't wear anything you bother with. It cuts down on the time needed for dressing, washing, and ironing." Parents who started raising their children in older communities are shocked to find "nobody dresses their kids for school."

Gone also are most rituals and ceremonies. If you want to know someone, you introduce yourself; there is no waiting for the "right people." You "drop in" without phoning. If you have an idea that will solve some problem, you immediately call up everybody concerned. One result is that, generally speaking, there is less lag than elsewhere between an idea and "getting something done," which may be anything from organizing a dance to getting a stop sign for your corner.

THE ATTITUDE TOWARD PREGNANCY IS unusually casual. Because it is so common, pregnancy is regarded more objectively and referred to in terms that would seem outlandish in older communities. It is often called "our major industry"; or someone will say, "That's the Levittown Look," or, "It must be the water; you don't see any men around." Nearly every place has its own unofficial name stressing its fecundity; Park Foresters call it "Fertile Acres." And when pregnancy is discussed seriously, it is referred to in practically sociological terms: "We have a three-year pregnancy cycle here that is terrific."

Pregnancies are generally planned and the considerations shown are based on real needs. Women with romantic ideas, or those accustomed to being surrounded by doting relatives, sometimes feel that they are being neg-

lected. As one woman put it, "I had Jane in the city. My mother and sisters used to call up daily just to see how I was. Out here you are nothing special. At first, when I was pregnant with Arleen, I really missed the attention."

A MARKED FEELING OF TRANSIENCE PERVADES everything from shopping to friendships. This feeling reflects both optimism and uncertainty, and it encourages a tendency to seek expedient solutions. For instance, the question of whether or not one plans to spend his life there is shunted aside—optimistically. This has serious effects on school and town government problems.

The uncertainty stems, as one young salesman expressed it, from the fact that "you just don't know—whether you'll make the grade, whether the company will transfer you, whether you'll be getting along with your wife five years from now, whether the neighbors will move out and monsters will move in. So you hesitate to sink deep roots." In general, optimism prevails over uncertainty. Many—a majority, I would say—consider this merely their "first" house. They insist that they are young, and they confidently look forward to owning a \$15,000 to \$20,000 house some day.

Interestingly, while most look upon their present house as a "temporary deal," because "under the GI-Bill owning is cheaper than renting," the most orthodox and conservative views prevail concerning property and home ownership. There is more talk about property values than you would hear in older towns and much effort is put into "making the place look like something." This may mean the addition of fences, garage, patio, etc. A standard proud comment is: "We could walk out of this place with \$1,000 profit tomorrow."

ACTUAL TRANSIENCE IS HIGH. BUSINESS transfers and increased incomes are its major causes. As a result, there is a flourishing business in the resale of houses. In one community where I interviewed twelve families in one block three years ago, all but four have since moved. From the remaining families I learned that the removals had nearly all been due to increased incomes which permitted more expensive homes. Others had moved to

cut commuting time or because of company transfers. Unfortunately, no over-all statistics on transience exist.

The replacements for departed families are often older, 45 to 50 being the average age of the men. Their goal is the \$7,000 to \$12,000 house. More certain of what they can and will do, they are less anxious about "success," and financially not so hard pressed. Having resided in older towns, they like these new communities because of their friendliness and optimism. "The older towns are dead," said one small business man who is typical of this group.

Usually these "second generation" people have teen-age children and, in interviews, they emphasized the absence of "bad neighborhoods" and ample play areas as reasons for moving. Many also liked the idea that economically everyone is in the same class. One father, a skilled aviation worker, said, "Where we used to live we had both rich and very poor. Our girls were caught in the middle because the rich kids dressed better and hung out together, and the poor kids dressed poorer and hung out together. They were nobody's friend, while here they are everybody's friend. I'd say they are happier than they ever were."

EXCEPT FOR PARK FOREST*, NONE OF THE communities I visited has a local police force. Yet crime can hardly be said to exist—probably the most spectacular aspect of these new towns. In one community with 15,000 people the crime record amounted, in two years, to 6 burglary cases, 35 larceny cases, 13 assault cases (husband-wife rows), and 6 disorderly conduct cases. Typically, the communities are patrolled by existing county and township police, who report their only major problems are traffic and lost children.

Even Levittown, with 70,000 people not far from New York's turbulent, scheming under-

world, has virtually no crime. According to the Nassau County police, who studied one year's record, it had no murders, robberies, or auto thefts during that period; an average city of that size during the same period would have had 4 murders, 3 robberies, and 149 auto thefts.

Levittown had 3 assault cases, 16 burglaries, and 200 larceny cases while comparable cities averaged 73 assault cases, 362 burglaries, and 942 larcenies. Larceny in Levittown was mainly bicycle stealing. (Since these statistics were gathered, the FBI has caught a Levittowner who planned a payroll robbery and a young mother, later adjudged insane, has asphyxiated her two small children.)

Police attribute this lack of crime to the fact that nearly all the men were honorably discharged from the armed services and subjected to a credit screening. This, they say, "eliminated the criminal element and riff-raff." Some police officials included the absence of slums and disreputable hang-outs as causes. Personally, I felt many more factors were involved, including the absence of real poverty; the strong ties of family, religious, and organizational activities; steady employment; and the absence of a restrictive, frustrating social structure.

IV

EVERY FAMILY OPERATES, OR TRIES TO operate, under a budget plan. Most families report their living standards have been raised by moving into the community. There is almost constant self-scolding because living costs outrun the budget. The shining goal: economic security. The word "success" is on everyone's lips and "successful people" are those who advance economically.

MOST FAMILIES REPORT IT COSTS A MINIMUM of between \$100 and \$150 a month to live in these communities. While the rent or mortgage payment may come to only \$65 or \$75 monthly, other expenses—commuting, garbage, water, utilities—push the total much higher. In addition, distances to the shopping center and commuting stations virtually require a car and all its expenses.

If the axiom, "a week's pay for a month's rent," is applied, it is obvious that many families are barely making ends meet and

* This small city, the work of Phillip Klutznick and Jerrold Loeb (to name its principal creators) is based on the planning principle that, if a builder creates a market for building a city, he can afford to make less money on housing—and make up for it on the rental of shopping space. Because this is a long-term proposition, the builder must therefore assume a greater degree of social responsibility for community assets like schools, churches, and town government than the builders who sell everything at a profit and get out fast, like hit-and-run drivers.—H.H.

some are having real difficulty. Typical comments on their economic situation: "We're just like everybody else here—broke," or, "We're all in the same boat, economically. Just getting by, I'd say." I estimated the average man's income from his regular job to be under \$100 a week.

Where screening was based only on the ability to make the down payment rather than ability to pay, you often find a sizable number of men seeking supplementary work: week-end clerking in stores; finishing attics; door-to-door selling. In one community a man who acts as a clearing house for jobs told me: "I'd say that 50 per cent of these people are running on their nerve. One winter of sickness would knock them out." A great number of women whose children have reached school age seek work, but it is hard to find and pays less than they were used to earning in the city. I talked to a night taxi-driver in one community whose job stemmed from his children's illnesses. This supplementary work left him only six hours between jobs. It was rough, he admitted, "... but I figure it's worth it to have the kids here. I couldn't stand taking them back to the city. I'll get these bills cleaned up yet."

In addition, the economic pinch is relieved in some families by subsidies from parents. "There are a fair percentage of them who are still leaning on Mama and Papa," one store proprietor said. "I know because I cash their checks." In other cases the pressure is relieved by "doubling up." This seldom means two young families in one house; usually the "doubling up" is with in-laws, who share expenses. Technically this produces substandard housing; the people involved regard this as nonsense. No stigma is attached to the practice and many women expressed the wish to have their parents live with them, mainly because they wanted companionship and guidance on child-raising.

SHOPPING HABITS REFLECT THE TIGHT economic situation. Food is widely purchased with an eye on the penny. Store managers complain that the "trade is transient; you can't build up personal service." (New brides are sometimes astonishingly ignorant; one confessed she had almost bought a hundred pounds of coffee from a door-to-door salesman

who told her, "It'll be a long cold winter, you'll have friends dropping in and will need lots of hot coffee.") Slacks, retailing at \$6, are the biggest items in both men's and women's clothing. A \$20 "cocktail dress" is the leading item in women's apparel. Beer, rather than whisky, is bought for parties; the biggest selling whisky is a blend retailing for \$3.75. Men's suits are often selected by the man and the wife together; she generally picks hard-wearing fabrics. In some communities "suit clubs," reminiscent of the Depression, are in operation; in a "suit club" everybody pays \$1.50 a week and a weekly drawing is held, the winner immediately getting a suit regardless of how much he has paid.

Both the individual and the community face these economic stresses with a powerful, deep-seated optimism based on the conviction that they are just starting their careers. The men sometimes say with a grin: "After all, this is only the first wife, first car, first house, first kids—wait till we get going." Though, in the long run, they measure success in economic terms, people are frank about "being broke" and there is no stigma attached to it by anyone, including families with larger incomes. "Money just doesn't cut any ice around here," said one young engineer whose earnings put him in the \$8,000-a-year class. "We've all been broke at one time or another. The important thing is, nobody expects to stay broke."

USUALLY ONE COUPLE "TRADES NIGHTS" FOR baby-sitting with a nearby couple. In addition, they may belong to a baby-sitting "co-op," which involves a larger group. In these groups one mother "keeps the book"—a record of how many hours you sit as well as how many you use. You are allowed to "go into debt" fifteen hours or "get ahead" fifteen hours. The only clear-cut case of ostracism I encountered involved a woman who had "gone into debt" some seventy hours to her "co-op."

SOCIALLY, THE OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTIC of these people is their friendliness, warmth, and lack of pretentious snobbery. Outgoing and buoyant, they are quick to recognize common problems and the need for co-operation;

one does not find the indifference, coldness, and "closed doors" of a long-established community. There is much casual "dropping in" and visiting from house to house which results in the sharing of many problems and pleasures. Often the discussion of a few women over supper plans will end up with four or five families eating together. This may then lead to "fun," which may be anything from cards to "just talk" or "everybody trying to roller-skate, acting like a bunch of kids." Nobody goes "out" often. Many report that, as a result of this pattern of living, they "drink more often but get high less" than they used to. Drinking, it seemed to me, had become much more of a social amenity and less of an emotional safety valve than it is elsewhere.

This generalized, informal friendliness assumes so many forms that it is a very real part of everyone's life, replacing the thousand-skeined social structure of older American

towns. It explains why the people who live in these communities are for the most part enthusiastic about them. "Here, for the first time in my life," one salesman said, "I don't worry about my family when on the road. Here at least a dozen families are constantly in touch with them and ready to help if anything goes wrong, whether it's the car, the oil heater, or one of the kids getting sick. In Pittsburgh I had to rely on scattered relatives who weren't in touch with my family more than once a week."

This is the big cushion which, while making life more enjoyable, protects the inhabitants of the new suburbs and solves their minor problems. It absorbs innumerable small transportation needs, puts up TV aerials, repairs cars, finishes attics, and carries the load of sudden emergencies. Nothing in these communities, to me, is more impressive than this uniform pattern of casual but warm friendliness and co-operation.

[Next month Mr. Henderson, noting some less admirable qualities, will describe the group life—the way friendships are formed, the pressures to be active and conform, and the means of becoming prominent—in the mass-produced suburbs.]

Moment's Monument

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

ON THE little garden seat
Placed between your head and feet
And screened with green

I sit sometimes and think of you
And listen to the winds that through
Your grasses pass

And watch your maple burn and note
The things that the stone-mason wrote
Upon your stone:

Things that seem too permanent
For you; the graces transient
Were those you chose;

Eternity was not bespoken
For that magic brief and broken,
That philtre spilt.

The Seducers

A Fragment

By Katherine Anne Porter

Drawings by Albert Gay

A CONFUSION of most promising sounds came from behind the great funnel on the dimly lighted boat deck; light scuffling, slipping boot heels, frantic smothered feminine yaps and hisses, a male voice gleefully gurgling and crowing. The twins, Ric and Rac, could not understand the words, but they knew in their bones the lingua franca of gallantry. Discreetly as little foxes they approached, holding each other back, exchanging shrewd glances, the whites of their eyes gleaming, their pointed red tongues running round their open mouths. The wind whistled past their ears and whipped their hair against their cheeks; their stringy garments flattened against their meager frames, as they leaned upon the funnel and slid round towards the enticing noises.

In silence and stillness they observed the expected scene. The scrawny girl Lizzi and the little fat man Herr Rieber were huddled together on the deck, backs to the funnel, fighting, laughing, wrestling. He was trying to play with her knees, and she was pulling down her skirts with one hand and pushing feebly at him with the other. Ric and Rac waited for something more interesting, but the scrawny girl broke away and shoved the fat man over almost on his back. The front of her blouse was open to the belt and the children remarked with distaste that there was really nothing to see. Tossing her head about, squealing, the girl's wild eyes pointed suddenly at Ric and Rac. She gave a shrill

scream, "Oh, look, look, oh—," waving her long arm at Ric and Rac.

Herr Rieber sobered at once, and as Lizzi sprang upright in an instantaneous unfolding movement like a jackknife, he got to his feet by squatting first, then supporting himself on a coil of rope and at last heaving himself up with a laborious groan. Ric and Rac merely took a step backward around the funnel, balanced for flight if necessary, still gazing.

"What are you doing here?" asked Herr Rieber severely, taking a high paternal tone.

"Watching you," said Ric, pertly, putting out her tongue; and Rac joined in, "Go on, don't stop. We'll tell you if anybody's coming."

Herr Rieber, outraged at such shamelessness, rushed at them snarling but they leaped out of his reach. "Out of here," bawled Herr Rieber, beside himself. Ric and Rac danced, actually clapping their hands for pure glee, as Herr Rieber bounded after them, aiming blows which landed in air and turned him right about. Ric and Rac pranced savagely round him, shouting, "A peso, a peso, or we'll tell—a peso or we'll tell—"

"Monsters!" cried Lizzi, hoarsely, "you horrible little—"

"A peso, a peso," chanted Ric and Rac, still sliding around Herr Rieber and avoiding his blows with perfect ease. Herr Rieber stopped, panting, head down like an exhausted bull. He reached in his pocket. A peso rang on the deck and rolled. Rac put his foot on it. "One

for her too," he said, "one for her." His face was sharp and cool and wary. Herr Rieber cast away another peso. Rac snatched them both and clutching them in one hand he motioned to Ric who followed him instantly.

Running, they collided somewhere at the head of the steps, and both of them saw the same thing at once, and had the same notion about it. The canvas covering of one of the lifeboats was partly unfastened, it hung loose and could easily be opened further. They tried the fastenings which gave way surprisingly; they raised the flap and wriggled into the boat, Ric first, Rac following, without a word.

The boat was very much deeper than they had thought. With a good deal of scrambling about, they managed to bring their faces up to the opening in the flap, where they listened attentively, faces touching, for some moments. Then the fat man and the scrawny girl passed by them, she buttoning her blouse and both of them very angry looking. Rac lost his balance and made a scrabbling noise; the girl turned her head and peered toward them without seeing; then she stumbled on the stairs and the fat man seized her arm. "Stop that," she said bitterly. Ric and Rac fell back into the boat, all tangled up giggling in the darkness.

"Give me my peso," said Ric fiercely, seizing Rac in the ribs and digging her nails in. "Give me my peso or I'll tear your eyes out."

"Take it," said Rac, in the same tone, clenching his fist over the money; "go on take it, just try."

Locked in what appeared to be a death grapple, they rolled to the bottom of the boat and fought furiously, knees in ribs, claws in hair. Little by little they fell quiet and then began to giggle. A young officer passing stopped and listened, his face very thoughtful. Stepping forward, he snatched back the canvas and whatever he saw there seemed to turn him to stone for a split second. Then throwing himself over the side and bending down he seized them and dragged them both over the sides of the boat. They came out limp and dangling as broken dolls.

LA CONDESA and Dr. Sacher were stretched at ease in their deck chairs watching the foxfire dance in the darkened sea, and the Doctor was saying: "One has no new weaknesses, no new strengths, but only de-

velopments, accentuations, or perversions of original potentialities. As one grows older, one is more conscious perhaps. One attempts to keep account, you might say. One realizes simply that what one was told in childhood is after all true—one is immortal certainly, but not in this flesh. One . . ." He stopped.

"One, one—one," said La Condesa lightly, "who is this *One* you're always talking about? Let's talk about us."

"Myself, I have a very ordinary kind of weakness of the heart; so I ship as doctor for a few voyages to be quiet, to get a little repose, imagine. Now if I can only live long enough once more to see my wife chasing the chickens out of our country kitchen with a broom, and scolding, I shall ask no more. How much that woman has scolded me, and everybody and everything, all her lifetime, with such good reason; for everybody's good, and what has it come to?"

"Well," said La Condesa gaily, "for you at least, it has come to an end for a little while."

Dr. Sacher chose to smile only a little at this and looked away over the rail into the sea. "Imagine me, a doctor, after all these years in quiet Heidelberg thinking I would find repose from this world on ship. I am astonished at myself for thinking, now maybe I shall learn something new about myself or the people I live with: but no such thing. I have seen all this before, over and over, only never until now did I see it on a ship. These people, I have seen them all before, only in other places, under different names. I know their diseases by looking at them, and if you know what sickness is in a man you know what form his vices and his virtues will take."

"Now talk about me," said La Condesa, clasping her long hands tightly around her upraised knee and bending forward.

There appeared at the upper end of the deck an unusual group, in a state of violent action. The young officer with his cap knocked to one side was struggling with two children. Yet in spite of this the officer continued to advance firmly and made a kind of ragged progress toward Dr. Sacher and La Condesa, hauling his captives.

"More mischief," said Dr. Sacher rather coolly. "I have yet to see those children in a situation where they are not making trouble for somebody." He called out to the young officer, "What is happening?"

The young officer blushed at Dr. Sacher's question. He planted himself and renewed his grip on Ric and Rac who suddenly gave up struggling and stood stock still, staring at nothing. The young officer began, "These children, these unspeakable—" Ric and Rac made a concentrated bolt for freedom in opposite directions so that his arms flew wide but he did not lose his grip on them. His blush deepened until his ears seemed about to burst into flames. He turned, mouth gaping and closing in silence, to Dr. Sacher, but in the presence of a lady he could not continue.

"I am a mother," said La Condesa encouragingly, giving him a most unmaternal smile; her bright red mouth rounded and softened, her eyebrows went up. "I can guess the very worst, and truly I must say I do not find it so bad. What do you think, Doctor?"

"I agree that no matter what they did, they are little monsters," said Dr. Sacher, bending his head to observe them without hope, "and entirely outside of any usual mode of discipline."

"They were in a lifeboat," said the young officer, stuttering slightly. "They had unfastened the edge of the canvas top and crawled in . . ."

"And were amusing themselves?" asked La Condesa. "Well, *il faut passer la jeunesse* . . . infancy is a great bore, I find, one's own first, and then other infancies. . . My poor children were not in the least monstrous, they were quite simply bores until they were eighteen years old. Then they became charming young men to whom one could talk. I do not know how this miracle occurs . . . and so," she added, "we must wait and have patience with these phenomena," and she smiled enchantingly at the children, who stared back with utter malignity.

"Nothing of the kind will happen with these," said Dr. Sacher. And then to the young officer, "Can't you just hand them over to their parents?"

"Their parents, my God!" said the young officer in a spurt of contempt and despair.

"Then," said La Condesa, "I see nothing for it but to let

them go—or," and she gazed tenderly into the burning eyes of the two little criminals, "perhaps we should save time and trouble for everybody if we threw them overboard?"

"Yes a good idea," said the young officer bitterly, "and a pity that it cannot be carried out."

"Oh, you take everything too seriously," said La Condesa. "They're only children."

"Devil-possessed, though," said Dr. Sacher. La Condesa studied his friendly benevolent face. "What an old-fashioned sort of man you are," she said admiringly.

The Doctor's eyelids flinched once. "Yes, I know—a little dull no doubt."

"But charming!" said La Condesa, and reached for his hand.

THE young officer saw himself abandoned to his dilemma with Ric and Rac; he loosed them as if throwing off vipers. They broke into their long shambling run up the deck. He bowed with bitter courtesy to La Condesa and the Doctor, straightened his hat, and moved on. La Condesa glanced after him and laughed. Her tone was fresh and joyful, her eyes glistening. "Poor young man," she said, "he's still too young, too young to remember his own childhood! Children are such natural little beasts, why be shocked at them?"

"Not these," said Dr. Sacher, "never these. They are a serious case. They will come to no good end."

"They are not in such a good state now," said La Condesa. "What kind of childhood had you?"





"An innocent one," said Dr. Sacher, "I like to think—"

"Ah, so you like to think and maybe it is true," cried La Condesa. "Can't you remember anything interesting at all? Did nothing gay ever happen to you?"

Dr. Sacher meditated in silence for a moment, then began to smile reluctantly.

"Innocence," he said, "our highly debatable innocence . . ."

"So you do have some amusing secrets," said La Condesa, laying her silky hand over his, the blue veins standing up, branched like a little tree. "Well, the truth is I was never innocent, never. I had not the opportunity, for one thing, surrounded as I was by attractive cousins, boys of the most adventurous temperament; besides I had no aptitude for it, above all, never the wish. I could never endure to think any pleasure was being kept from me. I surmised everything very early. From there to experience, it was only a step; from experience to habit a matter of moments. I regret nothing but that I did not always make the most of my opportunities."

"I *was* innocent," said Dr. Sacher, "as a calf; full of hope and animal spirits, a simple soul without cares, with a belief in all that I had been taught, an obedient loving child. Still, it is true that at the age of five I seduced my little cousin age three and at six I was in turn seduced by a female playmate age nine. Both of them very nice, charming, virtuous girls who turned out well, married happily

and spanked their own children thoroughly for the least thing. As for innocence, what is it? For I remember guilt and pleasure, always associated, yet never seeming to touch that part of my life and those acts which seemed real to me and not a fable, or a dream, and which were innocent."

"I had all the joys of sinning without guilt," said La Condesa with a certain complacency. "But you must have been a charming little person. I should have adored you. Some of my crimes were of a baser order—when I was four I persuaded my little brother to drink lye water used for cleaning drains, telling him it was milk. He took a mouthful, spat it out, and ran screaming; he was rescued at once, his mouth was washed. I was punished, beaten black and blue; otherwise nothing came of it. And indeed I meant no harm; I only wished to see what he would do when he tasted the stuff."

"Ah, childhood," said Dr. Sacher, "time of the tender bud, the unfolding leaf." They both laughed pleasantly and sat back in their long chairs.

"Truth is, it was not so bad," said La Condesa. She lifted the Doctor's hand and slipped her fingers between his, knitting them together.

"I love you," she said gently and unexpectedly, "not so much you, yourself, though you are very nice, but I love what you are. I like gravity and seriousness and strong principles in a man. There is nothing more

repellent to me than a frivolous, timid, vacillating man, who does not know his own mind and his own heart. And why? Because then he cannot ever know the mind and heart of a woman. Were you ever unfaithful to your wife?"

"Well!" exclaimed Dr. Sacher. "What a question."

"Oh yes, I know, you have to be surprised and even a little shocked. It is quite proper, you're always right. But think a moment. It is not just curiosity and impertinence in me. It may be partly that, but there is something more besides, and it is that something more I want you to believe—"

Dr. Sacher untangled his fingers from her, took her hand in his, and then slipped his fingers on her pulse.

"How does it do?" she asked. "Is it settling down?"

"Very well," he said, "perhaps better than mine. But then I have told you," he said, and yet he could not help mentioning again his unsteady heart. "At any moment," he told her and laid her hand down again.

"I think it is enviable to know how you will die," she said, "and that it will be cleanly and suddenly. I wish I knew, because I am afraid of long suffering and disfigurement. I don't want to leave a hideous body behind me—"

"You are just hopelessly vain," said Dr. Sacher, "but I know that nothing is more precious than beauty to the one who has it. And it is like any other gift or quality that is in the least worth having, you must be born with it, you cannot acquire it, and you should treat it as it deserves."

"But you find me beautiful *now*?"

"Of course," said the doctor. After a little pause, he said, "I will answer your question truthfully. I was never unfaithful to my wife."

"How charming of you," said La Condesa sympathetically. "It must have been dull at times."

"It was," answered Dr. Sacher simply, "but she was faithful to me, and that could have been a little dull for her too, at times."

"Were you really so very good because you wished to be, or was it your weak heart?"

"My heart was sound until about two years ago," said Dr. Sacher with a faint trace of resentment.

"But you love me just a little, don't you?"

"No," said Dr. Sacher, "not at all. Not at all if I know in the least what love is. I know that is not very gallant, I know what I should say, but I am not a man who can afford to say what he does not mean. There is perhaps not time for it."

LA CONDESA took his chin between thumb and fingers and kissed him on the forehead twice. Her round mouth left two shiny red smears on his face. Dr. Sacher looked very pleased but quite calm. "You are delicious," she told him. "You are exactly right. I love you." She added, "Let me wipe your dirty face." She touched her wet tongue to her small handkerchief and scrubbed away the red spots and said, "If anyone saw us now, they would think we were the most devoted married pair."

"Someone has already seen us," said Dr. Sacher, "the very one of all people who would most enjoy it."

They sat in silence, hands folded, heads inclined toward the sea, faces tranquil, as Frau Rittersdorf strolled by alone. "Such divine weather for sitting out," she informed them in a high clear voice, full of the most intimate sympathy and comprehension. She paused, shivered a little, and wrapped her thin scarf about her bare arms. "Perhaps one should be careful of night air, especially at sea," she said, smiling gaily. She bent over and peered into their faces, with a look of the most ravenous inquiry. They gazed back calmly. A second's pause and Frau Rittersdorf moved on slowly tossing back over her shoulder, "After all, rheumatism and arthritis lurk in night air and we're only young once."

"What a museum piece," said La Condesa in a clear rather high but sweet voice pointing her lips at Frau Rittersdorf's undulating back. "Oh come now," said Dr. Sacher mildly, "do leave that kind of thing to her," and he seemed slightly ruffled and uncomfortable.

La Condesa gave a trill of laughter edged like a little saw. Then she became quiet again and her face was grieved and weary. "I loathe women," she said, in a tone of flat, commonplace sincerity such as the Doctor had never heard in her voice. "I hate being one. It is a shameful condition. I cannot be reconciled to it."

"That is a pity," said Dr. Sacher. "And you are wrong. It may be a misfortune to be a

woman, so many of you seem to think so, but there is nothing shameful in it. The truth is," he told her, earnestly, "you are a more than ordinarily perverse sort of woman, and a change of sex would do nothing for you. There are many men of your temperament; if you were a man, you would still be a mischief-maker, a taker of drugs, a seducer."

La Condesa rose lightly as a cloud, opened her arms wide as if to embrace him, leaned over him smiling and gay. "Naturally!" she said with delight, "but think with what freedom, and more opportunity, and no scolding from mossy old souls like you . . ."

Dr. Sacher rose deliberately and stepped back from her hands that were about to rest on his shoulders. "I am not scolding," he said angrily, "and you are talking like any foolish woman!"

"And you sound like a husband," cried La Condesa over his shoulder, for he had turned and was walking away, "like *any* foolish man!" and her terrible peals and trills of laughter followed him, blowing like a cold rain down his collar as she ran after him, came abreast, slipped her arm around his elbow, and folded her hand into his. "You are adorable, and you *can't* shake me off," for Dr. Sacher was trying to reclaim his arm without losing at least the appearance of dignity. She loosed his arm and stepped before him, and he saw that her eyes were wild and inhuman as a monkey's. "Stop,"

she said, her laughter threatening to slide into tears. She held his hands and laid her head on his shoulder lightly for an instant. "I am tired, I am crazy, I want to sleep or die . . . You must give me a *piqûre*, a huge one that will make me sleep for days . . . Don't leave me, you can't, you shan't . . . Oh, quiet me—put me to sleep!"

Dr. Sacher gripped her hands and held her off, searching her face shrewdly, hoping to be able to refuse her; but what he saw decided him at once. "Yes," he said quietly, "yes." She was silent, and they walked together through the ship toward her cabin. "Ah," she said, and turned to him under the mottled light of the passage a ravaged and desolate face, unbelievably changed, "ah, you are so good. Oh, never believe I am not grateful . . . and now I shan't have to take ether!"

"Ether," said the doctor on a rising note though it was not a question. "You still have ether? You did keep back a flask, then?"

"Of course," she said, with a faintly contemptuous patience. "When will you learn not to trust me in anything?"

Dr. Sacher stopped. "Even now?" he asked.

"Even now," she said boldly.

"Well," he said at last, "you shall have your *piqûre* just the same. Go on," he said, turning off toward his own cabin. "I will join you in a few minutes. You can trust me," he said, and was amazed at his own bitterness.



Big Botch at Savannah River

George McMillan

DOWN along the Savannah River, in South Carolina and Georgia, there is now being concluded a curious experiment in Getting the Government Out of Business—an experiment that has already become a scandalously expensive tragedy of errors.

The project seemed praiseworthy at first. A government agency, the Atomic Energy Commission, had decided to build a huge "H-bomb" plant beside the river. When it had built its previous plants—at Oak Ridge, Los Alamos, and Hanford—it had housed its workers in "government towns." It had found the housing business distracting, its own role uncomfortably paternalistic, the quality of life in the towns undemocratic; and it had not relished congressional and public criticism of its performance. And so it had decided to let private enterprise handle the housing assignment at Savannah River.

In the neighborhood, it noted when it began work in November 1950, were "existing population centers" where private builders might locate the new houses that would be needed. Instead of spending millions on housing, the government might not have to pay a cent.

So one gathered from AEC's early pronouncements. But what has been the result?

As late as the summer of 1953 the AEC, with singular disregard for the facts, was still talking as if private enterprise and the existing communities had done the job of housing its workers—but by that time the federal government had guaranteed \$55,000,000 in mortgages, had given or loaned \$15,000,000 for community facilities, and had paid, or was ready to pay, \$10,000,000 in direct subsidies. In short, the nation's taxpayers had been committed to a total of \$80,000,000 by AEC and

other federal agencies. And of this huge amount, nearly \$10,000,000 had been paid in guarantees to private contractors for housing fiascos so ill-conceived that atomic construction workers refused to live in them. By the time the final tally is made, at least \$20,000,000—and perhaps considerably more—will prove to have been ill-spent.

The time would seem to have come to piece the story together and see what happened.

THE Savannah River atomic installation was to be not only the largest construction project in history but also, when completed, the largest single industrial plant in the world. The appropriation for it was big enough to provide money for building the Bonneville and Hoover dams, the Golden Gate and Triborough bridges, and the Alaska Highway, with a lot left over for other purposes. To provide a site for the plant, AEC was condemning a huge tract of land, 315 square miles in extent, in the pine-and-cotton country of rural South Carolina.

What the project meant in human terms was that AEC was going to bring some 125,000 new people into the area surrounding this tract. The bulk of these 125,000 people would be temporary construction workers and their families, for it would take some 38,200 workers to build the plant. Recruiting of the construction workers was to start in January 1951, rise to a peak in the fall or winter of 1952, and then decline until 1954, when construction would be completed. But meanwhile the AEC would be hiring another, and smaller, group of people—some 8,000 in number—for the permanent force to operate the plant; and how many service-trade and construction workers would elect to remain in the vicinity was anybody's guess.

A number of difficulties were—or should have been—foreseeable at the outset. At a time when building costs had reached a peak, private builders might hesitate to provide housing for an industrial enterprise so secret that its product had to be guessed at. (Even AEC itself seemed curiously uncertain as to the size of its project; uncontradicted news dispatches at first put the cost of the plant at \$400,000,000, then upped this to \$600,000,000, and then to \$900,000,000, before they arrived at the figure of \$1,500,000,000.) It should have been clear, too, that since most of the housing which would be needed would be temporary, it would be difficult to amortize in an area where the government itself would fix rents; some sort of federal guarantees would seem to be necessary, as in other defense housing areas, to attract private builders.

Furthermore, the AEC officials already knew a good deal about the surrounding neighborhood, for they had in their possession surveys made by an engineering firm showing the physical resources of the towns, including exact descriptions of water, sewage, and other facilities; and they could hardly have failed to realize that these were sadly inadequate.

AUGUSTA, Georgia, a city of 70,000 people at that time, was the biggest place in the area. But in 1950 it was already overcrowded by the re-activation of the Army's Camp Gordon, and the "site survey" showed that an added population of 3,000 would put an unbearable strain on its facilities. Fifty-three per cent of its housing was, by survey, substandard.

The next town in size was Aiken, South Carolina, an old-time resort for horse-loving Northerners whose peak population was 7,000. Aiken had not changed its city limits in several decades, and was content to see most of its new postwar residential growth take place outside those limits, without public water or sewage facilities.

North Augusta, on a hill across the river from Augusta, was still a suburb trying to live up to the dream of the promoter who developed it in the nineteen-twenties.

The other towns around the perimeter of the H-bomb tract—the towns of Blackville, Williston, Allendale, and Barnwell—were agricultural trading centers, with rows of

cotton running up to the back doors of the houses. Barnwell had a county courthouse and a few stores about a square. Allendale, Williston, and Blackville had main streets along the railroad track. Some had no public water or sewage systems; others, as an expert was to put it later, had none "to speak of."

And not only did these towns lack the basic physical requirements for urban life, but in other respects they were scarcely prepared for a quick transition to industrialism. For the setting, taken altogether, was as nearly feudal as might be found in the United States in 1950. Caste and class lines hadn't changed much since the hesitant modifications made during Reconstruction. Tax laws in the towns, and in the state, were designed for the landowner; the state constitution had fixed a low bonding limit on the towns; and real-estate taxes were so low as to constitute a meager source of revenue. Not only could the towns not raise enough money to install the facilities that would be needed to take care of a big influx of workers; it was doubtful whether they would even want to. For their residents clung steadfastly to old ways that they, or at least the white ones, liked; and many of them believed—as some local papers asserted editorially—that the location of the H-bomb plant in their district was just a "Truman plot" to bring Northern and alien voters into South Carolina.

BUT some of the people in the area gave early evidence that the spirit of financial adventure had not altogether died away.

Although the location of the atomic installation was a closely guarded secret, one group of what might be called "business and political leaders" gathered in Barnwell the day *before* the plant was announced. They met in the office of State Senator Edgar A. Brown, president pro tem of the State Senate, chairman of the state finance committee, and reputedly a major force in South Carolina politics.

They met on the morning of November 27, 1950, and some of them—but not Brown—went out that afternoon and, according to a report in the Barnwell *People-Sentinel*, optioned land from people who, in at least one case, did not know the plant was coming.

William G. Lyles, prominent South Carolina architect, has said that he was "asked"

to "go over to Barnwell and help work out some housing for a new government defense plant," not days, but "weeks before it was announced."

AEC's own community affairs director for the Savannah River project was dismissed a few weeks after the plant was announced, on a charge that he had betrayed information about the location to real-estate speculators. The AEC conducted an investigation, the results of which were not disclosed. But at any rate an AEC official was forced to admit, under questioning by a congressional committee, that within a few months after November 1950, land prices along the Savannah had "doubled"; and later investigations, and testimony in federal suits, disclosed that federally-supported housing projects had in fact been built on many of the sites which had been optioned with prior knowledge of AEC's secret.

II

AT THE beginning of 1951, work began on the great Savannah River project; workers began to flood in. It must have been apparent to the AEC officials that federal grants and loans would be needed for the communities, and mortgage guarantees and other incentives would be needed by private builders. There was apparently no federal money available for the purpose, not even a law under which it might be appropriated; only the Federal Office of Education had money to spend—on schools in defense towns. Yet during the first six months of 1951 the AEC continued to talk about the existing communities and private enterprise as if they could meet the situation unaided.

"We were gambling on the Defense Housing Bill," Carroll Towne, AEC's national director of community affairs, explained much later, in 1953. Under this bill, on which the Senate Banking and Currency Committee held hearings in February 1951, the Housing and Home Finance Agency, the U. S. Public Health Service, and the then Federal Security Agency were to be empowered to spend federal money for defense housing and community facilities, with the Housing and Home Finance Agency (more briefly known as HHFA) acting as co-ordinating agency in areas like the Savannah River. But if AEC

was indeed gambling on that bill, its testimony in favor of it was strangely tepid. Its witness, Walter Williams, director of production, did say that the legislation "would undoubtedly be of great value to the Commission," but his answers to senatorial questions were distinctly diffident. The Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, Senator Burnet Maybank, was a South Carolinian and therefore had a special interest in housing around the H-bomb plant. He took a subcommittee down to Aiken to hear the pleas—some of them already desperate—of the local communities for federal help. Despite the urgency of these requests, the local AEC manager, Curtis Nelson, sounded much like Williams. He said he was getting "excellent assistance and co-operation" from the building industry, and discussing AEC's attitude toward the human problems which were involved, he said, "We feel we cannot divert our energy in anything which may delay the project."

Shortly after the subcommittee heard this last bit of testimony, Congress shelved the Defense Housing Bill—with the result that it didn't go through until September 1951, and the funds from it were not available until November, almost exactly a year after AEC's announcement of the project.

Meanwhile private enterprise, deprived of the sort of aid which would have enabled it to do a solidly constructive job, resorted to makeshift operations. The magistrate of the Talatha section of Aiken County, Davis Toole, bought a piece of land just outside the project gates, the cheapest kind of land in South Carolina; some knolls, unfit for cultivation, that had gone into scrub oak and slash pine where the land was not too badly eroded. Mr. Toole opened a general store and filling station in December 1950, and then, on demand of people who arrived in trailers from—as his son said—"all over the world," opened a trailer court. From this modest beginning mushroomed an H-bomb town which soon was given the name of New Ellenton.

Within twelve months the population of New Ellenton, counted by the Bureau of the Census, was 4,100—counting only those who lived within one mile of Mr. Toole's store. Actually, privately owned trailers and hastily constructed temporary quarters of all kinds

—tents, the backs of trucks, shacks—spread in constellations all around, reaching almost ten miles to the town of Aiken. By a conservative estimate, over 10,000 people lived in and around this boom town.

Facilities? As a spokesman for the town, Arthur Foreman, said: "The only thing we have is Rural Electrification power and a paved road through the town. We have no water works system, we have no sewage disposal, no sewage system or garbage disposal. Our greatest need is water." He might have added that the town had no doctors, no policemen, no fire equipment, and not even a telephone.

The ironies in the New Ellenton story are endless. Although it was probably more truly a "defense town" than any other in the area, and although the federal government later passed out \$15,000,000 in loans and grants for community facilities, New Ellenton never received a cent. For New Ellenton was a "new" town, was not one of those "existing communities" AEC was so fond of citing, and a technicality in the Defense Housing Act ruled it out.

III

BY JULY 1951, the harsh realities of the housing situation forced AEC into action. Except for a few private trailer operators like Mr. Toole, and a few "boarding house" operators who were making dormitories of some of Aiken's elegant and long-empty homes, nobody was doing much of anything about housing—and temporary housing for the incoming construction workers was desperately needed.

Whereupon AEC took advantage of a fact that it managed to keep secret for another two years—that it had had, all along, both the authority and the money to engage in building houses on its own! Under an item listed as "plant and equipment" in the budget submitted to Congress, AEC had cached \$11,500,000 for housing, which showed as a separate item only in the "back-up" budget presented to the Bureau of the Budget. With this sum at its disposal—a sum that proved later to be almost exactly what AEC had to pay in guarantees and subsidies for housing enterprises that proved to be flat failures—it asked for bids for two housing projects.

One of these was for the building and operation of temporary housing for 4,000 married workers. The contract was for 4,000 trailers, to be set up and operated by the John A. Robbins Company of Philadelphia—operated for forty-eight months at a fixed rent of \$82.50 per trailer. The gimmick which made this contract palatable to the Robbins Company was a comprehensive guarantee: the AEC guaranteed 90 per cent occupancy.

So far, so good. But almost at once troubles began. Robbins did not get money from the banks to finance his construction until November, despite his contract. (Incidentally he had asserted, in getting the contract, that he had the money.) By April 1, 1952, he had opened only 200 of his 4,000 trailers. Then the Office of Rent Stabilization cut trailer rents from the \$82.50 which AEC had guaranteed to \$60, leaving AEC to take up the slack—which has amounted so far to no less than \$872,120.77.

But this was not all. The Robbins guarantee was to run for four years, during which time AEC was to pay a "lump sum disbursement" for each trailer canceled. Though the trailers were promptly filled with temporary workers and their families, the demand for such space lessened before long, with the result that by July 1953 the AEC had canceled 1,523 of the 4,000 trailers at a cost to the government of another \$3,654,616, or an average of \$2,399 per trailer.

One may sum up the Robbins situation by saying that AEC has already paid Robbins nearly \$5,000,000 and will probably be saddled with a total cost for the venture of between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000!

The other project was for barracks for single men; and the successful bidder, the Lyles and Lang Construction Company of Columbia, South Carolina, was guaranteed 100 per cent occupancy of 7,500 beds in these barracks for twenty-four months at the rate of \$8.25 per bed per week. Lyles and Lang, like Robbins, had trouble getting money with which to operate. Then, when they opened the barracks early in 1952, these were picketed by AF of L craft units at the plant because they had been built with non-union labor. And even after this, men refused to live in the barracks. At the peak of employment of construction workers, after AEC had cut the contract from 7,500 beds to 4,500, *even the*

4,500 beds were less than one-fourth full.

Before the contract had run a year, AEC called it quits. Because of termination clauses in the contract, it had to pay Lyles and Lang \$1,900,000—and Lyles and Lang thereupon sued for an additional \$1,290,000—whereupon the Department of Justice brought a counterclaim for the \$1,900,000 on charges of “self-dealing” by Lyles and Lang, thus adding to the general confusion. The outcome of the court suit is of course uncertain; but it is possible that the government may have to pay a subsidy which will amount to \$97 per week to match every \$6 paid by an occupant.

WHAT went wrong with these two fine schemes? The chief trouble was that the trailer cities and barracks were badly located. Of the four “trailer cities” installed at Aiken, Augusta, Barnwell, and Williston, the Williston “city” was closed entirely by July 1953, and half the Barnwell trailers were empty, while occupancy in Augusta and Aiken held up well. The barracks opened tardily in terms of need, but also showed the same pattern of preference. Most of them were located in remote places where there was no recreation for single men, and they had no “built-in” recreation facilities. As a result the men shunned them, preferring in many cases to live in crowded boarding houses in Augusta or Aiken, sometimes sleeping ten to a small room, sometimes sleeping in “hot” beds, occupied both day and night, while the barracks remained empty. The three 1,500-bed units were situated at Barnwell, Williston, and Allendale. *The highest occupancy for the 1,500 beds at Allendale was 43, and for the 1,500 beds at Williston, 217!*

If these barracks had been built either in Aiken or Augusta instead of in or near small and remote towns, the story might have been different. What was disastrous was the notion that Barnwell, Williston, and Allendale were “existing population centers” of which advantage should be taken; plus the fact that when AEC’s gamble on the Defense Housing Bill lost, and federal money for community facilities came too late to support the temporary housing projects, there was no place to put these projects except where there were communities willing to take on the load.

At this point, at least to some degree, the

peculiar configuration of local political and economic power came to have its effect.

The trailer city in Augusta is on land leased by Robbins from a syndicate which includes Hugh Busbia, an Augusta city councilman, and Roy Harris, one of Georgia’s most powerful political figures, who has served as campaign manager for both Eugene and Herman Talmadge. Both the barracks and trailer cities in Williston sat on land either bought or leased from Winchester Smith, a member of the South Carolina Public Service Commission, and longtime state chairman of the Democratic party. And in Barnwell, both the trailer city and the barracks sat on land that was optioned before the plant was announced, although Lyles and Lang Construction Company says that it bought the land outright without taking up any option for the barracks site.

IV

THE trailer cities and the barracks were intended for the temporary construction workers who were to build the H-bomb plant. What about the housing for the smaller number of permanent employees who would operate the plant after it was built?

Here again is visible the dismaying result of the concept that the new housing should be built around the “existing” Savannah River towns.

Raymond Foley, administrator for the federal Housing and Home Finance Agency, uttered early warnings against this policy. “If housing developments were to be scattered all over the area,” he said in February 1951, “it would, at best, be extremely difficult and costly to provide even the minimum community facilities and services required to serve and support them, and it would be impossible to provide the kind of community which will be necessary to attract and hold the permanent labor force. . . .”

Yet such was the chain of events that Foley himself came to see his own agency, and others following its lead, commit the largest proportion of federal money—\$55,000,000 for mortgage guarantees and \$15,000,000 for community facilities—on the very principle he had warned against.

The facts in hand by July 1953 seem to point toward a waste of federal money for the

permanent housing project that may match—and perhaps dwarf—the \$10,000,000 or more that AEC has wasted on temporary housing.

By July 1953, AEC had hired two-thirds of its permanent operating force, or 4,600 people out of a projected staff of 7,100. The Housing and Home Finance Agency had “programed” 3,200 housing units, under which builders received 90 per cent federal mortgage guarantees. Of these 3,200 units *only 956 were occupied by permanent workers*—and 820 out of these 956 were either in North Augusta or in Aiken.

Yet, of the \$15,000,000 in grants and loans doled out by HHFA and other federal agencies, only \$4,770,000 went to those two towns.

The rest of the money went to the four towns of Barnwell, Williston, Allendale, and Blackville—in which, by mid-1953, *only 48 families of the permanent staff were living in HHFA programed housing*. Take a look, for instance, at the record to date of housing in Blackville. Here 123 houses were programed and built, and \$730,000 was either given or loaned for water, sewage, and schools. By July 1953 *only one* of the houses was occupied by a permanent worker!

There have been other odd things about the permanent housing programs. For instance, more than a fourth of the community facilities money, and 779 programed houses, were assigned to Augusta—certainly a location much more popular with the workers than the four little towns for which they showed no relish. But Augusta is far from ideal as a dwelling-place for H-bomb workers. For the city is cut off by the Savannah River on the side toward the bomb plant, and thus has been forced to grow in the opposite direction—with the result that workers who live in the new housing projects are forced to add an hour daily to their commuting time. Fortunately, soldiers from Camp Gordon are occupying homes built for AEC people, and the town needed every cent of the \$4,075,000 given or loaned it by the federal government—but not to support housing for AEC's permanent workers.

In West Aiken, outside the city limits, a section where most of the high brass of both AEC and duPont—the company which operates the H-bomb plant—have chosen to build or buy houses, there was a severe water shortage in the summer of 1953. An antique pri-

vately-owned water system had failed to meet the dry-weather needs of an expanding community. In New Ellenton, the boom town, when a fire ravaged a major section of the business district in the spring of 1953, citizens put up a sign reading, “A few gallons of water would have saved these stores”; for after three years the town still had not received a cent in federal grants or loans, and therefore still had no water system, while millions of dollars had been spent on water systems in the “existing” communities for which there would be scant need.

Why didn't Foley practice what he had preached at such an early date? Because he got his money and authority from Congress too late, when the only course open to him seemed to be to accept, with its then potential—and now proved—dangers, the AEC notion of building around the existing towns. And because meanwhile, apparently, others had been making plans of their own, plans which were to determine the course of events.

Those who know best the strange story of housing in the Savannah River area are reluctant to talk for publication. Many of them say they have recited disconcerting facts either to the FBI or to the Federal Housing Administration's investigative division. Shortly after investigators for one or both of these agencies left town, the state FHA director, H. E. (“Judge”) Bailey, resigned. Last February, when a survey published in the *Washington Post* indicated that many of the programed housing projects had fallen into the hands of local politicians, Senator Maybank, whose brother is a major stockholder in an Aiken housing project, asked Attorney General Brownell to investigate the “innuendoes”; but if such an investigation was made, the results of it have not been disclosed. So we still have no positive information as to whether the waste of millions upon millions of the taxpayers' money on fantastically ill-conceived housing plans was the result of anything more than bad staff work, bad timing, and bad judgment generally, protected from public scrutiny by the secrecy in which the AEC shrouds its operations.

But whatever the whole truth may be, at least we know enough to be sure that the Savannah River housing adventure has proved to be one of the most astonishing botches of our time.

The Easy Chair

Notes on Western Travel

Bernard DeVoto

A CHAIN of roadside stands which purvey a substitute for ice cream has spread across the country. As it purports to be local enterprise, each one has a separate name. It is usually some variant of Tasty Freeze, such as Taystee Freez, or a variant of what I take to be the generic name, Dairy Queen. On my way back from the land of the six-inch hat brim I spent a night at Napoleon, Ohio, where I encountered what must be the highest poetic flight of this nomenclature. The stand there is called The Frigid Queen.

Is Ohio giving us a poetic renaissance? Between the 80th and the 95th meridians a gasoline called Pure proclaims itself "The Sensitized Gasoline for Instant Response." Well, benighted in Chillicothe, I found myself dining in a restaurant—no, let's classify exactly, it was a nite club—where the waitresses wore on their fannies plastic medallions printed with various arch slogans. The callipygian girl who served me wore one which read, "Sensitized for Instant Response."

Still, this place served a good meal and must therefore be distinguished from all except about a dozen of the eating places I chanced on in eleven weeks. In all ages and all areas the American wayfarer has usually been out of luck at mealtime; a lunch or a dinner which could be called mediocre has always rated as Excellent or higher on the road. In most places, I must believe, there are restaurants which serve food of decent quality cooked with tolerable care. In most places, that is, except the towns and small cities of the Middle West. Apart from the principal cities, I have never yet had a satisfactory meal in Indiana, Iowa, or the Dakotas

and over the years only a couple in Nebraska. Some years ago I reported here a dinner no part of which a normal human being could have brought himself to eat. That was in O'Neill, Nebraska, and I must now add to it a lunch at a town in South Dakota called Murdo.

In most places, I say, there are restaurants which will satisfy one's hunger without rousing disgust or rage; in quite a few places there are good restaurants. The trouble is that unless the wayfarer is provided with advance information he will find them only by chance, against cynical odds. I do not profess to say what the average restaurant reveals about American culture, I say merely that it is abominable. One ends by rejoicing over a salad that has fresh vegetables in it, a sandwich that can be eaten with satisfaction, or an egg or chop that is cooked as satisfactorily as one could cook it by the roadside on a Sterno stove.

Moreover, the trend is downward; I found the average worse this year than last year, when it was worse than the year before. Never till this summer, for example, had I ever had a bad or even an unsatisfactory meal in Montana. Such unlikely hamlets as Polson, Belton, and Glendive had produced excellent meals for me; Great Falls had a restaurant which could hold its own with any in the country; in Miles City, Helena, Butte, and Missoula there were others which I was able confidently to recommend to such gastronomes as Alfred Knopf. This year some of these had fallen off badly and in several Montana towns—I will name only Dillon—I struck places that were almost in the running with O'Neill and Murdo. Nevertheless, public

eating averages better in Montana than anywhere else in the country; better, let's make clear, than in the East Fifties.

Good coffee, which has always been rare in the United States, is now little more than a memory, and I do not know why. Refusal to use coffee in sufficient quantity may explain the universal weakness but not the common staleness and bitterness. There are a dozen ways of making good coffee in small or large quantities, the apparatus required is inexpensive, and the cost of coffee by the pound is almost independent of the result. It costs more by the pound in Canada than in the United States but as soon as you cross the border you can count on getting a respectable cup of coffee at the humblest lunch counter.

Having said all this, I am constrained to mention some exceptions by name. Here are some distinguished restaurants I happened on this summer for the first time: The Steak House, Kearney, Nebraska (go through the dining room and past the kitchen to a small rear room); Maddox Ranch House, Brigham City, Utah; the Northern Hotel, Billings, Montana; Jack Moore's Open Range Restaurant, Jackson, Wyoming. I do not need to remind you of the Brown Palace and its dining rooms; they have always been the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The best motel I chanced on, and by a good deal, was the Lincoln Lodge, at Urbana, Illinois. And I repeat what I have said here before, that the traveler's finest solace is the Hotel Florence, at Missoula. It calls itself "the best small hotel in the United States" and I see no reason why it should not omit the adjective "small." In many years of going up and down the United States, I have never found a better hotel.

MANY students have tried to answer that ancient question about Where the West Begins by way of restaurant menus but they are not trustworthy. Salads incorporating cold roast veal have almost entirely vanished from the Western cuisine and those that are embedded in gelatin can also be found in the Midwest. Salad begins the meal as soon as you put Pennsylvania behind you, other areas besides the West regularly serve three bottled sauces with a steak, there is little lamb and no mutton anywhere beyond the Mississippi. If food is to be our litmus

paper, make it the appearance of fried potatoes with the breakfast eggs. But I propose that the culinary test be abandoned, for a reliable one is at hand. You have reached the West when you first see a store which sells to dudes and tourists the amazing, the fearful and convulsing costumes that are alleged to be associated with the cattle business. Not sheep, observe: only cattle. These garments are supposed to be worn by the cowpoke, the bronzed horseman, the caballero.

The line of demarcation faithfully follows the 100th meridian. On U. S. 16, for example, there are no big hats or shirts with pearl snap-fasteners at Mitchell, South Dakota, but by Rapid City the shop windows, and the sidewalks, are full of copper-riveted pants, atomic-burst shirts, rayon bandannas printed with supposed symbols of the Long Trail, "cowgirl" skirts from the Sixth Avenue Navaho, boots, spurs, wide belts with silver buckles, machine-knotted short neckties, innumerable other astonishing articles of apparel, and always the hats. The myth of the Old West is the third largest Western business; by now haberdashery is the biggest item in it. I am glad that my fellow-Westerners have developed so profitable a way of exploiting their exploiters and I think it establishes that they are brighter than Southerners. Only politicians and a few writers ever made a profit from the myth of the Old South.

The myth gravely damages the West itself but it is infinitely comic and these clothes are the funniest part of it. Only the boots are kosher as regards the old-time stock business and some of the embroidery and nylon inserts of today's boots would have scared a working cowpoke into the chapparal. The hat never was wholly diagnostic and in so far as it was, there were caste distinctions. In the pre-Hollywood Southwest the hired hands commonly, but by no means uniformly, wore big hats with a high and sometimes pointed crown, modeled on the Mexican sombrero, the type that till recent years was part of the radio performer's costume. (Inexpensive ones; they blew their rolls on saddles and boots.) Such a hat was functional on the plains but the cowpoke's employer wore one that is still common in Montana, the "stockman's hat," in size and shape much like the GAR campaign hat and black, gray, tan, or for Saturdays white. Hollywood first popularized the whatisit

now sold to dudes and city Westerners. The basic model has a flat crown and a wide brim which is given a single or a double roll, but there are many variations—one ad I clipped shows nine. It is offered in at least a dozen colors, including pink, purple, and green; it is even, unbelievably, being made of plastic. And Hollywood was wrong, for this hat long preceded the Cattle Kingdom and had nothing to do with it. It was worn by Yankee swineherds, boatmen of the inland waters (see Caleb Bingham's pictures), and faddists of the hygienic life. When a Kalispell or Colorado Springs druggist goes to Kiwanis, he hands to the checkroom attendant just such a hat as the young Horace Greeley once wore on the sidewalks of New York.

Let me repeat, this chromatic joke-shop junk is specifically Western now only in the towns. The Western outdoorsman uses the boots, which are functional and comfortable, but he seldom wears the hat, even when he is a cowpoke working stock, and his native good sense keeps him from wrapping himself in a rainbow except when he is paid to do so, usually by a dude ranch. Year by year it becomes more unusual to see a pair of chaps, even batwings. And there is further evidence that the West may be developing antibodies to its infection. The bronzed horseman fantasy has always centered on the rider, the caballero, but a true cult of the horse is developing. The widespread registration of blood lines is significant; so is the development of the Palomino and the restoration of the Appaloosa; so is the spread of quarter racing and the schooling of gaited mounts. In many Western towns a horse show will now outdraw a rodeo, and if this keeps up how will we be able to tell Cheyenne from the Main Line?

I MUST report a Canadian slur on another Western stage prop. In August the American paper dollar was worth ninety-eight cents Canadian but the silver dollar was worth only ninety-four cents. Take them cartwheels away, they get all mixed up with money.

Even more sadly I note a parochialism in an unexpected place. If there is any Western town where I would expect to be recognized, it is Missoula. I never miss it when I go West, I have a good many friends there, I have often

lectured at the University, the bookstores stock my books, and no bank has ever lost a nickel on me. I asked a pillar of local society to identify me when I presented to the Western Montana National Bank a draft drawn by my Cambridge bank on the Chase National. Even so, the officials—and we got as high as an assistant vice-president—could not have been more wary of Joe Slade or George Ives. After ten minutes of cross-examination they cashed the draft but only when my sponsor endorsed it and established his credit. Thereupon a Cambridge friend who was traveling with me produced a letter of credit issued by the National City Bank. This called for a conference of vice-presidents, who sternly bade us use traveler's checks, and I think that police were summoned to look us both over. It was as if the Western Montana National, which calls itself "the friendly bank," had never before seen a letter of credit or a New York draft. Or maybe New York paper is suspect, maybe there would have been no trouble if our paper had been issued by the Bank of America. Or don't you do business with strangers, stranger? But the blessed Hotel Florence volunteered to cash my personal check.

That adjective "friendly" is spreading across the West like the spruce bark beetle, *dendroctonus engelmanni*. Utah is merely adopting the universal patter when it describes itself as "the friendly state" on automobile license plates and thus reminds us of seventy-five years of Mormon xenophobia. This stronger-handclasp nonsense issues from the Old West myth; historically the Westerners have been reticent, taciturn, and notably reserved, much more so than the go-getting Yankees. The current meaning of the adjective is that in some towns an out-of-state car that is parked too long gets a warning instead of a ticket, which is an assist to retail trade.

A HEARTENING phenomenon is the spread of what I can only call the Desert Yacht Club. In the most forlorn plateaus, in the hottest and dustiest plains, you see car after car heading toward the mountains and pulling a trailer that carries a boat, sometimes quite a big boat, frequently a sailboat. Thirty years ago there were sails in the mountain West only on such lakes as Flathead and

Coeur d'Alene and outboards were not much more widespread. Now dams and good roads have given the West the water sports that nature meant to deny it and I judge that the desert yachtsman is a greater fanatic and loves his sport more ardently than his equivalent in areas endowed with ample water. Nor does he wait on the highway commission. His trailer inches up narrow gravel dugways whose switchbacks and dropoffs intimidate even an unencumbered motorist, to launch his boat on improbable small lakes deep in the wilderness. The most unbending lover of solitude could not begrudge him the clatter of an outboard on these secret waters. Certainly I do not, as one who learned to swim in "holes" at best thirty feet wide and five feet deep and never saw the crawl stroke till I moved East. Grant him his miracle; the West has gained another millimeter in the struggle against the hostile conditions of nature, a struggle in which the utmost gain possible can run to only a few centimeters.

Ouray, Colorado, has a water pressure so powerful that to get into a shower bath is a courageous if not a foolhardy act. A local businessman expressed a hope that Ouray could be made a national park—not the surrounding mountains, he said, only the town. He was sure that my skepticism was unfounded: Ouray was incorporated under the laws of Kansas before Colorado became a state, and therefore no real-estate title was good. He was right in at least this, that the local mountains, the Uncompahgres, are the ultimate. No one who sees them will yearn for the Tetons or the Canadian Rockies; tell anyone who knows the West that you have been to Ophir and Telluride and you have spoken the initiate's password. The mines have petered out, except for a few big ones that produce metals far different from the original gold. Signs of the gold-rush frenzy extend almost to 14,000 feet but the mountains are covering them up. Skiers have passed the area by, millionaires eager to restore the quaint whorehouses and subsidize cultural seminars have not discovered it, and the few towns dwindle toward the spirit land. Noble, majestic, twisted and shattered, unutterably beautiful, the Uncompahgres have

been ignored even by the Corps of Engineers. For a few years more they will be an oasis of quiet and loveliness, a sanctuary from the sideshow Stetson, the abandoned but "radio-active" mine shaft that for a ninety-four-cent dollar will cure arthritis and the venereals in ten minutes, and the realtor trying to raise a beard for Old West Week.

BUT they are not for me. Whenever I go back to the Bitterroots, I realize afresh that they are my country—Traveler's Rest to Lolo Pass, to Crooked Fork, to the Lochsa, and on down to the forks of the Clearwater. This year I found Region One of the Forest Service resentful of Idaho's failure to appropriate money for its share of the Missoula-Lewiston highway that will follow this route and so open many thousands of acres of timber to commercial use. I will not weep if Idaho never does join Montana in that triumph of progress. To everyone his own desire in mountains, mountain meadows, and mountain streams, but for me the best of the West is the Lochsa country. Let me sit for an hour on the bank of Crooked Fork and anyone who will can sail on Fremont Lake, climb the Grand Teton, take a foldboat down the canyons of the Green, pull Kamloops trout (or fur-bearing trout) from Priest Lake, anatomize Thomas Mann's aesthetic at Aspen, or fracture a hip in Sun Valley. If working journalists are rewarded on the far shore I will sometime get a long summer within a few miles of the Powell Ranger Station.

The beneficent influence of the Montana historical markers spreads more widely every year but the Dakotas and Wyoming are immune to it. To many correspondents and roadside complainants: it is not my fault, it is Wyoming's, that you cannot find out how to get to the old trail in South Pass, or even orient yourself there. And a final note on the Old West, whose capital, I suppose, is either Jackson or Sheridan. It was at Jackson that I saw its most eloquent and most revealing symbol. At a soda fountain there Coca-Cola has set up a fine wooden plaque, with more or less authentic cattle brands burned on it as a border. "Howdy, Pardner," it reads, "Pause, Refresh."

The Englishman Laughs

V. S. Pritchett

I HAVE heard it argued that no English writer who grew up after 1914 could possibly write a purely comic novel. Satire, yes. We can also manage maniacal laughter from those private asylums into which industrial war and (even more) industrial peace have driven us. What is impossible is laughter for laughter's sake, the comic that is inverted poetry, which rises as foolishly as the full moon in the ludicrous course of nature. To write such a book—the argument runs—one must have known the sun of civilization, the old *douceur de vivre*, the lovely vulgar happiness of the *Pax Britannica*:

Two lovely black eyes
Oh, what a surprise.
Only for telling a man he was wrong—
Two lovely black eyes.

And when we look up the examples we do find the argument is a strong one. The comics who grew up before 1914 are genial: W. W. Jacobs presiding over the ripe and wicked civilization of the decaying wharves of the Thames and Essex estuaries; Jerome K. Jerome teasing the clerk turned tourist; Wells bent on a fuller life for counter-jumpers; Wodehouse extolling the innocent snobberies of small gentlemen and depicting an Arcadia of golf, idleness, and butlers. How different they are from the comics who have appeared since 1918.

I do not suggest that this sane and innocent jocularity is superior to the merry poisons and neurotic comedies which comic writing has

since gone in for; indeed the hearty school might be described as a commercialization of the tradition of Fielding and in the past thirty years Fielding has been discredited. I do not believe that the wars have had much to do with the distaste for the laughter of high animal spirits; what killed it was the general swing toward sensibility which we can trace to Bergson and Proust. In English comic writing this meant a change from the sane to the mad tradition, from body laughter to brain laughter, from the epicurean to the estranged. We find ourselves closer to the laughter of James Joyce, Ronald Firbank, Evelyn Waugh, the Wyndham Lewis of *Tarr*, the Congrebian comedies of Henry Green and Ivy Compton-Burnett. Fewer belly laughs, more wit: that has been our formula. Asked to choose between the laughter of heaven and the laughter of hell, we pick up our Evelyn Waugh and prefer the latter, for in the past thirty years, hell has produced the best writers. The question is: How much longer is hell going to last? Are there any signs of a revival of the hearty and animal school or, at any rate, signs of crossbreeding between the two strains? It will be the contention of this article that there are.

Let us look again at these two strains in English literature. In the eupeptic school we can simply divide the writers into the gentlemanly and ungentlemanly. Before 1918 there were gentlemen like Max Beerbohm, Anstey of *Vice Versa*, and the sadistic Saki: often

V. S. Pritchett, who here discusses the state of comic writing in England today and its foremost exponents, is literary editor of the New Statesman and Nation, author of Books in General, and one of Britain's leading critics.

elegant, always clubbish and educated, they dilute their fancies in order to make them last and in order to extract the subtler flavors. They purvey the special persiflage of that once autonomous and impregnable institution: the educated Englishman. Socially speaking they are tough; a great deal of their comedy is a sort of brilliant blackballing of undesirable elements.

The toughness of the ungentlemanly group, on the other hand, is physical. Jerome, Jacobs, and Wells go in for slapstick and violence. Someone drops a rat into the stew in *Three Men in a Boat*, bargees crack each other on the head in Jacobs, Mr. Polly sets fire to his house, in Wodehouse young men fall off walls and ladders. This is the true tradition of Fielding and Smollett; it might be called the tradition of fights and fires. Horses bolt, wheels come off gigs, traps, and coaches, passengers are thrown out—in Fielding a heroine performs an ungraceful somersault—and once the passengers get up it is ten to one they will start fighting one another. Bruises, black eyes, limps, and roars of rage are followed by drinking bouts at the nearest pub. Physical energy and capacity are powerful. In this very male society, the women play a merely disturbing part. Unmarried, they are pretty, stinging little flirts, capricious and unapproachable; married, they are scolds, dragged down by indigestion and half a dozen children, or they fulminate over their rights.

Asked to choose between beer and the faithful love of these Britannias, the men plump for beer and liberty. In the nineteenth century, of course, sex was taboo and beer became the alternative joke. It reached its supreme manifestation in what seems to me the loudly unfunny "Brugglesmith" of Rudyard Kipling; and when one reads any of Wodehouse's farces, one has the suspicion that the comedy of drink and animal violence owes its existence to repressed sexuality. The idea conveyed is that his kind of farce is "clean" and "healthy." Pretty girls are "healthy"; intellectual girls are "unhealthy." I do not say this in criticism of Wodehouse's tales, which are often delightful precisely because of their air of sexual innocence; but it is clear that this innocence was the weakness of the hearty school in its final phase. Once the taboo on sex went after 1918, the animal spirits of the hearty writers seemed merely loutish.

THE break with the masculine, extrovert tradition was very sudden when it came after 1918. There was no gradual change. The introverts went off at once into the brainy laughter of outraged sensibility. Fielding, Smollett, and Dickens were out; Sterne, Hood, Peacock, Lear came in. Who was more feather-brained, inconsequent, and hysterical than Ronald Firbank: "Whenever I go out," the King complained, "I get an impression of raised hats." At a deathbed: "Her spirit soars; her thoughts are in the Champs Elysées."

Firbank turned the pages of the *Tatler* or *Vogue* into an hilarious poetry:

Nevertheless some late sirens were only arriving. Conspicuous among these was Catherine (the ideal-questioning, God-groping, and insouciant) Countess of Constantine, the aristocratic heroine of the capital, looking half-charmed to be naked and alive. Possessing but indifferent powers of conversation—at Tertulias and dinners she seldom shone—it was yet she who had coined that felicitous phrase: "Some men's eyes are sweet to rest in."

There is the poetry of idiocy. Firbank's feminine social toughness reduces life to the lunacy of the mode. His laughter is allusive, sad, mad, and bad. The elaborate Restoration plots which the extroverts like Wodehouse and Jacobs constructed are thrown overboard. Solid characters vanish. They are obstacles to wit and insinuation. Now every word has to tell. The briefer the joke, the more poignant, piercing, poetic, and absurd. There is no dwelling on the point, indeed most of the jokes appear without comment; if the reader does not catch them he is obviously a coarse fellow in the wrong set.

Here we come to a crucial aspect of the break with the realistic and extrovert tradition of English comic writing. From the time of Fielding onward the English extroverts have preferred their jokes to be explained, elaborated, and given style. Compare any of Firbank's brief feminine fantasies with Fielding's masculine labors in the same field. This, for example, from Mrs. Heartfree's improbable adventures with the Phoenix in *Jonathan Wild*:

The next morning we saw a fire at a little distance from us, when we conceived our-

selves drawing near some human habitation; but on our nearer approach, we perceived a very beautiful Bird just expiring in the flames. This was no other than the celebrated Phoenix, so much spoken of, and so little known. We would not suffer such a rarity to be consumed; we therefore snatched it from the Fire, and being resolved to taste this elegant dish, we first picked his feathers off and then roasted him, but found the flesh so far from delicious, that it was greatly distasteful. The Captain then ordered it to be thrown again into the Fire, that it might follow its own method of propagating its Species.

There we have a joke perfected by labor, the object being not to wake us up with sudden wit, but to conduct us into the drowsy prolonged rumblings of quiet private laughter. We shall laugh over that joke for years, for Fielding regards laughter as a civilization in itself. His taste for the explained joke is deeply English; it come out, on its lowest level, in the notorious lame jokes of *Punch* in the nineteenth century:

Nervous old lady (who has come into room without spectacles and sees maid dusting chandelier): "Mind you don't fall, Mary.
Impertinent maid (no light weight): "Catch me, 'm."

Flight of old lady in confusion.

It is a complete misconception of the explained joke to suppose that its admirers are so low in comic sense that every detail has to be signposted for them. The object of explanation is to create a complete comic world in detail, to slow up the reaction so that the laughter will last longer. A similar misconception has arisen about Scottish comedians, who are said to laugh so much before they make their jokes in case we should miss the fact that what follows is meant to be funny. But what the Scot is really doing is: (1) making fun of himself and (2) celebrating the comedy of occupational risk: the joke for him is that there may not be one and that *that* joke will be on us.

II

Now when the new, mad, and brainy comic writers of the nineteen-twenties threw over explanation, it was thought

they were emulating the dry, laconic, without-comment wit and cruelty of American humor. To some extent, no doubt, they were, for all English writers have read with envious delight the pithy and beautiful innuendoes of such Americans as Ring Lardner, Thurber, and many others. But in fact our mad and brainy tradition has the economy of Hood, Peacock, and Sterne behind it. Congreve and Sheridan were sharp and polished. Gilbert was brief and pungent. Carroll was tart and Lear short and unsweet. What the mad school has always exploited is shock, not humorous acquiescence; and shock is the essence of the humor of hell, and hell is the postwar world. Intellectual violence succeeded physical violence: it became funny to think of a cocktail party in the casualty ward, to watch a young man eat his mistress, to consider unabashed sexiness. The satirical genius of Evelyn Waugh is notable for the impudence of his rapid tours among a population of disgraceful schoolmasters, drunk majors, libidinous swells, remittance men, California morticians; his free and easy ways with the revivalists and white slave traffickers; his heartlessness toward evacuated children. He explored to the utmost the farce of contemporary delinquency: no one more satisfied than he when the elderly sex-maniac uses his hard-won good conduct pass as an opportunity for one more satisfying kill; no one happier than he when a drunk peeress chases a friend down the steps of a Public Convenience in a small car. Only in one book, *A Handful of Dust*, does Evelyn Waugh approach the slow Arcadia of the purely comic writer. Elsewhere, he is hard and shameless; he is avenging the deceived romanticism of boyhood.

Where there is anger there is hell and hell is the abode of satire. Another inhabitant who enjoyed his hatred of the place was Wyndham Lewis of *Tarr*, *The Childermass*, and *The Apes of God*. The hell of Art was Wyndham Lewis' habitat. Like Joyce, whose hell was the Catholic hell of the body, Lewis was a connoisseur of the monstrous and grotesque.

"Some things *should* be sacrosanct," she said. Tarr grinned with brisk appreciation of the big full-fledged baby's coquetry pointing the swinish moral under the rose and mock-modesty below stairs, and he blinked and blinked as if partly dazzled, his Moham-

medan eye did not refuse the conventional bait, his butcher-sensibility pressed his fancy into professional details, approaching this milky ox, soon to be shambled in his slaughter-box or upon his high divan. "Sacrosanct," she repeated heavily, letting fall upon him a slow and sultry eye, not without a Bovril-bathos in its human depths.

That might suggest Smollett's butcher humor and the main slapstick tradition; but it is really in the mad fantastic vein of Nashe and Butler's *Hudibras*, for Lewis has the madness of the eye. He revived the carnival of the body from the painter's point of view, an insulting eye, voracious of images. No other contemporary writer has made such play with our meaty and mechanical absurdities. We are something between the butcher's joint and the sausage machine, and the eye that discerns this is the slave of a persecution mania which turns out comical nightmares. *Tarr* was, incidentally, one of those comic nightmares which came true, for in the bad artist, Otto Kreisler, Lewis drew Hitler to the life, but hysterical in Montparnasse instead of Berchtesgaden.

Among the Edwardian comics, only Max Beerbohm and W. W. Jacobs—an unlikely team—wrote good prose; the rest were led by facetiousness into journalese, into that footman's English or debased Augustan style common to Jeeves and the *Times* leader writers. Their dialogue—except in Jacobs and Wodehouse—was ham. It suffered from a disagreeable snobbery and was, in any case, stale: the joke of the illiterate servant, the Cockney's dropped aitches, the rustic's use of the second person singular, the Irish brogue, and so on. The new generation reacted briskly against these conventions. Writers like Firbank, Waugh, Osbert Sitwell were modish and pernickety in their prose. Waugh is a prose writer who is never seen without bowler hat, umbrella, and Brigade of Guards tie; Firbank is an *incroyable*; Osbert Sitwell, ostentatious; Henry Green, mannered. Every comedy must have an air. The old facetious dialogue has been replaced by the "natural" dialogue in a manner resembling Hemingway's to some extent, but in Henry Green's case, richer in overtones and undertones. What indeed is nowadays called "natural" dialogue is stylized. The object of dialogue is now to produce unconscious

comedy without comment. Look at Henry Green:

"When I find a person's cozy that's all I ask. Because what are we here for? Life's not so wonderful surely that we can afford to miss any single chance—not to help the lame dog over a stile, I don't mean, it seems so disobliging to draw attention in that way somehow, I mean about being lame, as practically no one is except poor Arthur Morris; now where was I—oh yes what I am trying to explain is we've each one of us simply got to stay careful for each other don't you feel or we're absolutely nothing. I mean lower than the lowest worm that crawls."

"Always say must respect the next man or Richard you've had it."

"But I can't forget the extraordinary phrase you used about your not having the social graces whatever that may add up to although I believe I understand quite well because of course real politeness which is only fellow feeling, isn't it, is no more than that; all I'm trying to say you see, is if a person's cozy it's perfection, true manners, what distinguishes us from animals."

Or, to take the tricky example of the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett: her dialogue is used by people whose comedy lies in their sinister unveiling of a social Unconscious. Her books are comic versions of what happens to Greek tragedy when it is transferred to the English scene. Presiding over the gods and passions is the English conception of the Eumenides: the Fates are the Suitable. She takes us to the source of the basic madness of English life when she shows us it is farcical to believe that incest, suicide, murder, or adultery can seriously affect the butler's announcement that luncheon is served, or the duty of maintaining conversation and the sense of one's own position. For while Aunt Sukey lies on the point of death upstairs, we hear the macabre comedy of the Unconscious below:

"We do not sufficiently attend upon her or expend enough thought upon her approaching end."

"Well I must say I don't think she does get much sympathy on that score. And it does constitute a real claim. It is a lonely business waiting to be translated to another sphere."

"It's a very long one," said Terence.

"And does that make it better for her?"

"Well she seems to like her life to be prolonged."

"I don't think I should in her place."

"It shows how much more grasp I have of her mind. Experience has done something for us. But it has destroyed our natural feeling, and now we have to fabricate it, and she is a judge of the real thing."

"Yes I should say her tastes are for the genuine. And I think she must often wish the end would come. This waiting on the brink of the abyss can't have much to recommend it."

"Well, it is so very like ordinary life."

We have traveled a long way from the muscular and extroverted strain in English comedy by the time we get to Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett. We have traveled far into intellectual violence when we listen to the rapid, bacon-slicing mutter of her *rentiers*. She has speeded up comedy by a total cutting out of explanation and dwelling on the point. Allusiveness could not go further; realism could not be more remote.

III

AND what, during the thirty years of silence, have the potential comics of the extrovert tradition been thinking and doing? I imagine them repenting of their fatal weaknesses: their gradual loss of style and intellectual aplomb since Fielding's time, their unlucky surrender to the taboo on sex, their commercial taint and consequent emasculation. I imagine two writers particularly—Joyce Cary and Anthony Powell—deciding that if they could marry the brains of the mad school to the virility of the masculine tradition something new might come of it. I am concerned only with their contribution to the comic, not with their other merits or defects, and between them they do seem to me to have initiated a change. They show signs of a return to animal spirits, crude good sense, horseplay, uproarious cross purposes, and resilient sanity; and a corresponding retreat—not indeed total—from estrangement, melancholy, and self-consuming wit.

Joyce Cary is a sanguine and voluble writer. In *The Horse's Mouth* and *Herself Surprised* he pours out whole characters, not bits of

characters. He revels in fights, plots, disguises. He creates a civilization of low laughter. All the old ingredients come back. The drink begins to flow. And by drink, in the virile tradition, one means strong beer not spirits, beer that leads to a state of intoxication somewhere between drowning and a sullen ascent in a balloon. Cary recovers the old eighteenth-century broadness about sex. Quarrels are continuous. Men knock women about once more; painful physical disaster—reminding one of Parson Adams in the dunghill or Mr. Pickwick in the pound—comes back into its own. Lies, disguises, roguery, theft, wild chases through the streets come walloping in.

Above all, this non-stop hullabaloo is driven by something which has been under a cloud for thirty years: optimism and vitality. The point of that dreadful old painter in *The Horse's Mouth* or his untrustworthy girl in *Herself Surprised* is that they are unkillable. Wring their necks and they still walk. They scoot down the street—though they are well past their sixties in the end—in high-tempered and disgraceful old age. Their tongues are terrible. And so is their good nature. When at last the old painter throws his Sara down the cellar stairs and kills her, she has one last delicious moment of fulfillment and contented love, before she passes out. Optimism could hardly go further. Joyce Cary is, of course, an Irish writer and he has re-imported into England that rich eighteenth-century store which Ireland has been saving up for a hundred and fifty years; and though, on a second reading, we sometimes suspect him of pastiche, pastiche alone could not have the subtle hilarity and drive of his farce.

WHILE we hesitate over Joyce Cary as a descendant of Fielding and regard him as an Irish intrusion into English comedy, the case of Anthony Powell is very different. He is English to the core. If we are to look for a return to the steady tradition, here it is. Here is the national tweed. He fits the pattern both in his material and, above all, in his style. It has been said that his latest novels—*A Question of Upbringing* and *A Buyer's Market*—suggest that P. G. Wodehouse has been rewriting Proust. There is something in this idea and it has been fruitful. The first achievement is to get rid of wit, speed, sensibility, lunacy, and artifice and to

replace them by intelligence, mundane hardness, experience, slowness, the laugh that begins quietly and then rumbles deeper and deeper, mastering the narrative. Each joke is so thoroughly explained that the utmost is got out of it:

"Shall we leave the gentlemen to their port?" said Mrs. Widmerpool, when finally the subject had been picked bone dry. She mouthed the word "gentleman" and "port" as if they might be facetiously disputable as strictly literal descriptions, in either case.

That final phrase "in either case," quite unnecessary to the meaning, adds just that extra touch of malice by its calculated tautology. Or, consider Anthony Powell in action. A debutante has sprinkled the absurd Widmerpool's head with castor sugar—practical jokes are a strong feature of Powell's social comedy—and not a speck of it goes unnumbered:

More from surprise than because she wished additionally to torment him, Barbara did not remove her hand before the whole contents of the vessel—which voided itself in an instant of time—had descended upon his head and shoulders, covering him with sugar more completely than might have been thought possible in so brief a space. Widmerpool's rather sparse hair had been liberally greased with a dressing—the sweetish smell of which I remembered as somewhat disagreeable when applied when I knew him in France—this lubricant retaining the grains of sugar, which, as they adhered thickly to his skull, gave him the appearance of having turned white with shock at a single stroke, which, judging by what could be seen of his expression, he might well in reality have done underneath the glittering incrustations that enveloped his head and shoulders. He had writhed sideways to avoid the downpour, and a cataract of sugar had entered the space between neck and collar; yet another jet streaming between eyes and spectacles.

Powell's comedy lies in the brutal thoroughness of his narrative. It lies also in the creation of the full comic character thoroughly exploited. Widmerpool—a sort of modern Blifil brought up to date from *Tom Jones*—is put without mercy into one unjust situation after another. Other comic creations are Uncle Giles, the shady rebel of his genera-

tion, or Mr. Deacon, the enormously bad painter; best of all are Major Fosdick and Mr. Passenger in *From a View to a Death*. They are our old friends from stock comedy, the quarreling country neighbors.

Major Fosdick is a very rare bird indeed in the English tweedery. He has a very ungentlemanly tendency to overdress—"the skin of his face was covered by small diagonal lines similar in pattern to that of his coat"—and that, in itself, should stir our curiosity, for Major Fosdick is a gentleman without question. But the profound boredom, the stubborn privacy of English country life has brought out something peculiar in his nature. It is his habit to lock himself into his bedroom and there dress himself in a woman's evening dress and picture hat. So appareled he takes out an exercise book and fulfills himself in the furtive composition of bad poetry. What we so anxiously hope for, what the whole history of farce has taught us to expect, indeed happens. Yes, Major Fosdick *does* leave his room, so disguised, when he thinks he is alone in the house; yes, his enemy Mr. Passenger, at this unlucky moment, *does* come in. Wits do not move fast in this soggy part of the country: there is a wonderful moment when Major Fosdick plays with the idea of palming himself off as his own wife. A moustache however betrays him.

Now this is a fine stock situation. It is Wodehouse, Anstey, even the Shakespeare of Malvolio. It is the good old stuff. The beauty lies in Mr. Powell's handling of it. Not a detail is missed by him in his slow, deliberately close inspection of the episode. We see Major Fosdick lightly swinging the picture hat, as he passes the time of day with his enemy, with deeply embittered *sang-froid*. The Major knows he is beaten; let the best man win; keep a stiff upper lip. Mr. Powell does even better with the squire, Mr. Passenger. This gentleman also has been defeated by what he has seen. Mr. Passenger had always believed himself a man of independent genius, vastly more intelligent than country squiredom requires, a potential superman swamped by the conventions of his class. Rich, he had never had a chance. Here, obviously, was an opportunity to transcend himself, to rise to the ruthlessness of Renaissance man. Alas: the best English Public Schools unfailingly turn out non-Renaissance men:

In his moment of emergency he had been thrown back on the old props of tradition and education and when he might have enjoyed a substantial revenge, he had behaved with all the restraint in the world.

It is my contention that these explanations, these footnotes to his jokes, greatly enhance the effect of Mr. Powell's comedy; that they mark a return to the self-contained world of laughter, which lives by the unending reverberations and repetitions that go on within itself. We have returned, in him, to our streak of John Bull-ish sanity. We recognize old characters, now revised by the intellect. And Mr. Powell is not a "lowbrow." He is an intellectual. We know him as the biographer devoted to Aubrey's *Lives* and like them, his

comedy has the stolid, native ennui that is terrifyingly full-blooded. His wit is not rapier-play; rather it leaves a trained boxer's marks upon the body of the enemy. The characters retire, bruised, not kicked from the ring; and come up again for a second drubbing. No poetry, no madness, no exaggeration, no fantasy: instead a masculine consequence, rudeness, and address. Mr. Powell is as rude as Lewis Carroll's Alice and as close to the hard center of English social character. Since this is how a writer who became known in the twenties with *Afternoon Men* and *Venusberg* has since developed his comic gift under contemporary pressure, one wonders if he is indicating the way English comedy is now going to take.

At Tidemark

ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

TOOTH, ornament, and thimble-bone,
Crabclaw and pebble; broken shell
That once to some anonymous snail
Was skeleton and citadel;
Pearled musselwing and waveworn stone:
To-fro, to-fro, they roll on the sand
Like marbles from a careless hand.
In the frayed litter of the sea
Do I discern others of me?

I dipped my foot when I was three,
Tasted the foam with my five toes;
Screamed with wonder, plunged to learn,
And drank the tide with mouth and nose,
With furious eyes and startled ears . . .
Then which was sea and which was tears?
I found as I lay howling shame
Their flavor was the same.

When I was sixteen I wore the sea.
I wore the world, in fact; the sky.
And every wave that I dived through
Was like a dress for me to try.
And all that I did was for an eye
Certain to be regarding me.
What eye? Why any!
Or rather eyes: they ringed the sea
Blue as a scallop's, and as many.

Later, in the winking surf
I dipped a salmon-leaping boy,
Slippery and loud with life.
In the perfection of his joy
My joy was perfect; rather less
As summers passed and waxing brave
He scaled the green Himalaya wave,
Deaf to my seafowl mother-quack:
Come back!

And now mature to say the least,
In fact a little overdone,
I float and idle on that breast
That breathes between the sand and sun;
Light as at three, proud as sixteen,
My body's years concealed from me
By the dark tissues of the sea,
Rhetorically I ask the sky:
Which me am I?

For there with the stones and tumble shells
That rock and stray at the tide's hem
I thought to see my other selves
Joined in the trivial endless dance
Of the discarded. Can it be
That I was wrong? That all of them:
Child and woman, maid and mother—
These lives in life, these times in time—
To the live sea as to no other.
(The waiting earth, the watching sun,)
Are one?

Seeing the World with Stevenson

Twenty Questions and Their Answers

William Attwood

Drawings by Jon Nielson

I SHOULD be writing this article six months from now. At the moment, a week or so after saying farewell to Adlai Stevenson in New York, I have a morning-after attitude toward our long and grueling journey. My impressions could be summed up in two words: never again.

It was interesting—too damned interesting. It was the kind of once-in-a-lifetime trip that is wonderful in retrospect, but time has not yet had a chance to blur the memory of more than five months of hectic days and sleepless nights and stifling weather and too many airports. The trouble with traveling with Stevenson is that he sets the pace. And Stevenson has one incurable defect: he suffers from chronic stamina.

We visited some thirty countries—each of which seemed to have a monopoly of the world's problems. We never slept (or tossed) in the same bed for more than four consecutive nights. We wore out scores of notebooks, pencils, and typewriter ribbons trying to record everything we saw and heard.

And now come the questions. In two weeks back home I have been badgered and bought drinks by both friends and strangers eager to get the lowdown on Stevenson. They couldn't *all* be Democrats—or he'd have won the election. Their interest and curiosity can only mean that Stevenson is doing all right for a man who not only lost his job but failed to get a better one last November.

So the best way to tell the story of this trip is perhaps to try to answer some of the questions that people ask me as soon as they find out what I've been doing these past few months. I have made a list of the twenty that recur most frequently, and here they are:

Why did he do it? There were several reasons. The trip was politically wise and financially rewarding. By going abroad he avoided having to comment on every act of the new Administration at a time when it was still riding high and feeling its way. Yet by writing eight articles en route for *Look* (which sponsored the trip) he managed to keep his name before the public and add to his stature as a statesman-politician.

And now, on his return, he will be able to speak more authoritatively—and critically—about United States foreign policy: in debating world affairs, the man who was there always has a distinct advantage over the man who had to stay at home. Time and again on our travels he confirmed by observation things that he had said, perhaps intuitively, during the campaign.

I remember a long, high-level talk he had in Korea with General Maxwell D. Taylor, the Eighth Army Commander, and his staff. The fighting was still going on, and Taylor kept explaining why there was no easy solution, that patience and firmness were very possibly our best weapons, that the enemy would probably come to terms eventually if we persisted along the course we had chosen in June 1950. Later, Stevenson remarked that all this bore out what he had been trying to tell the voters last year. "It's gratifying," he said, "to find out I was right."

But politics aside, I think that what really induced him to undertake this strenuous journey was a compelling curiosity to see the world. He is one of the most inquisitive men I have ever met, with an almost boyish enthusiasm for new sights, sounds, and smells. I thought this trip would hold him for a while,

but when we parted a couple of weeks ago he mentioned that he was sorry we missed Africa. "Do you think I could do it properly in two months?" he asked. "I thought that perhaps next year—well, we'll see."

2 *Who do you mean by "we"—how many people were in your party?* Bill Blair, Stevenson's executive assistant, and I went the whole distance, five months plus. Barry Bingham, president of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, came along on his own and flew back to the States from Karachi. Professor Walter Johnson, chairman of the history department at the University of Chicago, stayed with us through June—as far as Belgrade. In Cairo, we were joined by my wife and Stevenson's second son, Borden. His youngest son, John Fell, met us in Rome. So the size of the group varied from four to six.

3 *Was everything very official—or were you able to break away and see things for yourself?* At the outset, Stevenson honestly believed he could travel around the world as a private citizen with a minimum of protocol, banquets, receptions, and press conferences. This would no doubt have been possible a year earlier. But he didn't realize that in a matter of months he had become a world figure—as well-known abroad, say, as Gary Cooper or Senator McCarthy.

The result was that in almost every country we were confronted with a schedule replete with formal calls and even more formal dinners. Some of these were time-consuming ordeals, but others enabled Stevenson to talk to people he might never have met as an ordinary tourist or even itinerant journalist. And by taking advantage of every unscheduled hour he covered more ground in less time than most foreign correspondents.

One afternoon in Hong Kong, we slipped away from a cocktail party for a couple of hours and tramped through the murky back alleys of the teeming Chinese quarter, peering into squalid doorways, talking with shopkeepers, jostled by indifferent crowds. "Now," exclaimed Stevenson, "we're really *seeing* something. I'm getting more out of this than interviewing Chiang!" And we did the same thing in Baguio, Calcutta, Karachi, Srinagar, Jerusalem, Istanbul, and I don't know how many other places.

Finally, wherever Stevenson was too hemmed in by officialdom—as in Indochina—Johnson, Bingham, and I would see the kind of people who don't get invited to banquets and make notes for him on our conversations; or we'd arrange appointments for him with local reporters, students, business men, and opposition leaders. The result would be that he would generally leave each country with a balanced picture.



But I know he would have preferred to do more leg-work himself. One day, after a series of meetings with various cabinet ministers and an especially strenuous embassy reception, he came back to the hotel, loosened his black tie, and sank back in an easy chair. "That was real punishment!" he sighed. Then he surveyed the stack of correspondence that had to be answered at every stop—and he added, almost plaintively, "I thought we were going to have some *fun* on this trip!"

Becoming a world figure has its drawbacks;

and at times I suspect that Stevenson is dismayed by the high price of fame.

4 *How did you travel?* Mostly by commercial aircraft—on a variety of planes ranging from a Pan American Stratoliner across the Pacific to a six-seater Arab Airways machine (with an Icelandic pilot!) from Damascus to Amman. We also used helicopters over the battlefronts in Korea and Malaya, jeeps, Cadillacs, PT boats, and *shikaras* (which is what they call gondolas in Kashmir).

Usually we traveled like VIPs; occasionally like everyone else. In Yugoslavia, Tito lent us a plane—and a fleet of convertibles to meet us at every airport; in Naples, a week later, Stevenson and I were running down the station platform, lugging our suitcases and trying to scramble aboard the crowded express for Rome.

We generally stayed at hotels, but in some countries (Formosa, Thailand, Burma, India, Pakistan, Egypt, and Yugoslavia) we were official guests of the government. This would sometimes involve stopping at elaborate guest houses. But it never prevented us—as reporters—from digging up information not always favorable to our hosts.

5 *Did Stevenson really work hard?* I never saw anyone work harder for so long. He was always up by seven—often much

earlier—and he was seldom in bed before midnight. His waking hours were packed with interviews or visits to farms, factories, schools, pagodas, refugee camps, or army units. On planes, some of us swallowed dramamine and tried vainly to catch up on sleep; but Stevenson would be poring over pamphlets, scribbling notes, and reading about the next country on the itinerary. At banquets, notebook in hand, he would ply hosts and guests with searching questions. Reporters who came to interview him would soon find themselves doing all the talking.

In Bangkok, the amiable Siamese organized a merry-go-round of lavish parties and interminable feasts. One night, after watching an enchanting program of traditional dances, we tottered back to our mosquito netting at 1:00 A.M. for six hours of stifling peace. But Stevenson was fretting about not having seen enough of the city and its people, so at five he was up and away to tour the bustling canals by motor launch.

He kept up this pace to the very end. At breakfast one morning in London he looked too groggy to get through another day—especially one that included (among other things) a morning's briefing at the Embassy, luncheon (and a speech) at the English Speaking Union, an afternoon with Churchill at Chequers, and dinner with Lady Astor. That evening, I sat in a BBC studio with my fingers crossed, as he faced a TV panel of

British editors—all loaded with crackling questions. I needn't have worried. As he wound up one eloquent, ad-lib reply with a reference to "the might, the majesty, and the simple dignity of the American people," the studio audience burst into applause. Later, he said he felt so tired he hardly knew what he was saying. "Was it really all right?"

Once, we took a whole day off—in Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast. We went swimming on an isolated beach; after a picnic came a long siesta and a lazy boat ride back to our hotel. But soon after dinner, Stevenson slipped away to his room, where I found him at bedtime, jotting



down notes and preparing a statement for the next day's press conference.

6 *Who gathered the material for his articles?* We all did. Johnson recorded 250,000 words on tape. I came home with nearly 100,000 more typed up. Stevenson filled so many notebooks we had to buy him a second briefcase in Berlin.

Stevenson would see the top brass in each country—the ambassadors, the cabinet ministers, the chiefs of state, the Titos, the Nehrus, and the Chiangs. One of us would sometimes be present, but usually Johnson and I tried to duck official functions and cover what you could call the lower echelons. Then we'd all sit down together and talk over what we'd learned.

7 *Who wrote the articles?* He had to turn out eight in five months—or about 5,000 words every three weeks. I can't recall where we found, or made, the time. Generally he would have to write about countries A and B while traveling through countries C and D and studying up on country E. And although news was breaking fast—in Korea, Indochina, and Germany, for example—the copy would have to stay fresh for the five weeks between our filing and publication dates.

The procedure went something like this: Johnson and I would give him all our notes, plus a rough outline of the article. Stevenson then went over all the raw material—usually at night—and wrote a first draft in pencil. Invariably it would be too long and ill adapted to a magazine's reportorial style (I suspect that Stevenson, as a writer, is at his best when expressing abstract ideas).

From this draft I would carve out a second. Stevenson would edit this one into a third. Sometimes there would be a fourth draft. And, inevitably, adds and inserts would succeed each other right up to the cable deadline—and often beyond it. I have seen a lot of professional writers sweating over their prose. Seldom have I met one as conscientious and attentive to detail.

8 *Was he an honest reporter—or did he allow political considerations to color his copy?* He was an honest reporter. Time and again I heard him make the remark that sets

off the good reporter from the superficial one: "The longer I stay here the more confusing everything seems."

I'll use one example: his article on the troubled, embittered Middle East. No one who visits Israel and the Arab states with an open mind can fail to see that there is justice—and error—on *both* sides. But the subject of Israel is so charged with emotion that a calculating American politician might be expected to tailor his writing so as not to alienate pro-Zionist voters. "I'm afraid I'll weasel on this one," said Stevenson when he began writing the piece in Cyprus. I was afraid he might, too.

As it turned out, he didn't weasel, and he didn't pull his punches. It annoyed a lot of Zionists and Arabs, but the article was a solid piece of objective reporting.

9 *Is Stevenson as nice as he seems on TV?* Nicer, probably. I'd never seen him until we started this trip. I expected him to be a witty and rather glossy egghead. Instead I discovered that he has more integrity than wit, more decency than brilliance, more down-to-earth American horse sense than his Ivy League platform manner would suggest. And more genuine humility than I thought possible in a public figure. Yes, he's a hell of a nice guy. I only wish he hadn't always been in such a hurry.

10 *What did he do for relaxation?* He added sightseeing—usually in the hottest weather—on top of everything else. I doubt if he found it relaxing, for Stevenson always acted as though there wasn't a minute to lose (which was true) and as if he'd never have another chance to see these sights (which was conceivable).

Stevenson loves ruins, open-air markets, and churches and temples (of all faiths). I don't remember our ever passing a ruin or a market without stopping—no matter how rushed we were. Flying over Cambodia, he asked the pilot of our French army plane to stop on the fringe of the jungle so we could clamber around the spectacular ruins of Angkor Wat. He made a similar stop in India to see the Taj Mahal—with the mercury hovering around 110. Driving into Rome from the airport, we halted five times to see various relics and monuments of the past. In Lebanon we made

a fifty-mile detour over rough roads to see the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek. And there was Luxor and the Acropolis and the Pyramids and the Mosque of Omar and Versailles and . . .

Relaxation? I get dizzy just thinking about it.

11 *How did he stand it? Didn't he get jumpy or cranky?* He must have a hidden source of nervous energy—like a souped-up carburetor—that's lacking in ordinary human engines. I never heard him say a disagreeable word to or about anybody (Communists and Joe McCarthy excepted). Jumpy, yes—I can understand why they called him Rabbit at Princeton thirty-odd years ago. But he was unfailingly brisk, cheerful, self-possessed, articulate, and courteous—even to the innumerable American tourists (all of them friendly) who stalked him around hotel lobbies (and stranger places) with cameras, autograph books, and outstretched hands. (I'll never forget the stout lady in a print dress and baseball cap who popped out from behind a clump of jungle somewhere in the Philippines. "Ad-lie!" she cried. "Hold still a sec! I was saving this film for those water buffaloes, but I'm going to use it on you instead!")

On three occasions, Stevenson might have been expected to lose his composure: when some Chinese shells exploded near us on the Korean front; when his helicopter fell into a rice paddy in the bandit-infested Malayan jungle; and when we were "detained" for twenty-five minutes in East Berlin by a squad of tough, Communist ("you move and we shoot") militiamen. But he never seemed ruffled. In fact, I think he rather enjoyed these unexpected breaks in our too-smoothly-running schedule.

12 *How was he received abroad?* So warmly, so cordially, so enthusiastically that Stevenson once exclaimed, "Don't these people realize I *lost* the election?" Everywhere we found that his reputation had preceded him (his campaign speeches were widely reported in the world's press). In each country people seemed to feel that here was a vigorous, unpretentious man, eager to acquaint himself with the world's problems—and sympathetic to their own.

But there was another reason. The *Malay Mail* spelled it out while we were in Singapore: "Generally speaking, people are not very interested in failures, however distinguished. But Mr. Stevenson is in a very different category. He is still a power to be reckoned with in United States and world politics, and many forecast with confidence that he will be the next occupant of the White House."

As a result, he was able to talk intimately and at length with nearly all the leaders of the non-Communist world. He had private interviews with Nehru ("sincere but overworked"), Naguib ("an honest man"), King Ibn Saud (who gave him a rug and a gold sword), Tito ("reminds me of the public utility tycoons I used to work for in the twenties"), Chiang Kai-shek, Ben-Gurion, and Syngman Rhee (all "dedicated and single-minded"), with two queens (Elizabeth and Frederika), two emperors (Hirohito and Bao Dai)—and all the presidents and prime ministers who weren't out of town. Cars, planes, boats, servants—no dancing girls, however—were constantly being put at our disposal.

And I think Stevenson generally made a good impression. He was an attentive listener and everyone seemed pleased, and a little surprised, by his easy informality. Asians inevitably compared him with Dewey—who made his trip with a bodyguard—and the comparison was in Stevenson's favor. In Malaya, after his British helicopter nosed into the ground, he graciously reminded his embarrassed hosts that the engine which conked out was American. In Belgrade, he deftly proposed a toast to a new terminology: "Instead of talking about communism, socialism, and democracy, let us drink to friendship and mutual interests." The Yugoslavs were delighted.

About the only people who seemed disillusioned about Stevenson were the left-wing intellectuals, the neutralists, and the fellow-travelers. He had been their hero during the campaign; now they looked forward to hearing him lash out at Eisenhower, Dulles, and McCarthy. When he failed to furnish the fireworks and the sour grapes, they were openly vexed. "The impression he leaves in Rangoon," grumbled the *Nation* of Burma, "is one of a careful, calculating lawyer rather than of a shrewd observer or warm-hearted

writer." In London, the once pro-Stevenson *New Statesman and Nation* decided that "he should never have become the darling of American progressives," and added peevishly, "the trouble about Mr. Stevenson is that although he would have made a better Republican President than General Eisenhower, he was selected as a Democrat."

But so far as everyone else was concerned, Stevenson lived up to his advance billing.

13 *Did people recognize him?* Not as a rule, thank goodness. Even Americans we ran into were deceived by his being "shorter and plumper than I thought." When we landed at Okinawa early one morning, two generals came to meet him at the plane. As Stevenson walked past them, one nudged the other: "Do you suppose *that's* him?"

But everyone seemed to know his name. Going over a remote mountain pass in northern Pakistan, we stopped at a peasant hut for a cup of hot tea. When Stevenson was introduced to the old farmer, the latter pumped his hand warmly. "Well, well," he said. "I was for Eisenhower myself, but you look like a good man, too."

And in Kashmir, a young Moslem who had read all his speeches kept calling him "Your Majesty."

14 *Were State Department personnel helpful and co-operative?* Sometimes they were almost too helpful. At airports we would usually be met by an ambassador flanked by efficient young second secretaries with mimeographed schedules of our visit. While Stevenson went off to get his briefing, Blair and I would sit down with the secretaries and try to cancel as many social functions as possible.

One reason our envoys were happy to welcome Stevenson was that our journey coincided with a period when American prestige abroad was at a low ebb—when book-burning, McCarthyism, and the Syngman Rhee snafu were in the headlines. Most of our ambassa-



dors appeared delighted to be able to entertain and exhibit a genuinely popular American like Stevenson.

Foreigners were sometimes perplexed by Stevenson's status vis-à-vis the State Department. In Karachi, the Pakistanis took pains to keep our group separated from the Dulles party, which happened to arrive the day we were leaving. They seemed to think we'd come to blows. And in India the Communists were so confused they got their signals crossed. One of their newspapers, *Crossroads*, denounced Stevenson as a sanctimonious stalking-horse for Dulles; another, *Blitz*, flatly declared that "like other liberals" he was being "gagged" by the State Department. Both managed to be wrong.

15 *Which countries did you find most interesting?* Korea, Vietnam, India, Yugoslavia, Germany. These were the places where you could feel change in the air and see history in the making. So far as United States foreign policy is concerned, each embodies a lesson and a challenge.

16 *What did you all agree were the major conclusions of the trip?* First, a paradox: the danger of World War III is receding, but the threat of Soviet imperialism



is undiminished. Second, an explanation: Russia's new rulers have changed their tactics, not their objectives. They are likely to wage the cold war more subtly—with economic and emotional lures designed to divide the free world. Third, an observation: confidence in American leadership has declined as America has seemed to lose confidence in itself. McCarthyism and vacillation in Washington have badly damaged our prestige. Fourth, a warning: mutual misunderstanding between us and our allies is our greatest handicap in meeting the Soviet challenge to us all.

17 *Did Stevenson's trip help or hurt Eisenhower and the Republicans?*

Stevenson traveled as an American first and a Democrat second. He calmed world-wide apprehension about the new Administration by stressing the policies most Democrats and Republicans have *in common*: resistance to aggression, support of the United Nations, assistance to our friends, peace without appeasement. He spoke in calm, confident, eloquent tones about his country and his faith in the good sense of the American people. He never concealed his contempt for McCarthy and his methods—but he cautioned our neighbors not to exaggerate one man's influence nor to confuse Senator Joe with Uncle Sam.

I never heard Stevenson make a public statement during our journey that was not restrained, constructive, and pro-American (in the best sense of the word). For this we can all be thankful—whatever our politics.

18 *Why did he refrain from attacking the Republicans in general and McCarthy in particular?* First, he sincerely did not want to embarrass Eisenhower during these first trying months in office—especially in a time of world crisis. Second, he wanted to know more about the world and its problems before criticizing the conduct of our

foreign policy. Third, he probably concluded that the best place to speak out is back home, over a nationwide TV network, rather than abroad, at a local press conference.

But the underlying reason for his restraint, I suspect, is that he set partisanship aside when we boarded the plane in Honolulu—and from that moment on respected the old American tradition of not washing our dirty linen in public.

19 *Did he keep in touch with political developments at home?* He read magazines and newspapers. Wherever we stopped, there would be a stack of mail from home—including clippings from the national press and letters from friends and advisers. In Europe he talked with Eleanor Roosevelt, India Edwards, and Senator William Fulbright about political trends in Washington. And he corresponded, by letter and postcard, with almost every ranking Democratic politician. He kept in touch all right.

20 *So it looks as though Stevenson is going to stay in politics. Would you vote for him if he runs again in 1956?* I don't know if he plans to stay in politics or not. And I never know how I'm going to vote this far ahead. But I can say this much: I'd hate to have to vote *against* him.

Church and State:

An American Catholic Tradition

John Tracy Ellis

FEW subjects have aroused more interest among thoughtful Americans in recent years than that of the relations in this country between Church and State. Unfortunately the issue has not always been temperately discussed—with the result that much ill feeling has been engendered among the various religious bodies in the United States. And this bitterness has not only done a disservice to religion in general, but has also resulted in injury to the internal peace of the nation at a time when it was seriously threatened from outside its frontiers. One is reminded of the words of John Carroll, who in 1790 became the first Catholic bishop of the United States, when he reluctantly entered on a public controversy in defense of his religious faith while the Republic was still in its infancy.

Carroll deplored the necessity of replying to his antagonist lest he disturb the harmony then existing among men of differing religious beliefs, which, he said, “if we have the wisdom and temper to preserve, America may come to exhibit a proof to the world, that general and equal toleration, by giving a free circulation to fair argument, is the most effectual method to bring all denominations of Christians to a unity of faith.”

In raising again the question of Church and State in this article, I wish to make it clear at the outset that I have neither the intention nor the professional competence to discuss the

theological aspects of the problem. The doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church on Church and State is accessible to all interested students of the subject. In the past two or three years American Catholic theologians have examined it in journals like the *American Ecclesiastical Review* and *Theological Studies*, where the divergent views of these theologians have been put forth in great detail. There the authoritative pronouncements of modern pontiffs, such as the encyclicals *Immortale Dei* of November 1, 1885, and *Libertas praestantissimum* of June 20, 1888, of Pope Leo XIII, have been analyzed in their application to the United States, where the Constitution forbids anything like a union of Church and State and where, too, the policy of religious toleration of all men is a recognized principle embodied in the fundamental law of the land.

What I intend, rather, is to set down some little known and seldom recalled statements on this question by the leading Catholic bishops of the United States over a century and a half. For I am convinced that, reflecting as they do the thinking of the most important members of the hierarchy in this country from the earliest years of the Republic to our own day, they reveal an authentic tradition.

First, let us go back to Father John Carroll. On February 27, 1785, he wrote a letter to an English friend about the constitutional power which had been granted

In this level-headed discussion of a topic which often provokes heated controversy, the Reverend John Tracy Ellis, professor of Church history in the Catholic University of America, brings to light some little known evidence.

the Maryland legislature to levy a general tax for the support of the Christian religion. This provision disturbed many Marylanders who belonged to religious bodies other than the recently formed Protestant Episcopal Church, which in its colonial counterpart had been accorded a favored status by the government. Father Carroll mentioned the misgivings which the provision had aroused among Presbyterians, Methodists, and Quakers; said that the Catholics would join these Protestant groups in opposing it with might and main; and added, "We have all smarted heretofore under the lash of an established church, and shall therefore be on our guard against every approach towards it." And three months after the Constitutional Convention had finished its work on the federal Constitution, Carroll made public his stand on religious toleration in the *Columbian Magazine* of December 1787:

Thanks to genuine spirit and Christianity, the United States have banished intolerance from their system of government, and many of them have done the justice to every denomination of Christians, which ought to be done to them all, of placing them on the same footing of citizenship, and conferring an equal right of participation in national privileges. Freedom and independence, acquired by the united efforts, and cemented with the mingled blood of Protestant and Catholic fellow citizens, should be equally enjoyed by all.

Thus did the founder of the American hierarchy accept wholeheartedly the separation of Church and State in the United States, with its accompanying principle of equal and universal religious toleration for men of all faiths.

FIVE years after the death of Archbishop Carroll there arrived in this country from Ireland in December 1820 the man who was destined to play a leading role in the development of American Catholicism during the next two decades. This was John England, first Bishop of Charleston, who assumed control of his vast Southern diocese at the age of thirty-four. He had been in the United States only a little over three years when he spoke his mind on the union of Church and State in no uncertain terms. In

an address before the Hibernian Society of Savannah, Georgia, on March 17, 1824, the bishop struck out at the British government which at that time was trying to win the right of veto over the selection of Catholic bishops in Ireland.

Praising the resistance of the Irish clergy to this attempted concession, the Bishop remarked, "May God long preserve the liberties of America from the union of any church with any state! In any country, with any religion, it is an unnatural increase of the power of the executive against the liberties of the people." And a year and a half after his Savannah speech he returned to the topic in a letter of September 17, 1825, to Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator:

I am convinced [wrote Bishop England] that a total separation from the temporal government is the most natural and safest state for the church in any place where it is not, as in the papal territory, a complete government of churchmen.

Meanwhile the Catholic Church in the United States had grown and expanded from an estimated 35,000 Catholics in 1790 to over 650,000 by 1840, two years before Bishop England died. By that time there had appeared on the American scene another Irish-born bishop who was to take the leading place left vacant by England and become the most prominent Catholic churchman of the mid-century: John Hughes, fourth Bishop of New York, and from 1850 to 1864 the first Archbishop of that fastest-growing of American sees. Hughes' episcopacy began in 1838 at a time when the fury of the Nativist agitation against foreigners and Catholics was at its height. In the bitter controversies of those days the efforts of Bishop Hughes to win once more state funds for the education of Catholic children in New York, brought forth the charge that any renewal of financial assistance to the parochial schools would endanger the American principle of separation of Church and State. Hughes met the charge in a characteristically forthright manner, and said in a speech delivered at Washington Hall on June 1, 1841:

The whole matter now stands in this position. At the commencement the great alarm

raised was that the admission of our claim would be a step towards the union of Church and State. And if those who opposed us upon that ground were sincere in it, I respect them for their opposition; for there is nothing which every patriot should feel to be a more imperative duty than to resist to the uttermost any attempt to introduce measures tending to so disastrous a result.

That statement—and his reference, later on in the same speech, to the prevention of “the justly obnoxious union of Church and State”—made Bishop Hughes’ position clear. And he expressed it even more positively two and a half years later in an address before a large audience in the Broadway Tabernacle in New York:

I regard the Constitution of the United States as a monument of wisdom, an instrument of liberty and right, unequaled—unrivaled—in the annals of the human race. Every separate provision of that immortal document is stamped with the features of wisdom; and yet among its wise provisions, what I regard as the *wisest* of all is the brief, simple, but comprehensive declaration that “Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.”

THE unhappy chapter of American history which was written by the strident anti-Catholicism of the Nativists and Know-Nothings during the eighteen-forties and fifties—and which has been so expertly described by the non-Catholic historian, Ray Allen Billington, in his volume *The Protestant Crusade*—found its denouement in the far more absorbing struggle which broke out over slavery and sectional conflict. And it was not until the late eighteen-eighties that another organized movement against the Catholic Church in the United States appeared, when the American Protective Association—the APA—was brought into being by Henry F. Bowers and his associates in March 1887. During the next ten years the country suffered the ignominy of a campaign of religious bigotry the like of which had not been seen since before the Civil War. Once more the accusation of disloyalty to the nation was heard, and again the leaders of the Catholic Church were taxed with the charge that they

represented a dangerous minority who, if they ever attained a majority of the population, would abolish the separation of Church and State.

In the same month that Bowers founded the APA the second American Catholic churchman to be honored with membership in the College of Cardinals received the insignia of his rank. This was James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. When as a newly created Cardinal he took possession in Rome of his titular church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, he paid a glowing tribute to the political institutions of his native country and reflected his complete satisfaction with the relations of Church and State in the United States.

For myself [said Gibbons], as a citizen of the United States, without closing my eyes to our defects as a nation, I proclaim, with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, and in this great capital of Christendom, that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the aegis of protection without interfering in the legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The sentiments which Cardinal Gibbons expressed at Rome in 1887 deepened with the passing years, and nearly a quarter of a century later, in a memorable article in the *North American Review* in 1909, he made his position even more emphatic. He wrote:

American Catholics rejoice in our separation of Church and State; and I can conceive of no combination of circumstances likely to arise which would make a union desirable either to Church or State. We know the blessings of our present arrangement; it gives us liberty and binds together priests and people in a union better than that of Church and State. Other countries, other manners; we do not believe our system adapted to all conditions; we leave it to Church and State in other lands to solve their problems for their own best interests. For ourselves, we thank God we live in America, “in this happy country of ours,” to quote Mr. [Theodore] Roosevelt, where “religion and liberty are natural allies.”

In the long period from 1887 to his death in 1921 Cardinal Gibbons was dean of the American hierarchy, and no Catholic bishop

of the United States ever made more manifest his perfect contentment with the relations of Church and State than he did. But in this attitude he had no monopoly, for among his contemporaries and friends were outstanding churchmen who shared entirely the Cardinal's point of view—such as, for example, John Lancaster Spalding, first Bishop of Peoria; John Ireland, first Archbishop of St. Paul; and John J. Keane, first Rector of the Catholic University of America and later Archbishop of Dubuque. Late in 1896 Bishop Keane went abroad to live for a time, and during his sojourn in Europe he found many strange notions among Catholics there concerning the relations of Church and State in the United States. These notions he described in an article which he published in the *Catholic World* for March 1898, under the title, "America as Seen from Abroad," describing the difficulties an American Catholic had in persuading Europeans of the truth about the position of the Church here.

But the *pons asinorum* is reached [wrote Bishop Keane] when they come to ask him about American relations between church and state. They have been used to either church establishment or church oppression, church patronized or church persecuted. A condition in which the church neither seeks patronage nor fears persecution seems to them almost inconceivable; and when our American assures them that such is the condition in his country, they think him more than ever a dreamer. . . . They cannot imagine a separation of church and state which means simply that each leaves, and is bound to leave, the other free and independent in the management of its own affairs; each, however, respecting the other, and giving the other moral encouragement and even substantial aid when circumstances require or permit. This, they recognize, while indeed a physical separation of church and state, would be in reality their moral union. Nay, they will acknowledge that a moral union of the kind would probably be more advantageous to both church and state than a union which would tend to blend and entangle their function, with a probable confusion of wholly distinct ends and methods, likely to prove pernicious to both sides. And among past and present Europeans they can find plenty of sad illustrations to bring the truth home to them.

But, all the same, when our American assures them that such is really the relation of church and state in this country, and that, considering the circumstances of the times, it is the only practicable or even desirable one, then they are quite convinced that he is not only a dreamer, but even unsound in the faith.

IF SOME of the Catholics of Europe at the turn of the century found it difficult to understand how the Church could function in a free and democratic society along American lines without imperiling the doctrinal integrity of the Catholic faith, this was not a phenomenon confined to Europe or to that day. The same sort of arguments have been heard frequently of late in this country. Critics of the Church have adduced the teaching of Catholic theologians on the ideal union of Church and State, in the abstract, as detrimental to American institutions, without noting the qualifications which Leo XIII and others have laid down about the concrete order and the position of those who are nationals of a country where the Catholic religion is not held by a majority of the population. These critics further adduce examples from the history of Spain and Italy, where the Catholic Church enjoys a favored position, to show what would happen were Catholics to become a majority in the United States. But they fail to examine the cases of Ireland and Portugal—two predominantly Catholic countries—where there is no union of Church and State; in the case of Portugal, a concordat was signed with the Vatican in May 1940 which demonstrated that the Holy See is quite willing to enter an arrangement other than that of union of Church and State.

Moreover, the tradition established by the American hierarchy on this question in the nineteenth century is still followed by their successors today. In October 1947, Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, in an address to the national convention of the Holy Name Society in his see city of Boston, spoke of recent attacks on Catholic loyalty and said:

Yes, our critics continue, but Church and State. Surely, there, Catholic principles are at variance with those of the American people. Well, first let it be said that Catholics are also among the American people.

Catholics, we have already said, have gained as much from the American system as have their neighbors, and have given to the defense of that system the full share of brain and brawn and blood. Catholics grow weary of efforts to resurrect from the limbo of defunct controversies . . . the alleged danger from the Catholic side of union of Church and State in America.

At this point the Archbishop of Boston quoted the statement of Cardinal Gibbons in 1909 which I cited above and then added, "So spoke in his day Cardinal Gibbons. So do we speak in our day."

And three months later, the chairman of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which is the most authoritative body in the Catholic Church of this country, issued a statement which was quite categorical in character. On January 25, 1948, Archbishop John T. Nicholas stated:

No group in America is seeking union of church and state; and least of all are Catholics. We deny absolutely and without any qualification that the Catholic bishops of the United States are seeking a union of church and state by any endeavors whatsoever, either proximate or remote. If tomorrow Catholics constitute a majority in our country, they would not seek a union of church and state. They would then, as now, uphold the Constitution and all its Amendments, recognizing the moral obligations imposed on all Catholics to observe and defend the Constitution and its Amendments.

In a very thoughtful article which Will Herberg contributed to the November 1952 issue of *Commentary* on "The Sectarian Conflict over Church and State," he referred to the recent discussions of this question in responsible Catholic journals, and then remarked, "There is a new Catholic attitude, and it would be well if the public knew more about it." Yet most of what has been quoted here is very old, though it has not been cited by controversialists as have the pontifical statements which, in abstract and universal terms, call for a union of Church and State. The American hierarchy has always held, and still holds, that separation of Church and State in this country is the practical solution of this age-old problem; and nowhere will the student of American history find that the Holy See has ever rebuked them for their stand.

It is from the ideas and experiences that have been tested by age that a people's traditions evolve. More than a century and a half is sufficient time to test the quality of any tradition. When one considers, therefore, that the position which I have been outlining has been held from 1784, when the future Archbishop Carroll was first found publicizing his acceptance of the American pattern of Church-State relations, to 1948, when the late Archbishop Nicholas made unmistakably clear his whole-hearted avowal of the separation of Church and State in this country—and that no variation from this theme has been heard from an American Catholic bishop—this should constitute an argument entitled to respect.

The Natural Superiority of Women

WE TWO ladies . . . have found out and will maintain that ladies *alone* get on in traveling much better than with gentlemen; they set about things in a quieter manner, and always have their own way; while men are sure to go into passions and make rows, if things are not right immediately. Should ladies have no escort with them, then every one is so civil, and trying of what use they can be; while, when there is a gentleman of the party, no one thinks of interfering, but all take it for granted they are well provided for. The only use of a gentleman in traveling is to look after the luggage, and we take care to have no luggage. The "Unprotected" should never go beyond one portable carpetbag.

—From *Unprotected Females in Norway; or, the Pleasantest Way of Traveling There*, London, 1857.

The Pen Friend

A Story by

Wilmer Hamilton

Drawings by Tom Knoth

IT WAS growing dusk as I sat at my desk, and just as I thought I could not see to write any more Ettie came in with my tea. She laid down the tray on a little table beside me and went over to the window to draw the curtains.

"I'm afraid we must have the light," I said, "but not the curtains. I love to look at that sky."

"Yes, sir!"

She was standing motionless before the window, one hand still on the curtain. This meant that she had something she wanted to say: usually she came in and out of my study as silently as a mouse.

"It seems a long time ago, doesn't it, sir, since that Thursday?"

I knew she was thinking about the pen friend. It did indeed seem a long time since June, and the bleak rain-sodden landscape at which she was gazing had nothing in common with the riotous bloom of my garden in summer. She turned round to face me.

"He's doing very well," she said with pride. "I had a letter this morning."

"Did you?" I was interested.

"Yes, and he's passed the little examination—so that he can begin teaching, that is; and the big one will be next summer. He says he's ever so happy."

"I am very glad to know that," I said with truth.

For a long moment we both thought about him, and then Ettie said, "Thank you, sir!" and ran noiselessly out of the room, switching on the light as she went.



I drank the tea, and ate the buttered toast she had brought me, and as I did so I was seized by a strange impulse: I would put aside the work upon which I was engaged with so much concentration, and write instead the story of the pen friend. I reflected that there were several titles I could give it, and then, suddenly I knew that of course it could have but the one title—The Pen Friend.

In order that the true inwardness of the matter be appreciated, I must confess that I am old. I have lived a great deal in antiquity and in many ways Athens (both old and new) is more familiar to me than London, and the mental processes of the ancients easier (and often more pleasant) to follow than those of most moderns. During the last war I was extraordinarily fortunate in that I happened to possess certain knowledge and certain capacities which proved of use to British Intelligence: I therefore became a troglodyte in my country's service, working with great secrecy

and complete abandonment to the business in hand, in various underground fastnesses. When in 1946 I became demobilized, that is to say when I came up from underground for good and stepped into the pale autumn sunshine, I found my freedom strange and a little heady. I walked, I remember, through St. James's Park and was enchanted with its grace.

It seemed to me that people had *aged* unduly: six years is of course a long time, especially when those years are war-years.

"You're suffering from reaction," said my sister, Laetitia. "It's all that work' underground, and not taking your leaves properly. Besides, you're getting on, you know, and you always were a dear old fossil. Have you realized that you will be sixty-five next birthday?"

I had not realized it.

"What you want," she went on, "is a large rambling cottage in a small village—Sussex, I think—with a good garden. Not too far from the British Museum and the Records Office. You will want a spare room or two for people to come and stay, and, of course, you must have someone living in the house to look after you, and a woman from the village to come in every morning and do 'the rough.' I'll find it all for you!"

And she did find all these things for me, against every probability. First, she found the rambling cottage with the "good" garden. There is room to think in my study, and room to walk in the garden: there is spaciousness and simplicity, and a pleasing untidiness in all. The woman to do "the rough" presented herself, but Laetitia found Ettie.

I read the letter saying Ettie had been "found" with misgiving. Was it possible that a girl like this would settle down in a bachelor establishment such as mine, where young people would seldom come, except perhaps at Christmas-time? Would she take to the austere daily presence in the kitchen: would that presence tolerate her? Could she put up with me? I hoped that Laetitia had told her that I was old, dull, taciturn—fussy perhaps; that I could not bear to be distracted, far less disturbed; and that sometimes I hardly spoke for weeks on end. Did she know that my visitors, for the most part, would be as fossilized as myself (my sister excepted)? Again, I hoped so.

We eyed each other warily at our first inter-

view, Ettie and I; then both decided to trust their all to Laetitia. We did well.

The pen friend was already in existence, but it was quite three months before I came to know about him. One kept finding things out about Ettie; at least Laetitia did, for she is a person in whom it is pleasant to confide.

"Do you know," my sister told me excitedly when she came down soon after Ettie's arrival, "her name is Hetty, not Ettie—short for Henrietta. I only discovered it this morning when she left me a note about the carpenter coming to do those shelves."

"Well, it's too late to tell me now," I retorted gloomily. "Surely, you don't expect me to do anything about it when I have been calling her Ettie for three weeks?"

It was many weeks later that Laetitia said one evening:

"Well, it's a good thing she has this pen friend—so much easier than the usual young man—boy friend, I should say. The endless walking out can be done by post—so economical, too."

"A pen friend?" I queried. "Where did she get him? How does one, I mean?"

Laetitia was prim.

"She saw an advertisement in a church magazine—St. Saviour's, Pimlico. It said he was lonely and a Christian, and would someone write to him: so she did."

"Good Lord! What do they write about?"

"I don't know," admitted Laetitia, "but they write 'regular.'"

"But who is he? And why did you never tell me about him?"

"I did, when I was here for that Point-to-Point, but you weren't listening. Anyway, I know more now. He is twenty-one and an orphan. He never knew his mother and his father was killed in one of those awful air raids on Liverpool. He was born there, and he has a job there now."

"Why does he say he's a Christian? It's like that woman—Mrs. . . . you know—the woman we found wandering round Hadrian's Villa, who insisted on showing you a certificate saying she was sane!" I replied, in mild protest. "You and I don't go about telling people we are Christians."

"Oh, I dare say he had to put that to get the advertisement into a church magazine," said Laetitia comfortably. "How we laughed about that woman! I forget her name too."

THE months passed happily: both the cottage and Ettie were a great success. Together they provided a wholly undeserved refuge in a distraught world. Who could have guessed that this girl, barely twenty-one, would achieve the miracle of contentment? The presence in the kitchen had softened perceptibly, revealing unexpected lore in the arts of housewifery in general and fruit-bottling in particular, a great deal of which she succeeded in imparting to Ettie: my sister did the rest. I was able to invite the most pernicky of fellow-fossils for a meal or a night, or a six-weeks' stay. Laetitia's own visits became longer and more frequent.

The pen friend also prospered.

We came to know a great deal about him. His father, it seemed, had had a small tobacconist's shop in a poor quarter of Liverpool. When this was demolished by a bomb and its owner killed, during the worst raid the city ever had, the son sustained only a leg injury

(as a result of which one leg would always be shorter than the other). He had been sent to an institution of sorts on the Welsh coast to recuperate, where he had suffered great loneliness. In fact, he had always been lonely, according to Ettie, "being an only child, as it were." He must have been fourteen or fifteen at that time, I suppose.

Then, at the darkest moment of his loneliness, he fell in with a young French priest who was snatching a week's holiday from his Church Settlement in the Liverpool Docks. He offered the boy not only friendship but invaluable assistance: in short, at the end of the week, when the priest returned to the Settlement he took the boy with him. The Fathers were kindness itself and an arrangement was made whereby he should work for them, receiving in return his board and lodging and systematic education—he had, of course, been to school up to the time his father had been killed. The education devised

by the good Fathers included night school, so that in due course he was able to obtain a position in a shipping firm in Liverpool. All went well until the summer of 1945 when he must have been eighteen or nineteen, and then tragedy overtook him. The young French priest contracted cerebro-spinal meningitis, on the very eve of the summer holiday that the two had planned to spend walking together, and died within a few days. The boy was naturally beside himself with grief.

By the kind intervention of the Fathers, he received a week's extension of his holiday from the office, and went to London to stay in one of the religious houses known to them. He had never visited the capital and it was evidently thought that a complete change of scene would be a good thing. It did not prove to be so: the boy now found the religious atmosphere stifling; he hated London; his loneliness became intolerable. He wanted only to return to work.



In the common-room of the presbytery—or whatever—where he spent his last evening in London, his hand fell on the magazine of St. Saviour's Church, Pimlico. He turned over the pages idly until he saw a column headed PEN FRIENDS. Lonely people like himself could, it seemed, describe their situation in a few words, and the editor of the magazine (who was also the Vicar of the Church) would insert the lines free of charge in the next number. He snatched up a pen and a scrap of paper and wrote the following:

Lonely man, 21, would like to write to lonely girl. Christian.

He added his name and his Liverpool address, begged an envelope and a stamp, and posted the letter there and then.

This was the advertisement Ettie had seen—quite by chance, in the sitting-room of her then employer who lived in the parish of St. Saviour's, Pimlico. She had answered it with dispatch—and the pen friend was hers!

"How long does it go on?" I asked my sister one day in early spring, when we were inspecting the crocuses in the garden. "What happens next?" The only cloud (no larger than a man's hand!) in my own personal patch of sky was the secret fear that the pen friend might turn into the boy friend with great suddenness, and whisk Ettie off to Liverpool.

Laetitia considered. "I suppose they *meet*," she hazarded. "It does not seem to have occurred to either of them to exchange photographs! I know what you're thinking, but we can't do anything but wait. It would be so much better if she married Percy, but she's so completely wrapped up in the pen friend that it makes her unapproachable, somehow."

Percy is the gardener. He was a "Desert Rat" and has a fine war record. I supposed him to be about thirty—possibly too old for Ettie. I said this to my sister.

"Rubbish!" she retorted.

So the pen friend remained ever with us—part of the family, as it were. I remember, I went into my club in London one day, to be greeted by an old colleague, a Fellow of All Souls.

"How's the pen friend?" he boomed in his penetrating baritone.

When I told Laetitia, she laughed.

"If only she weren't so pretty!"

"Is she pretty?" I asked.

AND so it went on for another year. May came in again, that loveliest of all months in the garden. Ettie brought me my tea one day to the tiny terrace outside the study. Having set it down she lingered: this was so unusual that I knew something portentous was coming.

"May I speak to you, sir—some time?"

"Why not now? How can I help you, Ettie?"

"Oh, sir! He's coming to London next month and wants me to meet him."

It was the first time she had ever spoken to me about the pen friend: hitherto, all the news had been saved up for Laetitia. I felt promoted—from employer to friend.

"That's very exciting," I said lamely.

"You'd go, if you was me?"

"Most certainly."

There was a long pause.

"You see, I'm afraid he'll be *above* me—I shan't be good enough."

"Courage is an obligation—perhaps the only obligation," I quoted

She was relieved. "It's fated, too, isn't it, sir? I mean, we've been writing regular for over three years now, and this is 'it.'"

"This is either the end of something, or the beginning of something," I agreed. "The same thing cannot go on."

She took my meaning.

"Oh, thank you, sir! That's it. Well, it's the first week in June, he's coming, and I could take my 'day'—that'll be the Thursday."

"Will it?" I said absently.

"You see, sir, he's *educated*—you wouldn't know. His letters are lovely, and he knows Latin—having been with the Holy Fathers when he was younger. I wondered. . . ."

I wondered too. I wondered just how much Latin the pen friend knew. I looked at this graceful slip of a girl—the pale intelligent face, the big gray eyes that seemed always to catch the light of the sun—or was it just the reflection of the unusual chestnut tints in her—it must be admitted—unruly hair? Would he know enough to call her his "golden girl"? Almost certainly he would not. And he was probably an appalling prig, anyway.

"Don't worry, Ettie. Run along and write and tell him you'll come on the Thursday."

She went.

Of course, Laetitia was "thrilled"—as they say. She put her forthcoming visit forward



a week in order to assist in preparing suitable raiment for the wonderful occasion.

"Well, what's she been saying to you?" demanded my sister, as I drove her home from the station on arrival.

"Very little. They are to meet under the clock at Victoria Station at ten minutes to eleven in the morning. He will then take her somewhere—he has not said where—in the afternoon, and put her on the 7:21 train back here. Oh, and she's to wear a white rose pinned to her dress, so that he will know her. It's a good thing those white *Banksias* are just coming out."

"Of all the ridiculous things," snorted Laetitia. "Why should *she* wear it? *He* should wear something, so that, if she does not like the look of him she can escape. Why didn't you tell her?"

I had no excuse.

The days passed slowly. A simple gray linen dress took shape under my sister's watchful eye, stitched on her sewing machine: a yellow straw hat arrived out of the blue. So that when "the Thursday" came at last, Ettie attired in these, looked—in Peter Cheyney's phrase—"good enough to eat!"

There was a slight heat haze when she set off for the early train: it promised to be a perfect June day.

Laetitia and I had our evening meal early that night, so that everything might be tidied up before Ettie's return. We felt that it would not be fitting that so great a day should end with washing up. I think we both secretly hoped that she would come into the study and tell us about it. The sun had set in a turquoise and saffron sky of exceptional beauty, and it was almost dark when we heard the bus grind to a standstill outside our gate, and a moment later a step on the flagged path which led to the front door. But the step was not at all like Ettie's: it was slow and faltering.

I went and opened the door for her but she did not come in at once. She stood quite still, her head drooping a little. She looked—stricken. Laetitia followed me out of the study and took a step forward. It was as though her look of gentle inquiry touched off a spring, for Ettie suddenly sprang forward and fled past us and up the stairs, like a frightened animal.

"What *can* it be?" whispered Laetitia anxiously when we were back in the study. "Do you think he can be *married*?"

It seemed hardly likely, though undoubtedly she had had a shock of some kind.

And then a dreadful sound reached us, violating the peace of the night—the sound of heart-broken sobbing. We let it go on for a little, and then my sister disappeared in search of aspirin. Soon after that there was a silence, and Laetitia came back.

"She's wearied out, poor little soul. She's been under a great strain, but I can't imagine what it can have been. She says that everything is all right, but she is so tired, and her feet are blistered with walking. She has gone to bed. Oh, dear! What *can* it be?"

We agreed that we must not question her in the morning, but just wait and hope she would tell us. She did not tell us—then.

The morning brought calm—that strange, clear calm that sometimes follows storm and disaster; thoughts lay strewn on the surface of all our minds like wreckage on the sea. Ettie was composed and aloof. She did her work as usual with an adult preoccupation with detail that was rather painful to watch. They had walked in the park, she said, and

then had been to "Madam Two-swords." Yes, it had been very hot all the time. I could not have believed Laetitia capable of so restrained and sensitive a perception. Nothing was said but confidence remained unimpaired and absolute.

MY SISTER stayed on for a few days and then had to return to London. When the time came, I took her to the station for an early train, and when I got back the house seemed empty and forlorn without her. The June sunshine had given way to cloudy skies and soft incessant rain. One saw the color in the garden as though through a coarse veiling.

When Ettie came to fetch away my tea tray, she lingered.

"It's lonely without Madam," she said. "She is good."

I felt that the huge raindrops falling on the terrace outside might be matched with something of the kind inside the house, if I did not take action.

"Suppose, Ettie," I suggested, "you were to sit down over there for a minute and tell me what happened on Thursday. Just begin at the beginning: what happened when you arrived at Victoria station?"

I do not often order her to do anything: I have no need. Also, it was obvious that her feelings were too poignant and too insistent, to be denied expression much longer. She hardly demurred, and sat down on a corner of an old sea-chest I have, her hands folded in her lap.

"Well, I arrived early—the train did, so I went and tidied up a bit. It was nearly 'ten-to' when I got back to the clock."

"Yes?"

"There was one or two people standing about, but no one as could be him: a man, and two girls—giggling they was, and an old lady who had laid her suitcase down a minute to rest. And then the man came up to me and asked, was I Ettie. It *was* him. He said he'd seen the white rose and wondered if it could be me, and I said it was. And then he said, should we go into the tea room and have a cup of tea, and I said, yes, it would be the best. You know the one, sir, just back of the clock?"

"I know it."

"Well, it wasn't crowded—not at that time." Ettie's voice was quite flat. "So we got into a

corner by ourselves. The tea was nice. We didn't say much, except as how it was going to be a lovely day, and that it was getting hot already. It was too. He was a very big man, and very tall. And then he said, would I like to walk in Hyde Park, and after that we could have a bite of something and go to Madam Two-swords, and had I ever been? And I said, no, I never had.

"So he asked for his check and we went out. We walked from the station up to Hyde Park—Grosvenor Gardens, don't they call it, or is it Grosvenor Place?"

"I am never quite sure, myself," I admitted guiltily.

"Anyhow, we walked up there and into the park. And then we walked all round it twice, Kensington Gardens and all, and never in the shade. Oh, it *was* hot, sir, and I got so tired at last that I said, could we sit down—by the Marble Arch this was, and he said, yes, we could. We sat on chairs where you pay, not on a free seat, though I did explain about it. He didn't say much, and I didn't either. He just looked at me—friendly-like—once or twice, and smiled."

"And then?"

"Oh, and then we went into the Edgware Road and found a Milk Bar—help-yourself, it was—and he got sausages and mash, with a hot raisin-pudding to follow."

"That must have been rather heating?"

"It was and it wasn't—that is, I did not notice it much, I was too hot already for one thing. We didn't stay long, as it wasn't a very nice place."

I believed her.

"After that, we walked to Madam Two-swords, and Oh, *sir*, it is a long way! All in the sun. But nothing to when you get there! 'Ave you been? It's 'arrowing, all of it, and them 'orrs. . . ." She shuddered uncontrollably.

Ettie usually has magnificent control of her aitches (except in the case of her own name—that one got away when young, good luck to it!): only in moments of great emotion recollected in tranquillity, do they escape her. As to Madame Tussaud's abiding memorial, I could sympathize entirely; I could still remember my own fright when I was taken there as a child.

"And inside—the *'eat*—like an oven it was, and with those faces looking at you from every

side. Even *he* got hot then—fair *glistening* with sweat, he was.”

I glanced at her sharply. She was blushing—the deep ugly color slowly spreading over her face and neck. It was a blush of shame—shame at the remembrance of her own reaction to some fear or horror. I had seen such a blush before, on an innocent young face in the war—and hated it. And then the truth suddenly flashed upon me. How could I have been so dim-witted. I wondered. . . .

But Ettie was going on.

“I couldn’t stand no more, sir, so we came out and walked to Baker Street, to a little ‘restront’ in a side alley that he knew, where we could sit down and have a cup of tea. It was cool inside, and you could walk through to the back where there was a table by an open window. The lady was nice too: she knew the Holy Fathers in Liverpool, having done for them at some time, so she was nice. And the window looked on to a yard, and there was a rose tree in a pot there that you could see from the table. She, the lady, said no one would interrupt us as it was a slack time.”

I sighed with relief. Ettie took me up.

“Yes, indeed, sir, I *was* glad. It was then he talked . . . for the first time.”

There was a long pause now: the worst was over.

“**E**TTIE,” I said. “I am right in thinking your pen friend is a colored man, am I not?” It was Ettie’s turn to be relieved—I had guessed. She nodded.

“And not only that, sir. He wasn’t just yellow, or chocolate, he was—he was. . . .”

“He was a Negro, was he not?”

Again she nodded—swallowed, and went on.

“And he wore a very light suit—bright, I mean—a real ‘royal’ it was. Everyone looked.”

“I know.”

“Well, as I was saying, he talked for the first time.” She hurried on. “He said he knew he hadn’t ought to have done it—put in an ad saying he’d like a pen friend, he meant. It was very wrong of him but it was the loneliness that made him. He told me about the French Father who died—how he was a holy angel to him and taught him how to live—those were his words, sir, ‘taught me how to live’—and been his friend. Most people wouldn’t be your friend if you were—well, black—only the ones you didn’t want. You



got quite used to it so that you didn’t mind usually, but if anything went wrong, like the French Father dying, it was rather bad. It would be if you come to think of it, sir, wouldn’t it?”

“It would indeed,” I agreed gravely.

“So he thought if he could find a pen friend, it wouldn’t matter his being different—they need never know, and he could be himself, like he’d been with the French Father. So he got me, through the advertisement. He said it had made all the difference—writing regular to someone. He said a man needed someone to put first in his thought. Those were his very words again, sir, ‘someone to put first in your thought.’”

She twined her fingers together in her lap and then looked up at me, the tears not very far away.

“I’ve thought afterward: it was a beautiful way of saying it, wasn’t it, sir?”

Again, I could only agree with her.

“Then he told me he’d been studying all

these years, night school and the like, and with the Fathers once a week, all along of an idea the French Father had had, of how he might go to a college in America, just for—Negroes.”

“Not Tuskegee?” I queried. It was a shot in the dark.

“Why, yes, sir, that’s it—that was the name. Fancy your knowing it!”

“It is famous, but there are many others.”

“Well, the French Father had thought he could be a teacher there, among his own people. There are a lot of them in America—nearly fifteen million. But there’s injustice and loneliness, even then. It’s not nearly as bad as it used to be once, but there’s still a lot of work got to be done. As they are his people, it seemed right that he should be the person to do it. He got quite excited telling me, sir. He said people did not know how grand the work was, nor how it was getting on.

“Then two months ago it was all settled, and he’s going. The Fathers arranged it in memory of the French Father who died. Isn’t it lovely? He can go there, and finish learning himself, and then perhaps he can go to being a professor one day, at the college. He talked like he writes, sir. You go on listening.”

I nodded.

“Then he said that for a long time now he’d felt he wasn’t acting straight with me. He said I wouldn’t have written as I did if I’d known, would I? I looked him straight in the face then and told him the truth—I couldn’t lie to him, could I, sir? I said, no, I wouldn’t have. And he smiled, kind of to himself.

“So he’d asked me to meet him, though he knew what it meant, just so that he could remember what I looked like when he went to America, and didn’t know anyone. He gave me his pledge that he would never try and see me again, and of course, he wouldn’t expect me to be his pen friend any more. He asked me to forgive him.”

“And what did you say, Ettie?”

“I said . . .” She was defiant now. “I said that as far as I could see there was nothing to forgive, and that as to being his pen friend, I was that, wasn’t I, and I couldn’t see why we shouldn’t write any more—only I thought just sometimes, not regular. And he said that was

nice of me. That was all he *said*, sir, but I shall always remember the friendly way he smiled.

“Then he went on to tell me about the Negroes in America. He said there was a time about eighty years ago, when most Negroes could hardly read or write, and today very few couldn’t. Oh it was queer, sir, so queer listening to him! I kept pinching myself to make sure it was really me. You’d never have dreamed it, would you? And then he told me all about a great Negro who worked at the college he’s going to—I have the name here on a bit of paper where he wrote it for me—George Washington Carver, he was. There’s a book about him—he knew all about plants. He wanted me to read it.”

“I have read it, and it is a very remarkable book. Would you like me to get it for you, Ettie?”

“Oh, could you, sir? And then when I write I could mention things in it.”

Our attention became momentarily distracted by a sound outside in the garden. Percy was shutting up the greenhouse, where he had been working most of the day, out of the rain.

“There’s no harm in having a pen friend, is there, sir? Not if you don’t write regular, only sometimes? It’s *different* to other things—separate, I mean. You’ve no call to give up your pen friend, have you, sir?”

Would Percy understand, I wondered. He had seen a good deal of carnage and not a little suffering. I thought Ettie’s plea for her pen friend would melt the stoniest heart. I felt I might be quoted, so I considered my reply carefully. Memories came and went: cynicisms presented themselves, only to be discarded. I searched all literature, it seemed, for a precedent, and found none.

“No!” I said at last.

“And I did all right, do you think, sir? I tried very hard not to let him see. . . .”

This one was easier.

“You behaved like a great lady, Ettie.”

She was much pleased: “Oh, no, sir!”

“And now I think you should go and give Percy his tea.”

A brief, “Thank you, sir!” and she was gone.

How Cincinnati chased out its grafters, cut taxes, made itself the best governed city in America—and how it made its reforms stick for twenty-eight years.

Cincinnati: The City That Licked Corruption

William H. Hessler

AS IN most American cities, the voters of Cincinnati will elect their municipal officials on November 3. They will choose nine councilmen, and nothing else. No mayor, no treasurer, no safety director, no dog-catcher. Just nine councilmen. But those nine are virtually certain to represent faithfully the preferences and prejudices of the people of Cincinnati. And that is a claim few if any other large cities in America can make.

At this writing, nobody knows which of the two parties will win. But it is a sure bet that one party will get five council seats and the other, four—insuring both a working majority and a strong, vigorous minority. It's safe prophecy also that Cincinnati will have honest, efficient city government, regardless of which party wins. It is even safe to predict that taxes will remain low, that nobody will get (or lose) a city job because of his politics, and that a nonpartisan city manager will continue to run the administrative services of the municipality without political interference from any quarter.

There are not many other sizable cities in which such forecasts could be made with confidence. There probably is *no* other city over 250,000 population in which reform has become a settled fact—something its people take for granted. This has happened in Cincinnati chiefly because it votes by proportional representation in city elections, as

it has done for twenty-eight years with amazingly good results.

This election system has found little favor elsewhere in the United States; and Cincinnatians do not urge it on their sister cities with missionary zeal. But they keep it for themselves, because it has served them well. It has been the primary factor in converting one of the most corrupt and misgoverned of American cities into the best-governed large city in the nation—in the considered view of most municipal experts. The answer—not the whole answer, but the chief part—is proportional representation. For it is the gimmick that has enabled a volunteer citizens' movement to stay the course and so to make good government an enduring reality. PR is the little gadget that keeps a reform wave waving after twenty-eight years.

Of the 2,300 cities in the United States over 5,000 population, only 23—just 1 per cent—have ever used PR at all. Three were forced by decisions of courts or legislatures to give it up. Twelve have voted to abandon it. Only eight still use it.

Cincinnati, with 500,000 people, is by far the largest of these. Worcester and Cambridge, both in Massachusetts, are the only other PR cities over the 100,000 mark. Of the cities that once had the system and abandoned it, the largest are New York (8 million), Cleveland (1 million), and Toledo (300,000). It's fair to say, therefore, that PR is a rather

exotic mutation in the American tradition of municipal politics. But that doesn't bother the good burghers of Cincinnati in the slightest. For them, it works.

II

PROPORTIONAL representation is not the sort of thing one can bring alive in a few well-chosen words. It is complicated. It's something like trying to describe the workings of a vacuum tube to a person who doesn't know any physics. But it can be summed up as an election system which gives a political party, or any sizable group of voters, representation in a legislative body (city council) in proportion to the votes it casts. The ballot is a nonpartisan, rotating list of candidates, for whom the voter indicates his first choice with the numeral 1, his second choice with a 2, and so on for as many choices as he wants to mark.

The voter's ballot counts for his number one choice, in the first tabulation of votes. As soon as the total number of valid votes is known, a quota for election is established by a mathematical formula—dividing the total number of votes by the number of places to be filled, plus one. Any candidate having a quota of votes is elected by the first-choice count. If he has more than a quota (few do, in practice), his surplus is distributed to the number two choice candidates marked on those surplus ballots. The low candidates then are eliminated in order from the bottom of the list, and their ballots are distributed among the second choices marked by the voters. When a second choice is for a candidate already elected or eliminated, that ballot goes to the third choice, and so on. The elimination of low candidates proceeds until there are just enough left in the race to fill the seats—nine, in Cincinnati.

This means the voter stays in the count until his ballot is used to help elect a candidate of his choice. So virtually all voters *are represented* in the council. Under the familiar plurality system, usually one-third to one-half of the voters can find no one in the council for whom they voted.

The mathematics of PR is intricate, but the logic is simple. It produces a council that mirrors the sentiments of the electorate. PR is much criticized on the

ground that "the voters can't understand it." But in Cincinnati they'll tell you it doesn't matter. The same argument might just as well be made against your TV set or your valve-in-head engine. The voter doesn't need to understand the internal mechanics; like any tool, it should be judged by its results.

In Cincinnati, the results have been good for a whole generation. The evidence lies in a twenty-eight-year period of remarkably good government—a low fire-insurance rate, a creditable crime rate, a high degree of honesty and efficiency in the civil service, and a tax rate so low that it puts most other cities to shame.

Tax rates are the final yardstick of municipal performance. Adjusted for fair comparison, the property tax rates of ten representative cities for 1950 were as follows:

	Adjusted Tax Rate on 100% Basis of Assessment
New York.....	\$30.80
Los Angeles, Calif.....	30.92
Baltimore, Md.....	26.80
Cleveland, Ohio.....	24.78
St. Louis, Mo.....	28.50
Boston, Mass.....	62.80
Buffalo, N. Y.....	41.43
Jersey City, N. J.....	43.96
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	11.75

(Data from Detroit Bureau of Governmental Research)

Those figures tell an important part of the Cincinnati story — the more so because Cincinnati is *not* one of the numerous cities in Ohio that have turned in desperation to the payroll tax to supplement property tax revenues.

It was in 1924 that the angered Cincinnati voters, weary of corruption and extravagance, adopted a new city charter by a vote of more than two to one. That new charter provided for a city manager at the then fabulous salary of \$25,000 a year *free of federal income tax*. (Many a corporation executive today would be glad to trade his \$100,000 income for the after-taxes, pre-inflation, take-home buying power of that city manager's salary in the mid-twenties.) The charter provided for a new merit system in the civil services. And it provided for a small council of nine members,

elected at large by the Hare system of proportional representation. Following the first PR election in 1925, the transformation of Cincinnati was sensational.

The most startling fact for political scientists across the country, however, was not the swiftness and completeness of the city's reversal of form. Many a city had enjoyed a flashy reform movement for two years or possibly four. What astounds the experts, a little more each year, is the *persistence* of reform in the Queen City on the Ohio. Lincoln Steffens, the great biographer of municipal corruption, developed the rule that good city government, by its nature, makes enemies of all who want mercy and not merely justice, who want favors and not just fair treatment, from City Hall. Consequently, Steffens asserted, every reform movement carries the seeds of its own downfall.

Mostly, the record has proved Steffens to be right. Defying his ironclad rule, however, Cincinnati continues happily on its way. Nobody there will predict that reform is going to last forever. But twenty-eight years is a long time, as reform movements go. And there is no present sign that Cincinnati is approaching a breakdown in its solid achievements. It has set a new pattern for larger American cities in its permanent wave of reform.

Now Cincinnatians are not much different from other urban Americans. In character, habits, energy, and ways of thinking, they are quite like all the rest. Yet they have been much more successful than most others in making good local government last. We must look for the answer, therefore, in the *system* they established in 1925, in the *institutions* they developed to safeguard the gains of their initial reform.

III

OHIO's second largest city had some slight advantage in having a homogeneous population, a diversified industry, and a favorable location for steady but not sensational economic growth. It was not a "boom town," and had not been since the middle decades of the last century. But plenty of other cities could show similar advantages. Observant Cincinnatians point to four other basic elements to account for the persistence of their city's reform.

One is a small council elected at large. With only nine members, and usually only five in the governing majority, the men responsible for city government are few enough so that they can be watched. The small council makes for personal responsibility. Also, in the nineteen-twenties a salary of \$5,000 exempt from federal income tax was a tidy income; it attracted men of ability and integrity. It was enough to enable them to devote ample time to the public business. (The salary is still \$5,000, in depreciated currency, and no longer tax-exempt. And it does not attract as many men of the highest caliber. Cincinnatians may correct this, for they vote November 3 on a charter amendment to raise councilmen's salaries to \$8,000.)

The second factor is the manager plan. The mayor is merely one of the councilmen, chosen by his colleagues. His duties, other than presiding over council meetings, are limited to a few appointments—mostly non-paying jobs on the City Planning Commission and the University of Cincinnati board of directors—and some ceremonial functions.

In practice, the role of the mayor has varied. Murray Seasongood, the first reform mayor under the 1925 charter, was a strong leader in the formative stage of the new regime. The second and third mayors, Charterite Russell Wilson and Republican James G. Stewart, were eloquent and ornamental—gifted men who relished the ceremonial duties of first citizen in "the nation's best-governed city." The next mayor, Albert D. Cash, a Democrat and a Charterite, was a throw-back to the days of fighting reform, a working mayor with a deep sense of social purpose. The incumbent mayor, Carl Rich, again a Republican, is a skillful and amiable politician but hardly a strong leader in municipal affairs.

All administration, however, is in the hands of a city manager, who is supposed to be a non-partisan figure and so far has been. Cincinnati has had only three managers in these twenty-eight years—C. O. Sherrill, Clarence A. Dykstra, and Wilbur R. Kellogg, respectively an Army officer, a political scientist, and a civil engineer from the railroad industry. Although wholly different in temperament and background, they all have been able men and all have been indifferent to the blandishments of party politicians.

The tradition of a manager outside the party set-up is now firmly established. This probably is why Cincinnati is now the largest city in the country with a manager. Cleveland, with twice the population, started out bravely with a city manager and PR voting in 1921. Ten years later, the people threw out the manager system, and PR with it. Mostly, this was done because the manager had been drawn into the party system. If he is not independent of politics, a city manager is no help at all. Indeed, given party domination, the manager plan is the ideal tool through which a corrupt political machine can operate a patronage system.

A SMALL council and a city manager, however, would never insure lasting good government, if reform stopped there. Another important factor in Cincinnati—in some ways the most important—is a continuing citizens' movement dedicated to good government irrespective of party.

In Cincinnati, this is called the City Charter Committee—because it was created originally to get a new city charter adopted. It includes Democrats and independent Republicans. Its main accomplishment was to make it possible for the Democrats, a minority party, to join with those Republicans opposed to bossism and patronage and thus to form a new party, *for municipal purposes only*, of about the same strength as the regular Republican machine.

In other words the vital role of the City Charter Committee has been to establish and maintain a two-party system in a city which previously had one-party government. That makes it sound simple, but of course it isn't. If it were easy, a great many cities would have done it.

Until the charter reformation, Cincinnati customarily voted about 60 per cent Republican and 40 per cent Democratic. In practice, with a large council elected by wards, this meant perhaps thirty-one Republicans and one Democrat or one Independent Republican, year after year. That was the pattern produced by the majority system of elections—sometimes known, and quite correctly, as the winner-take-all system. It was one-party government with a vengeance.

Since 1925, however, the popular vote has tended to be closer and closer. In the last

three elections, the first-choice vote was as follows:

	Charter	Republican	Independent
1947	48%	48%	4%
1949	51%	47%	2%
1951	47%	52%	0.5%

Just as economic competition protects the consumer, so political competition is the best protection for the taxpayer, because competition between two parties obliges both of them to bid earnestly for the voters' support. Politics is highly competitive in Cincinnati because the Charter group—fusing Democrats and independent Republicans into an effective local party—has evened the balance of the major parties (in city elections only).

THE City Charter Committee has no close counterpart in any other large American city. It is a volunteer organization, pitted against one of the toughest and strongest county Republican machines in the United States. It has no patronage to dispense, no preferment to offer anybody. It has a small permanent staff which maintains files, collects data, helps direct campaigns. The head of this staff is an astute, patient, hard-driving executive secretary for whom good government is a ruling passion.

But the heart of the organization is in the volunteer workers, especially the women, who do the bulk of ward and precinct work. (The men, as an occasional male Cincinnati will admit in a candid moment, merely man the polling places on election day every second year, and claim the glory when the Charter wins.)

The organization is supported entirely by the voluntary contributions of private citizens, Republicans and Democrats alike. It operates on a shoestring, with a budget of about \$25,000 a year. But its money goes a long way—far enough to win elections half the time against a patronage organization that spends three times as much money—money collected in great part from employees of the Hamilton County Court House (currently 2½ per cent of their salaries).

Scores of American cities have "citizens' movements." Most of them are small elite groups of earnest folk who never reach the grass roots—true eggheads at the municipal

level. But in Cincinnati, the Charterites are a major force in the political life of the community, year after year. The Charter Committee puts up its own slate of candidates, campaigns for them, and then rides herd on councilmen after they are elected. It has its own committees of private citizens studying many problems—waste collection, sewage disposal, traffic control, water rates, gas and electric rates, master plan improvements, and so on. From the Charter Committee comes a stream of carefully prepared reports, many of which find their way into law because they are manifestly sound.

This is the biggest single difference between reform in Cincinnati and reform in other sizable cities—the day-to-day enterprise of an effective citizens' movement. It was made possible when the Democratic organization, unsuccessful in prior competition with the entrenched Republican machine, decided to go along with the Charterites. William J. Leonard, leader of the Democratic organization throughout this period, has given the Charter group consistent support, demanding no patronage in return—because there isn't any at City Hall. This co-operation from the minority party has been an essential ingredient in the continuing success of Cincinnati's "permanent reform." It has been doubly necessary because two of the three daily newspapers have been increasingly hostile to the reform movement, even after many years of remarkable achievement.

IV

YET all of this does not quite explain the phenomenon of twenty-eight years of uniformly good government, as the shrewder back-stage figures in the Cincinnati political drama will admit when cornered. Small council, manager, and a citizens' movement would not be enough, without PR—at least in Cincinnati. Despite the relentless criticism thrust at it by party politicians, PR does several things essential to lasting reform.

It insures 5-4 councils most of the time, and would always insure minority representation in any event. In the early days of big Charter majorities, there were some 6-3 councils—six Charterites, mostly independent Republicans, and three machine Republicans. And during the depression years, when neither major party

met the strident demands of a disillusioned and embittered faction, three successive councils were divided 4-4-1, with an independent holding the balance of power. But the normal pattern is a close balance of Charter and Republican strength, with council divided 5 to 4, one way or the other. That means a vigorous minority to stand guard, and a working majority to take action.

INCIDENTALLY, PR will do the same for any city. While it had PR, New York had a council precisely proportionate to the vote cast by Democrats, Republicans, Fusionists, and other groups. Once PR was abandoned in 1949, the council reverted to type, with Democrats holding 24 of the 25 seats, although they polled only 52.6 per cent of the vote. The Republicans then got only one seat, although they polled 21.6 per cent of the vote. With the end of PR, the hope for an effective citizens' movement ended also, for *where a strong patronage machine dominates a city, you either use PR or you have one-party government, which usually means corruption and certainly means inefficiency.* At least that is the rule-of-thumb indicated by Cincinnati's experience, set alongside the experience of boss-controlled cities without PR.

Besides insuring a strong minority, to serve as watchdog, PR insures continuity of personnel in a city council. Under ordinary plurality voting, whenever the vote swings from 52 per cent Republican to 52 per cent Democratic, all or nearly all the members of the council are replaced. In Cincinnati, such a swing in party strength may bring two or three new faces into the council, but usually only one or two.

Actually, the strong minority assured by PR does more than just prevent abuse of power—a somewhat negative task. With four votes out of nine, the Charterites raised enough Cain in 1944 to force the Republican majority to adopt a Master Plan program and hire an expert staff to spell it out. And in 1947 the same minority forced the adoption of an anti-smoke ordinance which has changed the whole face of the city by lifting off its blanket of smog. These important measures, although adopted by majorities, were in fact the work of an articulate, determined minority.

As it works in Cincinnati, PR also insures a good balance of spokesmen for various economic, religious, and racial

groups. Each of the two party tickets customarily includes a realistic assortment—several Catholics, several Protestants, a Jew, a Negro, one or perhaps two men from organized labor—and usually a woman. On the Charter side, there usually are several Democrats, several persons who are Republicans in national politics, and one or two who defy classification—who are active in the community but have mixed records in party politics.

Three times the people of Cincinnati have been asked to abandon PR. As in other cities trying it, PR has plenty of detractors, because machine politicians don't like it. It is bad for their business. But all three times the people of Cincinnati have voted to retain it. They have done so because they understand that PR is the catalytic agent that makes possible the coalition of like-minded people who want good government instead of spoils politics. They know PR is their most essential weapon against a patronage machine solidly dug in at the county court house and ever ready to spill over into City Hall.

It should not be supposed that Cincinnati

lives in conditions of idyllic bliss. It suffers horribly from suburbanitis—from the outward movement of responsible, educated taxpayers and thriving industries to a ring of satellite villages beyond the corporate limits. This leaves a shrinking tax base to support ever more costly central services for the whole metropolitan area. But the central city's greatest loss is not tax revenue but leadership—the well-intentioned, conscientious people who normally would take the lead in staffing a citizens' volunteer movement.

This progressive strangulation of the central city—Cincinnati and scores of central cities like it—grows steadily more acute, for a rural-dominated legislature is hostile to the large cities, making new annexations virtually impossible. These problems, however, are beyond the city's control. Before they can be solved satisfactorily, the tide of reform will have to reach the county and state level.

Meantime, Cincinnati holds the ramparts of "permanent reform," the largest city in the United States to make good municipal government endure for a generation.

Washington RIF

Ruth Adams

WASHINGTON has gone mad over a game called "RIF," which appears to be a cross between musical chairs and blind man's buff. Congress dreamed up the ground rules, the Civil Service Commission tacked on the refinements, and the taxpayers got stuck with the bills.

The point of this game is very simple. You cut government spending by laying off government employees. Since Eisenhower inherited more than two and a half million of these, nobody in his right mind would object to some judicious pruning. But in the government you don't lay off surplus employees, you rif them.

(This word, little known outside Washington, derives from the official government phrase "reduction in force." It can be used as either a noun or an adjective, in which case

it is usually spelled RIF. The verb "to rif," however, must never be capitalized.)

No matter which party runs the show, everything in government seems to be done the hard way. If a bottle manufacturer finds that business is dropping off, he usually checks with his foremen and hands out pink slips to the least competent employees. But when money gets tight in Washington, employees have to be "separated from the service under the Retention-Preference Regulations of the Civil Service Commission based on Section 12 of the Veterans' Preference Act."

This, of course, is a lot more complicated than the pink-slip method. The original idea, when the RIF was born on Capitol Hill, was to protect efficient career employees and armed-forces veterans. But today, the whole business has turned into such a bureaucratic

nightmare it protects very few of either and costs a fortune to administer. "Government is often forced," says a report published last summer by the Senate Subcommittee on Manpower Policies, "to separate its more experienced and efficient employees while retaining workers of lesser seniority and skill. Employee efficiency is of virtually no weight in selecting employees to be retained on the job. In addition, supervisors have no discretion as to who will remain and who will go when layoffs occur."

Unfortunately, none of the new Republican team was in Washington when this report came out—they were all in Chicago nominating President Eisenhower. And by the time they got settled in the capital there were so many other problems that nobody spotted this particular governmental booby trap. As a result, Washington is currently going through the biggest RIF in history. Economy is the watchword, and RIF notices are falling like hail in every federal department.

What, actually, *are* the RIF ground rules? The primary one, as any Washingtonian can tell you, is that each player learns at least the elementary principles of governmental bumping. The word "bump" punctuates every capital conversation these days, but when a civil servant uses the term he isn't referring to what happened in yesterday's traffic jam. And he certainly isn't talking about burlesque. What he has in mind is the governmental variety—the chain reaction which begins every time a RIF gets under way.

When a federal employee with civil service status gets a RIF notice, it means his job has been abolished. It doesn't mean, however, that he is out of a job. The notice simply advises him to look around for another job, held down by someone with lower status than his own. When, with the help of harried personnel officers, he finds such a person in a job which he himself could conceivably fill, he "bumps" the unfortunate incumbent. The incumbent then looks around for someone with lower status than his, and the game continues. Eventually, just as in musical chairs, all the jobs change hands and everyone sits down again. Except, of course, the guy who is low man on the civil service totem pole. He gets his chair moved out from under him, but by the time this happens it is probably a great relief.

The blind man's buff aspect of the whole business is that nobody can determine in advance who will be out of a job once a RIF gets started. There are definite limits to bumping, of course, and an engineer can't displace an accountant. But it is not at all unusual for six or eight people to be bumped as the result of one RIF notice. This means that six or eight square pegs are carefully placed in round holes, because even at best it takes weeks to retrain everybody in new jobs. And because the boss of a section has no control over who goes and who remains, all his key people may easily be transferred to another office—where the chances are that nobody wants them.

THE bumping business is divided into two categories. When a civil servant finds a suitable job in his original salary bracket, they call it "horizontal bumping." But if a displaced employee can't find a job at his former salary, in the hands of someone whose civil service status is inferior, he may have to take a cut in pay. In official government language, he "exercises his retreat rights." Unofficially, however, this is called "vertical bumping," which simply means that the bumper bumps the bumpee out of a lower-paying job. Washington today abounds with stories of \$9,000-a-year men who have, in a series of bumps, dropped to jobs paying \$3,000 a year. It takes thirty years to go up the federal ladder, but the road south can be traveled in a couple of weeks.

It doesn't take much imagination to figure out what a full-scale, 1953-type RIF can do to the efficiency of a government department. Drop into any federal personnel office, if you can fight your way through the crowd. Everyone who has a RIF notice is shopping around for another job. The people who haven't got into the game yet are there to find out whether they stand high enough on the civil service register to sit this one out in peace. The guy who bumped into a new job last week is back to report that he's just been bumped out again, and the lady who had to stretch her retreat rights too far is back in a huff with a letter from her Congressman.

Like just about everything else in the federal government, a RIF costs money. Exactly how *much* money remains something of a mystery, but last summer's Senate report esti-

mates that the taxpayers are out roughly \$1,300 every time one government employee gets riffed. And this figure doesn't include vacation pay or anything except direct administrative costs.

Let's take the case of an agency which had to send RIF notices to 164 people to adjust to budget cuts. It took more than four months before the bumpings were over, and during this period 399 employees resigned of their own free will, transferred to other agencies, or retired. The result was that only 25 of the 164 originally slated to go were actually riffed. But it took 13,000 man-hours costing \$33,500 to select the surplus employees, to confer with them individually, and to compose, dictate, type, and file the 1,553 pieces of paper which were involved. (The number of carbon copies must have been astronomical!) This snowy pile included the original RIF notices, extensions, cancellations because of voluntary resignations, reassignments forced by employees with bumping rights, and heaven knows what else.

If you divide the 25 people actually riffed into the \$33,500 in direct administrative costs, the tariff per person comes to roughly \$1,300. The same agency figured that, in addition to these direct costs, roughly \$125,000 was spent in retraining people into new jobs and in lost production and lowered morale.

In another agency, the 183 employees who originally received RIF notices started a chain reaction which caused 383 people to "exercise their bumping rights." When everything finally calmed down after three months of confusion, only 30 of the original 183 re-

cipients of RIF notices had to be "separated." Voluntary resignations took care of the rest of the budget cut. Here, again, the direct cost of these 30 employees was \$1,300 each—a total of 15,335 man-hours and \$39,047.

At current RIF rates, it's downright shattering even to speculate on the potential cost of a four-year Republican economy wave. The Democrats, who were not exactly noted for thrift, managed to rif more than 200,000 of the wrong people during the past four years. But in spite of everything that's been said so far, the main thing wrong with the RIF system isn't that it's inefficient, or that it breeds utter chaos, or even that it costs too much. The main point—and the final absurdity—is that the whole system is superfluous.

Normal government turnover runs around 27 per cent every year, which would indicate that if we cut down at the hiring end of things we could trim the payroll without playing musical chairs. During the past four years, while our left hand paid out a quarter of a billion dollars to rif 200,000 people, our right hand hired 2.5 million to replace the 2.1 million who went to work elsewhere.

Or, if you'd rather have it without statistics, there's the story about a Democratic-type RIF which got started a few years ago in the art department of a defense agency. The bumpings went on, and on, and on, and on. When the smoke finally cleared away, three months later, there was only one competent poster artist left on the premises.

His first assignment, of course, was a recruitment poster.

Advice for 1953

ANGULARITY of form is invariably ugly, and is best remedied by very careful dieting. Fattening foods of all kinds should be eaten. Farinaceous foods, rice and tapioca, taken in the form of milk puddings, are excellent. Potatoes, butter, and beans should be eaten freely, and an excellent food substance that will be appreciated for both its food value and its flavor is chocolate. Sweets and pastry of every kind are useful in encouraging the development of adipose tissue. A glass of hot milk taken the last thing at night has a fattening effect. If a little piece of suet or butter is placed in the hot milk and a lump of sugar added, the nutritive value of the drink will be increased. Cream also forms a delicious food with fattening properties, and is much pleasanter to take than cod liver oil.

—From *The Lady's Realm*, February 1906.

Evolution Up to Date

Ruth Moore

AT INTERVALS in the history of science understanding takes a long leap forward, and so it is at the present moment in that most basic of sciences, the evolution of man. There was a similar moment in the middle of the past century, when Charles Darwin convinced most of the world that living forms are not fixed but changing. There was another such moment in the opening year of this century, when the laws that govern physical inheritance from parent to child were discovered—or, it should be said, were rediscovered. The Mendelian laws laid the basis for the modern science of heredity and brought about a major revision in the theory of evolution. Former ideas about evolution had to be reshaped and reinterpreted.

And now in the middle of this century new findings are again upsetting old theories and opening the way for another surge forward. Theodosius Dobzhansky, professor of zoology at Columbia University and the author of *Genetics and the Origin of Species*, calls the past decade "the most fruitful in the history of evolutionary thought since the appearance of Darwin's classic in 1859." It still is too early for a final verdict on the new discoveries, but even now it is clear that the traditional and current theory of how and when man evolved must be changed. Some long held and highly respected beliefs will have to be revised, for much of what has been said on two crucial points in the theory of evolution now appears to have been incorrect.

The present turning point has come about through an unplanned and unexpected con-

vergence of three distinct threads in the sciences of evolution:

(1) Definitive studies of the extraordinary ape-man and other early human fossils that left little doubt the major gaps in the history of man had at last been filled;

(2) Wartime research and the precise methods of atomic physics and chemistry that made it possible for the first time to fix firm dates for some of the most significant but hitherto undatable stages in man's past;

(3) Theoretical research that threw new light on how man might have evolved and at what rate.

II

THE gaps in the evolutionary record have always been many and embarrassing. Darwin had no sooner published *The Origin of Species*, with its implication that man is descended from earlier and more simple creatures, than his outraged critics demanded proof. If beings in between man and his nearest relatives, the anthropoids, had ever lived, where were the bones? Where were the missing links? Darwin could reply only that the likeliest places had not been searched. But the truth was that human evolution was a deduction. It was a deduction based on strong evidence, but it had to remain in the category of hypothesis until the actual bones were found.

One day in 1925, however, there was a report from South Africa that a physician named Dr. Raymond Dart had found "an intermediate form," a being less human than

Ruth Moore, who contributes this summary of recent developments in anthropology and genetics, is a Chicago newspaperwoman. She will tell the story in greater detail in her book, Man, Time, and Fossils, to be published soon.

man and more human than the apes. If Dr. Dart, professor of anatomy at Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, had claimed the completion of a trip to the moon, the skepticism which greeted his claim could not have been more profound. Anthropologists received his report of finding the skull of a six-year-old "ape-man" with disbelief and derision. The little creature was dubbed "Dart's baby."

But one scientist went to Johannesburg to see for himself. This was Dr. Robert Broom, a remarkable Scottish physician who had gone out to South Africa some years before, searching for mammalian fossils, and had found a link between the mammals and reptiles. Dr. Broom studied the little skull that had been blasted out in a quarry at Taungs and was convinced. The teeth of the Taungs child-ape were too human to have belonged to an ape. When the two physicians later removed the upper jaw from the lower, this human quality became even more evident. The teeth had the four well developed cusps of a young human's milk molars. A chimpanzee, on the other hand, would have had only one large and one small cusp. There were other elements of humanness in the skull, although it was on the whole ape-like. Broom felt certain it was the long-sought missing link.

Yet he knew that the world would not be convinced until an adult form was found. He longed to take up the search himself, and only the financial necessity of continuing his medical practice halted him. Finally Field Marshal Jan C. Smuts, prime minister of the Union of South Africa, solved his dilemma by offering him the post of curator of vertebrate paleontology at the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria.

At the age of sixty-eight, Dr. Broom took up his quest. He made no secret of what he hoped to do, and two students who read of his search promptly came to tell him about some interesting baboon skulls that they had found in a quarry near Sterkfontein, about thirty miles from Johannesburg, in the heart of the South African gold country. For years while the search for gold went on, the miners also had been finding fossils. With a fine display of civic consciousness, they had even advertised: "Come to Sterkfontein and find the missing link."

When the doctor and his student guides arrived—although not in response to the forehanded invitation—they went directly to the quarry, where the superintendent was in the habit of selling any "nice bones" that were blasted out. He readily agreed to keep a watch for anything resembling the Taungs skull. A few days later, when the doctor went back to see how he was getting along, the superintendent handed him two-thirds of a brain cast—stone bearing the impress of the skull that had lain against it. Even at first glance Dr. Broom saw that this was probably a cast of his ape-man. He dug feverishly into the pile of debris where it had been blasted out, and before nightfall he had another piece of the cast. The next morning he was back early. Digging, sifting, scraping through piles of stone, Dr. Broom found the complete base of the skull, both of the upper jaws, and some fragments of the brain case. And the pieces fitted together.

DURING the next few years many other finds were made. Four of the "most beautiful fossil teeth ever found" were discovered in the pockets of a fifteen-year-old schoolboy named Gert Terblanche. Gert led Dr. Broom to the place where he had dug them out of a hillside, and there he recovered the pieces of another ape-man skull. Other skulls and bones were unearthed in neighboring caves and quarries.

By the time the war halted exploration, Broom had an amazing collection of material. Nearly thirty individuals were represented in it. For anthropologists accustomed to working with a few bits and pieces this was almost unimaginable wealth. When Broom's first scientific study of his material was published in 1946, it startled the anthropological world. In face of the mass of material, photographs, and careful measurements, it was difficult not to concede that Broom had found a part-ape, part-human group which stood somewhere in between the anthropoids and man.

But the verdict was withheld a little longer. In 1949 W. E. LeGros Clark, professor of anatomy at Oxford University, completed his full and impartial appraisal of the South African *Australopithecinae*, as the ape-men were called. Clark not only made a close study of the South African fossils, he compared them point by point with the skeletal

and skull measurements of more than ninety apes. The ape-men had no greater brain capacity than the apes and were highly simian in many characteristics, but in other ways they differed markedly. The most significant difference of all was in their upright posture. They were bipeds. This was clear from the pelvis, limb bones, and many other details.

Clark upheld Broom. The ape-men were in-between creatures. They were not anthropoids, but neither were they yet men. "I have the impression," said Clark, "that some critics are reluctant to accept the evidence at its face value just because it is so abundant and consistent, and because it seems in fact 'almost too good to be true.' It will be some time before the full significance of these astonishingly primitive hominids is recognized."

With this high scientific confirmation of the South African claims, most anthropologists were willing to concede that the biggest gaps in man's record had been filled. Other remarkable fossil finds of early man in Java and China also had revealed the state of man at some of the other major and previously unknown stages of his long climb toward civilization. Human evolution was no longer an unsupported hypothesis.

III

WHILE the actual bones of the earliest men and their predecessors had been missing, scientists had deduced what these ancestors might have been like by studying recent fossil remains and modern man. In this way a picture had been drawn of the "missing link" and of primitive man as hulking creatures who shuffled along with bent knees and head thrust forward. The assumption was that the first humans had arisen from anthropoids who had developed better brains and therefore had been able to come down out of the trees and take up a new kind of life. The actual bones, when they were found, suggested a different order of events. The ape-men had brains no greater than the apes—the top range for both was about 650 cubic centimeters—but they walked like men and had essentially human bodies.

Some evidence had pointed in this direction long before the South African discoveries, but few had been willing to believe it. Soon after Eugene Dubois found his famous skull

of *Pithecanthropus* on the banks of the Solo River in Java, he discovered a very human-like leg bone lying only a few feet away. He felt sure they belonged to the same individual, but the claim that a human could have been as ape-like as the skull of *Pithecanthropus* showed him to be, outraged the sensibilities of many laymen and scientists. Critics insisted that the two bones could not have belonged together. The uproar was so loud that Dubois, hurt and angered, finally withdrew the bones of *Pithecanthropus* from public inspection and held them "incommunicado" in a museum strong box for thirty years.

The same combination of characteristics had turned up in China. Dr. Davidson Black, with the assistance of the Rockefeller Foundation, dug into Choukoutien Hill near Peking in a search for early man and found ape-like skulls together with unquestionably human pelvis and leg bones. Again there were those who insisted that an error had been made. Dr. Broom also ran headlong into the same charge that there must have been some mix-up of the bones of human and ape, and Clark went to considerable pains to show that this had not been the case. Widespread recognition that man developed according to a different pattern than the scientific world imagined came slowly indeed.

Dr. Franz Weidenreich, one of the world's authorities on anatomy, who carried on the work in Peking after the death of Dr. Black, was one of the first to emphasize the changed picture. "Little is known of the development of other parts of the skeleton," he wrote in 1941, "but it can be taken as definitely established that the erect posture and all that was connected with its adoption was attained long before [the brain reached its typical modern development]."

NEW laboratory work added evidence that this might indeed have been the sequence of man's development. Dr. Sherwood L. Washburn, associate professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, who made a study of the evolution of the different parts of the body, had found that changes had come at a different rate in the three great "body complexes," the middle section, the legs and pelvis, and the head. In the arms, shoulders, and middle section man has changed relatively little. In this section

of the body we are still, from the evolutionary standpoint, essentially apes.

In the pelvis-leg complex, however, Washburn pointed out that there had been a major change. In apes the pelvis is long and slanting. The ape cannot take more than a few steps upright, and when he really wants to move he goes on all fours; down go his knuckles. In man the pelvis is shorter and more nearly upright. The change makes it possible for us to walk on two legs and frees our hands from locomotion.

Furthermore the muscles that attach to the shorter human pelvis exert a strong pull that enables us to finish our step with a drive. This makes the difference between an ape's shuffle and a man's stride. (If these muscles become paralyzed, man's gait reverts to something very like the ape's.) Once man had become a biped, he could move about freely, yet at the same time manipulate a tool or weapon. The ape, by contrast, has to lay down anything he may be holding if he takes more than a few steps. His use of tools therefore is severely limited.

It is for this series of reasons that Washburn believes "that this single change [in the pelvis] is the thing that initiates human evolution." It is his conviction that it was after man had become a biped, after he had reached the stage of ape-man, that the brain began the dramatic development from the ape-man into primitive man, and primitive man into *homo sapiens*. The fossils lent aid to Washburn's theory. *Pithecanthropus* had a brain of about 900 cubic centimeters, well above the 650 cubic centimeter top of the ape and ape-man. Peking Man reached 1,200 cubic centimeters and Piltdown Man, 1,450 cubic centimeters. Between the ape-man and modern man the brain more than doubled in size.

Though there are other fossils that cannot be so clearly accounted for, and though all authorities are far from unanimous about Washburn's interpretation, further support for it has come from other sources. In 1948 Professor Tilly Edinger of Harvard University showed that the growth of the brain generally tends to come late in evolution. The earliest mammals, Edinger found, had brains no more advanced than those of their ancestors, the reptiles. Only after they had become typical mammals in form did the brain develop to modern mammalian size. So it

was too with the horse, which Edinger studied in particular. It had attained its characteristic form, its long legs and teeth, well before the brain reached its final size.

IV

ALMOST at the same time, advances in chemistry and radiochemistry were profoundly affecting the timing of evolution. Another great difficulty had always come from the lack of an accurate method of dating man's ancestors. The fossils, as they emerged from their eons of burial, unfortunately bore no dates stamped upon them. If they lay in well-defined geological strata, that told something of when the owners of the bones might have lived; but often they were not in readable strata.

Sometimes the bones of extinct animals were found with the remains of early man. This afforded another clue to age, but perhaps the men and animals had not lived at the same time. Perhaps the remains of man had been buried at some later time in the spot where they were found; perhaps the bones had been washed there by a flood; perhaps they had been transported into that place by the thrust of some great lava flow.

It was extremely difficult to be sure. And, since in most cases there could be no assurance, grave differences of opinion developed about the age of almost every important human or near-human fossil. One group would contend that the strata and associated bones, if any, indicated an age of one million years. Another would insist that the primitive-looking bones had been buried and hence should be dated at 500,000, or perhaps 100,000 years.

But during World War II this situation changed. A young English geologist-anthropologist, Dr. Kenneth Page Oakley of the British Museum (Natural History), was assigned to a study of fluorine and its effect on the teeth, and in the course of his researches he came upon some long-forgotten work. Early in the nineteenth century, in the teeth of an extinct fossil elephant, Italian and French scientists had found traces of fluorine, which they concluded had been absorbed from ground waters. Later other scientists, coming upon the same fact, had glimpsed the possibility of determining the age of a bone

by measuring how much fluorine it had absorbed.

The difficulty with this proposal, as Oakley saw, was that some underground waters contain more fluorine than others. The amount absorbed by a bone depends to a large extent upon where it has been buried. That ruled out any hope of using fluorine as an absolute measure of age. But Oakley also saw that there was no reason why fluorine might not afford a clue to how long various bones had been buried in the same deposit. The longer a bone had been there, the more fluorine it would have absorbed. This offered an exciting chance to solve one of the most troublesome of paleontological problems, the date of the fossil which had been found one fine day in 1908.

Charles Dawson, an amateur English naturalist, had been walking across the Piltdown Common—an ancient terrain where he and others had found some of the earliest eoliths, or stones of dawn, as the first crude tools of primitive man were known—when his eye had fallen upon some odd brown flint with which the road was being repaired. The gravel had looked to Dawson as though it might contain fossils, and he had decided to keep a watch on the pit from which it came. Not long afterward he spied a thick piece of human skull lying on one of the waste heaps. Though he was then unable to find any more of it, about a year later he came upon a second piece of the same skull. Dawson knew he had a find of importance and called in experts, whose thorough search yielded one of the most important skulls ever found, the skull of Piltdown Man. It was primitive in many ways, and yet the size of the skull showed that the brain had been large, of modern size.

In the same gravels were the bones of a mastodon, of two extinct elephants, of a hippopotamus, and a beaver—remember that this was England. Science at once had a nice problem. Did Piltdown Man belong to the time of the mastodon or to the time of the beaver? Between them spread many ages of difference. The mastodon, in all probability, had roamed the English countryside 500,000 or more years ago. The beaver, on the other hand, must have lived in the River Ouse when it flowed across the common and deposited the gravel. That was shortly before the last advance of the ice sheet changed the

whole topography of that part of England and diverted the Ouse to another course.

The weight of opinion assigned Piltdown Man to the age of the mastodon and thus gave him the venerable age of at least 500,000 years and perhaps one million. But this was uncertain, and the debate raged on until after the second world war, when Oakley proposed a fluorine test. With a dentist's drill a few precious ounces were bored out of each of the bones and an analysis was made of their fluorine content. The results were startling:

*Per cent of
fluorine*

Mastodon	1.9 to 3.1
Hippopotamus and elephant....	0.8 to 1.5
Beaver	0.2
Piltdown Man	0.2

Piltdown Man then had lived at the time of the beaver! He was not a creature of 500,000 years ago but of the days just preceding the last ice age. At first Oakley hesitated to fix a date for this period. However, at the Wenner-Gren International Symposium in New York in 1952, he estimated that Piltdown Man had lived not much more than 50,000 years ago.

In nearly all the current textbooks, in the timetables of man and the trees of life, modern man, beginning with Piltdown Man, usually is shown branching off from the ancestral trunk 500,000 to one million years ago. The fluorine determination on Piltdown Man and on the remains of other groups important in the family tree has outmoded these scales and drastically cut their time-span. Modern man, it now appeared, might be younger than anyone had dared to think.

V

ALL the new findings seemed to fit together except at one critical point. Could today's man have evolved from Piltdown Man in 50,000 years? And if the apemen were given an age of one million years, could the transition from their simian status to that of Piltdown Man have been accomplished in so short a time? Washburn acknowledged the dilemma in these words: "If each one of the differences between the apemen and ourselves is based upon a separate element of genetic construction of the indi-

vidual, it is true that it is mathematically impossible to change the ape-men into modern men in the time that seems to be implied in the actual record."

But a new experimental approach to the study of evolution suggested that genetic change might not be necessary for each of the observable differences. Earlier Darwin had seen that the big ridges which account for "the truly frightful physiognomy of the apes" were buttresses developed to withstand the pull of the jaw muscles. Washburn now set out to prove that Darwin had been right and, further, that the ridges were not the product of the genes, but of the muscles.

Using a technique developed by plastic surgeons, the Chicago anthropologist removed the left jaw muscles of some baby rats. Rats are not born fully developed, and it was a simple matter to anesthetize them on the tray of a refrigerator. The rats quickly recovered from the operation and soon were back with their mothers, nursing happily, or so it seemed. When they were fully grown they were sacrificed. On the unoperated side of the head there was the usual "primitive" ridge or crest. On the operated side where there was no jaw muscle, the head was smooth. The crest had not developed. On the one side the rat's head was "Neanderthal" so to speak, and on the other it was "modern."

It was a long jump from rats to men. Would other animals show the same effect? Washburn went to Uganda to study the problem in monkeys. Deep in the monkey territory he worked through the hot days dissecting, weighing, and measuring the skulls and muscles of the monkeys the collectors brought in each morning. Female monkeys had relatively small jaw muscles, and their heads were smooth and ridgeless, almost like our own. The fully grown males, on the other hand, had powerful jaw muscles and a full complement of the great knobby "primitive" ridges. The younger males whose jaw muscles weighed about the same as those of the females also were smooth-headed. In fact, whenever the jaw muscles weighed more than 32 or 33 grams Washburn found the ridges. Whenever they weighed less than 11 or 12 grams, the ridges were absent.

This suggested that one genetic change in the jaw muscles—one of the most frequently changing parts of the human anatomy—could

produce big, visible changes in the skull. One genetic change, not a whole series, might have been enough to produce one of the big differences between the primitive and the modern head. Once that had happened, the other changes would not be so difficult to account for. "Less face, less teeth, less bone, less muscle will account for the other changes," said Washburn. "And if this is correct, the genetic dilemma is solved. We know from work with laboratory animals that to produce more or less of a structure already there is easy. It is hard to get a different pattern."

If relatively few genetic changes were necessary to convert primitive man into modern man, evolution could have been accomplished within the shorter time allowed by the new dating. Evolution then would not be a mathematical impossibility. The dilemma would be solved.

IF THE reader has heard little of these major developments which have so closely affected and altered the traditional theory of evolution, he should not be surprised. Nearly all of the new work has been reported since 1949. Nearly all of the reports have been written for a scientific rather than a lay audience, and there is as yet by no means full acceptance among scientists of all the radical innovations involved. There has not yet been time for the writing of the definitive scientific book that will mold it all into a revised theory of evolution.

To tell the story of this third great moment in the history of evolution it has been necessary to condense and simplify, to draw together events and individuals who were scattered in time and place, and to bypass many of the puzzles and contradictions which invariably surround even the most orderly and rigorous investigations. The story which emerges here—drawn from the work of varied scientists and informal discussion with a number of them—has been limited to one of several lines of thought which have resulted from the new fossil finds, the new timing of the human past, and the new studies of evolutionary pattern. But even now much of what has been taught about the age of man and the rate of his development has had to be changed; much more, of course, may have to be changed in the future.



After Hours

Prudery, Publicity, and Pioneers

THE capital city of Salem, Oregon, is at loggerheads over a piece of nude sculpture—a hassel that is in the best entrenched tradition of American art patronage. This time the trouble has been caused by a Renoir, and the question is not merely one of decency. Indeed, decency has beclouded the issue of suitability. As usual.

When the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens was invited to design the prize medal for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in the early eighteen-nineties, he produced a scandal. On one side of the medal was a scene of Columbus landing in America and on the other a nude boy holding a shield. You would have thought he had produced a naked Lillian Russell standing on her head. There was a storm of protest when the design was published. The United States Mint, which commissioned the medal in the first place, got one of its own men to run up something entirely innocuous to take the offending boy's place.

Prudery plays an important part in the history of American taste. A century ago gentlemen and ladies in Philadelphia were not permitted to inspect the Academy's collection of antique statues in concert. They had different visiting hours. A little before that time Charles Willson Peale, the American old master, was unable to persuade anyone in Philadelphia to pose in the nude for a life class, so he stripped off his clothes and posed himself. Philadelphia was deeply shocked.

But here is the Salem story as I have it from a friend who lives out that way:

An obscure elevator operator who worked in the State Supreme Court building, he writes, had wanted to do something to honor the gallant souls who founded Oregon. In 1938 this man, Carroll L. Moores, died and left his life's savings of \$25,000 to pay for "a monument or memorial to be erected in memory of early Oregon pioneers." By 1953 the sum, prudently invested in real property, had grown to \$34,000. Yet, until very recently, the trustees had not carried out Mr. Moores' fervent and patriotic last wish.

Expert advice was summoned—Thomas C. Colt, Jr., director of the Art Museum in nearby Portland, and Pietro Belluschi, dean of the school of architecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. They found that Salem was already well supplied with statues of pioneers. There were pioneer ministers, pioneer traders, pioneer scouts, pioneer politicians, even a gilded pioneer with an ax on top of the turreted dome of the Capitol.

Why not pay homage to the pioneers more subtly? Colt and Belluschi suggested the purchase of a statue called "*Vénus Victorieuse*" by Renoir from the Valentin Gallery of New York City for \$18,000. Salem, they pointed out, would be among the few cities of its size (population 44,000) to possess a work of this distinction, so universal in spirit and appeal.

This reasoning made sense to the trustees. "*Vénus Victorieuse*" was bought and paid for, and now Salem didn't want her. To begin with, Venus was not only nude but also wide in the hips, rotund in the thighs, and extremely athletic in the calves. The Salem *Capital-Journal* said disgustedly that she was

"fat and naked." Sport fans remarked that she had a sturdier figure than the outfielders for the Salem Senators. Women's clubs thought it undignified to hint that pioneer females had come to Oregon without their clothes on.

Defenders of Venus were drowned out. Frederic Littman, one of the Northwest's illustrious sculptors, claimed this was a distinctive rather than a routine way of honoring pioneers. Colt said "*Vénus Victorieuse*" was symbolic of "woman as the mother of the race." Art teachers took up this theme and said that even pioneer women were nude when they fulfilled their ultimate role in giving birth to sons and daughters. And Salem's "citizen of the year," ex-Governor Charles A. Sprague, United Nations Delegate and editor of the *Statesman*, reminded his readers that local protests had plagued the beardless pioneer on the Capitol and even the Lewis and Clark murals in the marble rotunda.

But the outcries against Venus were more persistent. Mayor Al Loucks could get no work done. His phone jangled continually. Constituents wanted "that woman" carted out of town. People even "remembered" that poor Mr. Moores, whose innocent gift had started it all, was never the kind of person who would approve of a naked metal hussy being bought with his hard-earned money.

Reluctantly, the trustees of the Moores bequest decided they would have to start all over again. "*Vénus Victorieuse*" had been a failure, so far as Salem was concerned. She would have to go. The *Oregonian* decided that both exposure and shape had been against her: "Undoubtedly some of the opposition to Renoir's Venus arose from her nudity. But had her figure been as lissome, say, as those of the *Esquire* girls, the objection might have been less."

Clinical observers of the uproar in Salem still are puzzled. The capital city is the site of the annual Oregon State Fair, where the cuties on the midway always have drawn big gates for their employers. In the 1952 elections Marion County, of which Salem is the county seat, had voted decisively against outlawing pari-mutuel gambling on horse and dog races.

"I'll tell you what I think," said a former reporter for the *Statesman*, who had lived in Salem much of his life. "The naked Venus gave a lot of noisy folks a chance to sound off

on how pure and upright they are. The other people, who might really have been proud of the Venus statue, didn't dare say so."

As things stood when I last heard of the matter, Henry Compton, president of the Pioneer Trust Company of Salem, was trying to find a market for one bronze statue of "*Vénus Victorieuse*," value \$18,000. "If Salem doesn't want the statue," said Mr. Compton, "it will go somewhere else." A manufacturer in Los Angeles had indicated that the spurned Venus interested him, for his private estate, and a deal was said to be in the making.

The Big Picture

CINEMASCOPE, which is a movie device for projecting from ordinary film onto a screen two-and-a-half times as wide as it is high, opened at the Roxy theater in New York on September 16, 1953, with a very loud bang. Twentieth Century-Fox had summoned for the occasion several thousand people who would presumably (1) be flattered to attend, (2) own black-tie formal dress, and (3) spread the tidings abroad of the "modern miracle" they had seen. I have one of the world's dullest noses for celebrities, so that it seemed to me there were proportionately few of them present. The crowd, had it not been all dolled up, would have looked to me like a prosperous early-in-the-run theater audience—a little more impressed with itself, perhaps, and ready to be impressed by the show. This is really something, we all seemed to feel, or else why would we be here?

It is something. Let us be more precise—it is *extremely big*. It is all color and sixty-five feet wide, and the four sound tracks that go with it are collectively sharp and loud. At the risk of seeming easily sold, I must say that it seemed to me a most authoritative medium, not just quantitatively different from ordinary film but different in kind. It is as overwhelming as an overloaded trailer truck, and about as subtle, but then no one is asking it to be subtle. The object of Twentieth Century-Fox in making this movie was to sweep the field at one blow, for there is too much at stake to temporize. In the wide-open lottery of new technical processes, they have decided to wager all on this one gadget—the Anamorphiscope lens ("That's a Greek word," Twentieth's president, Spyros P. Skouras is said to have

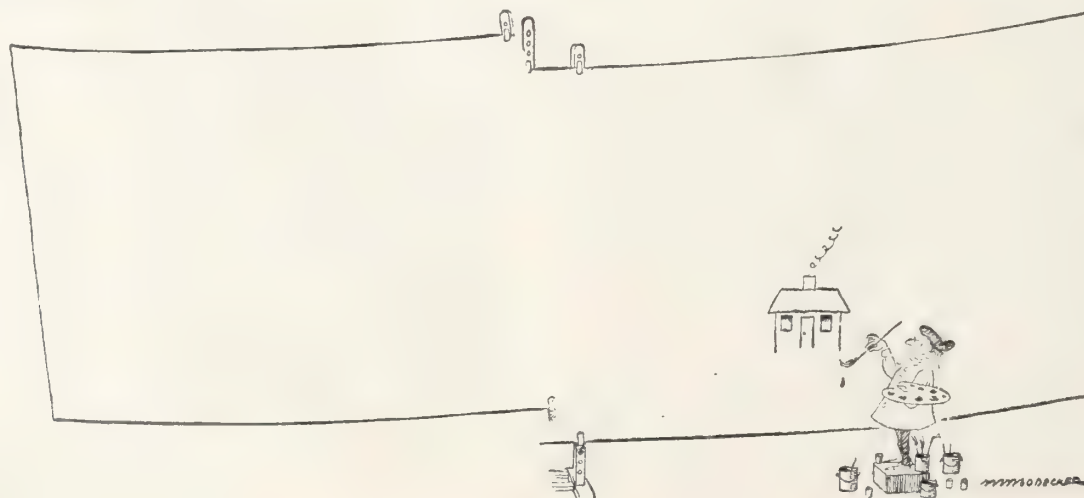
said; "I'll buy that")—in the trust that others would have to follow. "Don't pay any attention to the way things are now," a Hollywood journalist who was up to his ears in 3-D, Cinerama, and the rest of it remarked several months ago. "The day 'The Robe' opens at the Roxy everything is going to change."

The choice of story itself suggests that this is not so much an experiment as a manifesto; for "The Robe," a demonstrably popular novel on the perennially rewarding topic of Biblical history, would have been a major production in any studio in any form. What CinemaScope gives it is a newly experimental vigor, as though the film industry were back in a this-is-how-it's-going-to-be-folks frame of mind again. Years of responding to pressures, with a sort of protoplasmic irritability, have left both the minions and the moguls so nervous and quivery that perhaps it took a real crisis to restore their self-confidence. In the effort to find things they can do that television can't, they have momentarily returned the film to its mechanical innovators in the hope of restoring the magical impact of novelty. While their public still is unjaded, they have an opportunity to recapture the old-fashioned three D's of dexterity, daring, and delight.

WHICH is another way of saying that "The Robe" breathes a vast, throaty conviction that its makers were doing what they wanted to—what, indeed, they most enjoy doing. It has a free-wheeling, exuberant momentum that is at once arresting and perilously inappropriate to its moral, which is Christian constancy. There is room in it for a dozen deft touches and as many lapses from discretion; all are swallowed up in a tal-

wave of Technicolor as wide as a house. It is at times reverent, at other times something else again which I find it hard to equate with reverence, and at all times so much itself that abstractions from less theatrical contexts seem barely to apply. There is something to be said for pulling religion and melodrama apart, but little to show that they can be kept apart. The dramatic play was taking place on church porches long before modern theaters were invented, and to the church it periodically returns. Whether "The Robe" should have been made into a movie, or written in the first place, is a question on which I have held too many conflicting opinions to express an unqualified one in public.

I do protest, on the other hand, the suggestion of one New York film critic that only the irreligious will criticize "The Robe." Surely there are many believers who will feel their faith in no way advanced for being splashed across so broad a canvas with a brush dipped in scenarios, star-billing, and stock situations. There may have been sophisticates in Leonardo's time, as far as that goes, who thought the Last Supper didn't belong on a wall, but the parallels are incomplete. "The Robe" is not just another chapter in the didactic, popular, religious art and literature; it goes off on a tangent, a curious and a contemporary one. Up to the present as recently as the Sunday-school chromo-lithographs from which "The Robe" takes many of its styles and hues, the traditional iconography was representational and direct. It tackled its subjects head on; it did not, as "The Robe" does, skirt the edges of the Biblical narrative and glimpse the central event only out of the corner of its eye.



CinemaScope is a monumentally baroque medium, with its size and color and hi-fi sound effects, disposable at will; it should turn centuries of fresco painters in their graves with envy. Yet its first artists, on a shrewd instinct, picked for their subject a novel that operates by indirection. Where the tradition would have used the wide screen to encompass mighty spectacles, "The Robe" is roundabout and casual. You do not see the full figure on the Cross, you see a dice game at His feet; you do not follow the persevering ministry of the Apostles, but their effect on a disintegrating Rome. The film is at its best when most off-hand and allusive—as in a distant view of a hazily-seen Messiah, surrounded by a child-like crowd, coming down a hill on a donkey; or the vague mention, among a group of carousing Romans, of a few pieces of silver needed for a routine political bribe. It is at its worst when most explicit—as when Judas announces himself in his misery, or the condemned man stumbles bloodily under His burden on the way to Golgotha. It would seem we are not a people, these days, who can show such things clearly to ourselves without offense—not with movie actors, not in CinemaScope, not at the Roxy.

THE autumnal decay of imperial power, the malevolent gaiety of Caligula, the dignified opportunism of Senators, the dissolute integrity of a young, clean-cut, 100-per-cent Roman officer—these are themes the modern spirit comprehends instinctively. The strongest and most intelligently cast characters in "The Robe" are all, morally, on the wrong side; while the forces of light—simple, commonplace-looking folk—are bathed in Southern revivalist syrup. (If they were not, of course, they would seem too much like first-century revolutionists for comfort, with their fanatical conspiracy to arouse the plebeian rabble.)

The atmosphere "The Robe" handles most ably, by the same token, is that of Roman Palestine, a colonial administration going to pot in the tropics with drink and disease. In a brief scene, beautifully acted, Richard Boone as Pontius Pilate conveys with restrained power the desperation of a tired bureaucrat, resentful of higher echelons, probably coming down with malaria, delicately filmed with perspiration, hopeless of

ever doing the right thing, and unable to remember that only a moment ago he already washed his hands.

Corn, yes, but competent and consistent. In stepping down the mode of heroic drama from superior to second-string characters, in coming at their actions from the side, the modern temper gains pertinence even where it loses splendor. There are merits as well as misfortunes in suggesting epochal motifs in the actions of semi-anonymous individuals, of centering meanings in matter-of-fact objects (like a piece of cloth), and of embodying positive beliefs in irony, satire, and social comment; thus at least are good and evil made personal and credible. To be sure, there are obvious disadvantages in trying to express the agony of the Saviour through the facial expressions of Victor Mature, who is simply unequipped for such a demanding task. Where one digs into the contemporary character for the resources of the older, more direct and uncompromising dramatic tradition, they are found to be shallow. Like it or not, we don't do things that way any more, and there is nothing to be gained by wishing we did.

We do it now with hints and shadings and nuance. We convert—and, in this, are we so unlike other ages?—everything to our own terms, which are those of mannered, socially "realistic" comedy-melodrama. In recognizing this—in trying for the most part to do well what we can do, rather than badly what we can't—"The Robe" achieves its perplexing mixture of exhilarating and depressing force. It is not a reliable way to relax for a quiet evening, except in a mood of wholly detached curiosity, and it is not throughout the little minor-key masterpiece that I may unwittingly have made it sound. Since it tries to do everything, it is everything; and there is something here for everybody—including an excellent sword-fight and a cops-and-robbers chase, with four white horses a mile high riding down on you personally. I liked it for its ironies, not least the underlying irony of all in using CinemaScope not for monumentality but for making big things small; not for sweeping panoramas but for side-line perspectives; not to be colossal but to be clever. Whatever you say, it's big, and it's odd we should have achieved the means of making the Big Picture at a time when we are least inclined to use it.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Voyages of Imagination

Gilbert Highet

Now and then, if he is lucky, the critic comes across a novel which is so full of a strange and authoritative personal vision and based on such a remarkably original idea that it haunts him for many days; and yet he cannot be sure whether he is right in recommending it. Perhaps it appeals only to a special quirk in his own mind. Perhaps he likes it simply because it is unexpected: so many novels, after the first fifty pages, are predictable. But perhaps it is really a work of distinction. Certainly it would be unjust to give it a safe, polite, temporizing review. He must say he has been impressed, and try to explain how.

Such a novel is *The Offshore Light*, by "Eliot Naylor" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce/Little, Brown; \$3.50). The author is an established British writer using a pseudonym, which makes the thing still odder. The book contains two stories—one real, and one imaginary, or ideal, or divinatory.

The real story tells how an American statesman in his mid-forties, just after an exhausting political conference, visits friends in the south of France for a short rest. He remains alone in his room much of the time, writing. They grow anxious about him. His manner is vague; he says peculiar things; what he writes is apparently fantastic. As they watch and try to help him (or interfere with him?), he collapses. Meanwhile, the ideal story is in fact the story which he has been writing. It is a tale of intrigue and spiritual adventure set on a utopian island, a seat of world government some centuries in the future. As such, it is coherent and exciting in itself. But the special, the unusual interest in *The Offshore Light* comes from watching the ideal world penetrate and finally overpower the real. It

ends in madness, but a noble, almost Hamlet-like madness.

The scene is the Riviera. Therefore, although it is painful to watch the retreat of the hero's mind into a nonexistent universe, we feel that, even there, compared with the grasshopper existence of the cosmopolitans who dance and twitter in the smart restaurants, he is living a life more valuable and more real. The style is brisk, clear, economical: satiric in the real story, poetic in the vision of the future. Yes, a remarkable, possibly a unique novel.

Myth and History

MR. SAMUEL SHELLABARGER is a competent historical novelist: he knows far more history than most of his competitors in that field, he makes his atmospheric effects clear and vivid, and he can tell a good rousing story. He has succeeded again with *Lord Vanity* (Little, Brown, \$3.95), which is the November selection of the Literary Guild. This is the youthful career of the illegitimate son of an English nobleman brought up in Venice and thereafter engaged in a series of plausible but thrilling adventures in Western Europe and Canada. The hero has two love affairs, one naughty and the other pure, both attractive. He has a convincingly lordly father rather like the Earl of Chesterfield, and keeps crossing paths with a dangerous trickster rather like Casanova. The only thing anyone could fairly complain of in the story is its weak ending, which reads as though Mr. Shellabarger had so much enjoyed elaborating the exploits of his hero and heroine that he could hardly bear to say good-by, and had merely looked away with a hint of

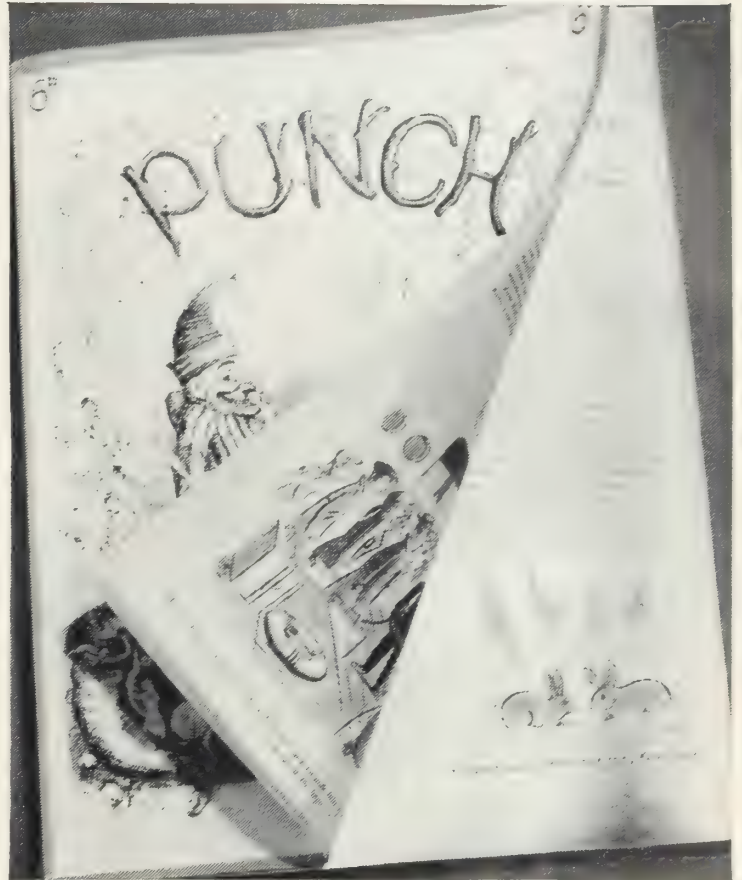
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tears while they set out sadly but hopefully, for the New World. Some readers may find there is too much Italian and French in the conversation: Venetian dialect is pretty hard even to guess, although it sounds charming. Recommended as a straight romance.

To retell a famous myth as a modern novel is a very daring enterprise. Few authors succeed in it. Apparently the only two possible ways to approach success are, first, to do as Thomas Mann did with the Joseph story, expanding it enormously and bringing in all the accretions of mystery and symbolism that the myth has gathered during its long life; or, second, to remodel the tale entirely, evoking new significances and introducing new persons.

The latest handling of the story of Tristram and Isolde shows this danger clearly. It is Dorothy James Roberts' *The Enchanted Cup* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.75, Book-of-the-Month Club choice for October). It is pleasantly written in a light unobtrusive style, with several well-described fights and a good sense of scenery. Its only marked technical fault is lack of balance: for it gives two long detailed initial chapters to the character of Tristram's mother (who then disappears) and at the end it hurries through the final year of the lovers' life in a dozen pages. Anachronisms are few, although there is a very unlucky little one in the first sentence. It would be a nice book to read if one had never heard of Tristram and Isolde or seen the opera; but it is a straightforward story, from which most of the magic of myth has departed. Miss Roberts evidently does not believe in magic, although the men and women she writes about did believe in it passionately: therefore the drinking of the Enchanted Cup itself is described as though it were the sharing of a sundae between two young people in the drug-store at Grover's Corners. The wonderful love story deserves better treatment than that.

Memory and Fantasy

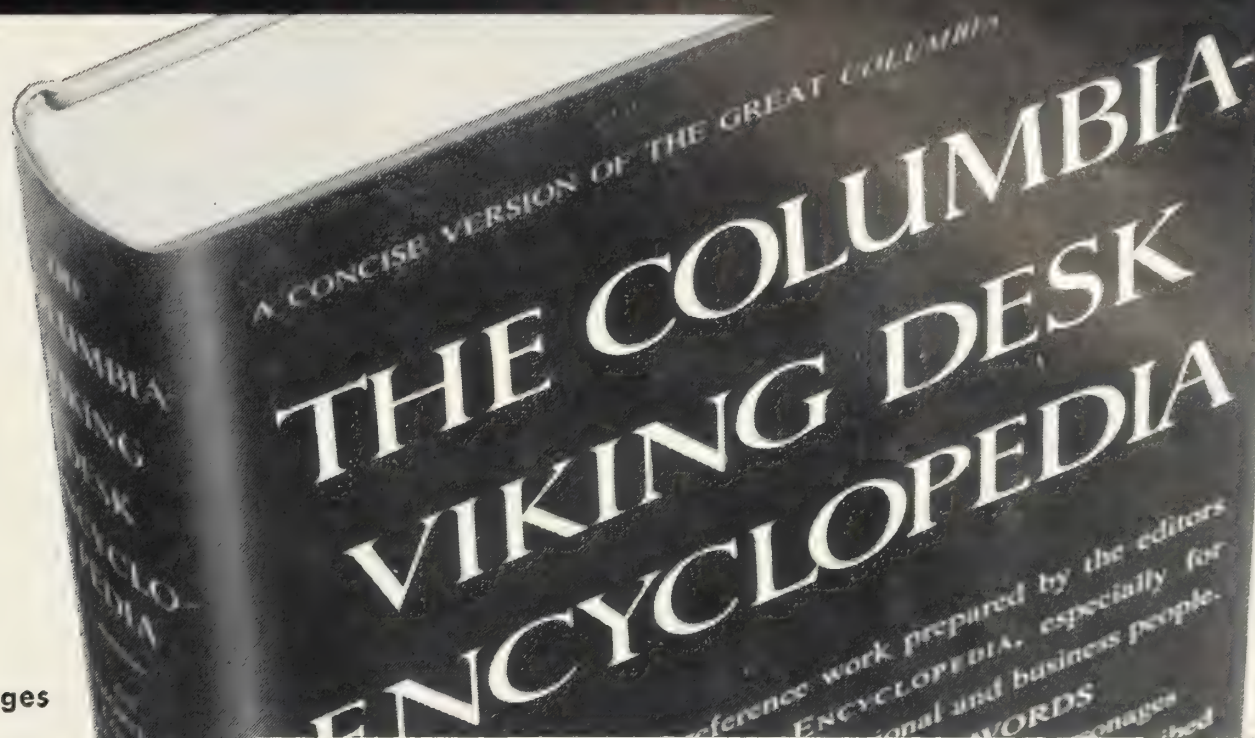
THE *Palm-Wine Drinkard* by a Nigerian Negro called Amos Tutuola (Grove, \$2.75) is a singular little collection of wild dreams supposed to be told by a drunk. It makes no consecutive sense at all, but reads like a series of nightmares, or ghost-and-monster tales related round a fire in some

jungle village. It would make a startlingly interesting cartoon feature for serious movies in the surrealist manner; it might inspire a boldly imaginative artist; and it would be fine material for a comparative mythologist. There is a famous collection of mythical motifs collected out of many different countries, and in that, no doubt, many of the themes used by Mr. Tutuola could be found, such as the miraculous baby which is born from its mother's thumb, and instantly begins to talk, to grow, and to eat. "All the while that he was talking to us, he was drinking the palm wine" —just like that other baby which began its career by crying out, "*A boire, à boire, à boire!*" and was christened Gargantua.

In the Castle of My Skin, by George Lamming (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75), could be either an ill-balanced novel or a carefully selected autobiography. It is a long discursive collection of impressions of Negro life in Barbados, a tiny and thickly-populated island of the British West Indies. Its closest model is obviously Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, with its desultory conversations between school-boys, its narrator's loneliness, the fragments of a diary toward the end, and its conclusion in the escape from a small island into a larger intellectual and social world. However, Mr. Lamming does not give anything like a complete picture of his hero's growing-up. Most of the book covers his first ten years, and the apparently more important changes he underwent in adolescence and at high school are rapidly and inadequately summarized, with important motivations and conflicts cut down to a minimum. Some good characters appear in this book, notably a bad-tempered well-intentioned mother and two pathetic old people; there is an attempt to build a symmetrical story by making the hero's maturity coincide with the collapse of the village where he was born; but Mr. Lamming's memory keeps running away with him for pages and pages, so that the reader becomes perplexed, and not infrequently a little bored.

Another delightful book by the Anglo-Indian hunter, Jim Corbett, has been published by Oxford: *Jungle Lore* (\$2.50). He must be one of the most entertaining talkers in the world, for these twelve chapters are like twelve evenings spent with a man whose experiences are highly original and whose memory is fabulous. The underlying plan of

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NEW BOOKS

the book is a little vague. It was meant to be an account of the learning process by which, as a boy brought up in northern India, Colonel Corbett collected his astounding knowledge of the jungles and their inhabitants (snakes are the only beings of whom he speaks without sympathy); and also, apparently, to be a sort of manual of that knowledge, the Law of the Jungle which few hunters possess and fewer can put into words. However, sometimes Colonel Corbett digresses into personal reminiscences: though also interesting, these have less general appeal and less place in the structure of his work. But the book is well worth reading. I hope he will write another, devoted to his experiences in training jungle-fighters during the second war, and to the results of that training. The frontispiece shows a gentle old man looking affectionately at a wild bird perched on his finger: this is the same man who trailed wounded leopards into thick forest.

A much younger man, Osbert Lancaster, has written a delightful short autobiography, called, in the phrase of the sidewalk-artist, *All Done from Memory* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75). It is like a fragment of a British Proust—and not too heavily British at that. Many of his memories might be shared by an American born in Brooklyn Heights about 1900, or by one of the family of the late George Apley. They cover only a few years, the long sensitive memory-laden years before school. Mr. Lancaster's sensibility has none of Proust's effeminacy about it: instead, it is strongly humorous. When he recalls kissing old Mrs. Ullathorne's hand, he says:

I can still see that long white hand delicately extended, crisscrossed with the purple hawesers of her veins standing out in as high relief as the yellowish diamonds in her many rings, and experience once more the ghastly apprehension that one day, overcome by unbearable curiosity, I should take a sharp nip at the most prominent of those vital pipelines

Those elaborate Gibbonian sentences are not always strictly grammatical, but they are nearly always witty; and they have an individual flavor, like the smell of a drawer filled with fans, and beribboned dance-programs, and photographs of half-forgotten friends.

It Is to Laugh

A COLLECTION of *The Best Humor from Punch* (edited by William Cole, World, \$3.50) contains the funniest articles, stories, and poems, and rules out those awful verses about the sheep on Chanctonbury Wold and the fairies of the Sussex woods. It rules out the pictures, too: Mr. Cole got out a good collection of those last year. It means *recent* humor entirely. A collection of the best humor published since *Punch* was founded in 1841 would be awfully difficult to make, and would appeal only to special tastes. So delimited, this is a good selection. The best of it is the poetry, which shows considerable variety and expertness of technique, and is often really witty, like this:

It's a rum-
Ba band another rum-
Ba band a never slum-
Ba band there's any num-
Ba of rum-
Ba bands

Shicker-shicker-shicker. . .

Next best are the parodies, kidding solemnly scientific research articles, and affected novelists such as Henry Green—

"Just you not taking it in isn't my fault."

"So I suppose it's mine do you mean" she repiningly wailed . . .

and Ivy Compton-Burnett—

"I have a warrant for your arrest," said the policeman. "I must ask you to come along of me."

"Mother, why does the policeman say 'of me' rather than 'with me'?" said Osbaldeston.

"Hush, dear. We have already heard from his own lips that he has not had the benefits of education."

There is a great deal for the money in this cheerful book.

Two books of gay pictures, one believably funny, the other unbelievably funny. The credible pictures are *The Best* (and, unfortunately, the last) of *H. T. Webster*, a big memorial collection published at \$3.50 by Simon & Schuster. Many of them are historical documents of small-town American life about 1900; many are satire, bitter enough, but made palatable by Webster's kindly

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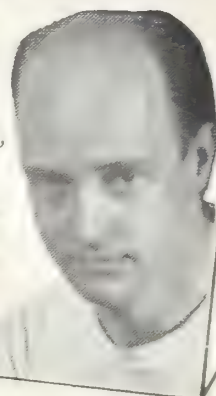
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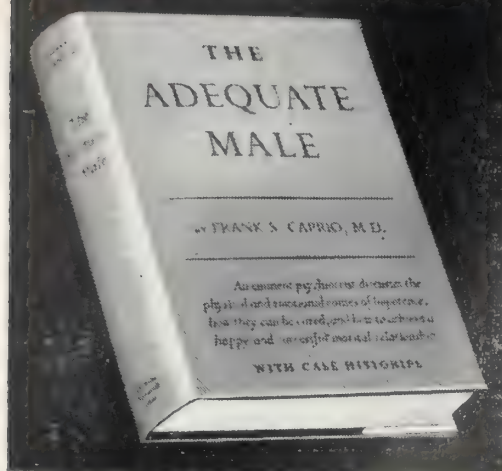
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NEW BOOKS

realistic drawing. (Jimmy Hatlo often fails by making his people too grotesque and repulsive.) They are all delicious.

The incredible book is *The Tattooed Sailor* by André François (Knopf, \$2.95), which reminds me of Saul Steinberg—and indeed M. François too is Romanian by origin. His style is bolder and more farcical than Steinberg's, his imagination nearly as fantastic. There is a particularly weird collection of jokes about tattooing, including one of a dough-faced German sailor with Lili Marlene on his chest, one of her long braids occupying each of his arms.

Essays and Reviews

THE most original and individual, the wittiest, though not the most reliable, of British critics is Cyril Connolly. Harper & Brothers have just published a selection from his editorials in *Horizon*, joined to a few other papers: *Ideas and Places* (\$3.50). It is pretty disjointed, because any such collection of pieces written for different purposes and at different times must be disjointed, and also because Mr. Connolly is not too much in love with easeful consistency: he is still trying hard to shape his own mind, perhaps even his character. The tribulations of a magazine are bound to interest its own editor more than most of the paying customers: so some readers will find it tiresome to open this volume and find Mr. Connolly explaining why he could not print poems from five unnamed poets in the hundredth number of a magazine which is now defunct. These pieces ought to have been omitted, or else woven into a more consistently readable account of *Horizon* itself. But the book does contain articles of permanent interest, on the economics of writing (with a questionnaire answered by several distinguished authors), on Logan Pearsall Smith, on surrealism. Mr. Connolly writes jerkily but always brightly: his jokes, mostly bitter, are splendid.

There is solid fare in a large and handsomely-produced book of essays called *By Land and By Sea* (Knopf, \$5). This is a group of papers and addresses written by Samuel Eliot Morison of Harvard, apparently as incidentals in his fabulously busy

and various career. Mr. Morison's style is almost the ideal which scholars try to approach, for it is concise and rich enough to contain much food for thought, and yet sprightly, versatile, never flatly "specialist." It is therefore no surprise to find him, in a good essay called "History as a Literary Art," complaining bitterly that many historical books are so dull that they repel the public and drive it to get its history from the sometimes tainted channel of historical romances. Mr. Morison's own book, fortunately, is a proof that the trend can be reversed.

The Near Future

IS IT absurd imagination or possible fact? Really no one but a scientist could tell, after reading *Conquest of the Moon*, edited by Cornelius Ryan (Viking, \$4.50). It sounds wildly impossible, yet it is written by Wernher von Braun, Fred Whipple, and Willy Ley, who have a reputation as scientific thinkers.

Briefly stated, the book is an outline of an expedition planned to explore a typical area of the moon, starting from and returning to a base constructed on an artificial earth-satellite. There are diagrams. There are figures—and such figures! (The moonships weigh 4,370 tons each, they will require \$300,000,000 worth of propellants, and the cost of the whole will be four billion dollars.) It all sounds absurd, and yet I cannot forget that within the lifetime of many of us, no one had ever flown in an airplane and no one had ever seen the North Pole, while now there is a polar observatory on a drifting ice-island, and regular flights girdle the entire planet.

The Sky Block, by Steve Frazee (Rinehart, \$2.75), is espionage fiction rather than science fiction, although it turns upon the detection and discovery of a machine which is still, as far as civilians know, not even outlined by our numerous enemies. It is laid in the mountains of the West, told methodically and briskly, and well constructed. It let me down only at the very end, when it concentrated rather on the old whodunit question, exposing an unsuspected villain, and thus wrapping up the whole case.

Moral: espionage stories should not end with the detection of one or

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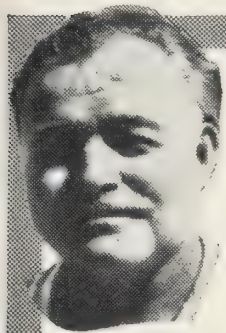
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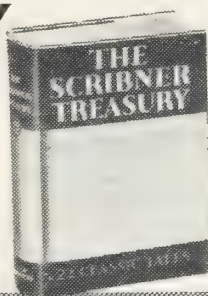
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two men. Still, this is recommended as a clean thriller.

Disappointments

THE critic's job is also to mention books which promised well but which were flawed and would disappoint their readers. For instance, the new Angela Thirkell, *Jutland Cottage* (Knopf, \$3.50), is weak: more plaintive than ever, containing few if any new characters, except an elderly priest arbitrarily reconstructed so as to serve as the center of interest for this and the next novel—and afflicted by a generally depressing tone like a wet Sunday in November.

Exiled for years, Ignazio Silone has at last returned to Italy, where he has been looking with humorous and illusionless eyes at the efforts of the rich to stay rich, of the Communists to seize power, and of the ordinary man to free himself from exploitation by both sides. His latest novel, *A Handful of Blackberries* (Harper, \$3.50), has as its central theme the invincible resistance of Italian peasants and small-town folk to every kind of regimentation, and as its central emotion the odd Italian blend of oil and vinegar, enthusiastic idealism and cynical distrust. It is not a very well-told story, though it is hard to say why. The characters are clear enough. So is the conversation—only, there is a bit too much conversation, and it is too allusive. Satire needs more bite, and Mr. Silone is too kind.

On the surface it might appear quite a good idea to write a novel about a novelist writing a novel, and to choose as his subject an exhaustive Kinseyization of his own wife. This is the idea behind Frederic Wakeman's *Mandrake Root* (Dial, \$3), a book which derives from Hemingway on one side (sailing and fishing off Cuba) and from Montherlant on the other. The gradual penetration of the woman's mind, and the revelation of her character to her husband and herself, are interesting. The unexpected end is sound and valuable. But Mr. Wakeman's style and the gushing emotions of his hero are sometimes embarrassing, sometimes downright unnatural. It is difficult to believe that any novelist who had a feeling for words would describe a

tropical island as "one of nature's perfect boudoirs"; that he could say quite seriously to his wife, "The night of our abortion was the greatest night of my life," and solemnly compare his mystical ecstasy during the operation to the moment when "love-of-Carpenter's-Son possessed Paul on the Road to Damascus"; or that he would express his wife's belief that she had never had two lovers at once by saying, "No simultaneity blots your escutcheon." Possibly some of the sailing exploits are meant by Mr. Wakeman to symbolize his hero's emotional adventures. If not, it is an unfortunate coincidence that, after extracting a further sexual confession from his wife, the hero goes below to pump out the bilge.

To end on a more savory note, let me warmly commend an improbable but delightful story called *A Sunset Touch*, by that skillful and thoughtful novelist Howard Spring (Harper, \$3.50). He writes with such ease and economy that it is scarcely possible to stop reading; the unlikelihood of the tale means simply that it is pure romance. Cornwall; a recluse; an old family; a massive inheritance; a bad but very attractive girl; poison; storms ending in tranquillity. Delightful.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Sleeping Beauty, by Elizabeth Taylor.

The author of *At Mrs. Lippincote's*, *Palladian*, and *A View of the Harbor* has lost none of her powers of evocative writing. This story of several groups of people living in an English seaside resort leaves sand in the shoes, salt on the lips, and an unforgettable flavor of many people's lives. But the novel fails to leave a cohesive impression. It concerns a middle-aged man whose life is ruled by pity, and several women with whom his fate becomes entangled. The main story—his courtship of a woman whose beauty has been marred in an automobile accident—never emerges in credible form and one's interest is tossed about from one minor scene



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

to another. The obligato drowns out any deep central theme. Yet even the little scenes reflect so much of life that there is pleasure in the reading.

Viking, \$3

Galatea, by James M. Cain.

An ex-prize fighter and trainer (with a jail sentence hanging over him) through his knowledge of diet is able to make a happy and desirable woman out of what had been some 250 pounds of fat. Naturally she falls in love with him and naturally her husband, the prize fighter's boss, doesn't like it. These are the basic bones of a lurid story whose points of violence, crucial as they are to the plot, never become intelligible. In one scene the fat woman becomes wedged into a hole designed to help the felling of a tree; in another the three characters and a gun are involved in a fall from a water tower. I read and reread these scenes and could never understand what really happened. There are also some supernatural overtones which elude me. But in spite of this and the grotesquerie of the plot I never dreamed of not reading to the end. The author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* can still command his audience even if it feels it's being hoaxed.

Knopf, \$3

A Law for the Lion, by Louis Auchincloss.

The wife of a successful downtown lawyer suddenly discovers at middle age that the life she is living no longer has savor. She is not a rebel, however, and until her husband accuses her falsely of infidelity has never dreamed of kicking over the domestic traces. Her moves after his accusations are necessary to the plot though pretty incredible, and soon drag her and her literary "lover" into a scandalous divorce proceeding brought by the bloodless husband. All the attitudes and settings are perfect, the observation of the various ways in which groups of New Yorkers live is admirable. But whereas ways of life can be pretty sharply drawn, people never quite fit their patterns exactly and Mr. Auchincloss's characters sometimes lose reality by being so completely typed—the Wall Street lawyers, the conventional wife, her Bohemian friend from college days, the self-absorbed young author of

violent novels. Even when the wife, after the trial, faces a completely new way of life with courage and conviction, one has a sense that she will soon work her way into a new pigeonhole. Deep feeling is sacrificed to satire, but it is very pretty satire.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3

The Lying Days, by Nadine Gordimer.

Here is a first novel, dealing with a woman trying to find herself and her real milieu, which, compared to the one above, is life itself. The setting is South Africa, the immediate problems are South African, but the implications are universal and one suffers, rejoices, loves, and hates with the young girl whose love affairs and mental and emotional struggles toward maturity make up the book. She is the daughter of the manager of the gold mines in Atherton, near Johannesburg. She rebels against the conventional English middle-class life of the mine owners; she flees to the university and the intellectuals only to be disillusioned again. But every member of every group exists for the reader with a vitality and a personality as real as members of one's own family. Indeed vitality and intelligence and sensitivity seem to be keynotes of the writers from South Africa now coming our way, and reading this book is a most rewarding if emotionally exhausting experience. Its conclusions, both about the girl and the South African problems, are hopeful, if necessarily inconclusive and one longs to know what happens next. Her next novel will have an eager welcome.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

Nobody Say a Word and Other Stories, by Mark Van Doren.

A book of twenty-three new stories by the poet-critic-teacher whose writings are familiar to readers of this magazine. The title story appeared in our issue of July 1951. Holt, \$3

NON-FICTION

The Overloaded Ark, by Gerald M. Durrell.

To one for whom the jungle ordinarily has no charms, this story of hunting for specimens for British zoos in the rain forests of the

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Cameroons is a revelation. It is partly because Mr. Durrell's lively sense of the ridiculous makes you want to like what he likes (readers of the chapter, "Cholmondeley the Chimpanzee," in the September issue of *Harper's* will know what I mean) but it is also partly because his own joy and excitement in the flora and fauna of that exotic country is thoroughly infectious as he sets it down in very readable prose. An absorbing and amusing book of adventure and exploration to which the charming personalities of two young naturalists (John Yealland and the author) add a great deal.

Viking, \$3.75

The Boat, by Walter Gibson.

Two days out from Podang (Sumatra) en route to safety in Colombo in 1942, overloaded with Jap-pursued refugees from Malaya and Singapore, the Dutch steamship *Rooseboom* was torpedoed and sunk. One lifeboat, built to hold twenty-eight, was all that got away. Eighty people occupied it with fifty others clinging to the lifelines on the sides. There was no room to lie down or even to sit. One month later one white man (the author), one Chinese girl, and three Javanese, the only survivors, staggered up a coral beach on a Malayan island. This is the story of that month—a story of hunger and thirst and burning sun, of degradation and despair, of remarkable courage and fortitude. Not a happy book but a memorable one. Illustrations by John Groth. Houghton Mifflin, \$2

FORECAST

Series Without Pennants

Autumn sees the start of many an enterprise. Doubleday has already inaugurated a *Mainstream of America Series* with *Stewart Holbrook's The Age of the Moguls* in October. The aim of the series is to "bring to vivid life America from the period of its discovery to the present day . . . in terms of people and their stories." The series will include such titles as *Discovery and Exploration*, *The French and Indian Wars*, *The Great Northwest*, *Dreamers of the American Dream* (these are only a few) and such authors as *Bruce Catton*, *Carl Carmer*, *Irving Stone*, *Paul I. Wellman*, and *John Dos Passos*. A

constructive way to sustain our present mood of introspection. . . . For the fall of 1954, to go a long way ahead, Knopf announces a series of short biographies of notable people of all times and nations—pictures of famous men and women that will satisfy the reader's "initial interest without making him plow through hundreds of pages." Some of the earliest titles will be *Gandhi* by *Vincent Sheean*, *Benjamin Franklin* by *Odell Shepard*, *Hans Christian Andersen* by *Rumer Godden*, *Alexander Hamilton* by *Louis Hacker*, and *Henry Ford* by *Roger Burlingame*.

Biographies, Musical and Political

Real people and events are competing with fiction more sturdily than ever. Two musical biographies are due on November 5—*Arthur Berger's Aaron Copland* from Oxford, and *Caruso: The Man of Naples and the Voice of Gold* by *T. R. Ybarra* from Harcourt Brace. . . . But it is the combination of men and politics—the political biography—that outnumbers all the rest. To begin with, of course, is the announcement from Doubleday that they will publish *Harry S. Truman's* memoirs sometime in 1955. But here and now, on November 16 from Macmillan, is coming *Robert LaFollette* by *Belle Case* and *Fola LaFollette*. In December Simon & Schuster will begin publication of a six-million-word political diary of *Harold L. Ickes*, the first volume to be called *The First Thousand Days* and to cover Roosevelt's Administration from the closing of the banks through the election of 1936. One can see the sparks start flying now. In the spring, Crowell plans to publish the autobiography of ex-Senator *Tom Connolly*, and Harper to publish an informal biography of Senator Robert A. Taft by *William S. White*.

Cartoons

A far cry from politics to cartoon characters? Well, Pogo is a lot more real to a lot of people than some Senators, and in November there'll be *Walt Kelly's Pogo Three* from Simon & Schuster, *William Steig's Dreams of Glory* from Knopf, and *The Best Cartoons from France (François, Gad, Chaval)* also from S & S.

The New Recordings

Craft Hi-Fi

Edward Tatnall Canby

THIS has been a big fall "opening" for the ever-expanding high-fidelity industry, as anyone can tell who heard, *fortissimo*, the most recent of the Audio Fairs, at Chicago in September and in New York in mid-October. (Conventions and fairs are traditional barometers of business prospects—the addition of a third hotel floor in New York to the two of last year is a good indication of hi-fi's growth.) But the big news isn't the flood of new models, nor the old ones improved, nor any particular innovation in the familiar separate-unit hi-fi area. For this fall, seemingly with one accord (competition sees to that), the mass-produced phonograph-radio-TV industry has suddenly discovered hi-fi. Practically everybody has a new hi-fi phonograph to offer and prices, retail, range from \$30 up. Does this mean the end of hi-fi as a separate industry, in its role of the past years as a minority opposition, pitted against the vast might of the Big Companies?

It would seem, at least, that here is the closing of a circle which began when the first record-playing "amateur" discovered that playing equipment could be bought wholesale, at net prices, through special radio outlets. Separate bits of equipment were available long before the war, but it wasn't until 1946 that net-priced hi-fi began to discover itself and that the wholesale dealers began to sell deliberately to non-technicians—even to seek them out with an increasing array of aids and comforts: pre-wired plug-in units, pre-selected "package" systems, plush, retail-style listening rooms, elaborate audio comparison switchboards. It was only last year that the ultimate step within the net-price area was taken, when a number of small firms brought out complete one-piece ready-to-play phonographs, the entire job of assembly and installation done and over with. Each of these machines was actually a "system" of recognized separate units from various well-known manufacturers, and the over-all cost remained in the net, or wholesale, area. (There

had been numerous "custom" jobs all along at higher prices.) But few of the "packaged" systems, if any, have been sold at retail in competition with "commercial" radios and phonographs. The basic division between wholesale (net) and retail (list) still holds firm, and that separation, right now, is the key to the confusion in store for us during the next months, as "high fidelity" hits the hurricane of a major industrial publicity campaign.

The explanation for the coming chaos may not have occurred even to many seasoned hi-fi addicts. In our economy it is not often that the invincible system of mass production can be challenged, for value delivered through huge volume and low profits, by a craft industry. "Craft" today means, of course, not individual handmade piecework, but its equivalent in twentieth-century industry—a relatively small, specialized manufacturing technique where output "runs" are in the hundreds or thousands of units, instead of hundred thousands or millions; where the advantages of individual attention, quick response to the demands of improved techniques, relatively high standards, and, above all, the small spread between cost of materials and final price, continue to count heavily. Craft-type manufacturing traditionally produces high quality, but in most cases it is a price victim of technology; as the term "custom-built" indicates, prices are high. In a few areas, however, thanks to the absence of heavy operations and the necessity for much light and detailed handwork, big mass production is at an unusual disadvantage. We have precious few custom-built autos and washing machines and electric irons, but the small-scale hi-fi builder has cleaned up, as the saying goes, right in the face of mass production.

Hi-fi, a craft industry, has thus been able to expand to an extraordinary extent—to the point where, indeed, the inevitable jaws of big industry must open up, to swallow with

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Many of my favorite recordings happen to be 78's. They mean as much to me as any of my newer LP's or 45's. Changing pickups was often a real nuisance—and yet I wasn't willing to give up the superior quality of my two Pickering cartridges.

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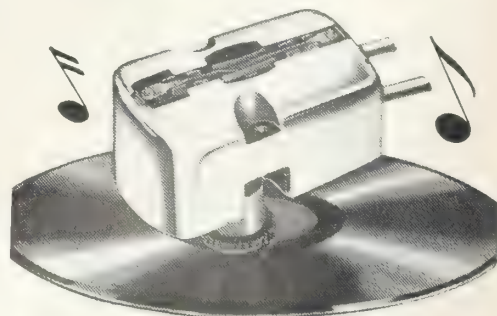
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

one gulp that which cannot be brushed aside. Will the big companies now take over?

THE answer, I'm sure, is emphatically No. Confusion there will be, but the plain fact is that the nature of the large companies makes it impossible for them to produce on a large scale the kind of equipment we have already found so valuable—and so strangely economical as well—in the craft hi-fi area. Instead, the large companies have two courses open to them, both of which are now being taken, under full steam.

First, they must at last recognize in public the values which hi-fi has been promoting for so long, and adapt their own mass technology as well as they may to some of the major principles of hi-fi that have hitherto been found only in the craft playing-equipment: better wide-range pickups with jewel points; amplifiers with push-pull and feed-back, to reduce (*not* eliminate!) electrical distortion; wider-range loudspeakers; and, especially, some sort of speaker enclosure in place of the haphazard open-back cabinet. These changes are being made and you will find that the new and much-hailed "high-fidelity" phonographs—retail—do, indeed, mark a considerable step forward from their millions of predecessors. Nevertheless, and in spite of the most sincere and ingenious efforts, these commercial machines must necessarily carry along with them most of the old impedimenta of mass manufacturing: complex retail dealership, with the old heavy price mark-ups and expensive publicity, the very factors that in the first place enabled craft hi-fi to win its present position. This is in no sense a criticism of the manufacturers, for their problems are in truth staggering. In fact it is well nigh impossible, I would suggest, for the commercial phonograph world to alter in any serious way the basic industrial factors here described, however they may try.

It is thus quite reasonable and logical that the second big-company step has been to enter the hi-fi area directly from the opposite, or craft approach. A number of concerns thus, have launched complete lines of typical high-fidelity component on the market—in competition, mind

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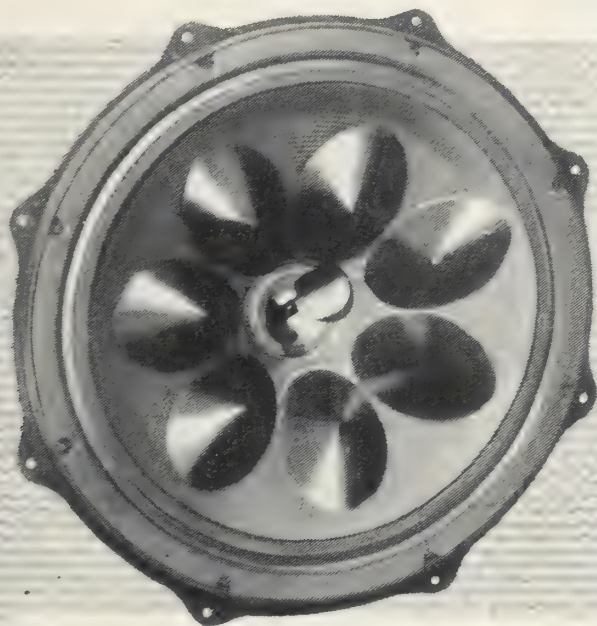
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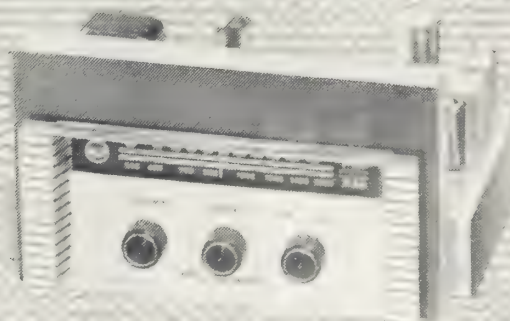
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you, not with commercial-type products but directly with other hi-fi lines, through the wholesale, net-price outlets. Again, it is no criticism of these large companies that, on direct comparison, their craft-type hi-fi equipment will greatly outperform, cost for cost, their own newly launched "hi-fi" commercial machines. That is inevitable, in our oddly arranged economy. You may be sure that this comparison, however, will practically never be made, for the two lines are more than ever rigidly separated, into the divided chains of net- and list-price dealers. That, too, is part of the system.

How, you'll ask, can the large companies produce craft-type hi-fi for these new lines? Nothing could be simpler; and here, I suggest, is the strongest indication yet of the vitality of the craft principle. A large proportion of the large-company work is farmed out—and to whom? To the selfsame companies who created the hi-fi business, the small craft-makers whose labels are already familiar to those who have studied a hi-fi catalogue or listened in a sound salon. Name no names; you'll recognize the shapes with your own eyes.

The commercial industry, then, cannot absorb the craft industry except on its own level of small, careful production. Now, in effect, the big outfits are simply buying into a good new small business, recognizing the technological strength of its position, and in those numerous cases where they have set up their own manufacturing—GE cartridges, Stromberg-Carlson amplifiers (I think), RCA loudspeakers, for instance—their own operation is of the craft sort anyhow (it could not be otherwise if quality is to be competitive). In spite of the huge weight of financial advantage accruing to the large corporations, the small hi-fi manufacturer continues to be in an excellent position to hold his own, and craft hi-fi will hold its own straight through the hurricane of advertising that is now upon us. Listen to the new commercial machines, then, and marvel if you will at the improvement over their millions of predecessors, but do not look for hi-fi miracles among them, or bargains, for that is just plain impossible. And so (allowing the usual

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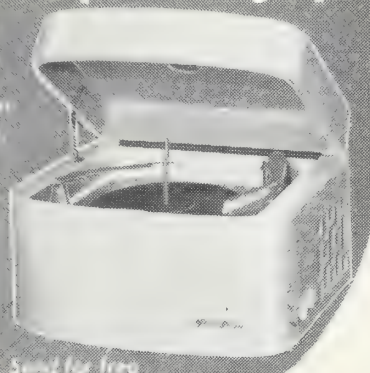
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

latitude for company claims) don't point blaming fingers, either. The commercial phonograph is still a very legitimate convenience and a practical necessity—hi-fi, half-fi, or no-fi.

Records

Bach: Unaccompanied Sonatas and Partitas (complete). Jascha Heifetz. RCA Victor LM 6105 (3, boxed).

Here are those exciting and difficult works of skeletonized implication that, though cordially hated by most of us on first hearing (especially in concert!), nevertheless make their tremendous musical message clear to almost anyone, given patience in the listening. The solo violin shorthand was easily understood in Bach's day, when musical construction was as well systematized as it ever has been and musical audiences were as a rule highly trained in matters of style and taste.

One can predict the tenor of this recording. Above all, the works require a big technique and a perfect ear, since the modern violin takes to them with less ease than did Bach's; their recording can well benefit from a large reverberation, which helps blend the arpeggios into the implied harmonies, but literal faithfulness would frown on this sort of exaggeration of the solo instrument. (The music, too, being large in nature, might excuse an artificially enlarged sound for many of us.) Heifetz is big enough in musicianship and technique to do a potent job with a minimum of scrapes, lunges, and lost melodic lines; RCA Victor has chosen the accurate close-to recording technique, without strong reverberation. The Heifetz tone is golden, *douce*, though always accurate, the sound less strident, but also less sharply etched than that of Szigeti in these same works, nor do the harmonies and voice leadings "float" in the mind in polyphony as well as those of Szigeti; one is more conscious of the solo violin, less of the complex of musical lines it suggests. A further comparison is with Mercury's version played by Schneider and recorded, as I remember, with a large and helpful (for the uninitiate) liveness, magnifying the soloist to orchestral proportions. Best bet: forget reputations and compare the discs directly, to your own taste. You can judge, even on a cheap phonograph.

Shostakovich: Syphony #1. State Orch. of the U.S.S.R., Kondrashin. Vanguard VRS 6014.

This unassuming symphony—youthfully prolix, highly original in its orchestration, and full of good humor and good moods (I cannot get the vision of clucking barnyard chickens out of my head during the first movement)—is the



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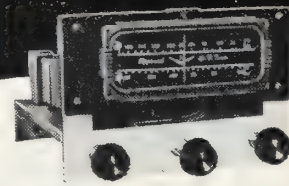
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THE NEW RECORDINGS

best of S. there is for those who dislike his later opulence. Russian recording, as imported by Vanguard, is now excellent; this fine job makes a good contrast to the famous old Stokowski version of years back, showing a greater tensity, a peculiar timbre to the brass that is recognizably Soviet.

Honegger: Symphonie Liturgique. Dresden Philharmonic Orch., Stoschek. Urania URLP 7090.

This disc, I'd say, is not a fair evaluation of this difficult, recent work. Perhaps it is the German performing personnel, who must surely find themselves baffled by the curious mixture of France and Switzerland; perhaps, on a less elegant plane, it is simply that the gentlemen are sight-reading—it sounds as much. Whatever the cause, one is patently aware of the agonized floundering for sense and security here, and I can't but be sympathetic with the players, if in fact this work was rehearsed for less than a maximum period! Honegger is a major force in modern music but one of the most compellingly erratic. This is a huge Biblical trilogy, in the currently popular manner (see Bernstein, Milhaud, Schuman, etc.) full of the violently dissonant orchestration which began back in H.'s "Pacific 231" days and those sustained—too sustained—movements of solemn, unrelieved contemplation in counterpoint. I don't like it—but I'd bargain for a more informed reading, any day. Fine recording.

Handel: The Faithful Shepherd (II Pastor Fido). Opera. Columbia Chamber Orch. & soloists, Lehman Engel. Columbia ML 4685.

Here is the opera itself, after so many years of the familiar suite for orchestra, and it should be a milestone; we have scarcely begun to tap the riches of Handelian opera. A "studio job," with excellent singing here from the domestic Columbia stable, but the style of the whole as set, presumably, by Mr. Engel is false and unknowledgeable. The orchestra sounds heavy in the old tradition, the dotted overture figure is grossly misphrased, and the piano continuo is a needless anachronism in this sort of performance for discs. Nevertheless, some wonderfully Italianate music, quite unlike the well-known oratorio Handel gets through in the listening—a revelation to those who have wondered just what Handel did do in his long string of Italian-language operas, before the great English oratorios. This is far from the entire work, I gather, which is more the pity, too. It looks as though this sort of musical project is still quite impractical, musically and financially, in this country; the economical and well-versed Europeans must do the job for us.

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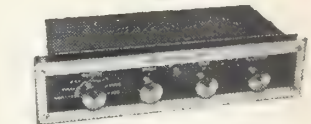
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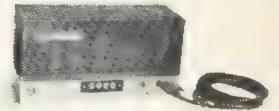
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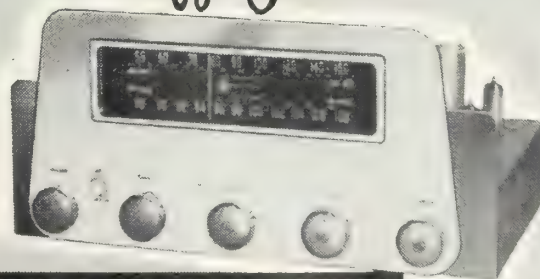


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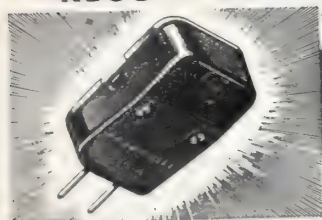
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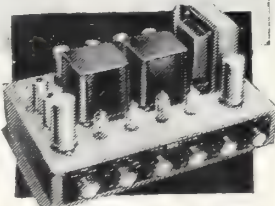
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Handel: Overture Suite, Two Arias for Two Horns, Gavotte, and March. London Baroque Ensemble, Haas. Decca DL 4070 (10").

Though the overture suite, for a handful of instruments, is played with some strangely clarinet-like sounds (clarinets, to the best of my knowledge, were not Handel's dish), the general style of this brightly colored close-up performance, as in the past with the same group, is excellent. Beautifully round and resonant, close-to-recording, and the items are the odd bits that fill in collectors' chinks and crannies to perfection.

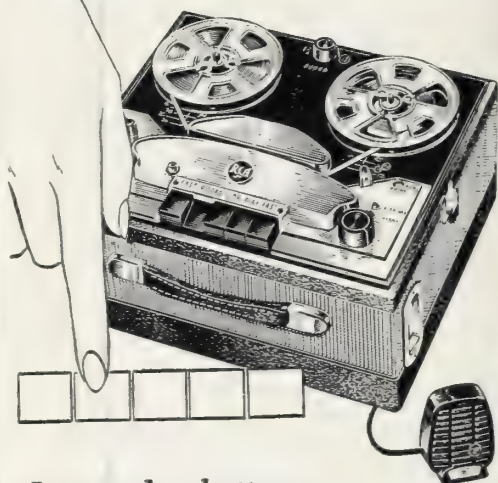
Handel: The Twelve Concerti Grossi, op. 6. Bamberg Symphony, Fritz Lehmann. Decca DX 126 (4, boxed).

Another in Decca's generally top-level series of complete collections, this one features a much respected conductor, in an approach not unlike that of the justly famous old version, the first in modern times, by the Adolf Busch players. I haven't compared them directly but this one undoubtedly boasts better recording, with less distortion, than the old version coming from 78 rpm discs. There is a lingering sense of heaviness here, too, but it is not a serious difficulty and the instrumentation is authentic, with the three solo strings nicely placed. Some interesting and legitimate harpsichord continuo effects—written-in variations on the repeats, etc. The notorious lapses into sloppy playing that marred many of the fast movements in the Busch version are for the most part happily absent here. This is unparalleled Handel, a musical world that grows tremendously upon one when the works are played one after another in sequence, a trial that not many musical collections can stand.

Debussy: La Boîte à Joujoux. Ibert: Histoires. Menahem Pressler, piano. M-G-M E3042.

At the risk of company favoritism I add this splendid disc to the splendid series already noted here of children's piano works played by this extraordinarily sensitive musician and pianist. "La Boîte" was a late and major work, intended for a ballet but completed in piano form by Debussy; it echoes numerous earlier familiar titles, deliberately, along with snatches of Aida and other fine irrelevancies—its Golliwog's Cake Walk atmosphere of staccato intensity will amaze all who have supposed that the Debussy repertoire was pretty well known by now. Ibert's ten imitative little pieces show his usual mastery of stylistic indecisiveness, tossing out delightful bits of Poulenc, Debussy, Chabrier, and all the rest of the Ibert models. Again, excellent piano recording.

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Cover by Rowland Emett

Personal & Otherwise

IN AN interview published in the *New York Times Magazine* the day before Harvard opened its 315th academic year, the University's new president, *Nathan M. Pusey*, told Gilbert Bailey a number of things about his interests and preoccupations. Among other things he emphasized his belief that the study of religion should be a part of formal education—a belief on which he had already acted while he was president of Lawrence College in Wisconsin.

"What I am interested in is the, to me, obvious truth that the intellectual life of an individual is colored by his convictions, and that having some kind of faith, good or bad, is inescapable," Mr. Pusey said. "One should face up to this truth, make some kind of effort here, and bring as much knowledge and learning to bear in this area as in others." As if to underline his interest, Mr. Pusey subsequently delivered an address at the opening convocation of Harvard's Divinity School—the first time in almost half a century that a president of Harvard has taken part in an exercise there.

The title of Mr. Pusey's address, which we publish this month as our leading article, is "A Religion for Now" (p. 19)—a pointed allusion to the title of the last preceding address of a Harvard President at the Divinity School: President Charles William Eliot's "The Religion of the Future" (1909). For it is Mr. Pusey's conviction that Eliot's nontheological "religion of the future" has let us down, and that we must no longer reject creeds but must "examine into them, and now again . . . find an adequate one for our time."

It may be that Mr. Pusey somewhat overestimates the contemporary lack of interest in religion. P & O's own impression is that Harvard's president will find more support than he apparently expects in his effort to bolster the work of the Divinity School. There are signs, for example, among the young people of P & O's acquaintance, of a very real interest in theological matters. One young lady typically complained the other day, in our hearing, that the trouble with the

Young People's meetings at her church is that the minister insists on talking about "social" matters like dates and drinking, though the young people want to study "comparative religion, original sin, and really important subjects like that." If you add to such evidence the utterances of the atomic physicists and other scientists-turned-prophets, and on top of that the persuasive pleas of the television priests, and the ex-Communists, and the industrialists in search of tax-exempt salvation, you really begin to be amazed, not that Harvard's new president chose to break twentieth-century tradition by speaking at the Divinity School, but that anyone was surprised to have him do so.

SURELY no one can have been surprised who had read any of the recently published accounts of Mr. Pusey's career. While he was president of Lawrence College, where he went in 1944 from his post as associate professor of the classics at Wesleyan University (Connecticut), he introduced a single course for all freshmen, in which the students read, wrote about, and discussed a number of the "great original works which have affected civilization and still affect it," thus encountering some of the central questions in five major fields: the social sciences, natural science, the arts, philosophy, and of course religion. Also during his administration at Lawrence, the college built new science and art buildings and a student union, and the increased regional interest in the college was reflected, according to a release from Harvard's University News Office, "in gifts almost doubling the endowment."

Born (1907) and brought up in Council Bluffs, Iowa, Mr. Pusey came East to enter Harvard College, whence he was graduated *magna cum laude* in 1928. After a year in Europe, he taught English for a couple of years at the Riverdale Country School, on the outskirts of New York City, and then went to the Harvard Graduate School to study ancient history. With time out for a year in Greece on a fellowship and a year



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as a sophomore tutor at Lawrence College, he completed his graduate studies and received his Ph.D. in 1937. After two years as assistant professor of history and literature at Scripps College in California, he joined the faculty at Wesleyan in 1940, where he not only taught the classics but also, during the war, taught physics (in which he had reportedly never had a course) to the Naval V-5 students.

The present article, based upon his Divinity School address, is his first to appear in a general magazine since his appointment.

Experiment in Understanding

WHEN Morris H. Rubin, editor of the *Progressive*, learned that *Harper's* was going to publish *Milton Mayer's* series of articles on "The Germans: Their Cause and Cure," of which we print the first this month (p. 23), he sent us a copy of a letter he had received from August Abel, of Frankfurt, who identified himself as a former member of the German Reichstag. A recent lecture engagement had taken Herr Abel to the town in which Mr. Mayer lived for a year conducting the experiment in understanding of which his articles tell. Since Herr Abel knew the town and its people, and since he knew of Mr. Mayer through his articles in the *Progressive*, he decided to find out what kind of impression the American had left with the people. His inquiries, he told Mr. Rubin, covered "fifty people, ranging from a professor to a flower-selling woman in the marketplace." The consensus was as follows:

Milton Mayer will dearly be remembered in — when the names of the U. S. High Commissioners and Resident Officers will long be forgotten. He did not come to re-educate us. Neither did he tell us what fools or scoundrels we are. He saw our physical and mental agony, but he did not rub it in! He did not pose as our Saviour. His profound learning will ever be gratefully remembered. If the U.S.A., in 1945, had sent us Americans like Milton Mayer instead of a lot of conceited fools posing as our re-educators, the feelings of the German people toward the U.S.A. would be those of a sincere friendship and deep trust and not those of an ever-growing distrust about the U.S.A.'s ultimate goals in Germany and Europe.

Mr. Mayer is an ex-newspaperman and ex-faculty member of the University of Chicago who has frequently contributed to *Harper's* as well as to such diverse magazines as the *Yale Law Journal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Progressive* (of which he is a contributing editor).

Before going to Europe in 1951, Mr. Mayer was writing and lecturing for the American Friends Service Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Jewish Peace Fellowship, in addition to serving as special representative of

the Great Books Foundation, training discussion-group leaders around the country. As for the German year, we can't do better than to pass along to you part of a letter he wrote in response to P & O's queries.

In July 1951, my wife (Jane) and I, and Julie, 16, Rock, 10, and Dicken, 6, went to Germany via a thirty-day Norwegian freighter from the West Coast through the Panama Canal. I was to serve as visiting faculty member of the Institute for Social Research of Frankfurt University, to live, however, not in Frankfurt, but in a small town, and to study the development of National Socialism in the lives of ordinary people. The town we lived in was small, beautiful, and ancient—what the Germans call a *Bilderbuchdorf*, a picture-book-town, built on a hill with a castle on the top. We put our children in German schools, and all of us started learning German like crazy. (None of us knew a word of it. Yes, we did, at that—*Gesundheit*.)

Our associations during that year were almost entirely German. It took me not weeks, but months, to establish the connections I sought with "little Nazis," but once the connections were established I discovered, as I had suspected, that I had come to Germany at the right time—long enough "afterward" so that the Germans could see, with reduced bitterness and repression, what their situation had been, and not too long afterward so that they would actually have forgotten.

I may add that various of the agencies of the U.S. High Commission for the Occupation of Germany were thoroughly co-operative with my research, though I had little occasion to call on them for assistance. My undertaking the project was the joint brain-child of three friends—Professor Max Horkheimer, Dean of the Institute (and later Rector of Frankfurt University), Professor Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker of Göttingen, the physicist, who, with his wife, had lived with us in Chicago in 1949 when he served there as visiting professor, and James M. Read, an associate of mine in the work of the American Friends Service Committee. Dr. Read was then serving as Chief of Educational and Cultural Relations of HICOG and is now Deputy High Commissioner for Refugees, in the United Nations.

Dry Driving in Texas

Walter Prescott Webb, who is one of our most readable as well as most eminent historians, is more fortunate than some of his colleagues. He has lived most of his life at close quarters with one of the chief actors in the historical drama he has unfolded in his books: the drought. As he wrote to us a couple of years ago, when we were publishing two articles in which he first presented the thesis developed in his challenging history of *The Great Frontier* (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1952), he grew up in West Texas.



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P & O

It was there [he wrote] that I received my earliest impressions of the struggle of a people with a new and arid country. The drought of 1893-95 brought untold hardship to all the people and showed me such aspects of frontier living as the dry drive, crop failure, water scarcity, and all the rest. I think this experience was fundamental in enabling me to understand frontier history.

Later, when he was working on the history which he published as *The Texas Rangers* (1935) he discovered his clue to an understanding of the frontier. As he put it, "After much labor, and by very slow degrees, I saw that when people left the humid region of the East and undertook to live in a semi-arid country where there were no trees and not enough water, their whole way of life had to change." The result was *The Great Plains* (1931), one of the key books of American history.

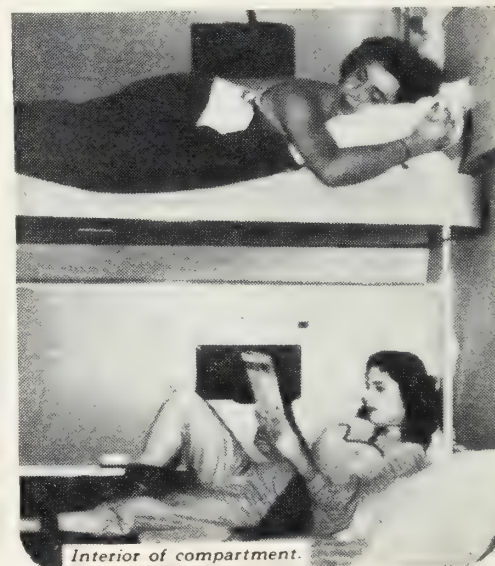
Unlike some historians, Professor Webb is as interested in the history taking place around him as in that which he brings out of the dead past to new life in his books. The old bad-actor is still on the stage, after all; the drought of 1893 had nothing on that of 1953, and he records living history in "Billion-Dollar Cure for Texas' Drought" (p. 73).

Since his last appearance in *Harper's* the University of Texas, where he teaches, has conferred upon him the title: Distinguished Professor of History. But his present piece is not, as that rather awesome title might suggest, the product of a closeted old gentleman. During the past summer, Mr. Webb made a 2,500-mile auto journey through West Texas with R. D. Mason of Washington, visiting the Rio Grande Valley (then dry), then going up river to the new Falcon Dam, to Laredo, Del Rio, Alpine, Big Bend National Park, Davis Mountains, and the McDonald Observatory, returning by way of Route 80 to Fort Worth and Dallas. Later he drove another 1,200 miles to El Paso with Frank Wardlaw, director of the University of Texas Press, to visit Tom Lea, author of *The Brave Bulls* and *The Wonderful Country*. Even in Texas, that's getting around a bit. What's more, Professor Webb has a new book in the University of Texas Press on the water problems of Texas.

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Recently, Mr. Webb's book, *The Great Frontier*, was awarded the Carr P. Collins prize of \$1,000 as the best book to come out of Texas in the past year. The Texas Institute of Letters was the donor.

Greetings, Mr. Kouwenhoven

WITH this issue of *Harper's* (officially Number 1243), *John A. Kouwenhoven*, who has carried the chief responsibility for Personal & Otherwise since 1943, ends his service in these arduous columns. We are pleased to announce that he will continue to appear by name on Page 3 as a Contributing Editor, and in person, Tuesday mornings regularly, on the sixth floor of Harper & Brothers to give his sage and colorful advice on editorial matters. Mr. Kouwenhoven is chairman of the English Department at Barnard College and the author of several books, including *Made in America* and Columbia University's brilliant new history-in-pictures of New York which Mr. Harper describes this month in "After Hours."

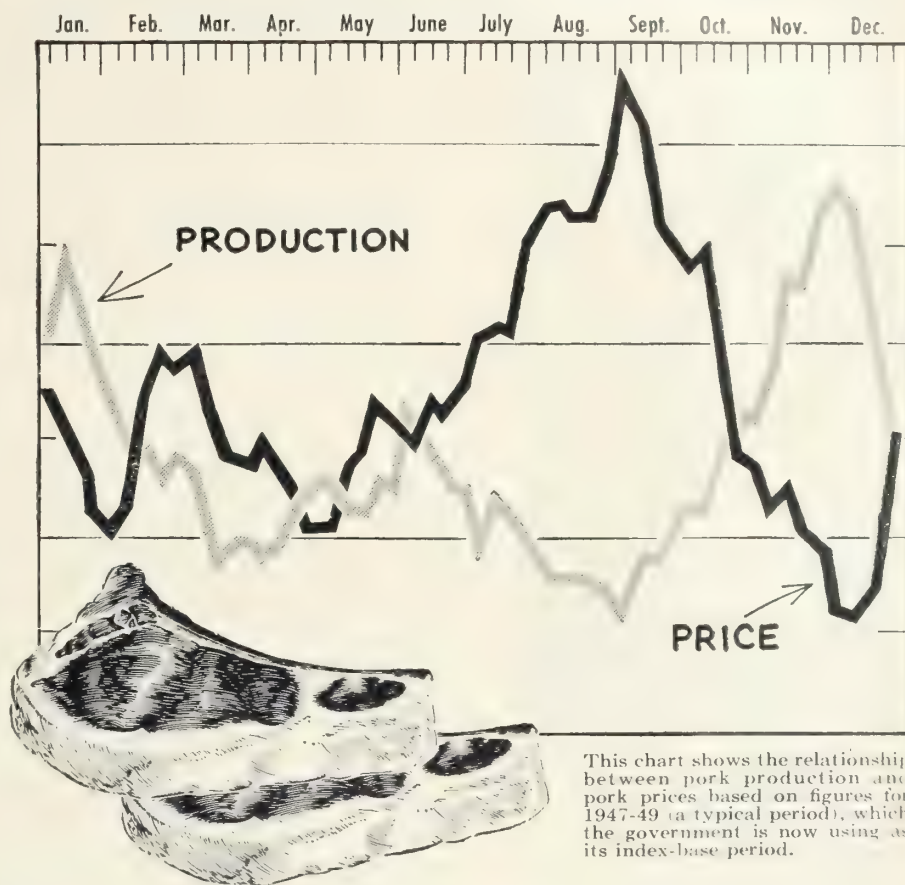
Christmas Garland

•••Since her last appearance in *Harper's* in October 1952 with "The Hollow Boy," *Hortense Calisher* ("A Christmas Carillon," p. 32) has spent eight months abroad on a Guggenheim Fellowship in creative writing, the bulk of the time in England. Since few Guggenheim Fellows are women with families, Miss Calisher, who is married and has children aged ten and sixteen, had to pioneer her own methods of settling and re-settling her brood before and after the journey, but, she tells us, "it was fine."

Miss Calisher was in England when her collection of short stories, *In the Absence of Angels*, which Little, Brown had brought out here in 1951 with critical acclaim, was published there. So she was able to follow at first hand its equally cordial reception in the British press.

Peter Takel, who illustrated "A Christmas Carillon," was born in Bucharest, Romania, but came to his country in 1939 and is now an American citizen. He has had a number of exhibitions of his work in this country and abroad and is a

What law makes pork cost less in December than it does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as its index-base period.

THE well-known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good 6 months growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *More pork*—lower prices during the winter followed by *less*

pork—higher prices through the summer months.

Summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

The medical school of a leading university reports a recent study in which a number of overweight people lost up to 100 pounds on diets featuring *double portions of lean meat*. Meat means so much to so many—in so many different ways—that it's good to know meat packers can help put it on your table at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.

Wise men season

Always and forever, we hope that the enduring values which make our times habitable for you stay bright and fresh. If there is one season of the year when a phrase like "enduring values" becomes particularly meaningful, it is this, the Christmas season.

The professional label for that sort of thinking in magazine circles is called editorial integrity, and it's the basic, common tenet of all the many good magazines. At HOLIDAY, for instance, it means the never-ending quest for the fine literary quality indigenous to our pages, the work of the best contemporary authors. It is part of the continual search for distinguished photography which marries art with journalism. Perhaps, during this Wise Men season, you'll find time to enjoy this extra-dimensional quality of HOLIDAY.

In the December issue read: *Park Avenue* by J. Bryan III, *Three Towns I Love* by Conrad Richter (a portrait of the Southwest), *Opera for Americans* by H. W. Heinsheimer, *University of Michigan* by Arthur (playwright) Miller and many other features. Pick it up at your newsstand now.

musician as well as an artist. He has recently completed a cycle of songs on poems by the Spanish poet Lorca and some piano and orchestral pieces.

•••Some answers to a century-old mystery appear in *Marion Hargrove's* "Insomnia, Stamps, and Mr. Minkus" (p. 46). Mr. Hargrove, who describes himself as "a grimly reluctant writer," is a very popular one, despite the confessed fact that he has "devoted the past ten or twelve years to perfecting ways of avoiding the typewriter."

After the publication in 1942 of his book, *See Here, Private Hargrove*, he spent the rest of the war as a Yank editor and correspondent in New York, China, India, and the Philippines. Since the war he has seen brief service as a lecturer on Army reform, written a novel called *Something's Got to Give* (which, he says, didn't), tried his hand at scenario work in Hollywood, and written an occasional magazine article. He has been for the past three years one of the editors of the magazine *Argosy*.

Some of his analysis of the stamp-collecting mania is based on personal experience. Dragged into the hobby by his eight-year-old son Christopher (general collector and first-day covers), he has been exposed to the influence of Gimbels' Mr. Minkus but has managed to contain himself within the safe confines of the *Master Global Album*. His own experience of the hobby, he says, indicates that, at least for him, it stimulates curiosity and research but has no effect on a determined case of insomnia.

The decorations for the world of Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Minkus, and the stamp lovers were made by **Donald Higgins**, a young illustrator from Virginia, who trained at Pratt Institute and free-lances out of Brooklyn now. He made the cover picture for *Harper's* just a year ago.

•••Two world wars and the education of two generations of young Communists, plus the education of one generation of young Fascists and young Nazis, have enriched man's experience since the publication in 1914 of William James's famous essay on habit—"the enormous fly-wheel of society." No one would




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credit James's influence with responsibility for these social convulsions and the concomitant efforts of the totalitarian dictators at mass-conditioning of youth. Yet the iron phrases of his sternly moral psychology of habit could—roughly understood and mischievously applied—provide the educational basis for training a society of robots. Habit "dooms us," James wrote, "to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. . . . In most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again."

Forty years later James's essay still thunders at college freshmen out of the pages of their textbook anthologies, but they tend to reject the absolution of his hell of habit. The new concept which our generation substitutes is the idea that human nature can change—in the mass and in the individual—and that it is *not* "too late to begin again." The bare comfort that Freud gave to the few who succeed in "changing" through psychoanalysis is not enough for today: the possibility of change, renewal, even conversion, must be open to all.

In this context, *Dr. Ian Stevenson's* analysis of "Why People Change" (p. 55) has broad importance in private and public terms. Dr. Stevenson belongs to the comparatively younger generation of doctors trained during the second world war whose special interest lies in medical research and psychosomatic medicine.

At the age of thirty-four he has contributed dozens of articles to medical journals and two earlier eye-opening essays to *Harper's*: "Why Medicine Is Not a Science" (April 1949) and "Illness from the Inside" (March 1952).

Educated in Canada, where he was born, and in England and Scotland, he took his M.D. at McGill and studied further there and in the United States—chiefly as Commonwealth Fund Fellow in Medicine at Cornell University Medical College in New York. He is now associate professor at the Louisiana State University School of Medicine. He is married and lives on the edge of

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New Orleans, where he works in
spare time at farming and writing.

... **William Goyen**, author of "The Armadillo Basket" (p. 61), is an East Texan now living in "a little adobe house" in El Prado, New Mexico, and writing. His prime concern at the moment is a dramatization of his highly regarded first novel, *The House of Breath*, of which *Harper's* ran a prepublication section, "Her Breath Upon the Windowpane," back in July 1950. The dramatization and a second novel, he writes, have both been in progress for about three years.

Anne Marie Jauss, who illustrated the story, is the daughter of landscape painter Georg Jauss and was born in Munich. She left Germany in 1932 and went to Lisbon, where she held a number of one-man shows. Since she came to this country in 1946, she has been concentrating on book illustrations. Her most recent work is *Wise and Otherwise, The Do's and Don'ts of Sundry Proverbs*, which she selected and pictured herself.

... To his question, "Why Not Negotiate with Russia?" (p. 66), **Ernest T. Weir** brings the reflective experience of a long career of development, production, and management in the key American steel and tinplate industry. In 1901, at the age of twenty-six, Mr. Weir, who had gone to work at fifteen, became manager of the Monongahela plant of the American Tin Plate Company; ever since he has been a growing power in the Midwestern steel complex.

He is now chairman of the National Steel Corporation, which he was instrumental in organizing in 1929, and chairman and director of numerous other business enterprises. The fifth largest steel producer in the United States, National Steel will have an annual capacity of 6,000,000 ingot tons of steel by 1954. Mr. Weir's civic, educational, and philanthropic activities range from membership in the Patron's Art Fund of Carnegie Institute to being a trustee of the National Fund for Medical Education and an associate founder of the New York Zoological Society.

Mr. Weir, a prominent Republican, has frequently made public his advocacy of the private, competitive

economic system and his opposition to state controls; his approach to peace with the Communist world is predicated on his own beliefs in the capitalist system, anti-New Deal brand. Clearly, however, this point of view—if we rightly read his present article—bears no resemblance to go-it-alone isolationism. In 1950 Mr. Weir reached his seventy-fifth year, but he has recently completed his fourth extensive European tour since World War II. His access to information from business and financial leaders in Great Britain and on the Continent is unique.

... "Rugged American Collectivism" (p. 80) is **Harry Henderson's** title for the second and final installment of his portrait of "The Mass-Produced Suburbs," that new American way of life which the postwar rise in population has spawned in the United States. The rather frighteningly close-knit society which he describes as typical of the new Levittowns and Park Forests—those one-class suburbs built originally mostly for veterans—are part of a whole American development toward universal home ownership which accelerated in the late nineteen-forties and is still going strong.

If home ownership is an indicator, by the way, then we Americans are on our way toward the good life in a great hurry, for while as late as 1940 only 43.6 per cent of American families owned their own dwellings, by 1950 (Lee E. Cooper has pointed out in the *New York Times*) 55 per cent were in that blessed condition, and a rise to 60 per cent can be expected by the end of 1955. Mr. Cooper's figure on house-occupancy, derived from "unofficial sources," is that there are now 50,000,000 housing units in the United States, averaging slightly more than three persons per unit—which is not far off from what one would find, we gather, in the mass-produced suburbs Mr. Henderson inspected. Something like a million new housing units are sprouting annually, adding to this figure their three-million-plus inhabitants.

Harry Henderson, like Ernest T. Weir, is a Pennsylvanian—born in the town of Kittaning, an old Indian stronghold in the western part of the state. He attended Penn State, ma-

ored in journalism, and has worked with success in many branches of that field. Still under forty, Mr. Henderson now lives in a non-mass-produced suburb, Croton-on-Hudson, with his wife and three sons.

•••Among the poets this month, only *Marion M. Madsen* makes her *Harper's* initial appearance—but "On the Generations of Man" is her fifty-eighth publication. It is her infant son (now aged three) and a friend who appear in the poem.

The other three poems belong, each in a special way, to this twelfth month of the year: two for love (*W. S. Merwin's* "December: Of Aphrodite," p. 65, and *Sylvia Wright's* "Christmas Song," p. 72), and one for children and books (*Ogden Nash's* "The Man on the Shelf," p. 91).

The Christmas Tree

THE cover picture, as multitudes will know at a glance, was created by *Rowland Emmett*, the eminent British cartoonist of *Punch* and the deviser of mad railways and engines in weird pen-and-ink flourishes. His book for children, *New World for Nellie*, was published with success in this country a year ago, and Harcourt, Brace has just brought out a lovely new collection of his "Best"—called *Emmett's Domain: Trains, Trams and Englishmen*. His hand produced the spring cover for *Harper's* last May.

Apologies to Dr. Eiseley

IN THE Personal & Otherwise column of the October 1953 *Harper's* (page 16), an error in typing produced a misquotation for which we apologize to *Loren C. Eiseley*, author of the illuminating article, "The Secret of Life," in that issue.

Describing his piece, which was part of a larger, unpublished whole, Professor Eiseley wrote: "This essay, then, is a yearning after final causes, something—if memory does not play me false—which Francis Bacon warned all good scientists to avoid!"

& O tactlessly printed this as "a yearning after false causes," which, as many of Professor Eiseley's readers have pointed out, about as far from the truth as we could have made it.

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LETTERS

Why They Fought—

To the Editors:

Thank you for publishing Eric Sevareid's "Why Did They Fight?" [October]. When I heard the broadcast, I knew it was perfect and felt sorry for everyone who missed it. Now, as I read it, I can only hope that all parents whose sons went to Korea will also be fortunate enough to read it. Our own boys went over and came back. Even so, the seeming indifference or ignorance of so many people here in the United States, cause one to appreciate deeply the quality of thinking always manifested by Mr. Sevareid.

MILDRED SPENCE GRIMES
Cambridge City, Ind.

To the Editors:

Let's pretend that I am a consulting editor looking over the October issue. It's a fine one, except for one thing. Mr. Sevareid's broadcast text is emotional journalistic ballyhoo.

I assume that Mr. Sevareid and I saw the same Korea. Assuming that, there are only two factual clauses I can find in his text: (1) "they bled and died in the mud and the stones," and (2) "they gave their own blood to their wounded comrades." . . . All the rest of that text is what I'd call "Gettysburg Prose" and serves no purpose but to fill with a furtive sentiment that section of the American reading public that loves to be filled with a furtive sentiment. . . .

I must assume, again, that Mr. Sevareid and I are speaking of the combat infantryman. All else is supply and logistics. I do not speak of the aviators, whose accommodations were excellent and who got to spend a week out of every six in Japan on R & R leave. I know, for I was one of those.

Very well, then. The infantryman of Korea was a man, not a "youngster." He might have had some high-flown ideas when he arrived but they were knocked out of him by the Chinese Communist forces. He recovered from that, however, grinned ruefully at the professional soldiers

who led him and who weren't grinning, and afterward kept his mouth shut and soldiered no better and no worse than Americans have soldiered in any war. He got better food, higher pay, and better medical care than any other soldier in history, but the novelty wore off quickly, and he griped louder than ever if the fresh lettuce wasn't there, or when he had to ride back to the medical company in a jeep instead of a helicopter. . . . Sometimes he threw away his 4-H club button and his M-1 rifle and headed for the rear, whereupon he was court-martialed for cowardice.

Where did the public lose the insight into the nature of the American soldier that it gained sometime between the wars? According to Mr. Sevareid, we are back to the concept of the clean-cut kid who went to war with stars in his eyes, passed through a cycle of disillusionment, then finished buoyed up by some mysterious gallantry which discounted all the odds. . . .

The "youngster" knew the odds even before he was drafted. There was no mystery to his performance in combat. The same mechanisms of discipline worked with him in Korea that worked with any combat soldier in any theater. . . .

THEODORE K. THOMAS
Capt. USMCR
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

To the Editors:

. . . That Korean story of ours which Mr. Sevareid suggests be written "with respect and some humility" might be entitled "Magnificent Resignation" and should be written also with deepest pity.

Pity for the weariness that permitted our men to fight "so hard, so long, and so well" in Korea. Pity for futilitarianism disguised as magnificence. Pity for acceptance of an ill-defined ideal and no questions asked. Pity because parents, teachers, and ministers do not instill patterns for understanding instead of resignation with its shifty compensations. . . .

BARBARA SMITH
Phoenix, Ariz.

To the Editors:

Before the American Mutual Admiration Society passes into paroxysms over Mr. Sevareid's tribute to our youth and their contributions in Korea, let us ask the pertinent question as to just how many of them enlisted voluntarily. . . .

HOLLIS J. WYMAN JR.
Great Barrington, Mass.

To the Editors:

I have just read Eric Sevareid's deeply moving article in the October *Harper's*. Does the "witty and informed" Albert Lynd (see Gilbert Highet's review in "New Books") realize that these boys were educated amidst the quackery of our schools?

MRS. CHARLES R. RICHARDS
Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Dangerous Game—

To the Editors:

Some years back a witty and able magazine lampooned a serious contemporary in a way that was both merciless and funny.

"You, Too, Can Write the Casual Style" by William H. Whyte does it again in your October issue, and the magazine which then dealt such sharp and clever thrusts can now view itself freshly.

There is a danger in running such articles, though. As other magazines and papers arrive at *Harper's* offices there will always be the possibility that one of them, some future year will contain the brutal and unanswerable dissection of that most excellent book, *Harper's*.

LOWELL RICHARDS
Seattle, Wash.

Open the Parks—

To the Editors:

I have just read Bernard DeVoto's "Let's Close the National Parks." We should act now on this author's alarm. This seems a gigantic task, but, somehow, it is refreshing to be apprised of a public problem unrelated to atoms, hydrogen, Russia, or the market value of used Migs. . . .

In 1948, on an all-summer venture into the West, I derived a priceless pleasure from our national parks.

Personally I would like to serve in any capacity in a program to restore, protect, and improve our parks. For a start, as suggested by Mr. DeVoto, perhaps we can transfer some of our fires from the forests to just "under the Congressmen." Any matches?

WILLIAM JOSEPH DIXON
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

If large congressional appropriations to the National Park Service are vitally necessary, as the October "Easy Chair" demonstrates, it might be well to review NPS administrative policies first.

The first policy I'd question . . . is that about concessions. Suppose the NPS zoned certain areas in Yosemite Valley for business purposes, and then leased land to whoever cared to use it for that purpose. Suppose two or three restaurants came in. Suppose a couple of ski shops and a barber shop came in. Suppose a bus depot were built and Greyhound and Trailways used it. Suppose even Safeway built a supermarket.

I wonder whether everyone concerned wouldn't be served better. . . . Instead of buildings which "blend into the surroundings" plastered all over Yosemite Valley, there would be a few neat trim business sites. . . . And the rest of the park, I dare say, would be considerably more pleasant to visit than it is now. . . .

The only question I have not thought out is what to do with people who like to camp in the present auto camps—these incidentally being considerably more crowded than Golden Gate Park during the season.

An objection would be raised that some parks aren't open the year round. But why? Could it be lack of money? . . .

The second policy, concerning entrance fees, I'd like to dwell on just long enough to suggest that people would be willing to pay higher fees (1) if their lives in the park could be made less frustrating, (2) if a flat fee were charged per person or per car good in all parks, and (3) if such a fee were made valid for six months or a year from time of purchase.

The third policy concerns the



In the little town of Kalavryta, Greece, where Kathy lives, most of the women wear black. Grief and the memory of horror are still alive from the massacre of the town's 1200 men and young boys by the Nazis. The world recoiled at this atrocity, but has forgotten; the hundreds of widows and returned soldiers must live in poverty and desolation.

It is in this atmosphere that Kathy grows up, an innocent victim of man's inhumanity to man. At 8, she desperately needs clothes and already suffers from malnutrition which makes her especially vulnerable to tuberculosis. With two younger brothers, she and her parents live in a single bare room. Her war veteran father is a bus driver and earns \$7 a week, not enough for even the barest essentials.

Kathy is too young to fear the bleak future that already casts a shadow over her and her family. An attractive lively girl with brown eyes and hair, she loves school, tops her 2nd grade class.

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services which the NPS now performs. Why are the rangers, with their training and interest in natural history, patrolling traffic and cleaning toilets? They don't in Canada. Rangers have nothing to do with law enforcement. Why can't the states do it for the NPS under an agreement whereby part of the entrance fees are rebated? And why can't the states take over road maintenance? Why can't routine maintenance, like garbage collection and toilet cleaning, be contracted out? Why can't the U. S. Forest Service handle fire protection on a contractual basis? . . .

The fourth policy would cover what the NPS would do for the parks and public purse. They would continue to mark areas of interest, to have lectures and tours of areas of interest. However, this type of thing is now done only at a low level. . . . The NPS can do much more in the way of field trips, summer study groups, and instruction, perhaps in league with a nearby university. . . .

HAL L. HOLLISTER
Diablo P.O., Calif.

Save the States—

To the Editors:

Mr. Richard L. Neuberger's article in the October *Harper's* on "The Decay of State Governments" is brilliantly written and exceedingly timely. The overextension of federal power in recent years is doubtless due to the defects in state governments which Mr. Neuberger so clearly indicates. Just what the new federal government can do about making these changes is anybody's guess, but certainly there is no more propitious time in which to begin putting pressure for reform on our state governments. . . .

GEORGE W. ALGER
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mr. Neuberger's years of struggle as a member of a poorly represented minority party have given him a defeatist complex that colors his otherwise excellent article. Many, if not all, his charges are as valid in Kansas as in Oregon or any of the other state legislatures. Even so, his major premise of "decay of state government" . . . intimates a previously

higher standard of legislative morality, and to that extent his article lacks historical perspective.

Our own Kansas state history is littered with scandals and evidences of corruption throughout the years. Yet by comparison with many other states our own has been a paragon of virtue. Undoubtedly the growth of public information media during the past few decades has had a most salubrious effect on the Kansas state government, and to varying degrees other states must have been similarly affected. . . .

When Mr. Neuberger reports that "regardless of corruption or reaction or extravagance with the taxpayer's money, the same dominant party within the state just keeps rolling along," he is correct in name only. Basically the reason we have "one-party" control in Oregon, Kansas, Arkansas, Mississippi, etc., is that the majority party has generally kept in tune with the needs and demands of the people in those states, giving them decent and honest, if not inspired, state government. With few exceptions, when any party is ridden with vice and corruption the control of the party is wrested from the guilty clique and honest government is restored. . . .

The true villain in the picture is the people themselves who demand constantly greater services from their state governments but expect their elected representatives to use outmoded tools and threadbare tax and budgetary procedures to accomplish the desired services. . . .

JOHN W. CRUTCHER
Kansas State Senator
Topeka, Kan.

To the Editors:

Thank you for publishing "The Decay of State Governments" by Richard L. Neuberger. . . . Many of us here in Oregon, impressed by what Dick has done as an author and in the legislature, look forward to the day when greater responsibilities are his. He is the Democrats' best hope for winning a seat in the United States Senate, but as he himself no doubt realizes, he could do much in arresting the "decay" he so tellingly describes in your pages—by becoming Governor.

CHARLES O. PORTER
Eugene, Ore.



SUMMER CAMPS



To All Santas

There is a phrase that is popular in advertisements around this time of year, and it is suggestive of a whole range of speculation on how people live and what their aspirations are. It is: "... for the man or woman who has everything."

Some grown-ups have "everything," in a manner of speaking, but who has ever heard of a child who has everything? With the whole world of experience before them, with their lively curiosity about anything that crosses their fresh horizons, it is impossible to conceive of a child who has everything. Some of them may have all of the tangibles they need, a few have even more than they know what to do with, but the intangibles are infinitely promising. There is no intangible that can match a happy, constructive, and challenging experience that a child will remember with pleasure and (though this is not what you ask for) gratitude all his life.

A summer at a good camp is such an experience — a summer of fun and growing-up in the company of other children under the practiced and professional eyes of grown-ups who know and love and understand children. A summer of playing out of doors, of learning crafts and skills, of singing, and swimming, and canoeing, of adventures and games — a balanced and healthy life in which fast friendships are made. There are ribbons to win and over-night trips. There are campfires, and toasted marshmallows, and tall tales.

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The selection of a camp is no hit-or-miss affair. There are a great many excellent camps, some better suited to some children than others, and the wise parent or the wise friend will make a careful study of just which camp is best suited to the needs of the child to whom he wants to give this important experience.

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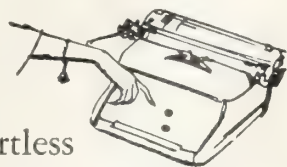
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SCHOOL AND CAMP DEPARTMENT
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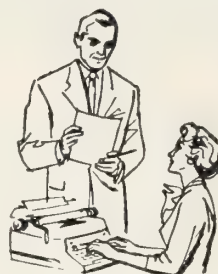
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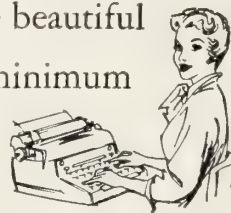
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Harper's MAGAZINE

A Religion for Now

Nathan M. Pusey

Many people had never heard of Nathan M. Pusey when he was named president of Harvard University—one of the most influential jobs in America. This article—the first since his appointment—reveals a good deal about the kind of man he is, and how he is likely to use that influence.

AS I WAS not prepared for my election to the presidency of Harvard near the close of the last academic year, so was I quite unready for the hundreds of congratulatory, and also often admonitory, letters which at once began to flood in upon me from all sorts and conditions of men, from all parts of the country, and even from abroad. Most of these—I can almost say, all of them—proved to be very welcome; but some of them were also disturbing because of the certainty and forcefulness—perhaps even the impetuosity and indignation—with which they pointed out things, sometimes even conflicting things, which were said urgently to be needed at Harvard, and about which I knew nothing.

No alleged shortcoming of the University was more frequently, nor more insistently, called to my attention than what was referred to as “the present low estate of religion at Harvard.” A good many of my correspondents also spoke with feeling about what they called “the neglected condition of the Divinity School.” I am sure the case for this neglect can be and has been overstated, but were an outsider simply to glance at their physical facilities, their budgets, enrollments, sizes of faculties, and the like, it does seem irrefutable

that for one reason or another more has been done for schools devoted to other of the great intellectual concerns of mankind—for medicine, law, and business, for example—than for the Divinity School. I find it encouraging to know that there is at present a considerably quickened interest among members of the governing boards, alumni, and others to correct this apparent imbalance. But here I want rather to address myself to the other, the wider consideration, the alleged “present low estate of religion at Harvard.”

The last participation by a president of the University in an exercise of the Divinity School was in 1909. The address President Eliot gave at the close of the Eleventh Session of the Harvard Summer School of Theology in July of that year was entitled “The Religion of the Future,” and it suggests at least one reply to those people who have been insisting on Harvard’s neglect of religion. For if one were to define religion as he apparently did, it is abundantly clear that the University was not, never has been, and is not now, irreligious at all. On the contrary.

There is evidence for President Eliot’s own deep personal faith, and its nobility, in every line of his address, and it is possible—indeed

it seems to me probable—that this faith not only animated many of the people at work in the University in his time, but that it had done so for a long time both before and after, and that much of the University's present great stature is owed to it. For example, he said in 1909. "The new religion will foster powerfully a virtue which is comparatively new in the world—the love of truth and the passion for seeking it." And again: "The workman today who gets cut or bruised by a rough or dirty instrument goes to a surgeon, who applies an antiseptic dressing to the wound and prevents the poisoning. That surgeon is one of the ministers of the new religion. When dwellers in a slum suffer the familiar evils caused by overcrowding, impure food, and cheerless labor, the modern true believers contend against the sources of such misery by providing public baths, playgrounds, wider and cleaner streets, better dwellings, and more effective schools—that is, they attack the sources of physical and moral evil."

The word "moral" is slipped in rather unexpectedly at the end here, and it may carry the argument a bit too far, but despite this, there can be no doubt that President Eliot was a sincere and fervent believer in a religion that placed its greatest reliance on increased knowledge and good works. And I suspect, further, that a similar faith was widely held by members of the University in the period before the first world war when it was probably closer to an earlier Christian conviction than it was later to be, and that it has been held by many ever since. Judged by its fruits it has surely proved no inconsiderable faith, for it manifestly released, or at least expressed, a strong creative force that has been productive of much good, and it seems to me beyond question, as I have said, that the present greatness of this University springs in no small measure from it. And yet I think it is no less true that by itself, this faith will no longer do.

II

WE MIGHT quarrel endlessly over the relationship between humanitarianism and high religion, but there would be little profit for us in this argument. Let me then just state the following as a personal conviction, and go on: that though

our predecessors in President Eliot's generation were unquestionably men of great faith, their faith will not do for us, if for no other reason, because events of the twentieth century have made its easy optimism unpalatable. For example, the passage about the passion for truth quoted above continued, "and the truth will progressively make men free; so that the coming generations will be freer, and therefore more productive and stronger than the preceding." We are not quite so sure about this as they were, and it is this uncertainty itself which constitutes our present greatest problem.

It is not that we do not want to have faith, but that certainty escapes us, and that all things have been brought into doubt, and that fearing to be victimized we are inclined not to believe at all. We simply are not the "true believers" of whom President Eliot spoke, and this suggests that his was not a religion for the future, and that something was left out of it which has now gone a long way toward vitiating his position, and which we must get hold of again in the midst of our present difficulties, if we are to get on.

For President Eliot the enemies to his true faith were churches, creeds, priests, anything supernatural, any concern for a life after death, anything that professed to be sacramental. I suspect, for example—though I do not know this—that he would have considered the doctrine central to generations of believers, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, as so much twaddle. His was to be a "simple and rational faith" and there was to be no place in it for "metaphysical complexities or magical rites."

We may overlook the disparaging conjunction of unequal things in the last phrase, and observe simply that such things were not so easily to be got rid of: churches and creeds and metaphysical complexities persist, and we have need of them still. There has been ample time since 1909 to discover that you cannot get rid of things of this kind, or at least of the needs from which they spring, simply by turning your back on them or by pretending that they are not there. This is where President Eliot may have been wrong, at least wrong for our time, for it has now become frighteningly clear that if you try to ignore metaphysical considerations (I would say consideration of ultimate things) or cover them

up in bursts of energy, they will rise up in perverted and distorted forms to mock one's thus too-circumscribed efforts. Nor was it right to have assumed, as President Eliot did, that if only one could get rid of churches and creeds, one would by that act also get rid of the human failings which had in the first place produced the blemishes irritating to him. Churchmen are not the only men who can be guilty of failures of imagination, understanding, and charity.

President Eliot had a creed, whether he admitted to it or not. It is there implicit in every line of his address. But in our time most of us will find this an inadequate one. What this proves, I think, is that our need was not then and is not now to get rid of creeds, but rather to examine into them, and now again, more especially, to find an adequate one for our time. We need to know, but we need also to believe, and what we want especially to do is to believe knowingly and to know with conviction.

PRESIDENT ELIOT apparently would not, or could not, recognize that the old forms of Christianity, which he was so ready to depreciate, and which, as they had been latterly abused, rightfully irritated him, had at one time been vehicles for holding and transmitting truth, that is, for communicating profound and relevant insights about the human situation, from one generation to another. And what he did not suspect was that in getting rid of the forms we ordinary citizens would also run the risk of getting rid of the insights, and that we would, in fact, then in surrendering to a new kind of blindness or idolatry, run the risk of cutting ourselves off from a whole, possibly even the most central, area of human experience. He was wrong, I think, in urging his generation to get rid of what he called "paganized Christianity" by eschewing metaphysics and by escaping into a formless empyrean of good will. It would have been better to have exhorted them, rather, while keeping a firm grasp on the spiritual treasure that had been transmitted to them, to wrestle more vigorously toward a fresh understanding of "first things." At any rate it seems to me *we* must do this. For our need is not for a religion for the future but for religion now; for the vigorous and creative faith which Eliot and his genera-

tion had has in considerable measure spent its force, and in many areas, in many minds, a paralyzing disbelief has taken its place. A new effort of the human mind and heart and will is called for, and out of our present great need a renewal must come. I do not mean to imply that we can lift ourselves by our own boot straps, but I am ready to insist that we can now study in areas too long neglected, can at least a little relax our wills and our zealotry, and can learn again to listen and to let ourselves be helped.

It has been my experience that when one inquires today about religious questions—at least outside professional circles—one is apt normally to be met with disinterest, ignorance, and apathy on the one hand, and too often where interest does exist, with ignorance and fanaticism on the other. We have not been well taught about religion, and there is as a consequence a very widespread religious illiteracy and correspondingly little religious practice. Perhaps as pupils we have been inclined to be unteachable. But I do not want to slip into President Eliot's error here by seeming to imply that all that is lacking is knowledge. It is rather, I think, faith.

III

PERSONAL religion, and understanding of, and participation in, the work of the Church, could apparently in many earlier generations be taken for granted. Latterly they have tended to ebb away in the all but universal adoration of the State, and in almost idolatrous preoccupation with the secular order, the accumulation of knowledge, and with good works. There is not, and cannot be, a quarrel with any of these things in themselves, but only with the notion that they are independently sufficient goods. And it is because they have been tried and the people are still not fed, that we are now presented with an immense new and most difficult responsibility.

There is an almost desperate urgency for schools of religion now vigorously to do something fresh and convincing to meet the present need. It is leadership in religious knowledge, and even more, in religious experience—not increased industrial might, not more research facilities, certainly not these things by themselves—of which we now have a most gaping

need. And it is because of this that those who have chosen to study religion and to give their lives to the ministry, stand again where many times before their illustrious predecessors have stood in the very center of the fight.

Harvard was begun, at least in part, because our own earliest predecessors were afraid lest they leave an illiterate ministry behind them. Certainly no one is going, or ever intended, to argue for an illiterate ministry; but if we think as Eliot did of all who do the world's work as ministers, regardless of what they know or care for God, perhaps that is what we have been getting. Our more immediate predecessors were inclined to think you can serve God through many careers other than that of the formal ministry. In this they were completely right. But it does not necessarily follow that in these other careers, any more than in the formal ministry itself, one necessarily serves God.

It is my very sincere hope therefore that theological studies can be given a fresh impetus and a new life. It is to be hoped, too,

that such an augmented effort in this direction will result in more able and dedicated young men's coming into the ministry, and that a changing climate of opinion will then make it possible for those who have chosen this path to lead fully significant and effective lives in a new and more Christian society.

Theology should not be thought of as a minor intellectual exercise among other intellectual exercises—certainly not only this. It is expected to carry an answer to our deepest hungers and need. I do not wish to argue that there is any Christian truth different from truth itself. But it is necessary to recognize that truth can be lost in a formless and uninformed faith, and that we can no longer get along in the face of our present great needs with such. A university must always serve truth, but we must make a fresh effort and learn again to do this more fully. Eliot's insight did not encompass the whole of it; another man's will not either, but we must go on trying, freshly and creatively, in humility and in love, and with all the allies we can find.

The Jackknife Farm Program

A DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE official put out a statement the other day that a farmer who sits and whittles doesn't deserve to succeed.

"Efficient farming methods," he said, "harder work, better production, that's what it will take to keep farming prosperous."

I wish to say that me and the knife manufacturers both resent this statement.

Why do you think the price of cattle is cheap? Because too many people have been raising cattle instead of sittin' and whittlin'. Too many farmers have been too efficient.

As I understand this agricultural expert's position, he wants us farmers to work harder and produce less, and the only way to accomplish that is to outlaw the tractor and return to the walkin' plow. Personally I prefer whittlin'. It accomplishes the same thing and doesn't put the tractor people out of business.

—The Circleville Philosopher, in the Taylor (Texas) *Times*.

The Germans: Their Cause and Cure

I. My Ten Nazis

Milton Mayer

This is the first of a series of articles in which Milton Mayer, formerly of Chicago (and its University), now of Carmel, California, describes and reflects upon an experiment he recently conducted during a year in a small German town as visiting faculty member of the Institute of Social Research of Frankfurt University.

IT is an article of the modern faith—an article all the more hotly held for its dubiety—that there is no such thing as national character. Nothing may be said about a whole people, *e.g.*, in America, about Negroes, Jews, or Catholics. This article, like others of older faiths, may, of course, be suspended for the duration of war, and everywhere is. During one war or another, General George Washington said that the New Englanders were “an exceedingly dirty and nasty people,” Tsar Alexander I said that the French people were “the common enemy of Humanity,” and Dr. Joseph Goebbels said that the British were “a kind of people with whom you can talk only after you have knocked out their teeth.” Between 1933 and 1945 the most curious things—some of them wrong, as things said in partisan passion sometimes are—were said of the whole German people. While the political consequences of some of the things that were said were unfortunate, I think it was right to generalize about the Germans. There is such a thing as national character, even though the Nazis said there is.

This is not to say that such character is co-extensive with national, racial, or religious boundaries, or that every member of the nation, race, or religion displays the character in the same degree, or even in any degree. It is only to say that a sufficiently pronounced outlook—and inlook—is to be found in a sufficiently large proportion of Slobovians everywhere, in spite of the radical differences among the Slobovian tribes, to manifest itself decisively in the behavior of Slobovians generally and Slobovia as a nation. We are justified in looking for something common, and even peculiarly common, in, say, the Germans, even in two such oddly paired Germans as, say, Friedrich Schiller and Julius Streicher.

What we find, in the way of national character, certainly does not entitle any whole people to do anything to any other whole people, no whole people having shown any moral superiority over any other during the whole of their collective existence. The woman who made a lampshade of the skin of innocent Jews was a German, but the man who made a blanket of the scalps of innocent

Indians was an American. If every American did not so distinguish himself, neither did every German. And if there were only one innocent German, or one innocent American, the greatest wrong would inhere in associating the fact of national character with the right or, worse yet, the duty to do something to all of the nationals. If, however, the dissociation of fact from right can be made, the inquiry into national character may be harmless, and even instructive. Burke did not say, in behalf of the American colonists, that he could not bring himself to characterize a whole people; he said that he could not bring himself to indict them.

Nor does it follow from the fact of national character that the characteristics are either innate or indelible. The English statesman who not so long since accused the German people of *congenital* criminality overlooked Creasy's view that the mainstream of the English people is not Celtic at all, but Germanic; not to say the London *Times* of November 11, 1870, which carried the following letter:

That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time.—I remain, Sir, yours truly, T. Carlyle.

The Roman character clearly changed between Romulus and Romulus Augustulus. The Spaniards were the terror of the world a few centuries back, and so, a little later, were the Swedes. And the Americans were once sober, devout, and penurious. "Much learned trifling," says Gibbon in one of his savage little footnotes, "might be spared, if our antiquarians would condescend to reflect that similar mannners will naturally be produced by similar conditions."

AS THE dust unsettles in Europe, Germany and the Germans again emerge as the first order of unfinished and, probably, unfinishable business. If, in the present division of the world, Germany were united, for autocracy or democracy, there would be a substantial basis for predicting the near future of Europe, and perhaps of the world. But Germany is divided, the Germans are divided, and the German is divided. Sixty million

Germans are the bloodless—for the time being—battleground of what the gentlemen call peace.

Their national character, from which, as I say, a majority may deviate in great degree, and a minority quite radically, seems to have changed through the centuries. They were, for example, just as marvelously dirty and lazy in the time of Caesar and Tacitus as they are clean and industrious now, and what astonished those who first found them in their fastnesses was their respect for human rights and their remarkable development of democratic institutions.

Whether or not the noble savage of the Teutoburg Forest was as noble (or as savage) as he is sometimes portrayed, the two Thirty Years' Wars of his country, 1618–48 and 1914–45, each appear to have changed his national character. Just prior to the first of these wars, German trade, both foreign and domestic, was dominated by the enterprising and domestic Dutch. Germany was an underdeveloped country. The Germans lacked get-up and know-how. In its wake, the war of 1618–48 (which ravaged the land much worse than that of 1914–45) produced the first general signs of callousness in the German character and the beginnings of German militarism (much later, incidentally, than the militarism of France, Spain, Sweden, or the Ottoman Empire). But the country remained technologically and commercially backward for another two hundred years.

The Germans of 1914 were as enterprising and aggressive as the Dutch had been three centuries before. Technologically and commercially they stood alone on the Continent and challenged England for the markets of the world. Their character was reflected, and at least in part shaped, by the Prussian military system, which rested on general conscription (invented by a Corsican in France). As a people they displayed stupendous mastery of the arts of organization, application, and precision, fidelity to the public service, directness which made both their honesty and their humorless brutality a by-word; but, withal, some signs of susceptibility to what might be called creeping *Gemütlichkeit*, moderately self-indulgent contentment. And this susceptibility, ever emanating from the Roman south, drove their hard-driving northern leaders to drive them still harder. How much all

—if any—of this pattern changed in the wars, inflation, dictatorship, and ruin of the period 1914–45 it is still early to say, but the foreigner living in Germany today wonders, even when he allows for the normal consequences of abnormal havoc, if the recent changes are only apparent.

Remember, the Germans were really rich once, by European standards, and now they are really poor; and, so, subjectively they are much worse off than those who were always poor. Slovenliness as well as shoddiness are commonplace now, especially among younger people. Employees arrive a little late for work, watch the clock, and leave their work in disorder when they hurry away. The Nazis demoralized the guild system, the Americans destroyed it; house-painting, shoe-repair and machinery-repair, and barbering can be very badly done (and have been to me). Business houses operate with the same old ponderous show of order, but without the order; the wrong item may be delivered weeks or months late, in the wrong size, model, or condition, or not at all. The German house is unpainted, the German home in disarray, the German garden half-weeded. Civil servants eat, smoke, read, and chatter on the job, and the public business, that red-ribboned holy of German holies, is full of minor errors.

I should say “some” or “sometimes” here, because I don’t want to exaggerate. And if the shoddiness occurred in America or Japan, or the slovenliness on the Mediterranean, it would not be noticeable. But this is Germany. Efficiency is still, at some levels, extraordinary, especially in heavy industry. The railroad trains ran on time before Hitlerism and during Hitlerism, and they still run on time, with rolling stock that an American line would burn rather than bother to dismantle. The German telephone company, when the Russians got through with it in 1945, consisted of walls and a mountain of unassorted spare parts (the Russians took the cabinets and dumped the contents); it is now the third largest manufacturer of telephone equipment in the world.

But the total and continuous defeat of the German individual in this last Thirty Years’ War seems—I say “seems”—to have effected a decline of self-assertiveness in the German character. Both Nazism and the Occupation compelled (and rewarded) indirection in per-

sonal relations and a guarded triviality in conversation. There seems to be as much of slyness now—and not just among the perpetually sly intellectuals—as there is of that uncouthness which, in days of yore, passed for admirable German frankness. The blood seems to be thinner, the iron alloyed. There seems to be less bullying (even of children), more cunning; less swagger, more simper. The German who, fifty years ago, would never dream of giving a false name to anyone in authority now calculates his chances of getting away with it.

All this may pass, as the effects of having been tyrannized, conquered, starved, tyrannized, conquered, and starved again pass, but it is possible that the second Thirty Years’ War cracked the German character pattern that emerged from the first. The locked bicycle and the clutched suitcase would be normal postwar (or even peacetime) phenomena almost anywhere else, but such phenomena may be of the greatest significance in a people among whom, a half century ago, sneak-thievery was as good as unknown.

THE German character between 1933 and 1945 was just about as unattractive as a character can be. Among the million or so who ran, or tried to run, away from National Socialism, there were many who opposed it on principle. Maybe a million more fought it, or tried to fight it, from within. A few million more didn’t like it. But so many Germans liked it (and not just some of it, but all of it) that it may justly be said to have represented the predominant national character of the time. And National Socialism, made in Germany, out of the German character, is the worst thing that modern man has made; worse, far, than Communism.

For it is not the performance of political systems which justifies or condemns them, but their principles. Communism, in principle, supposes itself to represent the wretched of the earth and bars no man by nature from Communist redemption; the Nazis, in categorical contrast, took themselves to be the elite of the earth and consigned whole categories of men to perdition by their nature. The distinctions between these two totalitarianisms may not command much interest in the present temper of the Western Christian, but they reflect, on the one hand, in Com-

munism the Christian virtues (however profaned) of humility and hope and, on the other, in National Socialism the deadly sins of pride and despair.

National Socialism could, possibly, have happened elsewhere in the modern world, but it hasn't yet. Up to now it is unique to Germany. And the deception and self-deception it required—and it required more of the latter than either Communism in Russia or Fascism in Italy—were required of a people whose civilization, by common measurement, above and beyond universal literacy, was very highly advanced. German music and art, German *belles lettres* and philosophy, German science and technology, German theology and education (especially at the highest levels) were part and parcel of Western achievement. German honesty, industry, family virtue, and civil government were the pride of other Western countries where Germans settled. "I think," says Professor Carl Hermann, who never left his homeland, "that even now the outside world does not realize how surprised we non-Nazis were in 1933. When mass dictatorship occurred in Russia, and then in Italy, we said to one another, 'That is what happened in backward countries. We are fortunate, for all our troubles, that it cannot happen here.' But it did, worse even than elsewhere, and I think that all the explanations leave some mystery. When I think of it all, I still say, with unbelief, 'Germany—no, not Germany.'"

THE Germans resist all ready-to-hand analysis of social behavior. Every important factor in their development has been present in the development of other peoples who have not, at least recently, behaved themselves as badly as the Germans. To say that they were Christianized late is too easy; so were the Scandinavians. To say that the notion of equality, connected or unconnected with Christianity, is new to Germany will not do, either; the Peasant Wars of the 16th Century were certainly egalitarian. The Germans were nationalized late, it is true, but so were the Swiss, comparatively, and the Italians were just as late. Industrialism was a century late coming to Germany, but it was later still, as was unification, coming to Czechoslovakia and Finland, and it hasn't reached India yet.

All these tardinesses are, applied to the Germans, marginal or, at best, inconclusive. There is only easy inference left—that there is something not just different, but uniquely different, about the Germans. The minor consequence of this easy inference is the proliferation of theories about the Germans, and of studies to bolster or undo them. This proliferation has reached the point—now that we have the Germans where we want them, and the Germans are looking for work—where being studied is the most crowded single profession in Germany. The foreigner (excepting the Frenchman, who, in this case, is immune) cannot spend a week in Germany without coming down with a pernicious case of theory.

But the major consequence of this inference is something much more dreadful; namely, its acceptance by the Germans themselves. And the Germans, as we know, do not go half-hog about anything. The theory—passion, rather; for that is what theory becomes when it falls into German hands—that there is something different about the Germans was the well-spring of National Socialism. But it pervades German culture, Nazi, non-Nazi, anti-Nazi, and pre-Nazi. It posits the existence of a "German spirit" as something apart and, above all, interesting. Croce, a "confessed Germanophile," observing everywhere in Germany the inscriptions, *deutsche Treue*, *deutsche Tapferkeit*, *deutsche Grossmut*, German fidelity; German valor, German generosity, wryly decided that the Germans had "confiscated all the common human virtues."

This "German spirit," taken to the German heart as innate and indelible, created, as any such concept must, a world independent of fact, of limit, of common sense, and of common experience. It created the *Sturm und Drang* individualism and the succeeding romanticism in German literature. Faust's break is only—only—with reality; he is Schopenhauer's anti-rationalist bred to Nietzsche's supra-rationalist. This "German spirit" created German philosophical idealism uninhibited by history as surely as it created German racism uninhibited by biology. Hegel begins as a systematic (*the* systematic) philosopher, seizes himself with the "German spirit," and produces the myth of the morally absolute state. Fichte confronts himself with destiny and winds up with the dream of Ger-

man destiny. The apex of Kant is the noblest figment since Plato—a universe governed by duty to an authority that isn't there. And in the myths, the dreams, and the figments of their philosophical idealists, the Germans find a German reality—and live by it.

II

I RECENTLY spent a year in Germany, living, with my wife and children, in a small, not badly bombed county-seat town, living as closely as possible to the Germans (and as far as possible from the *Ami*, the Americans). I was commissioned to saturate myself in the "German spirit" and discover, if possible, what it was, what made it what it was, and how deep it went, with especial reference to the development of National Socialism in the life of the ordinary German.

I succeeded, with great effort, in establishing some degree of intimacy (and, in a few instances, genuine friendship) with ten former National Socialists. They were an unsuccessful tailor (later, during Nazism, a janitor); his son and apprentice, whose first regular job was in the Nazi SA; a cabinet-maker; a bill-collector for the municipal electricity company; a baker; a policeman; a teacher; a university student (during Nazism); a salesman, and a bank clerk.

Four of them, the tailor (who was convicted, after the war, of the arson of the local synagogue in 1938); the student (who had been a Hitler Youth leader); the salesman (who had been office manager of the local Party headquarters); and the bank clerk (who had been a county speaker for the Party), were classified after the war as "activists" and subjected to various disabilities. The other six, although one of them, the bill-collector, had joined the Party in 1923, were denazified without prejudice after jeopardy (including unemployment) of as long as four years after the war.

These were all "little men"; only the teacher and the student possessed (arrogated, in the case of the student) any special status in the community. And when I say "little men," I speak generally of the men everywhere for whom the "mass media" are designed and who, specifically in still stratified societies like Germany's, think of themselves

in that term. Every one of my ten friends (including the teacher and the student) spoke again and again during our discussions of *wir kleine Männer, wir kleine Leute*, we little men, we little people; often, to be sure, by way of self-exculpation.

A year's conversation, in their own language, under informal conditions, involving meals, "a glass of wine" or, more preciously, a cup of coffee, exchange of family visits (including the children), and long, easy evenings, Saturday afternoons, or Sunday walks—these were things that none of my "little Nazis" had supposed possible with an American. None of them had had any but official American contacts. None had been to America. None spoke English. The relationship with each of the ten of them was established with difficulty, through the intermediation of a third person who vouched for my good faith and my good intentions, and whom my new friend trusted.

All ten of them, with the possible exception of the baker, seem to me to have accepted my statement of my mission: I had come to Germany, as a German-descended private person, to bring back to America the life story of the ordinary German under National Socialism, with the end purpose of establishing better understanding of Germany among my countrymen. The statement was true, and the fact that I held a German academic position gave it weight. I did lie to all of them on two points: on the advice of my German colleagues and friends, I did not tell them that I am a Jew; nor did I tell them that I had access to other sources of information about them than my private conversations with them.

The relationships varied in their depth, of course, but, I think, almost entirely because of the individual's native capacity for intimacy with a stranger—and an American, at that. I think that four of the ten, the bank clerk, the tailor, the tailor's son (and apprentice), and the teacher, told me their stories as fully as the stories were in them to tell. But none of the ten, in my opinion, consciously lied to me, except, possibly, the baker and the tailor, and the tailor only on the point of the arson. I found no intolerable discrepancies or contradictions in the individual accounts over a period of months of discussion; memory lapse, normal reserve, and, especially, the confusion

and repression inherent in such cataclysmic experiences as theirs seemed to me to explain the small discrepancies and contradictions I observed. At no point did I try to trap them.

THE teacher was the only one of these ten Germans who saw Nazism as we saw it *in any respect*. And even the teacher then believed, and still believes, in part of its program and practice, "the democratic part." But he was, among my ten friends, in a class by himself. He was a Prussian city boy; the others were eight village boys from Hesse and a country boy from Württemberg. He was a university graduate; his French was excellent; he had traveled widely on the Continent, especially in France; and he was the only one of the ten who had been an active democrat. A sophisticate who read the foreign press (as long as it was safe to do so), he was convinced, even in 1933, that the Reichstag fire was set by the Nazis. He was the last of the ten to join the Party; in 1937.

The other nine—decent, hard-working, ordinarily intelligent and honest men—did not know before 1933 that Nazism was evil. They did not know between 1933 and 1945 that it was evil. And they do not know it now. None of them ever knew, or now knows, Nazism as we know it; and they lived under it, served it, and, indeed, made it.

As we know Nazism, it was a naked, total tyranny which degraded its adherents and enslaved its opponents and adherents alike; terrorism and terror in daily life; brute personal and mob injustice; a flank attack upon God and a frontal attack upon human worth and the rights which human worth implies. These nine ordinary Germans knew it absolutely otherwise, and they still know it otherwise. If our view of National Socialism is a little simple, so is theirs. An autocracy? Yes, of course, an autocracy, as in the days of "the golden time" our parents knew. But a tyranny, as you Americans use the term? Not at all.

Men think first of the lives they lead and the things they see; and not, among the things they see, of the extraordinary sights, but of the sights which meet them every day in their daily round. The lives of my nine friends—and even of the tenth, the teacher—were lightened and brightened by Nazism as they knew

it. And they look back at it now—nine of them, certainly—as the best time of their lives; for what are men's lives? There were jobs and job security, and ten-dollar holiday trips for the family to Norway and Spain. "Nobody"—nobody they knew—went cold, nobody went hungry, nobody went ill and uncared-for. And these blessings, advertised everywhere, reached "everybody."

There were horrors, too, but these were advertised nowhere, reached "nobody." None of the horrors impinged upon the day-to-day lives of my ten friends or were ever called to their attention. There was "some sort of trouble" on the streets a couple of times as one or another of my friends was passing by, but the local police dispersed the crowd and there was nothing in the local paper. In its issue of November 11, 1938, the day after the burning of the German synagogues and the "night of the broken glass," the local paper carried the following report, at the bottom of page 4, under a very small headline reading, "Protective Custody":

In the interest of their own security, a number of male Jews were taken into custody yesterday. This morning they were sent away from the city.

I showed it to all ten of my friends. None of them—including the teacher—remembered ever having seen it or anything like it.

My friends' little lives went on, under National Socialism, as they had before, altered only for the better—in bread and butter, in housing, health, and hope—wherever the New Order touched them. "No one outside Germany seems to understand this," said an anti-Nazi woman, who had been imprisoned, ostensibly for listening to the foreign radio, actually for hiding Jews (which wasn't illegal). "I remember standing on a Stuttgart street corner in 1938, during a Nazi festival, and the enthusiasm, the new hope of a good life, after so many years of hopelessness, the new belief, after so many years of disillusion, almost swept me, too, off my feet. Here is what that time really was like in Germany: I was sitting in a cinema with a Jewish friend and her daughter of thirteen, while a Nazi parade went across the screen, and the girl caught her mother's arm and whispered, 'Oh, Mother, Mother, if I weren't a Jew, I think I'd be a Nazi!' No one

outside quite understands how this was."

NONE of these nine ordinary Germans—and the tenth, the teacher, is not completely firm on the point—thought then or thinks now that the rights of man, in his own case, in his own life in those years, were violated or even more than mildly inhibited for reasons of what they then accepted (and still accept) as the national emergency proclaimed four weeks after Hitler took office as Chancellor. Only two of the ten—the teacher, of course, and the bill collector—saw the system as in any way repressive. The bill collector, because of what he calls his "democratic" tendency to argue, rose only to the lowest rank in the Party, cell leader, in spite of his having been one of the first five thousand members, a possessor of the Gold Party Badge, an *alter Kämpfer*, or Old Fighter. But he was never alienated from his Party faith or its leadership by what he still regards as the local perversion of its principles by the "little Hitlers."

This expression, too, and this emphasis recurred constantly in my conversation with my friends. It did not derogate Hitler; quite the opposite. The "little Hitlers" were the local or provincial officials, fellows you knew or had heard other fellows talk about, who assumed the greatness, the goodness, and the certainty of the *Führer* himself. None of the ten, even today, ascribes moral evil to Hitler, though most of them think that he made fatal strategic mistakes, largely in the selection of associates or the delegation of authority; this back-handed tribute to the leader's virtues of trustfulness and loyalty, to his very innocence of the knowledge of evil, is fully familiar to those who have heard fanatical partisans of FDR or of Ike explain how things went wrong.

Having fixed our faith in a father figure—or in a father, or in a mother or a wife—we must keep it fixed until inexcusable fault (and what fault of a father, a mother, a wife, is inexcusable?) crushes it at once and completely. This figure represents our own best selves; it is what we ourselves want to be and, through identification, are. To abandon it for anything less than crushing evidence of inexcusable fault is self-incrimination, and of one's best, unrealized self. Thus Hitler was deceived and betrayed by his subordinates, and I with him. I may hate Bormann and Goebbels—

above all, Himmler—but I may not hate Hitler or myself. "The killing of the Jews?" said my friend the "democratic" bill-collector, the *alter Kämpfer*; "yes, that was wrong, unless they committed treason in wartime. And of course they did. If I had been a Jew, I should have myself. Still, it was wrong, but some say it happened and some say it didn't. I don't know. It hasn't been proved. You can show me pictures of skulls or shoes, but that doesn't prove it. But I'll tell you this—it was Himmler. Hitler had nothing to do with it." "Do you think he knew about it?" "I don't know. We'll never know now." Hitler died to save my friend's best self.

Yet these nine believers did not worship Hitler, any more than we worship FDR or Ike.

III

NONE of my ten friends ever knew anybody connected with the operation of the deportation system or the concentration camps. Even the policeman, who had to bring in Jews for "resettlement," never knew anyone whose shame or whose shamelessness might have reproached him had they stood face to face. Sixty days before the end of the war the teacher, as a first lieutenant in command of a disintegrating Army sub-post, was informed by the doctor that an SS man attached to the post was going crazy because of his memories of shooting down Jews "in the East"; this was the closest any of my ten friends came to knowing of the systematic atrocities of Nazism. Where these things were suspected or even, more rarely, rumored, anti-Nazis no less than Nazis let them pass; they were either enemy propaganda or they sounded like enemy propaganda, and, with one's country fighting for its life, and one's sons and brothers dying, who wants to circulate even what sounds like enemy propaganda?

Who wants—just imagine—to investigate it? Who, in desperate times, wants to "make trouble for himself"; track down governmental wrong-doing—the suspicion of it, rather—under a governmental dictatorship; occupy himself, in times of turmoil, with evils, real or rumored, that are wholly outside his own life, outside his own circle, and, above all, outside his own power? After all, what if one *knew*? There was *Nichts dagegen zu machen*, nothing to do about it. Again and

again my discussions with each of my friends reached this point and this expression; again and again this question, put to me with the wide-eyed innocence, partly real and partly ingenuous, that always characterizes the guilty when they ask it of the inexperienced: "What would you have done?"

What is the proportion of revolutionary heroes, of saints and martyrs, or, if you will, of troublemakers, in Stockholm, Ankara, El Paso? We in America have not had the German experience, where even private protest was dangerous, but what did we expect the good citizen of Minneapolis or Charlotte to do when, in the midst of war, he was told, openly and officially, that his fellow-Americans of Japanese ancestry had been seized without warrant and sent without due process to relocation centers in America? There was *Nichts dagegen zu machen*, and, anyway, he had his own troubles.

It was this, I think—he had his own troubles—that in the end best explained my friends' failure to "do something" or even to know something. A man, unless he is an extraordinary man, can carry only so much responsibility. If he tries to carry more, he collapses; so, to save himself, he rejects the responsibility that exceeds his capacity.

The citizen of the United States is much better accustomed than the German to the assumption of public responsibility of a volunteer nature, but the principle of rejection is operative here in the United States, too, although, perhaps, the load limit is greater. The greater the combined load of private and required public responsibility, the less volunteering there is for public responsibility, especially for such dangerous public responsibility as anti-Nazism in a Nazi dictatorship. But responsible men never shirk responsibility, and so, when they must reject it, they deny it. They draw the curtains. They detach themselves altogether from the evil they ought to, but cannot, contend with.

Everyone has his own troubles. Two hundred miles from our little town in Germany is—or was—the great chemicals plant of Tesch & Stabenow. In 1942 the manager—he is not a "little man"—gets his first government order for Cyclon-B gas, which could be used as an insecticide, but wouldn't be likely to be—especially since the order is "classified," secret. Now Tesch & Stabenow has been producing

poison gases for the Army's chemical warfare service, which has a colonel of engineers attached to the plant for consultation. But this order is not for the Army, and there has been no consultation. The manager may have heard, or guessed, that Jews were to be gassed. We learned at Nuremberg that the entire program was directed without written orders, but, still, a big man whose business is poison gas may have heard, or guessed. Perhaps the manager shows the order to the colonel.

What did these two big men—not little men, like the Nazis I knew—do then, at that moment, with the government order on the desk between them? What did they say? What didn't they say? That is what we did not find out at Nuremberg. That is what we never find out at Nuremberg. That is what we have to imagine. And how are we to imagine it?—We are not colonels, or plant managers, or Nazis big or little, with a government order on the desk between us, are we?

NONE of my ten Nazi friends knew, either first- or second-hand, of these Nazi crimes against humanity. None of them except possibly (probably, I believe) the tailor, who admits he was present at the burning of the synagogue, ever did anything that we should call wrong by the measure we apply to ourselves. The teacher taught "Nazi literature" from Nazi textbooks provided by the Nazi school board; it was that or quit, and to quit a public post meant, in the early years, unemployment, and later on, when one had a democratic political past, concentration camp. The policeman, who had done his duty in our town since 1906, did his duty in 1938 when he was ordered to take Jews into custody. One of those he took—the only one who came back to our town from Buchenwald—calls him "a decent man"—*anständig* is the word he used.

All this in no degree reduces the amount of awfulness of Nazi evil; it reduces the number and awfulness of Nazi evil-doers. It took so few, in control of the whole apparatus of evil, to manage it all at the administrative level in a country fabled for its bureaucratic efficiency, and so few more, a million at most, of a population of sixty million, to carry it out in detail; a million ex-convicts, future ex-convicts, pool-room hoodlums, disheartened young job-seekers, of which every large country has its million.

And all the other millions? They had only, for the first several years at least, to go on as they were, not to "make trouble for themselves." "Only Communists were in trouble"—and in Russia, only anti-Communists.

Nazi Party membership means absolutely nothing. In March 1933, and again in later years, when membership was thrown open, millions joined. These "March violets," as they were contemptuously called, joined for good reasons, bad reasons, Nazi reasons, non-Nazi reasons, and even anti-Nazi reasons; and X-number of them for no reason at all, that is, because "everybody" was doing it. They joined to get a job or hold a job, or to get a contract or hold a contract. Every third man worked for the state; the Weimar Republic had broken down the German tradition of the non-party civil servant, and the Nazis finished the "loyalization" of the government workers which the Social Democrats began.

The expressions, "Nazi teacher," "Nazi actor," "Nazi journalist," "Nazi lawyer," even "Nazi pastor," are meaningless, too. Most teachers teach the three R's under all regimes everywhere; most actors are looking for jobs anywhere; most journalists are reporting fires or accidents (with most lawyers hard on their heels) and are writing what the management wants; most pastors in Germany had always preached Christ crucified without seeing (who does?) that He was being crucified all around them.

"So it was," said all of my Nazi (and most—not all—of my anti-Nazi) friends, and always with a sigh that said, "You don't believe it, do you?"

Of my ten friends, only two, the tailor and the bill-collector, the two *alte Kämpfer*, wanted to be Nazis and nothing else. They

were both positive that National Socialism was Germany's, and, therefore, their own, salvation from Communism, which both of them called Bolshevism. Those who would do anything, be anything, join anything to stop Bolshevism in Germany had, in the end, to be Nazis. And Nazism did stop Bolshevism. How it stopped Bolshevism, with what means and what consequences, did not matter—not enough, at least, to alienate them. None of its shortcomings, mild or hideous, none of its contradictions, small or calamitous, ever swayed them. To them, then and now, Nazism kept its promise.

Alibis, alibis, alibis; alibis for the Germans, alibis, too, for man. The mortal choice which every German had to make—whether or not he knew he was making it—is a choice which we Americans have never had to make. But personal and professional life confronts us with the same kind of choice, less mortally, to be sure, every day. And the fact that it is a platitude does not keep it from being true that we find it easier, on the whole, to admire Socrates than to envy him, to adore the Cross, especially on cloudy Sundays, than to carry it. A still young man in Berlin, an actor forbidden employment since the war, said to me: "I had my choice of acting for Hitler at home or dying for him in Russia. I preferred not to die for him in Russia, not because I was an anti-Nazi—I wasn't—but because I wasn't a hero. If I had wanted to die for Hitler or my country—and this, you understand, was the same thing in the war—I would not have waited for conscription. I would have enlisted, like a patriot. Tell me, Professor"—he was too polite to ask me what I had done in my circumstances—"what would you have done in my circumstances?"

[The second article in Mr. Mayer's series on the Germans will appear next month—The Editors]

Bulletin for Wall Street

THE fourteenth Congress of the CIO trade unions closed in Atlantic City, New Jersey, on December 4. . . . The Congress, under the pressure of various reactionary groups, has elected as its president the notorious reactionary Walter Reuther, who is known to be a protégé of big capitalists and the Chamber of Commerce.

—Report in the Budapest, Hungary, news paper, *Szabad Nep*, December 9, 1952.



A Christmas Carillon

A Story by Hortense Calisher

Drawings by Peter Takel

ABOUT four weeks before Christmas, Grorley, in combined shame and panic, began to angle for an invitation to somewhere, anywhere, for Christmas Day. By this time, after six months of living alone in the little Waverly Place flat to which he had gone as soon as he and his wife had decided to separate, he had become all too well reacquainted with his own peculiar mechanism in regard to solitude. It was a mechanism that had its roots in the jumbled lack of privacy of an adolescence spent in the dark, four-room apartment to which his parents had removed themselves and three children after his father's bankruptcy in '29. Prior to that, Grorley's childhood had been what was now commonly referred to as Edwardian—in a house where servants and food smells kept their distance until needed, and there were no neurotic social concerns about the abundance of either

—a house where there was always plush under the buttocks, a multiplicity of tureens and napery at table, lace on the pillow, and above all that general expectancy of creature comfort and spiritual order which novelists now relegated to the days before 1914.

That it had lasted considerably later, Grorley knew, since this had been the year of his own birth, but although he had been fifteen when they had moved, it was the substantial years before that had faded to fantasy. Even now, when he read or said the word "reality," his mind reverted to Sunday mid-days in the apartment house living room, where the smudgy daylight was always diluted by lamps, the cheaply stippled walls menaced the oversized furniture, and he, his father and brother and sister, each a claustrophobe island of irritation, were a constant menace to one another. Only his mother, struggling alone in the

kitchen with the conventions of roast chicken and gravy, had perhaps achieved something of the solitude they all had craved. To Gorley even now, the smell of roasting fowl was the smell of a special kind of Sunday death.

Only once before now had he lived alone, and then too it had been in the Village, not far from where he presently was. After his graduation from City College he had worked a year, to save up for a master's in journalism, and then, salving his conscience with the thought that he had at least paid board at home for that period, he had left his family forever. The following year, dividing his time between small-time newspaper job and classes, living in his \$27 per month place off Morton Street, he had savored all the wonders of the single doorkey opening on the quiet room, of the mulled book and the purring clock, of the smug decision not to answer the phone and let even the most delightful invader in. Now that he looked back on it, of course, he recalled that the room had rung pretty steadily with the voices of many such who had been admitted, but half the pleasure had been because it had been at his own behest. That had been a happy time, when he had been a gourmet of loneliness, prowling bachelor-style on the edge of society, dipping inward when he chose. Of all the habitations he had had since, that had been the one whose conformations he remembered best, down to the last, worn dimple of brick. When he had house-hunted, last June, he had returned instinctively to the neighborhood of that time. Only a practicality born of superstition had kept him from hunting up the very street, the very house.

HE HAD had over two years of his freedom, although the last third of it had been rather obscured by his courtship of Eunice. Among the girl students of the Village there had been quite a few who, although they dressed like ballerinas and prattled of art like painters' mistresses, drew both their incomes and their morality from good, solid middle-class families back home. Eunice had been the prettiest and most sought after of these, and part of her attraction for some, and certainly for Gorley, had been that she seemed to be, quite honestly, one of those rare girls who were not particularly eager to

marry and settle down. Gorley had been so entranced at finding like feelings in a girl—and in such a beautiful one—that he had quite forgotten that in coaxing her out of her “freedom” he was persuading himself out of his own.

He had not realized this with any force until the children came, two within the first four years of the marriage. Before that, in the first fusion of love, it had seemed to Gorley that two could indeed live more delightfully alone than one, and added to this had been that wonderful release from jealousy which requited love brings—half the great comfort of the loved one's presence being that, *ipso facto*, she is with no one else. During this period of happy, though enlarged privacy, Gorley confided to Eunice some, though not all, of his feelings about family life and solitude. He was, he told her, the kind of person who needed to be alone a great deal—although this of course excepted her. But they must never spend their Sundays and holidays frowsting in the house like the rest of the world, sitting there stuffed and droning, with murder in their hearts. They must always have plans laid well in advance, plans which would keep the two of them emotionally limber, so to speak, and *en plein air*. Since these plans were always pleasant—tickets to the Philharmonic, with after-theater suppers, hikes along the Palisades, fishing expeditions to little-known ponds back of the Westchester parkways, whose intricacies Gorley, out of a history of Sunday afternoons, knew as well as certain guides knew Boca Raton—Eunice was quite willing to accede. In time she grew very tactful, almost smug, over Gorley's little idiosyncrasy, and he sometimes heard her on the phone, fending people off. “Not Sunday. Gordon and I have a thing about holidays, you know.” By this time, too, they had both decided that, although Gorley would keep his now very respectable desk job at the paper, his real destiny was to “write”; and to Eunice, who respected “imagination” as only the unimaginative can, Gorley's foible was the very proper defect of a noble intelligence.

But with the coming of the children, it was brought home to Gorley that he was face to face with one of those major rearrangements of existence for which mere tact would not suffice. Eunice, during her first pregnancy, was as natural and unassuming about it as a

man could wish: she went on their Sunday sorties to the very last, and maintained their gallant privacy right up to the door of the delivery room. But the child of so natural a mother was bound to be natural too. It contracted odd fevers whenever it wished, and frequently on Sundays became passionately endeared to their most expensive sitter, or would have none at all, and in general permeated their lives as only the most powerfully frail of responsibilities can. And when the second one arrived, it did so, it seemed to Gorley, only to egg the other one on.

There came a morning, the Christmas morning of the fourth year, when Gorley, sitting in the odor of baked meat, first admitted that his hydra-headed privacy was no longer a privacy at all. He had created, he saw, his own monster; sex and the devil had had their sport with him, and he was, in a sense that no mere woman would understand, all too heavily "in the family way." Looking at Eunice, still neat, still very pretty, but with her lovely mouth pursed with maternity, her gaze sharp enough for *Kinder* and *Küche*, but abstract apparently for him, he saw that she had gone over to the enemy and was no longer his. Eunice had become "the family" too.

IT WAS as a direct consequence of this that Gorley wrote the book which was his making. Right after that fatal morning, he had engaged a room in a cheap downtown hotel (he and Eunice were living out in Astoria at the time), with the intention, as he explained to Eunice, of writing there after he left the paper, and coming home weekends. He had also warned her that, because of the abrasive effects of family life, it would probably be quite some time before "the springs of reverie"—a phrase he had lifted from Ellen Glasgow—would start churning. His real intention was, of course, to prowl, and for some weeks thereafter he joined the company of those men who could be found, night after night, in places where they could enjoy the freedom of not having gone home where they belonged.

To his surprise, he found, all too quickly, that though his intentions were of the worst, he had somehow lost the moral force to pursue them. He had never been much for continuous strong drink, and that crude *savoir-*

faire which was needed for the preliminaries to lechery seemed to have grown creaky with the years. He took to spending odd hours in the newspaper morgue, correlating, in a half-hearted way, certain current affairs that interested him. After some months, he suddenly realized that he had enough material for a book. It found a publisher almost immediately. Since he was much more a child of his period than he knew, he had hit upon exactly that note between disaffection and hope which met response in the breasts of those who regarded themselves as permanent political independents. His book was an instant success with those who thought of themselves as thinking for themselves (if they had only had time for it). Quick to capitalize upon this, Gorley's paper gave him a bi-weekly column, and he developed a considerable talent for telling men of good will, over Wednesday breakfast, the very thing they had been saying to one another at Tuesday night dinner.

Gorley spent the war years doing this, always careful to keep his column, like his readers, one step behind events. With certain minor changes, he kept, too, that scheme of life which had started him writing, changing only, with affluence, to a more comfortable hotel. In time also, that *savoir-faire* whose loss he had mourned returned to him, and his success at his profession erased any guilts he might otherwise have had—a wider experience, he told himself, being not only necessary to a man of his trade, but almost unavoidable in the practice of it. He often congratulated himself at having achieved, in a country which had almost completely domesticated the male, the perfect pattern for a man of temperament, and at times he became almost insufferable to some of his married men friends, when he dilated on the contrast between his "continental" way of life and their own. For by then, Gorley had reversed himself—it was his weekends and holidays that were now spent cozily *en famille*. It was pleasant, coming back to the house in Tarrytown on Friday evenings, coming back from the crusades, to find Eunice and the whole household decked out literally, and psychologically, for his return. One grew sentimentally fond of children whom one saw only under such conditions—Gorley's Saturdays were now spent, as he himself boasted, "on all fours," in the

rejuvenating air of the skating rinks, the museums, the woods, and the zoos. Sundays and holidays he and Eunice often entertained their relatives, and if, as the turkey browned, he had a momentary twinge of his old *mal de famille*, he had but to remember that his hat was, after all, only hung in the hall.

IT WAS only some years after the war that Eunice began to give trouble. Before that, their double ménage had not been particularly unusual—almost all the households of couples their age had been upset in one way or another, and theirs had been more stable than many. During the war years Eunice had had plenty of company for her mid-week evenings, for all over America women had been managing bravely behind the scenes. But now that families had long since paired off again, Eunice showed a disquieting tendency to want to be out in front.

"No, you'll have to come home for good," she said to Gorley, at the end of their now frequent battles. "I'm tired of being a short-order wife."

"The trouble with you," said Gorley, "is that you've never adjusted to postwar conditions."

"That was your 1946 column," said Eunice. "If you must quote yourself, pick one a little more up-to-date." Removing a jewel-encrusted slipper-toe from the fender, she made a feverish circle of the room, the velvet panniers of her housegown swinging dramatically behind her. She was one of those women who used their charge accounts for retaliation. With each crisis in their deteriorating relationship, Gorley noted gloomily, Eunice's wardrobe had improved.

"Now that the children are getting on," he said, "you ought to have another interest. A hobby."

Eunice made a hissing sound. "1947!" she said.

In the weeks after, she made her position clear. Men, she told him, might have provided the interest he suggested, but when a woman had made a vocation of one, it was not easy to start making a hobby of several. It was hardly much use swishing out in clouds of Tabu at seven, if one had to be back to feel Georgie's forehead at eleven. Besides, at their age, the only odd men out were likely to be hypochondriacs, or bachelors still

dreaming of mother, or very odd men indeed.

"All the others," she said nastily, "are already on somebody else's hearth rug. Or out making the rounds with you." Worst of all, she seemed to have lost her former reverence for Gorley's work. If he had been a novelist or a poet, she said (she even made use of the sticky word "creative"), there would have been more excuse for his need to go off into the silence. As it was, she saw no reason for his having to be so broody over analyzing the day's proceedings at the UN. If he wanted an office, that should take care of things very adequately. But if he did not wish to live *with* her, then he could not go on *living* with her. "Mentally," she said, "you're still in the Village. Maybe you better go back there."

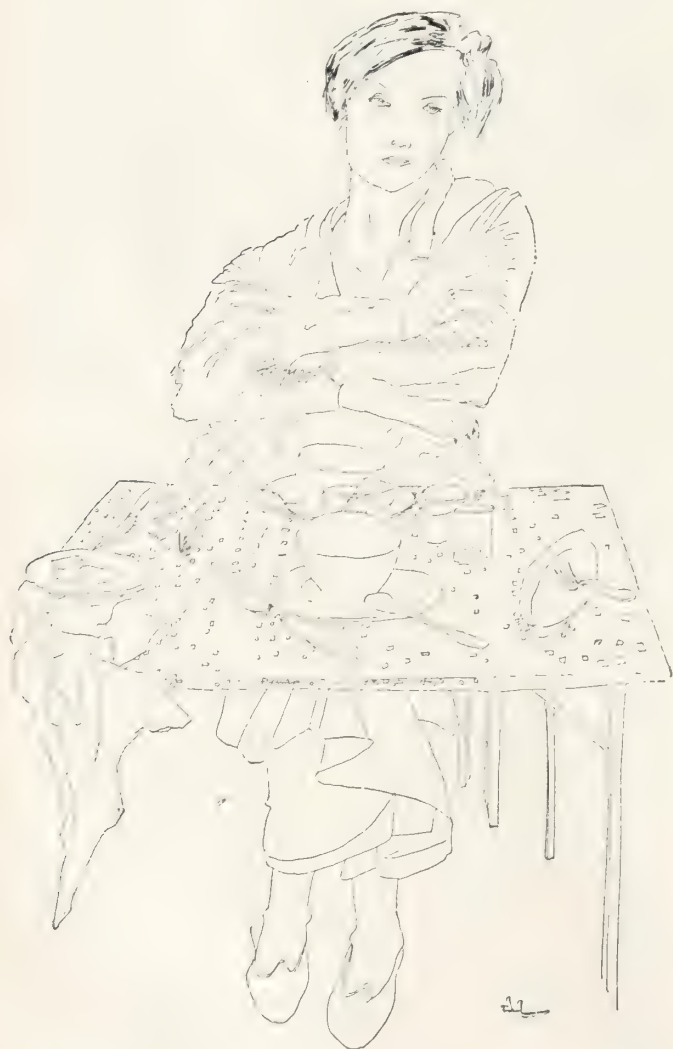
Things were at this pass when Gorley's paper sent him to London, on an assignment that kept him there for several months. He was put up for membership in several exclusively masculine clubs, and in their leonine atmosphere his outraged vanity—("creative" indeed!)—swelled anew. Finally, regrettably near the end of his stay, he met up with a red-headed young woman named Vida, who worked for a junior magazine by day, wrote poetry by night, and had once been in America for three weeks. She and Gorley held hands over the mutual hazards of the "creative" life, and on her lips the word was like a caress. For a woman, too, she was remarkably perceptive about the possessiveness of other women. "Yes, quite," she had said. "Yes, quite."

When she and Gorley had made their final adieu in her Chelsea flat, she had held him, for just a minute, at arms' length. "I shall be thinking of you over there, in one of those ghastly, what do you call them, *living rooms*, of yours. Everybody matted together, and the floor all over children—like beetles. Poor dear. I should think those living rooms must be the curse of the American family. Poor, poor dear."

On his return home in June, Gorley and Eunice agreed on a six-months trial separation prior to a divorce. Eunice showed a rather unfeeling calm in the lawyer's office, immediately afterward popped the children in camp, and went off to the Gaspé with friends. Gorley took a sublet on the apartment in Waverly Place. It was furnished in a monastic modern admirably suited to the novel he

intended to write, that he had promised Vida to write.

HE HAD always liked summers in town, when the real *aficionados* of the city took over, and now this summer seemed to him intoxicating, flowing with the peppery currents of his youth. In the daytime his freedom slouched unshaven; in the evenings the streets echoed and banged with life, and the moon made a hot harlequinade of every alley. He revisited the San Remo, Julius', Chumley's, Jack Delaney's, and all the little Italian bars with backyard restaurants, his full heart and wallet carrying him quickly into the camaraderie of each. Occasionally he invited home some of the remarkables he met on his rounds—a young Italian bookie, a huge St. Bernard of a woman who drove a taxi and had once lived on a barge on the East River, an attenuated young couple from Chapel Hill, who were honeymooning at the New School.



"Mentally," she said, "you're still in the Village. Maybe you better go back there."

Now and then a few of his men friends from uptown joined him in a night out. A few of these, in turn, invited him home for the weekend, but although he kept sensibly silent on the subject of their fraternal jaunts, he detected some animus in the hospitality of their wives.

By October, Gorley was having a certain difficulty with his weekends. His list of bids to the country was momentarily exhausted, and his own ideas had begun to flag. The children, home from camp, had aged suddenly into the gang phase; they tore out to movies and jamborees of their own, were weanable from these only by what Gorley could scrape up in the way of rodeos and football games, and assumed, once the afternoon's treat was over, a faraway look of sufferance. Once or twice, when he took them home, he caught himself hoping that Eunice would ask him in for a drink, a chat that might conceivably lead to dinner, but she was always out, and Mrs. Lederer, the housekeeper, always pulled the children in as if they were packages whose delivery had been delayed, gave him a nasty nod, and shut the door.

For a few weekends he held himself to his desk, trying to work up a sense of dedication over the novel, but there was no doubt that it was going badly. Its best juice had been unwisely expended in long, analytic letters to Vida, and now, in her air-mail replies, which bounced steadily and enthusiastically over the Atlantic, it began to seem more her novel than his. The Sunday before Thanksgiving, he made himself embark on a ski-train to Pittsfield, working up a comforting sense of urgency over the early rising, the impedimenta to be checked. The crowd on the train was divided between a band of Swiss and German perfectionists who had no conversation, and a horde of young couples, rolling on the slopes like puppies, who had too much. Between them, Gorley's privacy was respected to the point of insult. When he returned that night, he tossed his gear into a corner, where it wilted damply on his landlord's blond rug, made himself a hot toddy—with a spasm of self-pity over his ability to do for himself—and sat down to face his fright. For years, his regular intervals at home had been like the chewed coffee bean that renewed the wine-taster's palate. He had lost the background from which to rebel.

Thanksgiving day was the worst. The day dawned oyster-pale and stayed that way. Gorley slept as late as he could, then went out for a walk. The streets were slack, without the twitch of crowds, and the houses had a tight look of inner concentration. He turned toward the streets which held only shops, and walked uptown as far as Rockefeller Center. The rink was open, with its usual cast of characters—ricocheting children, a satiny, professional twirler from the Ice Show, and several solemn old men who skated upright in some Euclidian absorption of their own. Except for a few couples strolling along in the twin featurelessness of love, the crowd around the rink was type-cast too. Here, it told itself, it participated in life; here in this flying spectacle of flag and stone it could not possibly be alone. With set, shy smiles, it glanced sideways at its neighbors, rounded its shoulders to the wind, turned up its collar, and leaned closer to the musical bonfire of the square. Gorley straightened up, turned on his heel, smoothed down his collar, and walked rapidly toward Sixth Avenue. He filled himself full of ham and eggs in one of the quick-order places that had no season, taxied home, downed a drink, swallowed two Seconal tablets, and went to bed.

The next morning, seated at his desk, he took a relieved look at the street. People were hard at their normal grind again; for a while the vacuum was past. But Christmas was not going to catch him alone. With set teeth, he picked up the phone. At the end of the day he was quite heartened. Although he had not yet turned up an invitation for Christmas Day, he had netted himself a cocktail party, which might easily go on to dinner, for two days before, a bid to an egg-nog party on New Year's Day, and one weekend toward the middle of December. A lot of people did things impromptu. A phone call now and then would fix him up somehow.

But by Christmas week he was haggard. He had visualized himself as bidden to share, in a pleasantly avuncular capacity, some close friend's family gathering; he had seen himself as indolently and safely centered, but not anchored, in the bright poinsettia of their day. Apparently their vision of him was cast in a harsher mold; they returned his innuendoes with little more than a pointed sympathy. Only two propositions had turned up, one

from a group of men, alone like himself for one reason or another; who were forming a party at an inn in the Poconos, and one from a waif-like spinster—"Last Christmas was my last one with dear mother"—who offered to cook dinner for him in her apartment. Shuddering, he turned down both of these. The last thing he wanted to do on that day was to ally himself with *waifs* of any description; on that day he very definitely wanted to be safely inside some cozy family cocoon, looking out at *them*.

FINALLY, the day before Christmas, he thought of the Meechers. Ted was that blue-ribbon bore, the successful account executive who believed in his slogans, and his wife, a former social worker, matched him in her own field. Out of Ted's sense of what was due his position in the agency, and Sybil's sense of duty to the world, they had created a model home in Chappaqua, equipped with four children, two Bedlingtons, a games room, and a part-time pony. Despite this, they were often hard up for guests, since most people could seldom be compelled twice to their table, where a guest was the focus of a constant stream of self-congratulation from either end. Moreover, Ted had wormed his way into more than one stag party at Gorley's, and could hardly refuse a touch. And their Christmas, whatever its other drawbacks, would be a four-color job, on the best stock.

But Ted's voice, pluin-smooth when he took the phone from his secretary, turned reedy and doubtful when he heard Gorley's inquiry. "Uh-oh! 'Fraid that puts me on the spot, fella. Yeah. Kind of got it in the neck from Sybil, last time I came home from your place. Yeah. Had a real old-fashioned hassel. Guess I better not risk reminding her just yet. But, say! How about coming up here right now, for the office party?"

Gorley declined, and hung up. Off-campus boy this time of year, that's what I am, he thought. He looked at his mantelpiece crowded with its reminders—greetings from Grace and Bill, Jane and Tom. Peg and Jack, Etcetera and Mrs. Etcetera. On top of the pile was another air-mail from Vida, received that morning, picture enclosed. Sans the red in the hair, without the thrush tones of the assenting voice, she looked a little long in the teeth. Her hands and feet, he remembered,

were always cold. Somehow or other, looking at the picture, he did not think that central heating would improve them. "The living room is the curse," she had said. That's it, he thought; that's it. And this, Vida, is the season of the living room.

He looked down into the street. The Village was all right for the summer, he thought. But now the periphery of the season had changed. In summer, the year spins on a youth-charged axis, and a man's muscles have a spurious oil. But this is the end toward which it spins. Only three hundred days to Christmas. Only a month—a week. And then, every year, the damned day itself, catching him with its holly claws, sounding its platitudes like carillons.

Down at the corner, carols bugled steamily from a mission soup-kitchen. There's no escape from it, he thought. Turn on the radio, and its alleluia licks you with tremolo tongue. In every store window flamethousegown, nuzzleth slipper. In all the streets the heavenly shops proclaim. The season has shifted inward, Gorley, and you're on the outside, looking in.

He moved toward the phone, grabbed it, and dialed the number before he remembered that you had to get the operator for Tarrytown. He replaced the receiver. Whatever he had to say, and he wasn't quite sure what, or how, it wasn't for the ears of the kids or the Lederer woman. He jammed on his hat. Better get there first, get inside the door.

GOING up to Grand Central in the cab, he pressed his face against the glass. Everything had been taken care of weeks ago—the kids had been sent their two-wheelers, and he had mailed Eunice an extra-large check—one he hadn't sent through the lawyer. But at five o'clock Fifth Avenue still shone like an enormous blue sugar-plum revolving in a tutti-frutti rain of light. Here was the season in all its questionable glory—the hallmarked joy of giving, the good will *diamanté*. But in the cosmetic air, people raised tinted faces, walked with levitated step.

In the train, he avoided the smoker, and chose an uncrowded car up front. At his station, he waited until all the gleaming car muzzles pointed at the train had picked up their loads and gone, then walked through the main street which led to his part of town. All

was lit up here too, with a more intimate, household shine. He passed the pink damp of a butcher's, the bright fuzz of Woolworth's. "Sold out!" said a woman, emerging. "'S try the A & P." He walked on, invisible, his face pressed to the shop window of the world.

At Schlumbohn's Credit Jewellery Corner he paused, feeling for the wallet filled with cash yesterday for the still not impossible yes over the phone. This was the sort of store that he and Eunice, people like them, never thought of entering. It sold watches pinned to cards, zircons, musical powder-boxes, bracelets clasped with fat ten-carat hearts, Rajah pearl necklaces and Truelove blue-white diamonds. Something for Everybody, it said. He opened the door.

Inside a magnetic salesgirl nipped him toward her like a pin. He had barely stuttered his wants before he acquired an Add-a-Pearl necklace for Sally, two Genuine Pinseal handbags for his mother-in-law and Mrs. Lederer, and a Stag-horn knife with three blades, a nail-file, and a corkscrew, for young George. He had left Eunice until last, but with each purchase, a shabby, telephoning day had dropped from him. Dizzy with participation, he surveyed the mottoed store.

"Something . . . something for the wife," he said.

"Our lovely Lifetime Watch, perhaps? Or Something in Silver, for the House?" The clerk tapped her teeth, gauging him.

He leaned closer, understanding suddenly why housewives, encysted in lonely houses, burbled confidences to the grocer, made an audience of the milkman. "We've had a—Little Tiff."

"Aw-w," said the clerk, adjusting her face. "Now . . . let me see. . . ." She kindled suddenly, raised a sibylline finger, beckoned him further down the counter, and drew out a tray of gold charms. Rummaging among them with a long, opalescent nail, she passed over minute cocktail shakers, bird cages, tennis rackets, a tiny scroll bearing the words, "If you can see this, you're too darn close," and seized a trinket she held up for view. A large gold shamrock, hung on a chain by a swivel through its middle, it bore the letter I on its upper leaf, on its nether one the letter U. She reversed it. L.O.V.E. was engraved across the diameter of the other side. The clerk spun it with her accomplished nail. "See?" she said.



*The season has shifted inward, Gyorley,
and you're on the outside, looking in.*

"Spin it! Spin it and it says I. L.O.V.E. U!"

"Hmmm. . .," said Gyorley, clearing his throat. "Well . . . guess you can't fob some women off with just a diamond bracelet." She tittered dutifully. But, as she handed it to him with his other packages, and closed the glass door behind him, he saw her shrug something, laughing, to another clerk. She had seen that he was not Schlumbohn's usual, after all. As he walked up his own street he felt that he was, after all, hardly anybody's usual, tonight. It was a pretty street, of no particular architectural striving. Not a competitive street, except sometimes, in summer, on the subject of gardens. And, of course, now. In every house the tree was up and lit, in the window nearest the passer-by. Here was his own, with the same blue lights that had lasted, with some tinkering on his part, year after year. Eunice must have had a man in to fix them.

He stopped on the path. A man in. She was pretty, scorned, and—he had cavalierly assumed—miserable. He had taken for granted that his family, in his absence, would have remained reasonably static. They always had. He'd been thinking of himself. Silently, he peeled off another layer of self-knowledge. He still was.

He walked up the steps wondering what kind of man might rise to be introduced, perhaps from his own armchair. One of her faded, footballish resurrections from Ohio State U., perhaps: Gordon, this is Jim Jerk, from home. Or would she hand it to him at

once? Would it be: *Dear*, this is Gordon.

The door was unlocked. He closed it softly behind him, and stood listening. This was the unmistakable quiet of an empty house—as if the secret respiration of all objects in it had just stopped at his entrance. The only light downstairs was the glowing tree. He went up the stairs.

IN THE bedroom, the curtains were drawn, the night light on. The bed was piled with an abandoned muddle of silver wrappings, tissue paper, ribbons. He dropped the presents on the bed, tossed his hat after them, let his coat slip down on the familiar chair, and parted the curtains. It had a good view of the river, his house. He stood there, savoring it. He was still there when a car door slammed and the family came up the path. The Christmas Eve pantomime, of course, held every year at the village hall. Georgie had on one of those white burnouses they always draped the boys in, and Sally, in long dress and coned hat, seemed to be a medieval lady. He saw that this year she had the waist for it. Eunice and Mrs. Lederer walked behind them. He tapped on the glass.

They raised their faces in tableau. The children waved, cat-called, and disappeared through the downstairs door. Mrs. Lederer followed them. Below, Eunice stared upward, in the shine from the tree-window. Behind him, he heard that sound made only by children—the noise of bodies falling up a

staircase. As they swarmed in on him, she disappeared.

"You shoulda been to the hall," said Georgie, seizing him. "Christmas at King Arthur's court. I was a knight."

"Was it corny!" said Sally, from a distance. She caught sight of herself in a pier glass. "I was Guinevere."

"Had to do some last-minute shopping," said Gorley.

"I saw my bike!" said Georgie. "It's in the cellar."

"Oh . . . Georgie!" said Sally.

"Well, I couldn't help seeing it."

"Over there are some Christmas Eve presents," said Gorley.

"Open now?" they said. He nodded. They fell upon them.

"Gee," said Georgie, looking down at the knife. "Is that neat!" From his tone it was clear that he, at least, was Schlumbohn's usual.

"Oh, Dad!" Sally had the necklace around her neck. She raised her arms artistically above her head, in the fifth position, minced forward, and placed their slender wreath around Gorley's neck. As she hung on him, sacklike, he felt that she saw them both, a tender picture, in some lurking pier glass of her mind.

The door opened, and Eunice came in. She shut it behind her with a "not before the servants" air, and stood looking at him. He face was blurred at the edges; she had not decked herself out for anybody. She looked the way a tired, pretty woman, of a certain age and responsibilities, might look at the hour before dinner, at the moment when age and prettiness tussle for her face, and age momentarily has won.

"Look what I got!" Georgie brandished the knife.

"And mine!" Sally undulated herself. "Mums! Doesn't it just go!" She stopped, looking from father to mother, her face hesitant, but shrewd.

"Open yours, Mums. Go on."

"Later," said Eunice. "Right now I think Mrs. Lederer wants you both to help with the chestnuts."

"No fair, no fair," said Georgie. "You saw ours."

"Do what your mother says," said Gorley. The paternal phrase, how it steadied him, was almost a hearthstone under his feet.

"Oh, well," said Eunice, wilting toward the children, as she invariably did when he was stern with them. Opening the package he indicated, she drew out the bauble. Georgie rushed to look at it, awarded it a quick, classifying disinterest, and returned to his knife.

"Oo—I know how to work those! Margie's sister has one," said Sally. She worked it. "If that isn't corny!" she gurgled. Eunice's head was bent over the gift. Sally straightened up, gave her and Gorley a swift, amending glance. "But cute!" she said. She flushed. Then, with one of the lightning changes that were the bane of her thirteen years, she began to cry. "Honestly, it's sweet!" she said.

Gorley looped an arm around her, gave her a squeeze and a kiss. "Now, shoo," he said. "Both of you."

When he turned back to the room. Eunice was looking out the window, chin up, her face not quite averted. Recognizing the posture, he quailed. It was the stance of the possessor of the stellar role—of the nightingale with her heart against the thorn. It was the stance of the woman who demands her scene.

He sighed, rat-tatted his fingers on the table top. "Well," he said. "Guess this is the season the corn grows tall."

A small movement of her shoulder. The back of her head to him. Now protocol demanded that he talk, into her silence, dredging his self-abasement until he hit upon some remark that made it possible for her to turn, to rend it, to show it up for the heartless, illogical, tawdry remark that it was. He could repeat a list of the game birds of North America, or a passage from the Congressional Record. The effect would be the same.

"Go on," he said, "get it over with. I deserve it. I just want you to know . . . mentally, I'm out of the Village."

She turned, head up, nostrils dilated. Her mouth opened. "Get it ov—!" Breath failed her. But not for long.

MUCH later, they linked arms in front of the same window. Supper had been eaten, the turkey had been trussed, the children at last persuaded into their beds. That was the consolatory side of family life, Gorley thought—the long, Olympian codas of the emotions were cut short by the niggling detail. Women thought otherwise, of course. In the past, he had himself.

Eunice began clearing off the bed. "What's in those two? Father's and Mother's?"

"Oh Lord. I forgot Father."

"Never mind. I'll look in the white elephant box." The household phrase—how comfortably it rang. She looked up. "What's in these then?"

"For Mother and Mrs. Lederer. Those leather satchel-things. Pinseal."

"Both the same. I'll bet."

He nodded.

Eunice began to laugh. "Oh, Lord. How they'll hate it." She continued to laugh, fondly, until Gorley smirked response. This, too, was familiar. Masculine gifts: the inappropriateness thereof.

But Eunice continued to laugh, steadily, hysterically, clutching her stomach, collapsing into a chair. "It's that hat," she said. "It's that s-specimen of a hat!"

Gorley's hat lay on the bed, where he had flung it. Brazenly dirty, limp denizen of bars, it reared sideways on a crest of tissue paper, one curling red whorl of ribbon around its crown. "L-like something out of Hogarth," she said. "The R-rounder's Return."

Gorley forced a smile. "You can buy me another."

"Mmmm . . . for Christmas." She stopped laughing. "You know . . . I think that's what convinced me—your coming back tonight. Knowing you—that complex of yours. Suppose I felt if you meant to stand us through the holidays, you meant to stand us for good."

Gorley coughed, bent to stuff some paper into the wastebasket. In fancy, he was stuffing in a picture too, portrait of Vida, woman of imagination, outdistanced forever by the value of a woman who had none.

Eunice yawned. "Oh . . . I forgot to turn out the tree."

"I'll go down."

"Here, take this along." She piled his arms with crushed paper. In grinning afterthought, she clapped the hat on his head.

HE WENT to the kitchen and emptied his arms in the bin. The kitchen was in chaos, the cookery methods of *alt Wien* demanding that each meal rise like a phoenix, from a flaming muddle belowstairs. Tomorrow, as Mrs. Lederer mellowed with wine, they would hear once again of her grandfather's house, where the coffee was not even

roasted until the guests' carriages appeared in the driveway.

In the dining room, the table was set in state, from damask to silver nut dishes. Father would sit there. He was teetotal, but anecdotalism signs no pledge. His jousts as purchasing agent for the city of his birth now left both narrator and listener with the impression that he had built it as well. They would hear from Mother too. It was unfortunate that her bit of glory—her father had once attended Grover Cleveland—should have crystallized itself in that one sentence so shifty for false teeth—"Yes, my father was a physician, you know."

Gorley signed, and walked into the living room. He looked out, across the flowing blackness of the river. There, to the south, somewhere in that jittering corona of yellow lights, was the apartment. He shuddered pleasurably, thinking of all the waifs in the world tonight. His own safety was too new for altruism; it was only by a paring of luck as thin as this pane of glass that he was safely here—on the inside, looking out.

Behind him, the tree shone—that *trompe-l'oeil* triumphant—yearly symbol of how eternally people had to use the spurious to catch at the real. If there was an angel at the top, then this was the devil at its base—that, at this season, anybody who opened his eyes and ears too wide caught the poor fools, caught himself, hard at it. Home is where the heart . . . the best things in life are . . . spin it and it says I.L.O.V.E.U.

Gorley reached up absently, and took off his hat. This is middle age, he thought. Stand still and hear the sound of it, bonging like carillons, the gathering sound of all the platitudes, sternly coming true.

He looked down at the hat in his hand. It was an able hat; not every hat could cock a snook like that one. From now on, he'd need every ally he could muster. Holding it, he bent down, and switched off the tree. He was out of the living room and halfway up the stairs, still holding it, before he turned back. Now the house was entirely dark, but he needed no light other than the last red sputter of rebellion in his heart. He crept down, felt along the wall, clasped a remembered hook. Firmly, he hung his hat in the hall. Then he turned, and went back up the stairs.

The Easy Chair

“Always Be Drastically Independent.”

Bernard DeVoto

WHEN the Attorney General got back from California where he had been talking to Governor Warren, who was to be appointed Chief Justice, he told the Washington newspapermen that he had made no recommendation for the appointment and had no statement to make about it. He then summoned five correspondents to a private conference and, “without attribution,” announced the appointment to them. Their papers promptly published the information, scoring the year’s biggest news beat. A couple of days later the President held one of his infrequent news conferences. He made some remarks about the appointment and, answering a correspondent’s questions, went on to discuss it further. Thereupon the correspondent said, “May I ask another question as a newspaperman? Is it going to be the policy of the Administration to leak such news to friendly newspapers?”

It was a courageous question and a necessary one. It was asked in the interests of the correspondent’s paper but also in the public interest and on behalf of political ethics. The correspondent was performing a fundamental function of the press in a democratic government. He was holding the Administration to public accountability and public judgment. There were a lot of first-rate newspapermen in the conference room, any of whom could have asked that question, as many were prepared to. But, considering how many conspicuous values were involved, it seems appropriate that the question actually was asked by a correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

In December 1878 a young Hungarian im-

migrant named Joseph Pulitzer, who had been a reporter and correspondent for a German-language newspaper, bought at auction the bankrupt *Dispatch* which Francis P. Blair, Jr., had established early in the Civil War to give St. Louis a firm Republican voice. Pulitzer paid \$2,500 for it and had personal assets of \$2,700 remaining, which he figured could keep it running for eleven weeks. Before the period was over, he was able to stop worrying, and the paper has never had to worry about next month’s bills. His energy and talents were so justly appreciated in St. Louis that the afternoon opposition, an excellent paper called the *Post*, proposed a merger as soon as he made his purchase. The first issue of the new consolidation was published on December 12 as the *Post and Dispatch*. Presently it was the *Post-Dispatch*.

An institution is a good deal more than the lengthened shadow of a man, but the *Post-Dispatch* preserves the character that Pulitzer gave it during the four years of his editorship. Moving to New York, he used its profits to buy the *World*, which had curiously belonged to Jay Gould. In histories of journalism the chapter about Pulitzer will always concentrate on the *World*, and more particularly on the *Evening World*; the abundant legends about him also cluster there. The *World* was indeed a great paper. Graybeards remember it as a newspaperman’s newspaper, much as those of an earlier time remembered the *Sun*, and as a kind of newspaperman’s Promised Land. It was by means of the *World* that Pulitzer changed and improved American journalism, but apart from a feverish period when he was competing in sensationalism with Hearst, he

did little there that he had not begun on the *Post-Dispatch*.

An undocumented legend which is devoutly believed in the trade has it that Pulitzer turned over the *World* to the son who he thought had inherited his genius, leaving the provincial paper to the one whose talents were not up to the big time. If there is any truth in the legend, then there is a good deal more irony. The *World* long ago vanished in a merger which destroyed its personality, and though it kept its unusual literary flavor up to the end, it had already lost its vigor and ruggedness. Whereas the *Post-Dispatch* is one of the leading newspapers of the United States. There are not more than a half-dozen papers which can be compared with it in any respect, and though the *New York Times* is its superior, it is so by virtue of its wealth, its foreign staff, and its ability to print texts in full. And the *Post-Dispatch* is a national newspaper, which the *World*, despite its brilliance, never was.

Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar has a simile, "He was as shy as a newspaper is when referring to its own merits." The *Post-Dispatch* has little of this trade narcissism but I assume that, at some time round the first of December, it will publish a seventy-fifth anniversary issue which, besides exhilarating the business office, will summarize its history and review its achievements. I hope so. No newspaperman has to be told how good a paper it is, but the widest possible public should study those achievements. They indicate conclusions which are reassurance and consolation in a period when American newspapers are diminishing in number and influence and when many of them are neuters.

ANALYZING a number of leading newspapers—say the *Courier-Journal*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Washington Post*, the *Cleveland Press*, the *Chicago Tribune* which, regardless of its malorodous editorial behavior, is a newspaperman's newspaper if there ever was one—analyzing them fails to derive a formula that can explain how a good one comes about. Mr. Louis Lyons, after considering the problem, has had to fall back on pure chance: the accidental aggregation of several favorable circumstances. But clearly much of the distinction of the *Post-Dispatch* originates on the principles to which Pulitzer

committed it in the beginning, and at least some of it must be ascribed to the community in which it developed. A national newspaper must first of all be a local one; only by means of its local function can it acquire wider significance. But St. Louis has a heritage of French, Spanish, and German civilization which gives it a cosmopolitanism to be found in no other Midwestern city, and it is situated at a prime center of the United States. Historically and geographically it is the portal to the West and Southwest; the most nationalizing American experience, the expansion to the Pacific, was funneled through it. It is the focus of the entire Mississippi Valley and it stands at the mouth of the Missouri Valley. Its culture is diverse and its horizons are wide.

Thus when the *Post-Dispatch* initiated and thereafter led the demand for the inquiry that became the Teapot Dome investigation, it was serving the interest of the entire United States but also it was essentially just covering the suburbs. Oil reserves in Wyoming are within its municipal concern, though some miles farther out than Florissant or Clayton. Similarly with its magnificent campaign for unified development of the Missouri Valley, a model of expert (and sustained) study, analysis, exposition, exegesis, and interpretation. Here is a problem complex almost beyond statement and national, even continental, in scope. The *Post-Dispatch* has dealt with every aspect of it so admirably that its files are the best source for students, experts, and federal commissions. It has assigned not only special editors but a sizable staff to the subject, in a team operation which so far as I know has been equaled nowhere else in modern journalism. But the national problem issues from the local ones which crowd in on the *Post-Dispatch* office in the flooding of the waterfront and other Missouri cities, the erosion of Missouri farmlands, the prosperity of St. Louis businesses dependent on the social and economic health of Montana, bank receipts in Omaha, and for that matter mail subscriptions in Bismarck.

IT is typical that though the paper at first advocated a single solution to the immense problem, a Missouri Valley Authority, it has changed with developments over the years which have altered many conditions and suggested that other solutions may

be possible and perhaps better. It is not committed to a single means but the end in view has remained the same and the paper has never lost track of it. Just as typical and even more important is the fact that it keeps abreast of the problem, expanding its own knowledge and forever bringing its readers back to it. This is the "continuity" on which Pulitzer insisted. It means: don't drop a subject, keep everlastingly at it. The fine dash of many a newspaper crusade peters out when the circulation value of the original onslaught has been exhausted. In a business where a month is a long time to focus attention on anything, the paper has a long memory. As long as may be necessary for the end in view.

Pulitzer, I say, insisted on continuity—and on the primary virtues of journalism, accuracy, reliability, full coverage, clear writing, careful editing. But additional components of the Pulitzer creed are what created the personality of the *Post-Dispatch*. I have been unable to make an analysis of them sufficiently short for my space here; so I end by printing the statement which accompanied Pulitzer's announcement of his retirement in 1907. It was addressed to the *World* but the *Post-Dispatch* carries it on its masthead. He said he was confident: "that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty." Many papers run similarly elevated and inspiring masthead platforms. The difference is that this one accurately describes the *Post-Dispatch*. It has been exactly the kind of paper that Pulitzer's testament directed its once more famous sibling to be.

MOST to be stressed are independence and militancy, which on the *Post-Dispatch* are reciprocal qualities. Any big newspaper can be as independent as it may choose to be. A good many are independent in the sense that they are not swayed by pressures commonly believed to threaten journalism, that of big advertisers for instance.

But few have chosen to be politically independent and fewer still have risked the independence that means following your light even when it strains or breaks community sanctions. The *Post-Dispatch* has shown that the risk can be disregarded, that flouting the community sanctions can end by making them conformable to an aroused and informed public opinion.

It is a fighting newspaper, a crusading newspaper if you will, and there has never been a more successful one. It has institutionalized liberal journalism. We speak glibly of the press as an agent in creating public opinion and acting as its fulcrum in the control of government—too glibly, for not many papers perform either function. The simple but massive fact is that the *Post-Dispatch* performs both. For specific instances I refer you to the anniversary issue which I assume will be published; I am concerned with a single facet.

The *New York Times* is our best newspaper; few would deny that it is the best one that has ever been published anywhere. The basis of its greatness—and let's remember that the size of New York City is what makes it possible—is its dedication to publishing the news as news, to providing entirely dependable information on the largest possible scale. Whatever the facts are, if they are in the least important you will find them in the *Times*, and that you find them there is the best guarantee of their accuracy and dependability. This is the fundamental purpose of journalism and the *Times* fulfills it superbly, with complete integrity.

But there is still another primary ideal of journalism which the *Times* disregards in order to serve this one. No one would dream of impugning its courage, and indeed great courage is frequently required to maintain the objectivity of its reporting. But no one would dream of calling it militant, either: there are no *Times* crusades. Its staff gallops after no bright guidons and a temperature-control is built into its editorial page. The position of the *Times* is that crusading and a militant editorial page are a threat to objective reporting of the news.

If they are, then the *Post-Dispatch* proves that this risk too can be neutralized and disregarded. Its news staff is as expert as any in the country. (It has no European bureau; it uses the wire services and special correspon-

dents, sending one of the latter to Paris on occasion precisely as it sends another one to Dubuque. This deficiency, however, is compensated by the brilliance of its Washington staff.) In fact, as a crusading paper it is under an additional necessity of getting the news right. "One single blunder," Pulitzer said, "destroys confidence in a thousand statements"; and one blunder can turn a crusade into a farce. Most of its local crusades and many of its national ones have begun as an extraordinarily skillful uncovering of news.

BUT what makes it a national newspaper is the editorial page. No other in the country is good enough to be compared with it. At present it is the work of six writers, Irving Dilliard the editor of the page, Robert Lasch, Ernest Kirschten, Rufus Terrall, James Lawrence, Charles Prendergast, and the fine artist and great cartoonist Fitzpatrick. But the point is that the page has long had the same distinction, though over the years many men have written it.

It is the concentration and the climax of the qualities that make up the *Post-Dispatch*. Pulitzer had an aphorism which directed a writer to spend twenty hours on an editorial and hold it to twenty lines—leisure, thoroughness, brevity. The editorials live up to the directive; they are short, crisp, and positive. They are the work of journeyman journalists who have cultivated minds, with much learning to call on and capable of the light touch. Expertness on a great diversity of subjects is routine—a single page may focus on the current news authoritative knowledge of law, the mechanisms of politics, constitutional theory, labor relations, international problems, the half-periods of radioactive substances, and the probability of filling an inside straight. More important, the page recognizes the obligation imposed by the immunities of journalism: freedom is granted and guaranteed to the press to the sole end that it shall be used. The page speaks out. There are no sacred cows, forbidden subjects, politic attitudes, or expe-

dient avoidances. It makes the *Post-Dispatch* a voice.

This is the very essence of journalistic vigilance, judiciousness, and power. It is what the theory of democratic society asks a newspaper to be, and it is interpenetrated by an awareness which cannot be catalogued and is very hard to define. One reads the page with a sense that the people who write it have an altogether extraordinary knowledge of American life. Here is a kind of grass-roots wisdom on a national scale. Stop reading it for a while and though you may find some admirable substitutes you will presently realize that you are suffering from vitamin deficiency. The page you are reading may be admirable but it doesn't know the Americans as well as the *Post-Dispatch*.

AND if you do find some excellent substitutes you will not find many. It is the *Post-Dispatch* you come to rely on. Other papers—a few others—episodically counterattack the continuing attack on the Bill of Rights, but you know that you can count on the *Post-Dispatch* not to pass over a single incident of it, that it will keep hammering away. No other paper is appraising the Administration day by day with either the comprehensiveness, the informed judgment, or the everlasting vigilance of the *Post-Dispatch*. No other paper is watching the whole sweep of developing events across the whole sweep of the continent. No other paper is so constantly versatile—or for that matter so constantly courageous. And this: no other paper is so ready to reveal weaknesses or denounce mistakes in a cause which it is supporting, so fully aware that our side too can be wrong.

All this adds up. The *Post-Dispatch* is admitted to be a great newspaper and a lot of people will be saying it is at about the time this column appears. Let me add as a historian looking back over the record that it is the finest practitioner of liberal journalism we have ever had.



Insomnia, Stamps, and Mr. Minkus

Marion Hargrove

Drawings by Donald Higgins

SOME months ago a young Madison Avenue account executive got talking at lunch about his insomnia, which he said was beginning to worry the hell out of him. Every day was so hectic that when he got to bed at night he found it impossible to unwind himself. At forty, he felt, he was too young for this sort of thing, and something had to be done about it.

His friend had a suggestion. "Start playing with postage stamps," he said. "Best way in the world to relax."

Feeling that he had nothing to lose, the Madison Avenue man dropped in at Gimbels, whose stamp advertisements he had seen in the Sunday papers. He found the stamp department: a large, busy corner of the first floor, with a goodly crowd of earnest-looking customers lining the counters and milling through the display racks. He browsed about for twenty minutes, spent a half hour talking with a salesman who seemed to have all the time in the world, and went back to his office with a heavy bundle which the salesman had assured him would take care of his insomnia for a year.

It contained a huge volume entitled *The Master Global Stamp Album* ("the most com-

plete and comprehensive single-volume stamp album ever published . . . 1,250 pages . . . spaces for over 55,000 stamps from all countries of the world . . . supplements issued annually"), a large pair of limply constructed tweezers, a supply of gummed glassine stickers called "stamp hinges," and an assortment of 10,000 different postage stamps. The latter was a fifty-five-dollar extravagance. He could have bought a thousand stamps for two dollars, but something came over him when he saw the big, bright packet.

His year had run for only three days when he turned up at Gimbels again. He was having difficulty, he reported, in differentiating between some of the almost identical stamps, and there were numerous stamps for which no space had been provided in his album, and in some cases he could not even figure out what country a stamp came from. This time he came away with a small booklet on stamp identification and a copy of *Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue* ("The Encyclopaedia of Philately") which contained two thousand pages of fine print and small pictures.

The next day, a little red-eyed, he came in again. Evidently he had acquired a good deal

of philatelic knowledge and confidence overnight. His purchase consisted of a Japanese reading glass, a small tin perforation gauge, and a watermark detector consisting of a little black dish and a bottle of carbon tetrachloride.

At the office, where people had begun to worry about a certain furtive look he had developed, it got about that he had taken to stamp collecting. The furtive look faded when he found that apparently nobody thought the pastime odd. Occasionally someone would stop him at the water cooler to ask neighborly questions about the hobby, and a number of co-workers brought him handfuls of foreign stamps that had somehow accumulated in their desk drawers. The account executive's initial deprecation of his hobby gradually vanished, and he began lecturing on stamps in the halls.

His insomnia, he reports, is completely gone now. He relaxes with his stamps until two or three o'clock in the morning, or until his wife screams downstairs at him; then he goes up to bed and sleeps like a log for what is left of the night.

His extravagant packet of ten thousand stamps, he reports with quiet self-satisfaction, did *not* keep him busy for a full year. Within seven months every stamp had been placed and mounted, and he had taken to prowling up and down Nassau Street for stamps that he "needed" here and there to "fill out a set." By the end of his fifth month, he had designed so many new pages for insertion in the huge album that he was obliged to buy an extra binder and break the collection up into two volumes.

Now, as a matter of fact, he is beginning to neglect the album altogether. He has begun making albums of his own: a sure symptom that he is lost to the non-philatelic world. Tiring of Chinese overprints and Belgian parcel-post issues, he searches about for stamps that have some connection with music—portraits ranging from Beethoven to Ethelbert Nevin, pictures of lutes and native drums, the opening bars of the New World Symphony and the Brazilian national anthem.

His wife seems to be bearing up well under it all. She has learned enough about stamps to enable her to listen pleasantly when he gets going on the subject, she has pushed his philatelic clutter back to one corner of one

room, and she has sworn him to a strict monthly allowance for stamps. She astonished herself as much as him recently when she discovered and bought for him a set of six Romanian stamps showing posthorns. "Stamp widow?" she says. "I'm not complaining. He may be a monomaniac now, but he's a lot easier to live with."

This is a wise and fortunate attitude for a wife. Her husband's condition is incurable, and her only alternatives are to divorce him or have him committed to a mental institution. A recent survey of mental institutions in America showed that there is not a single stamp collector in any of them.



FIGURES on the number of collectors roaming at large would be impossible to obtain. The hobby is a noiseless, unobtrusive pursuit whose devotees are not recognizable as such so long as philately does not pop up in the conversation. It is generally estimated in America though, that at least one person in fifteen is a collector. And in Europe that at least one person in twenty is not.

The whole thing goes back only a hundred and fourteen years to the invention of the postage stamp, one of the most important, most revolutionary inventions in modern history.

Before postage stamps, sending a letter was often hardly worth the bother, and getting one hardly worth the expense. The letter was written, usually on one sheet of paper (since two sheets, no matter how small, took at least twice as much postage as one sheet, no matter how large), then folded into the form of an envelope and sealed with wax. Then it was lugged off to the post office and handed over to a clerk who noted its destination, figured out the route it would probably take, marked it with the amount of postage due, and recorded the transaction in his ledgers. The postmaster at the other end of the line reappraised the postage due, sought out the addressee, collected the postage, handed over the letter, and entered the transaction in *his* books.

To anyone who has ever stopped to count the circulars in a single day's mail, there are obvious disadvantages in a system in which the postage is paid by the addressee. Sir Walter Scott once paid the equivalent of twenty-five dollars' postage on a bulky and mysterious letter which turned out to be the manuscript of a verse play, called "The Cherokee Lover," by a lady author in America who wanted him to read it and get it published for her. A few weeks later, the same thing happened again: a second mammoth letter, a second five-pound fee, a second copy of "The Cherokee Lover," sent just in case the first had gone astray. Eventually Scott refused to accept mail addressed to him.

In those days a lot of people were refusing mail, and much of the mail was intended to be refused. Often there was nothing written in the letter at all. Through prearranged codes, the recipient knew simply by the way the letter was addressed that Cousin Abigail had taken a turn for the better or that the police had finally caught up with Uncle Charles.

IN ENGLAND, in 1837, a young congenital reformer, Rowland Hill, brought out a pamphlet, reviewing the whole mess of conditions that were constantly raising the postal rates and lowering the postal revenues, and suggesting fantastic changes in the setup. It cost the government no more to take a letter four hundred miles than to take it to the next village, although the charge was a shilling for one and twopence for the other; the real costs were in bookkeeping and postal evasion. Hill proposed that all letters be prepaid at the incredibly low rate of one penny per half-ounce anywhere in the country. The loss in rates would be more than offset by the increase in volume. Prepayment could do away with most of the bookkeeping costs if some sort of negotiable receipt were put into use: an ink-stamped envelope, or perhaps "a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which the bringer might, by the application of a little moisture, attach to the back of the letter."

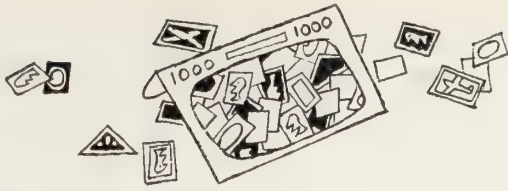
The government, of course, considered the idea absurd; the postmaster general mildly stated that it was "the most extravagant of all the wild and visionary schemes"

to which he had been exposed. The people, in the main, disagreed. They held mass meetings in every town in England, they got up huge petitions, and they finally bludgeoned Parliament into adopting the Hill scheme entire. The penny rate went into effect in January 1840, and the first day's mail was triple the normal volume.

Envelopes and adhesive stamps went on sale May 10. The envelope was an ornate thing, its face almost covered with an allegorical drawing by the distinguished artist William Mulready. It showed Britannia surrounded by lions, elephants, colonial natives, small English families, and winged messengers, most of them writing, delivering, or reading letters. The Mulready Envelope was quickly and mercilessly lampooned out of existence. The adhesive stamp fared better. Designed by Hill himself, it was a simple and beautiful thing showing a stylized profile of Queen Victoria, with the word "Postage" above it and "One Penny" below, and a capital letter in each of the bottom corners to show the individual stamp's position in the full printed sheet. The name of the country was omitted (and still is) on the logical assumption that anyone who can read and write can also recognize a picture of the Queen of England.

The stamp was enormously popular—within ten years it had pushed the mail volume up to five times the old figure—and so, for that matter, was Rowland Hill. He had trouble getting workmen and tradespeople to take money from him. When a change of government in 1841 tossed him temporarily out of the Post Office, a popular subscription of £13,360 was raised for him. In 1860 he was knighted. In 1864 he was retired with a full-salary pension and a Parliamentary grant of £20,000. He is buried in Westminster Abbey next to James Watt, who merely invented the steam engine.

The postage-stamp idea spread rather quickly to the Swiss cantons, to Brazil, to Mauritius, and to the United States, where it was first used by some individual postmasters and then adopted by Congress in 1847. The American philatelist Prescott H. Thorp, in his *Complete Guide to Stamp Collecting*, says reverently and without reservation that it is "the one perfect invention. The world's most recent postage stamp does not differ materially from that first attempt."



THE collecting hobby seems to have started the day the first stamp was issued. Many of the 60,000 Penny Blacks sold that day were bought as curiosities or souvenirs—so many, in fact, that the stamp is fairly common today, in good condition, at around five dollars a copy.

The first record of stamp fever is in an advertisement that ran in the *Times* of London in 1841: "A young lady, being desirous of covering her dressing room with canceled postage stamps, has been so far encouraged in her wish by private friends as to have succeeded in collecting 16,000! These, however, being insufficient, she will be greatly obliged if any good-natured person who may have these (otherwise useless) little articles at their disposal would assist her in her whimsical project."

Small crowds of small boys, bank clerks, cabinet members, and idle ladies began gathering in London's Birchin Lane and Paris' Tuileries Gardens to compare and swap stamps. By 1863 the whole setup was there: stamp dealers, catalogues, philatelic magazines, and illustrated albums in which, at that time, all the stamps of the world could be mounted.

The hobby has grown to be unquestionably the most popular in the world. In Europe, where the fever is even worse than it is here, many refugees of the second world war were able to start life anew with the proceeds of their stamp collections.

During the war, American soldiers in foreign countries are said to have spent more than twenty million dollars for postage stamps. One of the first acts of the American military government in Germany was to solicit from Ernest A. Kehr, stamp editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a magazine article which would bring the stamp-hungry Germans up to date on the United States issues they had missed while they were busy conquering the world.

In America the hobby has grown tremendously in the past twenty years or so. Most of its growth is credited to three men:

Franklin Roosevelt, who was an ardent collector; James Farley, who is a master salesman; and a Polish immigrant named Jacques Minkus, who is both.

When Roosevelt was seven years old, his mother gave him a batch of stamps on old letters that his grandfather Delano had written from Hong Kong. According to popular history, Mrs. Roosevelt had a single modest ambition for her son: she wanted him to grow up to be President. She could hardly have dreamed, the day she dumped the box of family keepsakes in his lap, that he was destined to be not only the best-known stamp collector in the world, but also a sort of patron saint to the hobby.

In the long, grim period when he was fighting infantile paralysis, Roosevelt depended heavily on the diversion offered by his stamp collection. In later years he said, "I owe my life to my hobbies, especially stamp collecting," a statement which every collector can understand and believe. In his White House years he was known to keep important visitors waiting while he talked stamps with some philatelic crony who had dropped in. The last thing he did at night was to spend half an hour puttering with stamps, and the first thing on Sunday morning was to study the stamp columns in the newspapers. On his spectacular wartime trips, he always lugged several albums along.

There had been numerous well-known collectors before Roosevelt came along—kings, mostly: George V of England, Fuad of Egypt, Alfonso XIII of Spain, and Carol of Romania—but none succeeded in doing what Roosevelt did for the hobby. The average American collector kept discreetly quiet about his hobby, wisely assuming that his neighbor would regard it as rather infantile. Roosevelt's unashamed addiction not only attracted millions of people into the hobby; it also made the thing respectable.

Roosevelt was never one of the "great philatelists"; he never devoted inordinate amounts of time or money to it, and his passion for stamps was probably always the passion that a small boy feels for them. When his collection was sold at auction in 1946, most of it turned out to be what a top-ranking dealer would call junk.

Unable ever to throw a stamp away, he had filled page after page with countless copies

of the same stamp, each differing from the next only in its cancellation or in a tiny shading of color. His special collections of Hong Kong and Latin America were large and thoughtful; but, except for a number of made-to-order collections presented to him by foreign governments, there was hardly a single stamp to make a dealer begin breathing heavily.

The collection was appraised by George B. Sloane of Nassau Street, who "made a point of looking at every stamp as if it belonged to John J. Jones" and arrived at an estimate of \$80,000.

One sheet of paper bearing nine copies of the Mother's Day issue and the autograph of Sarah Delano Roosevelt was appraised at fifty cents; in the Roosevelt auctions it brought five hundred dollars. The whole philatelic estate realized almost a quarter of a million dollars. This is not a staggering figure; the collection of Colonel Edward H. R. Green, the son of Hetty Green, sold for three million dollars.

Roosevelt made two large specific contributions to philately. One was in loosening up the laws covering the reproduction of stamps in philatelic publications; the other was in giving the job of Postmaster General to Jim Farley.



FARLEY tackled the work of selling postage stamps with as much zest as if they were concrete or Coca-Cola. Any collector could get in to see him, and those who did not were likely to run into him anyway at philatelic meetings and exhibitions.

He showed a keen talent for planting stories and stirring up controversies to draw attention to new stamp issues. When the NRA

stamp came out in 1933, he made sure that it was pointed out to certain commentators that the farmer's sickle and the workman's apron both looked suspiciously Russian. He slyly issued a three-cent stamp in carmine, a color which the Universal Postal Union prescribes for two-cent stamps.

He did his best campaign on the Mother's Day Stamp, one of several Roosevelt-era stamps designed by the President himself, by stirring up a storm of protest over the "chopped-off" legs of Whistler's Mother and the addition of a vase of carnations to the picture.

Many of his special issues, such as the National Parks and Army-Navy series, made collectors of people who had never looked twice at a postage stamp before.

THE man who combines in himself the stamp mania of Roosevelt and the salesmanship of Farley, is Jacques Minkus, who got into the business almost accidentally. Originally from Lublin, Mr. Minkus had hoisted himself into his own business, the publishing of dictionaries and popular translations, in Berlin and Paris before immigrating to America in 1929. A collector of the stamps of Russia and former Russian states, he gravitated into publishing with his brother Morris a line of ten-cent stamp albums that introduced philately to the American dime store.

When the partnership was dissolved after a couple of years, he found himself with a large stock of albums and stamp packets that he had imported to go with them. In a heroic piece of salesmanship, he sold the Gimbel Brothers department store on lending him, on a commission basis, six feet of counter space for twenty-four hours. Gimbels had tried selling stamps before; so had R. H. Macy and Company; and Marshall Field of Chicago had reportedly lost fifty thousand dollars in stamps in a single year.

Not Mr. Minkus. After twenty-three years, the stamp department almost dominates Gimbels' first floor, grosses a million dollars a year, and keeps spreading to other stores, including Marshall Field.

Mr. Minkus advertises largely, usually in the news sections of the Sunday papers rather than on the hobby pages. He hires stamp experts as salesmen, coaxes them into giving

up the hobby (so that they won't be competing with their customers), pays them so well that they would not dream of going somewhere else, and gently drills into them the Minkus concept of the Customer. By department store standards, it is a somewhat radical concept.

A CUSTOMER, according to Mr. Minkus, is like a friend in your house, except that a friend requires less attention. When one wanders into a stamp department, he says, "We might well assume that it is the only visit he will make here in his whole lifetime.

"If we give him the attention he deserves—and which of us doesn't have five extra minutes to spare?—we will have made a stamp collector and a friend. If we neglect or rush him, he may never buy a stamp from anybody. And we must always remember that nobody actually needs anything we have to sell. Shirts, yes. Stamps, no."

This seems to make an impression on the salesmen. None of them ever snaps at a customer, and the one new man who was heard telling a little boy to come on and make up his mind was on his way home almost as quickly as the little boy was.

Small boys, as a matter of fact, appear to be the favored aristocracy of the Minkus clientele. A single demand is sometimes made upon them—that they stash their carfare home safely away in a separate pocket before they start counting up what they can spend on stamps. Beyond that, they may stand around gaping for hours, run their greasy little fingers over the glass of the counters and display racks, ask dozens of questions, and change their minds five minutes after a purchase has been rung up on the cash register. Mr. Minkus himself is notorious for devoting half an hour or more to a small boy with twenty-eight cents while an older customer stands waiting to spend perhaps eight thousand dollars.

For any sizable stamp operation, there is a large problem simply in maintaining the stock. Gimbels carries more than a hundred thousand separate items, stamps ranging from a half-cent Nathan Hale to "Lincoln imperforate blocks of four" retailing at thirty-five hundred dollars, and packets from a ten-cent selection of a hundred to an envelope of fifty thousand different stamps selling for twenty-five hundred dollars.

For Mr. Minkus, who has built his trade mostly along popular lines, the stock problem is staggering. On his last trip to Europe, he wandered from one of his suppliers to another, ordering five million stamps here and twenty million there. "This fabulous merchandiser," said one of his bulk suppliers, "with his cheap pretty stamps for little boys and girls, is systematically draining the European supply."

Besides his packaging and service as well as his advertising and promotion stunts, Mr. Minkus has set out still another lure for the potential philatelist. Since 1940 he has begun publishing his own albums in competition with Scott's and some of the other lines that have become too comfortably stodgy over the years.

Tired of apologizing for the shortcomings in the books and albums he had to sell, Mr. Minkus and a young Czech named George Tlamsa devised a number of albums along new lines, and the stamp trade greeted them with open arms. Their *Master Global Album*, cheaper and fuller than anything else in its class, was welcomed by the *National Stamp News* as "the greatest album ever published." A month ago, Minkus Publications entered the last stronghold of the publishing patriarchs: the catalogue business, with *The New American Stamp Catalog*.

"The difference between Mr. Minkus and me," one Nassau Street dealer said recently, "is that he's a real merchandiser and a gambler, and he does a good deal of my work for me. He's got albums in the bookstores and stamps in the Montgomery Ward catalogue and stamp collectors in the hills of Arkansas, and some of his business always finds its way to me. He's the only competitor I know that I'd pay to stay in the business."



PHILATELIC writers, attempting to explain the fascination of the hobby, usually succeed only in demonstrating that it cannot be done. They can give some idea of what happens to the collector, but no idea of how or why.

In most cases, apparently, it begins as a

sort of idle diversion and quickly develops into a quiet obsession. In any packet of stamps there is a great variety of things to look at, and there is great relaxation in the mechanics of mounting them in an album—evidently even in licking the gummed wax-paper hinge that affixes the stamp to the page. The initial attraction of the operation is much like that of a jigsaw puzzle: one picks up a piece, figures out where it goes, fits it in and reaches for another, gradually losing track of the time and of the cares that infest the day.

This mechanical preoccupation is soon displaced by a growing preoccupation with the stamps themselves—the different sizes, shapes, colors, faces, languages, uses—and a desire to find out something about them. The moment he first reaches for a reference book (to find out, for example, where North Ingermanland is, or why a Haitian stamp should commemorate Alexandre Dumas the elder) is the precise moment at which his soul is no longer his own. Addiction to research is the major symptom of philatelic fever.

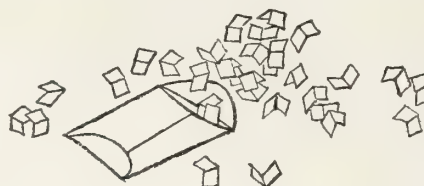
This is probably inevitable, since even the dullest-looking postage stamp has something on it to excite some degree of curiosity. Even in the uses to which stamps are put, there is wide and wild variety.

Besides the ordinary ones—regular and commemorative issues, air mail, special delivery, postage-due, and such—there are stamps for mailing newspapers, for having fourth-class matter delivered with the first-class mail, for sending letters by Zeppelin or pneumatic post, for collecting special taxes or money for charity, and in one instance (the 1855 "Too Late" issue of the colony of Victoria) for getting a letter sent out after the regular mails have closed.

The Dominican Republic had a stamp whose use was compulsory on letters addressed to the president. Argentina had a special stamp for messages recorded on phonograph records. In Czechoslovakia there used to be a stamp insuring that the postman would give the letter only to the addressee.

THE amount of knowledge to be picked up in looking at the stamps is enormous, and the curiosity it can arouse, especially in a small child, is apparently infinite. A quick glance through a beginner's album

can turn up pictures of Pasteur, Sarah Bernhardt, Franz Josef on horseback, an okapi, an American skunk, a kauri tree, three Kaffir huts, the Bounty Bible, a Sudanese water wheel, Goya's "Maja Desnuda," a Moscow subway station, Stevenson's bungalow in Samoa, the ruins of Persepolis, the Normandy invasion, a Newfoundland fishing fleet leaving the Banks, an aerial view of Kathmandu, and Sancho Panza being tossed in a blanket.



THE legends sometimes overprinted on stamps, to show a change in their value or in the government, are in many cases more intriguing than the stamps themselves. Inflation overprints show values in 1948 Chinese stamps running as high as fifty thousand dollars; in 1923 German issues, fifty billion marks; and in Hungarian stamps of 1948, five hundred billion pengös. (At one point, the rate of exchange was five hundred quintillion pengös to the dollar.) There is, of course, little practical value in knowing that Hungary had a Communist government in 1919, or that the New Republic was an autonomous territory in Zululand long before it was a magazine, or that Lope de Vega's bookplate pictured a dead cockroach lying on its back. The possession of this fantastic trivia, though, seems to give the possessor a certain quiet self-esteem, and he keeps storing up lore at a prodigious rate. Sometimes, as in the case of Franklin Roosevelt, who acquired in fifty-seven years of stamp collecting a remarkable knowledge of geography and history, he is even able to use it.

Having passed through the mesmerism of the first stage and the goggle-eyed fascination of the second, the collector finds himself in a third phase characterized by restlessness and compulsion. Having filled a good number of spaces in his album, he finds that he is no longer working a jigsaw puzzle; now it is more like a crossword puzzle, and every blank space in the album is a reproach.

In a real stamp collector, completeness is an obsession. In a general collection, a world album, completeness is impossible. There are

already more than 125,000 major varieties of stamps recognized, ranging in market value from two cents to fifty thousand dollars. Of the latter, an 1856 one-cent British Guiana stamp erroneously printed on magenta paper, only one copy is known to exist, and nobody seems to know who owns that one at the moment.

New stamps are being issued at a great rate, a good many of them aimed directly at the collector. The national economies of places like Andorra, Liberia, Lichtenstein, Luxembourg, Monaco, and San Marino depend heavily on postage-stamp exports. The Soviet Union floods the market; one English-language wholesale list for 1947 through 1951 offered 588 different stamps for a total of \$118.71. (The United States' output for that period was sixty-six stamps with a face value of \$3.09.) So far as it can be determined, all of these gaudy Russian broadsides are issued for propaganda and dollars, and the Russian people satisfy themselves with the same drab little set of stickers they have been using since 1929.

Almost every country on earth except the United States and Great Britain is devoted to "semi-postal" stamps, of which a part of the price pays postage and the rest goes to a specified worthy cause. There is no discernible limit to the number of things worth commemorating or of causes worth supporting; at any rate every year brings forth about twenty-five hundred new stamps.

FACED with this kind of opposition, the general collector has to push his album a little off to one side and begin specializing. The lucky ones find a topical interest—birds, beards, maps, medicine—and have great enjoyment at small cost. Others go in for United States and British colonials, which leaves them in almost as bad shape as they were before, since in American collecting alone there are at least a dozen items whose values range from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars.

A number of United States collectors go off into such fields as postmarks, "stampless covers" (letters predating the use of stamps), blocks of stamps from the same position in the full sheet, revenue stamps and the issues of the Confederate States of America.

Every time a new stamp comes out, great

numbers of people go down to the post office and buy one or more full sheets (of fifty or one hundred), sure that they will "be worth a lot one day." What they will be worth will depend on how many people have had the same idea and whether anybody needs the stamps in question when the owner wants to unload them.

A certain coolness exists between mint-sheet buyers and other stamp enthusiasts, who regard them not as collectors but as hoarders. The hoarders, in turn, regard the album crowd as wool-gatherers. "What kind of hobby is it," they say, "when you have to have a magnifying glass to enjoy it?"

The sheet buyers also encounter a certain coolness at post offices. Although the government has a Philatelic Agency in Washington that sells an average of two million dollars' worth of stamps to collectors every year, the mint-sheeters seem to prefer the local stamp windows, where they hold up long lines of office boys and mail-room clerks by buying ten sheets of the new three-cent Patton commemorative, examining each sheet meticulously to see that the perforations are just right, and unhurriedly exchanging the ones that are half a millimeter off. In New York, separate philatelic windows have been set up in the main Manhattan and Brooklyn post offices to keep the rest of the postal operation from bogging down.



PERHAPS the most fortunate mint-sheet buyer in history was a collector in Washington who went to the post office the day the twenty-four-cent air-mail stamp was issued in 1918. The man ahead of him in the line ordered a sheet of air mails, probably to be used for some such sordid purpose as mailing letters, and indignantly handed the sheet back to the clerk because the airplanes on all the stamps were upside down.

Feeling the Hand of God upon his shoulder, the collector took his place at the window. "A sheet of air mails," he said, "and make it the one the other guy didn't want." The sheet, which proved to be the only such error in

existence, was sold in a matter of days for fifteen thousand dollars, and any single stamp from it is valued today at \$3,500.

To an advanced and affluent collector who has every United States air mail except the twenty-four-cent invert, thirty-five hundred is little enough to pay for it. To a man collecting early British colonials, such a figure is ridiculous, but he *can* see paying five thousand dollars for the 1854-57 four-penny blue of Western Australia (inverted frame). To the happy soul collecting stamps that show men wearing eyeglasses, neither makes sense. To any real collector, catalogue value means nothing. Completeness and thoroughness of collection are all that counts.

One of the great American philatelists was the late Charles Lathrop Pack, who collected in several fields and consistently walked away with the top prizes in all of them. Mr. Pack was such an expert that he once received from King George V a batch of early Victoria stamps and a four-page longhand letter asking his advice in plating them. At one exhibition, where he was particularly proud of having stolen the show, he eavesdropped on a couple of collectors looking over his exhibit.

"If I had that kind of money to spend on stamps," said one of them, "I could win prizes too."

Deeply hurt, Mr. Pack set out to buy large batches of the cheapest stamps he could find: Brazilian Dom Pedro heads and the Canadian small-cents issues, both of which sold for a few cents a thousand. By the time he finished

studying every stamp and classifying the papers used, the shadings of color, the plate varieties and the postmarks, he had built two collections that won world-wide honors, and he could tell any other stamp collector on earth to go to hell.

Mr. Pack represented the last stage of philatelic fever: the stage in which a stamp itself is unimportant compared to what can be found out about it. The jaded collector looks at a Newfoundland issue of 1928 and notes that the perforation seems a little uncertain. He examines other specimens of the same issue and finds perforations both good and bad. The poor ones can mean either that the perforation machine got dull or that there was one printing of 1928 Newfoundlands that he does not know about, a printing that possibly should be listed as a separate variety.

Another factor comes into the picture. Many of the prewar postal records for Newfoundland were destroyed in the London blitz, making investigation very difficult and completely irresistible. Already thinking of himself as a Research Philatelist, the collector begins buying thousands of copies of the stamp. Months or years later, he will find his answer, write it out exhaustively and send it off to some philatelic magazine. There it will appear between a thorough study of Scottish postmarks of 1840-60 and a treatise proving that the 1939 type of Tibet was actually the same old 1933.

For the philatelist, past this there is nothing. Heaven itself will seem a little trivial.

On the Generations of Man

MARION M. MADSEN

SO WE were children in the dim dark years
 With primitive gods we held like dolls to lull
 Our slumbers; with a torch to quell our fears
 We dreamed of open fires but had to cull
 The sparks we lit against tremendous night.
 Long aeons since to lose a little dread,
 To gain a little growth, to see a light
 What fathers blazed the trail one pace ahead.
 And yet here lies my infant son and yours
 Cuddling their dolls in this dark room and all
 Man's childhood is undone. No flame insures
 A way for them who still must grope and fall;
 Untried, unhelped, unknowing, they lie curled
 In blissful dark upon a rim of world.

Your personality may change profoundly, at any time in life. A psychiatrist examines the reasons for the sometimes startling transformations he has witnessed—often without the help of psychotherapy.

Why People Change

Ian Stevenson

As a psychiatrist I hear the personal stories of many people who have had some serious difficulty in living and who have sought help outside themselves. As one of these stories unfolds, I listen as attentively as I can and try to understand what the person before me must have felt during the experiences described. I confess that sometimes my attention wanders from what the patient is saying and I ask myself why he is changing. For it is clear to me that he is changing. Otherwise he would not have come to me in the first place. This in itself means some awareness that old ways of living were not working and new ones had to be acquired. But why is he changing?

Before entering further into speculations on this subject, I should like to disclaim the notion that my patient would never have changed if he had not come to see me or some other psychotherapist. Although psychiatrists help a great many of those who wish to change, I am very far from believing that psychiatrists are the only or even the principal agents of personal changing today. It is sometimes claimed by psychiatrists that personality changes which take place without the expert help and insight of intensive psychotherapy are superficial and transient. The evidence for this immodest claim has nowhere been brought forward. Even the least percipient of us has within his acquaintanceship some person who started adult life crippled by a severely misanthropic outlook and closed it full of service to his fellow men. For those who cannot readily recall any such person, his-

tory provides some notable examples. To my own mind come the names of St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Augustine, Henry V, and Leo Tolstoy. These were men who, early in life gave every indication of abandoning their lives to the grossest self-indulgence. They showed attitudes of indifference and sometimes even cruelty toward their fellow men. Yet somehow they became transformed so that their names now exemplify charity, responsibility, and service to others. And for each of these celebrated men whose remarkable careers have come down to us with adequate historical testimony, there must be other thousands who have also, if silently, wrought something new and better out of themselves.

We see such profound and lasting changes in nearly every child who grows to adulthood. Certainly the infant begins life as a thoroughly selfish little creature who lives in an egocentric world, giving less thought to others than a well trained dog. From this he emerges, in most instances, into an adult who can make reasonable compromises between his own needs and those of others. This feat of change is not often continued in adulthood, when the personality gels, as it were, and takes what is for most of us a final form. Yet further change does happen in adulthood also, and I believe it happens much more often than we realize.

But, it may be asked, what is the real nature of the spontaneous personality changes which occur in adulthood? It is sometimes alleged that the transformations of character men-

tioned previously are often or always signs of underlying mental ill health. The same is said of the changes commonly observed in religious people, many of whom undergo abrupt transformations, called conversions. These are often considered mere shifts in the façades of fundamentally sick persons. This is a problem of values. If we believe that there is no mental health without a full sexual expression, or if we believe that the dedication of a life to the welfare of others is always a sign of neurosis, then we can hardly endorse the changes in these people as being worth-while or constructive. However, such judgments are made usually from hedonistic values. Or they may stem from the strictly Freudian view of the neuroses. In either case the value endorsed is the comfort of the individual person rather than his social purpose. In the end the only value by which our society can advance is an increase in the service of each of us to others. My own conception of a constructive change in personality therefore includes not only the value of increased comfort and pleasure to the individual person, but an increased contribution of that person to others. These two features are not incompatible and, I believe, they actually reinforce each other.

CERTAINLY many who ostensibly dedicate themselves to others do so for other motives than the welfare of the people with whom they concern themselves. Some do so because a deep sense of guilt forbids them to have pleasure themselves; others escape from the close interpersonal experience of marriage to the less intense relationship of service to many other persons. We may grant that many persons help others for ulterior, self-serving motives of which they may be partially or completely unaware. We may also concede that many persons, in helping others, constrict and vitiate their own lives. Nevertheless these distortions of altruism should not be allowed to obscure the important fact that there are some persons who devote themselves to other people and who are, at the same time, free of neurotic inner turmoil and able to enjoy life to the fullest. Many of these people did not start adulthood with this character. They acquired it. Why they changed is more difficult to understand.

We must dispose of two further misconcep-

tions before we can reach this main problem. The changes which were effected in the character of the people I am discussing were not sudden. In the examples I have mentioned and in many others, the manifestations of these changes do appear suddenly. This phenomenon is so startling that it has brought forth a whole literature on the subject of conversion. Yet the origins of these dramatic changes far preceded their overt announcements, just as the slow melting away of an iceberg may not be revealed until it suddenly topples over with a roar.

The foregoing seems contradicted by the everyday occurrence of conversions of some sort or other. Today these are commonly to or from communism, but religious faiths and psychological doctrines also have their converts and their apostates. In the majority of all such instances, the persons involved have changed their allegiances rather than themselves, although some personal change, no doubt, does occur also. Such persons seem to derive strength not from a sense of personal worth, but from association with some cause or movement. This seems to be confirmed by the frequent occurrence of fanaticism among converts of any kind. The army of professional ex-Communists which has sprung up amongst us provides a striking example. Although we may change our emotional investments rapidly, we cannot increase our emotional capital with the same speed.

Accepting the fact that we cannot change ourselves rapidly, we may still imagine that we can do so easily. The popular impression of conversions, especially those of the saints and mystics, sometimes includes the belief that self-transformation is easy, provided one has a key thereto. Many keys are marketed, but only by those who would profit from human suffering and weakness. Only persons who have tried to change themselves can adequately testify that this is the most difficult feat of all which man attempts. And this much about it is certain—that it is not done rapidly or easily.

BUT to return to the problem of why it is done at all. There seem to be two reasons for men's desiring to change themselves. With the first everyone is familiar. We change because we suffer and wish to avoid further suffering. Suffering of any kind

is a most potent agent of change. Physical suffering is usually considered an accident or a fate and does not often evoke in the sufferer a sense of responsibility for the suffering. On the other hand, mental suffering nearly always raises the question of responsibility in the mind of the sufferer. Most mental sufferers come to examine sometime the part which they have played in bringing about their own misfortunes. Out of such examinations may come a change in attitude towards themselves and others. In the words of Paracelsus "every illness is a purgatorial fire."

It may be asked—of what is mental suffering composed? It seems to have two principal origins. It can arise from a sense of isolation from other people, as when a man feels rejected by his family or friends. It can also come when a man is divided within himself, when one part of him seeks to do something which another part condemns—in short, when conscience vetoes impulse. Of conscience I shall say more later. In the meantime we can summarize the facts by stating that suffering comes from a disturbance in our relations to other persons or from a conflict between some of our desires and our ideals. In either case the suffering leads to an effort to restore the former state of apparent harmony by changing attitudes and behavior.

Of suffering as an agent of change there are many examples and even some advocates. An excellent example is provided by St. Ignatius of Loyola whose conversion was meditated and activated on a wounded soldier's sickbed. Of proponents of suffering there are many religious leaders who have welcomed suffering and even inflicted it upon themselves, as a means of purification and for the achievement of greater love for their fellow men. An articulate exponent of suffering is St. Thomas à Kempis in whose *Imitation of Christ* we read: "When thou art ill at ease and troubled is the time when thou art nearest unto blessing. If then thou wilt not suffer, thou refuseth to be crowned." The same sentiment is echoed in different language by William Blake—"If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise."

IN NOTING that suffering leads to change we must not forget that change can lead to suffering and sometimes it may be difficult to say which came first. In some

mental illnesses it appears that the effort to change comes first. Anton Boisen, a minister who himself underwent a schizophrenic experience, has written searchingly of this problem. From his observations of himself and many other persons who have had psychoses, Boisen suggests that mental illness often, if not always, represents a crisis of values for the person afflicted. Over a period of time the patient accumulates dissatisfaction with his own conduct. Finally when he can no longer endure the conflict between practice and ideals, a psychic storm erupts. Everything moral is put into a melting pot and then thrown away or recast. What we see as mental illness is an expression of the effort to change and of the counterstruggle not to change. It is a symptom of resistance to loss of ideals just as fever is a symptom of the body's resistance to an infection. Many patients cannot endure the heat of this experience and become permanently psychotic; but others, according to Boisen, emerge strengthened and ennobled. Boisen suggests that the religious experiences of men like George Fox and St. Paul were of this order. And Boisen's own later life is strong testimony of this more favorable outcome of the illness. We do not yet know whether Boisen's observations are true of all the functional psychoses or of only some of them. However, no one who studies mental illness and suffering can fail to see that nearly all patients are deeply concerned about moral values and about the fundamental problems of right and wrong in behavior toward others. Psychiatrists often hear from patients that during the early stages of their illnesses they turned to prayer or religion, presumably to gain assistance in their inner struggles. And Boisen has published some figures which indicate that schizophrenic patients who show great religious concern have a better chance for recovery than those who do not.

Recently I saw a man who for twenty years had lived as an overt homosexual. Then with suddenness more apparent than real, he attempted to give up this mode of life and sent away his partner. All the evidence indicated that their emotional relationship had been mutually satisfactory and there was no tension or suffering arising specifically in the patient's relationship to his partner. Following their separation a brief period of mounting tension within the patient culminated in

an acute psychosis. I asked myself why he had tried to change. It could be that as the patient grew older, he became uneasy over the prospect of the loneliness which so often comes to the elderly homosexual and out of this anxiety might have come the urge to change. But he himself said that for many years he had felt his way of life to be a violation of his own ideals; this conviction had built up within him until finally he resolved to change himself. We know that many persons live comfortably as homosexuals without such conflict and we can hardly escape the conviction that, as things turned out, this man would have been better had he not attempted to change. But it was not to be. There was an impetus to change within him, an impetus that would not be put off.

THIS little case history, imperfectly solved as it is, serves to introduce my main point, that suffering for all its real or supposed virtues is not the only cause of our changing.

Some of those who have undergone the most marked and most favorable changes of personality have done so during times of prosperity and material good fortune when there was no occasion for suffering and certainly no outward sign of it. St. Francis of Assisi, St. Paul, and Leo Tolstoy might be our examples of this type which may be, for all we know, more numerous than those who change by suffering. As we look at these persons and at the inner changes which they accomplished, we face a much more difficult problem. For why should one change unless he must? It seems to happen without cause, but does it really? Perhaps the answer is that these persons also must change. Perhaps indeed there is something in all of us that presses toward change.

A belief in the behavioral evolution of man has the plausibility provided by our understanding of physical evolution. Such a belief has been held by philosophers like Bergson who wrote: "This change, this movement and becoming, this self-creation, call it what you will—is the very stuff and reality of our being." Such a belief has also been held by psychiatrists, notably Jung, who has said "psychology cannot by its very nature be exhausted by causal explanation alone, for the psyche is also purposive." But these state-

ments remain opinions and not statements of fact. We are entitled to search for more concrete evidence of a tendency toward behavioral evolution.

We can get a start by considering the behavioral growth of children, which I mentioned earlier. There is no doubt that infants have a bodily growth principle within them which promotes their physical growth from infant bodies to adult bodies. If the child is fed the proper foodstuffs his body will grow automatically. Beyond this no outside help is needed.

It is not so with behavioral growth. The emotional growth of a child is dependent upon his receiving adequate love and support and upon his having adequate models to imitate. Emotional growth depends largely on our capacity to imitate others and, by identifying with them, to assume their qualities. The child imitates his parents, identifies himself with them, and so comes to resemble them. When he resembles them closely, he stops growing. Emotional maturation stops whenever we have caught up with our parental models; but unlike physical growth, psychic growth can always start again if we can find another model. St. Augustine is an excellent example of one who found a model in adulthood and resumed his growth.

The model with whom one identifies may be anyone. It may be a close friend, it may be a boss or a colleague at work. Frequently it is a teacher. Less commonly, I believe, it is a clergyman or a psychiatrist. Although these latter are the accepted models of maturity in our culture, I suspect that most changes of personality go on without their intervention. These specialists are unfortunately too inaccessible to be of much value to the needy multitude. The clergyman is often separated by a real or fantasied elevation of rectitude and moral superiority which inhibits free and close relationships between him and other persons. Imitation is easier as a relationship is closer. The psychiatrist is separated from the masses by his need to charge fees and by his association in their minds with severe mental illness and its still lingering stigma. These barriers are fortunately being reduced. Fortunately also a growth-promoting personal relationship may arise anywhere and with anyone. Even when experts like clergymen and psychiatrists are present, they may not be

the instruments of growth in those striving for it. This is well illustrated by Dr. Karl Menninger's account of a mute schizophrenic patient who did not speak to anyone throughout fifteen years in a mental hospital. Then one day one of the unlettered attendants of the hospital was able to reach him and he spoke again. Not everyone can get onto the same wave length of emotional communication with everyone else, but everyone can communicate emotionally with someone and thereby change and grow.

The model need not be a living person but may be an ideal. In the case of the young King Henry V the ideal of kingship sobered him almost suddenly into a mature monarch. Yet all ideals come to us as the creations of others; they can have no appeal unless someone has once lived them and established their feasibility.

Parenthetically I should add that in mentioning other avenues to personal changing, I do not mean to devalue the contribution of psychiatrists to furthering change. On the contrary, there are certain features of psychiatrists' work which make them especially capable of helping others to change. One of these deserves brief mention. Psychiatrists should be moral, but they are not moralists. They work with the assumption that everyone has within him a potential for a maturity which includes a constructive, hence moral, attitude toward other persons. They believe that their patients will find this maturity if freed from inappropriate attitudes carried over from the past. Although all psychiatrists have personal convictions about morality, they try not to impose these convictions on their patients, preferring instead to assist them toward that maturity which spontaneously includes consideration for fellow men. Since psychiatrists offer no obtrusive moral dogma, they can often provide patients with an opportunity for self-exploration and self-realization which is not available when some special moral or religious doctrine is promoted.

Behavioral growth in adulthood is often blocked by the confusion with physical growth, which definitely stops in adulthood. Not believing in further personal growth in adulthood, many men do not seek models of maturity beyond their own parents whose level they have already reached. Those who grow further are those whose life experi-

ences have brought them into contact with more mature people.

YET we should hardly be able to imitate higher social behavior if we did not have the basic psychic equipment with which to do so. Nor would those whose behavior we imitate have been able to initiate it, had they not something pressing toward this within themselves.

Apart from this inference, is there other evidence of a force within us tending toward personal growth? I think there is some such evidence. First we may cite the fact that all human societies which have been studied thus far by anthropologists, with one or two possible exceptions, have developed ethical ideals of service to others and self-sacrifice for the common good which are basically similar. This suggests some innate quality of humans, some planet-wide need of the species to feel love for others, to cherish and grow toward the ideal of helping others.

Then there are the phenomena of the tender emotions. It has been said that the tender emotions are but the psychic representations of our sexual strivings. Love has even been defined as "the feeling one experiences when a physiological need is about to be satisfied." But tender love means more than this, because sexual gratification does not demand and may even be inhibited by consideration for one's partner. And the responsibilities of parents to the race are frequently exceeded by the tender care given children by their mothers. It has also been claimed that altruistic emotions are only expedient reactions against the hatred which competition engenders in us all. No doubt, many acts of service to others have this origin, but it is doubtful if these acts are accompanied by the feeling we call love. We may grant that some love is a sort of counter-hatred, yet the sum of love must be greater than the sum of hatred, or we should all have perished long ago, and how can the reaction be greater than the original force?

Of importance also is the fact that anger always has an unpleasant feeling tone, and love a pleasant one. We psychiatrists are never consulted by people who complain of being filled with too much love. Quite frequently patients do complain of their hostility and wish to do something about it. People

are indeed often afraid of the responsibilities and complications which love brings, but that is different from dislike of the feeling of love itself, which I think does not occur.

There is further evidence of a potential for growth within man in the extraordinary psychic function known as conscience. It is well known from the work of Freud, Pavlov, and others, that a large part of conscience is the residue of past experiences with other persons. When we are young our parents and other adults tell us how to behave—they encourage this piece of conduct or proscribe that one. After a time we internalize their guiding voices, and when similar occasions arise, we hear the same principles set forth, but now proceeding from within us and no longer recognizable as other than our own.

There is, however, more to conscience than this. For how otherwise could common experience provide so many examples of children whose behavior surpasses in maturity that of their parents? Why should the thief's son become a judge? It does not happen every day, but it does happen. Men who have had little opportunity to associate in childhood with persons of altruistic or even moderately social behavior, may nevertheless be attracted to this when they find it as if drawn by some inner exigency. This important psychological fact has led some modern psychologists, such as Erich Fromm, to postulate a "humanistic conscience" which is common to all men and which, if it is attended to, will guide men toward the highest moral behavior. Here only the phrase is new, for we are touching on something which has been spoken of for centuries—as the Holy Ghost of Christianity, or the Atman of Hinduism. All these concepts are not identical, rather they overlap. What they have in common is the idea of a tendency or striving in all humans toward the realization of the highest love.

Also pertinent is the fact that the loving, social, and altruistic qualities of man are self-stimulating by their own activity. When once activated, they feed back energy to themselves in an extraordinarily dynamic manner. This self-promotion does not accompany our selfish inclinations.

The truth of this assertion may be easily tested by anyone who wishes to do so. Let

him try to improve his behavior toward others in some small, but nevertheless specific way—it must be a change of action, not merely of thought—and he will soon find greater pressure within himself toward further change in the same direction. Whether or not the experimenter elects to pursue change further, he will at least prove to himself that conscience is not merely the precipitate left in the mind by past teachers. Rather conscience is a dynamic function which tells us when we are straying from our current values and ideals. If we change these values and ideals, we change the activity of our conscience. But perhaps also our conscience is an expression of the constant pressure within us to change and to improve our values and ideals. Like the jinni of the Arabian Nights, it is only powerful, indeed often only visible, when we let it out of the bottle.

FROM all these observations, may we not conclude that man is equipped with the tendency toward altruistic behavior and the machinery whereby he may practice it? Men then change because they are impelled to do so for one of two reasons. The occasion for changing may be suffering out of which comes the desire to imitate those who suffer less or not at all. ("The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom," said Blake.) Or the occasion may be simply the evocation of the ideal of altruistic living by contact with one who has already attained it, driven by that continuing urge toward love which is, as I have tried to show, within us all. And here our two reasons for changing come together because, as we slowly change, we learn that those who suffer least, are those who love the most.

I am well aware that I have reached no startling or even novel conclusion. After all, it was said centuries ago that "perfect love casteth out fear." But we should all seek to understand better whatever is within us striving for expression. And if some observations of modern psychology turn out to agree with anciently held beliefs, we should not shrink from this fact. Rather this concordance should encourage us to search further for those human qualities which enable us to change and which, it seems, compel us to do so.

The Armadillo Basket

A Story by William Goyen

Drawings by Anne Marie Jauss



EACH spring the two sisters from Crockett would drive fifty miles to the little town of Charity for their annual work on the family plot in the Charity Cemetery. They would bring potted plants and ferns and seeds for Old Maids and Periwinkles. In the mornings they would ride from the old family house where their sister Laura lived—she had kept it all these years—to the graveyard at the edge of town. Then they would sit under the cypress trees around the big rectangle that held the generations: their father and mother Mary and William Starnes, the two Starnes grandparents, a memorial marker for their young brother, Son, killed in France in the world war and buried somewhere over there, and their baby sister who had died in the flu epidemic. Here they would talk about the early days when they were all in Charity, three generations living together in the wide family house, work in the dirt plot with spades and forks, and shape up the worn graves.

Laura would never go, said the dead were “gone somewhere else, now, and not in graves,” and that their memory was alive in the house they had lived in. She was peculiar that way. She lived by superstitions and signs and omens. But Lucy and Mary knew that it was her feelings that kept her from the

family graves; she could not bear it; Laura was the emotional one, holding to the past and still refusing to give it up. She kept it alive by living within it, in the old house where she moved about, day by day, as though all were still there. Lucy and Mary, modernized and flourishing somewhat in the growing town of progress, Crockett, Texas, and having fairly successful husbands, railroad men, chided Laura for her refusal to face the “reality of today”; but their reprovals had slowly weakened into an indulgence of her hidebound ways, which seemed to shame their change and was what they really wanted for themselves, and so they came to humor her. They felt, secretly, indeed, that Laura kept the world they had lost, she presided over it, saving it and protecting it within that house so that they could re-enter it every spring: there it was, as it had always been, waiting for them when they opened the front door with its frosted pane decorated with the fancy figure of a man riding a horse with frosty mane and flourishing frosty tail. The keeping of the graves, then, was *their* work, the honoring gesture toward what was gone, the tending of its dirt remains, though they would not admit it, even to themselves. They regarded it as a work of plain and practical duty, they de-

clared. Laura, the spit image of her mother and the eldest of the family, living just as her mother had, as though she were continuing the life of her mother in this house, would not talk of it.

This morning they had started late, for Laura had suddenly said she would go with her sisters to the cemetery. She had started coiling up her hair into its knot on the back of her head, holding the hairpins in her mouth and saving the combed-out wisps of hair for the hair receiver on her dresser that still held the combings of her mother's hair and had been hers before. But an omen had happened on her dresser: her photograph of Mama, that had one eye eaten out by something in the cedar chest where it had been stored one winter, fell face down. Laura had got up from the dresser, in a kind of spell, and had gone back to the breezeway where Lucy and Mary were waiting, holding their breath, and said, "You all better go on, I've got some butterbeans to shell," and turned and walked back to her bedroom with a piece of her hair hanging down. "But why don't you pack your lunch in the old armadillo basket that Papa brought to Mama from San Antone the year they were married," she called out.

Lucy and Mary looked at each other and Lucy made the sucking sound with her tongue and teeth which meant "what a shame" and shook her head. Mary called back, "But you shell your butterbeans in that armadillo basket, Laura."

"I'll use my apron," Laura answered.

THEY packed the lunch in the basket and went off in the car. They drove along a little sadly, remarking here and there on old family houses they passed, how they were so run-down, and mentioning members that were still in them or had passed on. At the graveyard, they unloaded their tools and plants and the basket lunch and walked through the graves to the Starnes family plot. They sat down quietly on a stone.

Along the horizon some clouds were trying to gather, and occasionally they thought they heard a faint moan of thunder, far away. Yet it was still cool and so they sprang to their task of digging and planting and pruning.

"Mama's grave has surely gone to seed," one of them said. "It needs more dirt. Why we

pay old Mr. Crocus twenty-five dollars a year, I don't know. He doesn't do a thing as far as I can see."

"But he's got so many graves to keep," the other explained. "And he is old and hobbly."

"We'll just have to keep coming up here every year to do it ourselves," the first concluded. "I'd rather do it anyway. Seems like it's our duty."

"I remember when I set this old canna lily out," Lucy said, pulling up a dry stick of a plant. "I had my hands full that summer; two of the children sick. But it looked so red and pretty, and Mama used to have hundreds of them all over the yard. Couldn't kill the old things then, and they do bloom year in and year out."

Lucy was cleaning away the lichen from the stone at the head of her mother's grave. "Poor old Mama—1874 to 1929. Seems only a few years ago. Died so quickly. I am sure it was cancer. You remember how her stomach bothered her all those last years. Yet she never said a word. Just went right on, day after day. I'm sure it was a cancer."

"And then poor old Papa. Lasted hardly a year after she went. Caught the flu in the sleet and rain and just gave up, to follow her," Mary said as she threw an old broken pot against the fence. "We ought to use metal pots, I think. These other pots just don't last."

"You know, I think the Jasper plot is the prettiest in here. It's the cedars that do it, always making shade. I hope you'll all keep me in the shade after I'm buried. It's awful to think of lying out under the glaring sun all day, or in the rain. And a cedar smells so good."

"Yes, it does."

"And I want a little something blooming all the time."

"I like little East Texas moss roses. Or maybe Shasta daisies in the summer."

"And a good big mound, kept all round and smooth. It would kill me to think my grave was flat or all run down on one side like an old shoe. A person's folks should keep her grave looking nice as long as they have hands to do it."

Mary whined a little. They worked silently, shadowed by the certainty that they, too, would one day have a grave of their own to be kept.

"I remember when Mama used to bring us here. I remember the great big grasshoppers, how they'd fly like fat birds. The boys said they spat tobacco juice and that if it hit your eye, it'd put it out. And how they warned us not to drink out of the hydrants because the water was poisoned by the dead."

"I remember the old dried flowers scattered after a rain and their sick wet smell, like a morgue."

"And all the names and years on the stones."

"And the neat little graves of babies."

A sheath of silence slipped over the two, as close as a glove over the hand. They sat mute, remembering the dead little sister Mary Lou, a fragile little girl born into the epidemic when they were just young girls and died from it within the month.

"Well—the graves. We've a lot of work to do."

"Son . . ." Mary sadly called his name. "Remember the flag we hung in our window for him when he was over there? And how they burned Old Man Gloom in town by the Show, to keep up the spirit."

"Wonder what his life would have been like. He was just like Papa."

"I think it will rain. That would ruin everything."

THEY started throwing up fresh earth with their little spades. In the west, over a pack of little Negro shacks leaning against each other, a big mound of gray cloud was swelling and sliding up to the sun to obscure it. A muffled rumbling rolled through it like a faraway wagon over an old bridge.

Suddenly a weak, slack-faced little man stood out from a cypress tree and said, "Good-day, ladies." It was Mr. Crocus.

"Oh, Mr. Crocus!" Lucy shouted and dropped her palmetto rake, a little frightened. "We are working again, you see."

"Yes, ma'am. It takes a lot of labor, you know, on these graves; and only one old man with a bad back to do it."

"I think the Charity Cemetery looks awful," Mary said. "I've never seen it so run-down."

"It's the rain, ma'am. Such a wet spring. And no one but me to do all the work. The days are gone when the politicians would throw their all-day meetings in the graveyard

and the whole town would bring their lunch and weed the graves and listen to the speeches. Joe, my boy, used to help, but he's gone away now. Getting so many new dead, too. Seems like all Charity is dying. But we all have it to do. There's old Mr. Pollup down there in the corner; yet it seemed he would never go, and was ninety-four when he finally went." He spat tobacco juice into a scrubby hedge. Mary thought of the grasshoppers. "Died just last Tuesday. Big funeral. And the Leslie girl, laid up so long with the paralysis. Finally crept up to her heart. Sad thing, such a young girl. That's two, and now old Grandma Bailey tomorrow. Two niggers been digging all day over by the fence. They might quit any minute, get tired and go home and set on their porches. And if it rains we'll never finish in time."

"Poor old Grandma Bailey gone," Lucy said. "Laura told us. All the old ones going. Mama would have been the first to make pies for all the family, I know. She loved all the Baileys."

"Never know who's next," Mary declared.

A low drumming of thunder ran all through the west, over the Negro houses. A black bare-foot woman stood on a porch of one of them and called to her children to come in.

"We haven't even eaten our lunch, Lucy," Mary complained.

"If it rains, I hope Laura closes all the windows, especially the big one by the bed with the counterpane Mama crocheted."

"Don't worry about that," Lucy said.

"Maybe that's not for us, that cloud," Mr. Crocus said, looking to the west. "They must be getting it in Conroe, I expect. Maybe we'll miss it. Lordy, I hope so. It'll be mud everywhere."

"It's awful, burying them in the rain," Lucy said solemnly. "We buried Papa that way."

The cloud had, in so little time, become so enormous and so low that it seemed the spire of Charity Christian Church, which was directly under it now, would stick up into it and burst it momentarily. It seemed to be reaching up to try to burst it.

Thunder, full-grown, cracked down upon Charity. Children shouted and ran about the Negro yards. The women were closing the windows and the wind began to ruffle the trees. In a silent second Lucy could hear the grating of the Negroes' spades against the

abrasive earth, digging for Grandma Bailey.

And then a razored scythe of lightning ran quick through the cloud, there was a blast of thunder, and heavy drops of rain started falling and spattering on the stones. Lucy and Mary began to gather up their things.

"It's going to storm," Lucy cried. The Negroes digging Grandma Bailey's grave stopped working and started trying to erect a canvas, and old Mr. Crocus ran scurrying, his back bent. And shortly long strings of rain came down. It began to pour thick drafts of rain, cascades of rain. The women ran squealing to the car.

THEY sat inside the Ford coupé, after they had snapped the isinglass window flaps, puffing and looking wanly outside. After a few minutes they took the napkin off the basket and began to eat the lunch, silently. Through the streaming windows they saw the Negroes digging under the dripping canvas which bellied in the wind, but the rain was flooding down through its holes. Already there was mud on their feet. Mr. Crocus was not to be seen anywhere.

Lucy and Mary watched the rain washing over the graves and saw the rain melting down the humps of earth. The rain was falling in torrents over all the graveyard. The sky was all mist and water now, and the little Negro shacks were dreary and dripping, washed gray. They did not even look lived-in, except for the forlorn face of a Negro at a window in a shot-gun house, looking out.

They sat eating their good lunch—which seemed wrong, since they had done so little work to make it taste good; but still it seemed

the only thing to do. In a while, Lucy looked out and said in a sad watery voice, watching the rain flood over the graves, "The good Lord bless all the dead," as if she had to make up to somebody for enjoying such a good lunch of chicken and pickled peaches. Suddenly she spied an armadillo lying ridged like a big spotted conch under a crapemyrtle tree. She quickly opened the flap of her window and threw the stone of a pickled peach at him. "Shoo!" she shamed it.

And then, in the melancholy rain, the two sisters saw the armadillo shaggle hideously and as if under guilt, dragging its ratlike tail, into the family plot. They were both silent and appalled. In a moment Lucy burst from the car and ran in the rain toward the family graves, crying, "Sooeey! sooeey!" But the armadillo was nowhere to be seen. She came back, drenched, and sat wet in the car. The noon whistle whined from the sawmill. They could not eat anymore of the lunch now, yet they did not want to go.

"When we're gone, it doesn't matter," Mary finally said, quietly. "Think of all the things that come at night to a person's grave. Can't afford to think of it. We're protected somewhere else. Hold to the living, that's what. Laura's right not to come. Let's go, Lucy, to see about Laura. She'll worry about us in the rain."

They started the car and went back through the mud and steady rain to the house. As they drove into the yard to put the car under the big shadetree, they could see that some neighbors were there, on the breezeway. When they got to the door they could not believe what Mrs. Larjen, the next-door neighbor, in her



bonnet that shook on her small trembling head, was telling them, that when she had come over to see Laura a little while ago she had found her slumped over the butterbean shells in her apron, and that when Dr. Murray

had got to the house he said she was dead.

Lucy and Mary found her laid out on her bed and the neighbor women already sitting around her who looked, in her fresh death, more like her mother than ever.

December: Of Aphrodite

W. S. MERWIN

WHATEVER the books may say, or the plausible
 Chroniclers intimate: that I was mad,
 That an unsettling wind that season
 Fretted my sign and fetched up violence
 From the vagaries of dream, or even that pride
 Is a broad road with few turnings, do not
 Believe them. In her name I acted.

(Vidal once, the extravagant of heart,
 For the love of a woman went mad, mad as a wolf,
 And the dogs tore him; Hercules, crazed
 By that jealous goddess, murdered his children;
 Samson, from a woman's lap, woke blinded,
 Turning a mill in Gaza; Adam, our father,
 Eating from his wife's hand, fell from the garden.)

Not that from heaven she twisted my tenderness
 Into a hand of rage, nor because she delighted
 In burnt offering, I in my five senses
 Cut throats of friends, burned the white harvest, waged
 Seven months' havoc even among
 Her temples; but because she waited always
 There in the elegant shell, asking for sweetness.

And though it was in her name the land was ravaged,
 Spilled and dishonored, let it not be said
 That by her wiles it was done, nor that she gave
 That carnage her blessing. All arrogant demons
 Pretending changelessness, who came first when she called,
 Have faded and are spent, till out of the strong,
 Without death, she conjured the honeycomb.

She sits at evening under a gray arch
 Where many marvels fell, where all has fallen:
 The blue over her dolphins, the poplar leaves,
 The cold rain, all but the grave myrtle
 And the rings of her ring-doves. The doge of one calendar
 Would give her a name of winter, but where I stand
 In the hazed gold of her eyes, the world is green.

Lifelong Republican . . . vigorous foe of the New Dealers . . . friend of many European industrialists . . . The head of National Steel Corporation suggests a new approach to peace.

Why Not Negotiate with Russia?

Ernest T. Weir

AT PRESENT, Western unity is under a much more severe strain than is generally realized in the United States. It arises from the fact that there is a serious difference between the European attitude and what is accepted as the United States attitude toward major policy in relations between the Western and Communist worlds. It is aggravated by the European feeling that the United States not only fails to give proper consideration to Europe's viewpoint but condemns Europe for holding it.

Europe is fully conscious of what United States aid has meant to it. It recognizes that Western leadership is vested in the United States. This it accepts. But Europe feels, to put it bluntly, that the United States has come to regard European countries as something in the nature of satellites and has assumed the right to establish and implement policy by independent action. This Europe definitely rejects.

The European viewpoint is not well understood in the United States because, in my opinion, it has not been presented fully or accurately. The great bulk of editorial opinion, the writings of correspondents and columnists, and the speeches of commentators and persons prominent in public life are critical of Europe and the criticism has been mounting in volume and intensity.

The burden of complaint is that Europe is weak, tired, and dispirited; has a "soft" attitude toward communism; is unwilling to take

its proper share of the burden of providing men, materials, and money for defense of the Western world; wants to "appease" Russia and will buy peace at any price; and is interested in the United States only as the source of the aid it now obtains and hopes to obtain. Much of this criticism implies that the proper course for the United States at this point would be to leave Europe to its own devices and go it alone.

The picture thus presented is a dangerous distortion. Doubtless it is having its effect on public opinion in the United States. Many in Europe interpret it as the prevailing sentiment here and as a possible indication of future official policy. The effect is unfortunate in two vital respects. In the United States it militates against the calm, unemotional consideration to which the European viewpoint is entitled on merit. In Europe, it is destroying confidence in the United States and creating grave misgivings regarding the consequences of its leadership.

In April and May of this year I made my fifth trip to Europe since the end of World War II. On my return, as a small contribution toward a better American understanding of the European viewpoint, I prepared a statement which has been broadly distributed in pamphlet form. It was reprinted in whole or part, and was the subject of editorial comment, in newspapers and magazines of the United States. It also was reprinted in the Russian newspaper, *Pravda*, with a few omis-

sions which did not detract from the essential meaning. I am assured by a recognized expert on Russia that the remainder of the statement was translated with complete accuracy including numerous expressions he was amazed to see broadcast to the Russian people.

At this point the reader may want to know on what basis an American business man presumes the ability to know and present the European viewpoint. The basis is simply explained. Over a period of many years I have acquired a wide circle of friends in Europe and, particularly, in England and France. They represent diverse fields of activity. By reason of their positions they are thoroughly conversant with developments in their own and other countries of Europe and frequently in other parts of the world. They know I will not identify them or quote them directly, and they talk with me frankly without reservations. Through long experience I have come to be confident that a consensus or even a majority opinion of this group will be borne out by events. On this last trip I talked with all of these old friends and also to many other persons. I am positive that I received a thoroughly representative expression of European opinion.

II

THIS conviction was supported by the reaction to Prime Minister Churchill's proposal last May for a four-power conference to initiate steps toward peaceful solution of world problems. The enthusiastic reception accorded that proposal showed that Churchill was not speaking for England alone, but voiced the universal sentiment of Europe. My confidence that I had a correct appraisal of the European viewpoint was further supported by letters from Europeans and also from Americans who indicated extensive first-hand knowledge of Europe and recent travel there. Out of more than a hundred letters from such Americans, all but two say that the European position set forth in my statement was confirmed by their own experience.

This mail response is interesting from another standpoint. At this writing, I have received more than three thousand communications ranging from simple requests for additional copies of the statement to lengthy comments. The great majority come from

within the United States—and from every state except New Mexico. They reflect all shades of political belief. The occupational span covers corporation presidents and labor-union members. In short, they present a pretty fair cross section of opinion.

Out of this mass of correspondence only a little more than one per cent—exactly thirty-five letters—quarrel with the statement. This was unexpected because I thought I would be much more likely to hear from those who disagreed than from those who approved. Although three thousand-odd letters may not furnish a basis for firm conclusions, I believe they strongly indicate that the American public generally does not have the “tough” attitude toward Europe or international relations as a whole that is expressed by most of those who speak and write on these subjects.

IN THE statement, I wrote that the European position on the situation now existing between the Western and Communist worlds may be described in three sentences:

(1) European nations cannot continue the large amounts presently devoted to defense because they have neither the money nor the credit.

(2) There is no imminent danger of war.

(3) The time is ripe for a positive approach to peace.

I believe the United States can profit greatly from a serious, calm, unemotional analysis of the reasons for this European sentiment. The position stated in the first sentence is subordinate to and conditioned by the convictions expressed in the latter two sentences. If Europeans believed that peace was hopeless and war inevitable, they would accept the necessity of preparation for war regardless of cost. But they do not believe this—and, while they do not advocate disarmament, they strongly oppose a huge military build-up which they consider more likely to precipitate than to prevent war.

All about them, Europeans have visible evidence of the physical, economic, and human destruction of the two great wars which are the cause of their present unhappy state. The dominant drive of European nations is to make up the losses of war and to

restore themselves to their former world positions. Under the best of circumstances, rehabilitation to a reasonably sound and satisfactory basis of life must be a long and trying process. Most naturally, they do not want to sidetrack large portions of their depleted resources and pledge their future to the non-productive task of preparing for a third world war which, in their view, need not happen at all.

Are they victims of self-delusion, whistling in the dark? Are they so desperately anxious for peace that they exaggerate every peace factor and minimize the danger of war? So far as I can judge from my contacts, they are not indulging in wishful thinking. They have appraised the world situation with complete objectivity.

In contrast with the United States, Europe considers war so remote a danger that you rarely hear it mentioned. This is their reasoning. They are certain that no nation of the Western world wants war. Therefore, war could start in only one of two ways: through some blunder on the part of the West, or through aggression by the Communist world. In practical terms, excluding blunder, this narrows the whole situation down to the question: "Does Russia want war?" And Europe is convinced that Russia, for its own reasons, is at least as anxious as the Western world to avoid war.

III

THIS is not based on any belief in a sudden change of heart on Russia's part but on the much more solid ground of known facts and common-sense deductions about Russia's present situation, such as:

Morale of the people. The rank and file of people east of the Iron Curtain are as deeply averse to war as the peoples of the West. They also experienced the terror and suffering of the two previous wars and their present dismal condition is the result of those wars. Lacking popular support, Communist countries are no more able than other countries to conduct war. It is highly doubtful that there would be popular support even in Russia itself for aggressive adventures by Communist leaders or for anything short of war in genuine defense of the homeland.

Doubtful allies. Russia knows, far better than we do, how much of the allegiance of satellite countries is voluntary and how much is forced. We can be positive that there is disaffection in all of the satellites; we can only guess at its magnitude. Certainly it would attain its maximum in event of war. The serious and perhaps fatal hazard of passive resistance, sabotage, guerrilla activity—and possibly open rebellion—in the vast and populous area between the front line and Russia's seat of power is a strong deterrent to war.

Russia's defensive nature. It is significant that throughout history the military character of Russia has been dominantly defensive. Although invincible on her own soil, Russia has never won an offensive war. Her present military establishment is considered primarily defensive. Even Russian "imperialism" may be regarded as an expression of this historic defensive trait in economic and political spheres. Admittedly if Russian leadership became convinced (and in turn convinced the Russian people) that war with the West was inevitable, Russia might take the offensive on the theory that "attack is the best defense." But the possibility is considered remote.

Effect of Stalin's death. Europeans believe there has been a significant change. Almost immediately there was modification of policy, toward less tight control of the people and improvement of living conditions. There was the promise of increased production of consumer goods, which could only mean lower capital production—and therefore war production—because Russian capacity has not developed to the point where it can provide both guns and butter.

Problems of new leadership. Under Stalin, Russia was a true dictatorship. Today it is something different. None of the present leaders holds Stalin's unchallenged power or has anything approaching his status in the eyes of the Russian people. Europeans expect no violent conflicts among Russian leaders that will extend down through the Russian people. But Russia now has a very difficult problem of adjustment; and Russia's leaders will hardly want to complicate their internal uncertainties by ventures abroad. The period of adjustment may be a long one. It took

Stalin fourteen years to consolidate his position.

BECAUSE of these and other factors, Europeans are convinced that Russia is not marking time while she awaits the opportune moment and place to start war. On the contrary, they are convinced that Russia actually is eager for peace and will make concessions to get it.

Close students of Russia believe she now considers her position overexpanded, and dislikes having to keep successive waves of young Russians in the occupation armies, in close contact with Western culture, for two-year periods. Consequently, it is considered a better than even chance that Russia will relax her control over non-Russian areas, if she can find a way to do so without loss of face. Under the present situation the Western and Communist worlds are locked in a stalemate which holds more disadvantage than advantage for either side and which can be broken by no forcible means short of war. Since neither side wants war, the alternative to continuance of the present tension must be found in the peaceful negotiation of differences.

Negotiation means compromise and Europe is in the mood for compromise. Negotiation definitely does not mean "appeasement." There are fundamental issues which the Western world will not compromise under any circumstances. Similarly, on the other side, it must be expected that there are certain issues which Russia will not compromise.

In between there are many issues on which both sides may find it better to agree than to disagree. The opportunity for peace—and Europeans consider it a definite opportunity, not a mere hope—will come from exploring this area of possible agreement. They believe that the way to start is to start; that the Western world should take the initiative; and that the time to do it is now.

No one in Europe expects the world situation to be cleared up "in one miraculous session of negotiation," to quote the *New York Times*. On the contrary, most Europeans expect negotiations will continue over a lengthy period of time and call for both patience and restraint. The early phase would be exploratory, devoted to probing both sides' positions and locating those things on which they can get together. Initially, any concrete

decisions would probably relate to small matters rather than to the large and critical issues. Clement Attlee, leader of England's Labor party, has compared the situation to a log jam, and suggested as the best approach an attempt to extricate one or two logs in the hope that then the whole mass would move.

The principal objective at the start of negotiations would be to establish a new world climate—new thinking and new attitudes on both sides. As Prime Minister Churchill expressed it: "For a while each state looks about for things to do which would be agreeable instead of being disagreeable to each other." First results might not be dramatic; but if the negotiations were successful there would be a gradual relaxation of tension and an increasing flexibility in relations, until at last throughout the world it could be clearly seen that the indicators were pointing to peace rather than war.

Any suggestion of negotiation raises immediate questions. What about Germany, Austria, Japan, Korea, China, Formosa, disarmament, world trade? These matters and many others are tremendously important in their own right. But none of them is isolated from the complex of problems that constitutes the present world situation. It seems a matter of simple logic that there must first be an agreement to agree—confidence on each side that the other sincerely wants to solve the world problem by peaceful means—before there can be specific agreement on the individual components of that problem.

IV

IN GENERAL outline, I believe the above is an accurate presentation of the European view of a practical and workable approach to world peace. The view is not confined to any one country nor to any particular political, economic, or other group. Europeans believe that the United States—the acknowledged leader of the Western world—not only fails to share this view but continues in a hostile and rigid posture which has outlived its usefulness, which makes an approach to peace impossible, and which may precipitate the war no one wants. They are desperately eager for us to see things their way for awhile.

How should the United States respond? In my opinion our only constructive course is to

accede to this desire of Europe's. We simply cannot "go it alone," and I consider it ridiculous for anyone to assert that we can.

We need the support and co-operation of Europe as much as she needs ours. Neither the natural bonds that unite our country and Europe nor the United States' ability to grant or withhold economic aid makes it possible for us to override the judgment of Europe on the peace she thinks can and should be made. Whatever happens, Europe will not desert the Western world because, for one thing, she has no place else to go. But negative adherence is not enough. The present world situation calls for a dynamic unity of full-fledged partners, growing out of a whole-hearted conviction of the rightness of what we are doing and the way we are doing it.

An affirmative response to Europe means that we must do our full part to negotiate with Russia. We must enter a meeting with Russia with no advance commitments made or given, but with open minds and a spirit of give and take, prepared to negotiate a peace on a fair and honorable basis.

To many Americans, of course, the idea of negotiations with Russia is strongly repugnant. Some do not regard Russia as a normal nation, capable of conventional international relations, but only as the seat of world communism. Their personal war is not with Russia as a nation but with communism—an idea synonymous with irredeemable evil. You cannot compromise with evil, they say, you can only stamp it out. They would have our country embark on a never-ending crusade to eradicate an idea.

These people forget that however much we may detest communism there are millions throughout the world who do not regard it as evil or as necessarily associated with the terrors of the Stalin regime. These people also forget that communism, like all ideas, is a thing of the mind and spirit and that things of the mind and spirit have never in all human history been eradicated by force. Bad ideas must be fought with better ideas; bad systems by demonstration of better systems—a long process and a discouraging one, perhaps, but the only one with a chance to prevail.

Other Americans are opposed to negotiation on the grounds that Russia seeks to undermine other nations by means of the spy, the saboteur, and the conspirator. But such

activities can be conducted whether or not there are negotiations between nations. Once inside any country, the spy, the saboteur, and the conspirator become an internal problem and can be dealt with as such by intelligence services, police, and courts.

Still others object on the grounds that Russia can never be trusted; that Russia will treat any agreement as a scrap of paper to be discarded whenever convenient; that Russia will use negotiations as a propaganda opportunity; or that Russia will outsmart our negotiators. The fear of being outsmarted is equal to a vote of no confidence in our leadership. In President Eisenhower we have a man who knows the world situation as well as anyone alive, and who has demonstrated his ability to cope with its problems. I believe the great majority of Americans are confident that in his hands the interest of the United States will be amply protected in negotiations with Russia. The other objections are purely negative. They are reasons for doing nothing.

IF OUR national policy and that of the Western world are based on these objections, all we can expect, at best, is continuance of the present tension—and, at worst, war.

Admittedly, no one can guarantee that negotiations will achieve their purpose. But if the calculated risk is justified in war, it is certainly valid in negotiations. In my opinion, the risk is negligible in proportion to the objective. Let us appraise the consequences to the United States of either outcome—failure or success.

Suppose the worst fears of the objectors to negotiation were realized. Suppose that Russia proved entirely insincere; that on the one hand she made nothing but unreasonable demands and on the other offered only trifling concessions; that her negotiators maintained a truculent and unyielding attitude; and that she used the negotiations as a propaganda device.

Even under such circumstances, I believe the United States would have little to lose and much to gain. The world situation would certainly be no worse than it is now, and it would be greatly clarified. The United States would have the moral satisfaction of knowing that it had made a serious and honest attempt to bring peace. The unity of the Western world would be tightened and strengthened.

Through their own participation, the countries of Europe would learn that they were mistaken in their belief in negotiation with Russia as the road to peace. They would be reconciled to the sacrifices involved in whatever measures were required to assure the security of the Western world. Russia's "peace offensive" which has favorably affected public opinion in many countries, would be exposed as false, and there would be dissipation of the feeling, also held in many countries, that the United States is war-minded—a feeling that has been supported by the fact that the amount of "war talk" issuing from our country is unequalled elsewhere.

SUPPOSE, however, that negotiation produced satisfactory evidence that Russia genuinely desired peace and that a basic agreement satisfactory to both sides could be established. From the economic standpoint alone the benefits would be enormous. Military spending, direct and indirect, is primarily responsible for the continuing deficits and confiscatory taxes of our federal government. About sixty cents of each dollar spent by the federal government in the past seven years has been devoted to military purposes and foreign aid. Under the present situation that kind of spending will continue. We can look for no substantial relief so long as we must support a huge military establishment within the United States as well as a world-wide network of air and naval bases and at the same time contribute both military and economic aid to our allies. Even the United States does not have the economic strength to sustain indefinitely a burden of that magnitude.

I am not suggesting that immediate disarmament will be a product of negotiation. In fact, I doubt that it can be a practical subject for negotiation. All nations will keep up their guard until new international habits are formed. Disarmament will follow peace, not precede it. If we have peace there will be a gradual reduction of armament in proportion to the relaxation of tension, because with any nation the maintenance of armament above actual need will then be an intolerable diver-

sion of resources, manpower, and productive capacity from constructive employment. The important thing is that we will convert from expansion to contraction of military spending. Every dollar, pound, franc, and ruble that can be subtracted from the uses of war can be devoted to progress and better living.

If the tide of human affairs starts moving toward peace I do not believe that this generation, at least, will see it reversed. From every part of the world comes evidence that people are sick of war. They want to be done with the business of killing and get on with the business of living. The true interest of the mass of people everywhere is not in ideologies or power politics but in security of life and limb and better living standards.

I believe this mass desire is building into a demand—too strong to be ignored or resisted—that the leaders of all countries take the necessary steps toward peace. And I believe this applies in the Communist world as well as in the Western world and the countries between. Furthermore, I am convinced that if we have peace we will enter an era of progress and well-being which will be the greatest in history and which will extend its benefits into every part of the world.

Negotiation is not going to accomplish everything that we of the West might desire. It is not going to bring back the world climate of any past period. It is not going to convert the Communist world to the concepts of Western liberalism. But negotiation does provide an avenue for an approach to peace. So far as I can see, it is the only avenue available. And, so far as I can see, the only alternative offered by those who object to negotiation is continuance of the present stalemate, with its continual drain on human and material resources, and finally World War III—the war of the hydrogen bomb. To those who would man the land, sea, and air fronts, to the civilians who would be slaughtered, to the cities that would be smashed to rubble, to the civilization that would be destroyed, we owe a simple obligation—to see now while there is still time that we do not lose by default the opportunity for peace.

Christmas Song

SYLVIA WRIGHT

MY LOVE is new as the morning of Christmas,
 With the fresh green, the pine smell.
 My love is fresh as the unmarked snow,
 Cold breath from the white snow,
 New and early, early in the new morning.

Waiting and wonder is the morning of Christmas,
 My heart, waiting, now is wonder,
 A fresh heart, like a green pine.
 Bright-ice sparkling for the wonder of your coming,
 Like a new breath from untouched snow,
 The new and the early, early in the new morning.

In the Christmas season for love and saints
 I was a sinner for I never knew
 My heart was green, like the fresh pine.
 My heart was snowbound in the Christmas season
 And all the world and all of its saints
 Were a frozen breath off snow fresh-fallen
 In the new and early, early in the new morning.

Still I am a sinner for the love I give,
 In the Christmas season to the world and saints
 From my fresh heart, the green pine,
 The love I have to give away
 Is love my love has given to me.
 Without this love I would be no more
 In the Christmas season than the frozen snow,
 Cold and early, early in the cold morning.

My heart was snowbound, now is melted.
 The river rushes, down from the ice fields
 Through the green trees' pine smell.
 The river rushes in the Christmas season,
 Rushes through the world at the feet of the saints,
 All unfrozen in the snow fresh-fallen,
 Even in the early, early in the cold morning.

I cannot give you silver and gold,
 I will give you tinsel and lights
 For a green tree with a pine smell.
 You cannot give me silver and gold,
 You will give me the new year.
 In the winter season of the long nights,
 We will give each other the longest night
 To lie protected from the white snow,
 From the cold breath from snow fresh-fallen,
 Warm in a new love, late and early love, evening to the morning.

What the Big Drought is doing to the Southwest . . . why water is becoming more important than oil . . . how lack of it may check the growth of a dozen states . . . and how Texans plan to outwit the weather. A report by one of America's leading historians.

Billion-Dollar Cure for Texas' Drought

Walter Prescott Webb

FOR two days we had traveled along the banks of the Rio Grande—a long sandbed, where a trickle of water moved in a laced flow like “veins in the hand of a mummied chief.” At Brownsville we had heard that boys were riding bicycles clear across the biggest river of the Southwest.

Then, when we stopped overnight at Laredo, a little rain fell somewhere in Mexico. The next morning a stream of muddy water poured into the Rio Grande from one of its Mexican tributaries.

“May I have another cup of coffee—and some water?” I asked the waitress at breakfast.

“Yes,” she said. “You can have all the water you want today. The river is up.”

This was—maybe—the beginning of the end of The Long Dry Spell. The promise has not yet been fulfilled everywhere, for at this writing there are still great stretches of dry land in many parts of the Southwest. But the rains have come, at last, to other places which hadn't seen a shower in two years.

The Big Drought isn't broken, but it is dented—and the Southwest is beginning a slow recovery from its latest tussle with its own special brand of disaster. Everybody knows it will come again, in a few years; and in Texas we are thinking hard about the next round. For it is becoming clear that unless we can find some way to lick it, drought may finally set a limit to the phenomenal growth of population and industry in our part of the world.

Meanwhile we make jokes about it. (The Westerner has always made a game of exaggerating his hardships into grim humor.) They tell of the oil man who needed water for his drilling rig, and who offered to trade oil for water, barrel for barrel. Jackrabbits, they say, are queuing up at the windmill tanks, and trees are beginning to whistle for dogs. Just before he abandoned his homestead, one farmer threw a bucket of water on his three-year-old roof to find out if it would leak.

Beneath the grisly humor lurks one of the strangest tragedies known to mankind. Strangest because the drought differs so markedly from such disasters as fires, floods, earthquakes, and storms.

Unlike all of these it begins auspiciously—after a rain which raises hopes high. It comes slowly, so that the damage of each day is slight when compared to that of the day before. There is nothing exciting about it, no sudden death, no quick need for dramatic services of the Red Cross, martial law, or the state police. The drought administers an all but imperceptible torture—a torture constantly attended by hope. It is a slow fire burning up everything without smoke or flame, a consuming fire which man has not yet learned to quench.

It leaves in its wake ruined homes, destroyed crops, reeling cattle, dead forests, and blasted fortunes. When it departs, it leaves no heroes, for no man has anything to do with its coming or its going. In other disasters,

some are lucky and some unlucky, some live and others die. But in the drought nobody is lucky for nobody escapes; everybody loses—the merchant, the banker, the farmer, and the rancher. It is the most impartial disaster that society endures from natural causes.

Yet, such is its nature, that everybody and everything that survive at once feel a strange exuberance when the rains finally come.

II

TEXAS is a good place to study drought, and the prospect of doing something about it. Because of its size and position, the state provides a good laboratory for the drought problem of the nation.

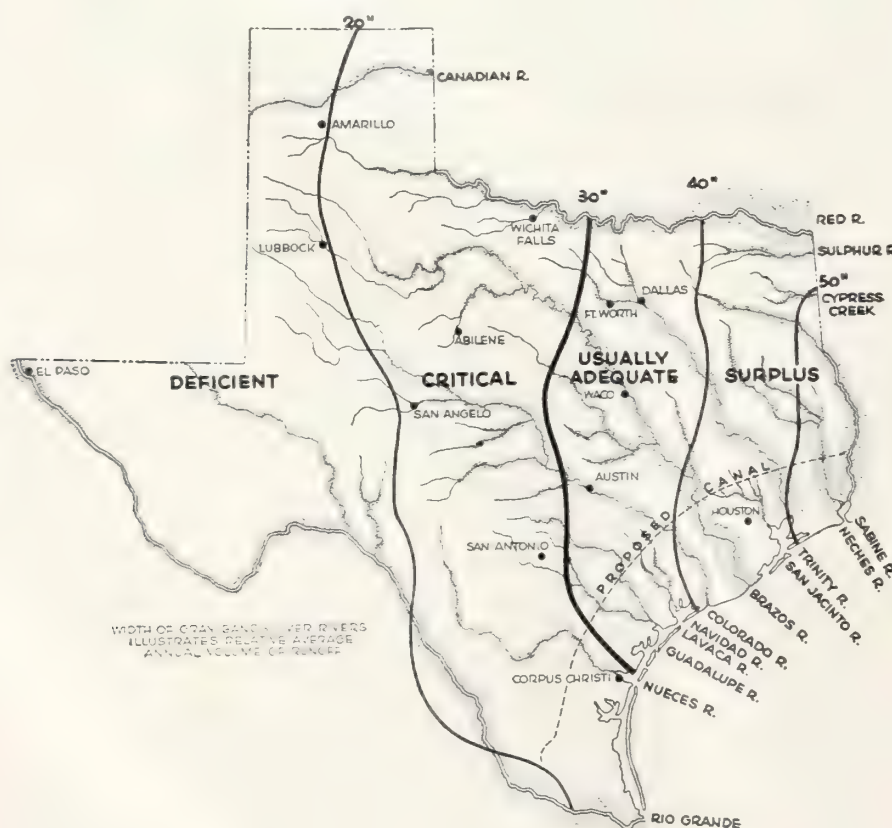
Texas spans from east to west the broad semi-arid belt that runs northward from Mexico to Canada—the belt where humidity and aridity are constantly at war. It bridges the southern portion of the Great Plains, extending from the foothills of the Rockies to the lush pine forests of the east. The line of 30 inches of average annual rainfall—on which the drought breaks—almost bisects the state, separating humid East Texas from dry West Texas. That same line extends north to divide

the nation, as it divides the state. Texas furnishes an example, and a clear one, of the serious water problem of America.

The accompanying map gives a picture of the water situation. What it portrays is typical of all the states lying to the north of Texas. The arc above the map shows four moisture zones, from left to right: Deficient, Critical, Usually Adequate, and Surplus. The crucial line marking 30 inches of rainfall separates the Deficient-Critical area from the Usually Adequate-Surplus one. From that line, rainfall rises to 50 inches in deep East Texas; it falls to less than 10 inches in extreme West Texas. It is roughly in the counties west of that line that Texas cattlemen are receiving federal drought relief, in spite of their much-advertised rugged individualism.

The current drought lasted about five years, and its effects are cumulative. Within that period the total shortage amounts to more than a year's average rainfall, and in some places there was practically no rain for two or more years.

The result is that *all* sources of water—surface or underground—failed or were greatly depleted. Most of the cattle were sold or moved to more fortunate pastures. One big



Moisture Regions of Texas

The heavy line down the center of this map marks the most important natural boundary in Texas. The land to the east gets 30 inches or more of rain every year; the land to the west gets less than that—or not enough.

The big streams mostly flow into the Upper Gulf Coast. Here—around Houston—is where industry is growing fastest. The lower third of the Gulf Coast is seriously short of water, and therefore few big industries have located south of the Nueces River.

Nearly half of all the water running in Texas streams flows in the boundary rivers—the Rio Grande, the Red, and the Sabine—and has to be divided with the neighbors.

(This map was made by Sigman-Ward, on the basis of U. S. Bureau of Reclamation maps.)

outfit cleaned its ranch of cattle more than a year ago and padlocked the gates so that the range might recover when the season bettered. Others, not able to act so independently, have overgrazed. In the sheep country overgrazing has made many pastures, stretching for miles, as bare as a well-swept cabin dooryard.

Dry farmers have been burned out completely, and many of them will not even attempt a harvest. The irrigation farmers who depend on surface water have seen their streams go dry and their reservoirs sink to dangerous levels. Those depending on wells have alternately drilled new ones or deepened old ones in pursuit of a sinking water table.

The mighty Rio Grande ceased to flow in places from El Paso to the Gulf, and in the Lower Valley the situation became desperate. There is hardly a city outside deep East Texas that has not rationed water; in several of the largest the shortage reached the crisis stage. One metropolitan paper ran a box on the front page showing the daily water balance just as a bank does its dollar balance: so many gallons on hand, so many gallons used this day, so many gallons left—enough for so many more days. In that same city attractive cards were attached to parking meters urging people to save every drop of water.

DROUGHTS are remarkable for their monotony, and the only unusual thing about this one is its recency. It is the last of a long succession of unwelcome visitations throughout recorded history, and the tree rings tell us that it came at irregular intervals for centuries before. It will repeat itself, as the cycles of rain come and go.

But drought of the usual intensity now brings more suffering and damage than ever before. The more complex the civilization, and the denser the population, the greater the devastation becomes. The classic drought of West Texas came in 1886-87, but then there were few people, little agriculture, no industry, and no cities to suffer. The total effects were negligible on the national economy.

As a boy I heard the old-timers—the first settlers—tell of “the drought of '86.” W. H. Goforth had come from South Carolina, and when his brother heard of the drought, he wrote to inquire what his Texas kinsman needed most to tide him over. Mr. Goforth answered that he needed a saddle, and the

brother sent him one. The drought continued next year and the solicitous brother wrote again. Mr. Goforth said his boy was growing up, getting big enough to ride, and asked for another saddle.

“We then lived on game, there was little to buy, and we had nothing to do but ride around,” he said.

Life is not so simple now, and men cannot ride through future droughts on a saddle. They have no choice but to seek another solution.

III

THROUGHOUT the West men have always striven to increase the available water, by every possible means. The ceremonial dances of the Plains and desert Indians were related to rain. Perhaps a million snakes have been hung on barbed wire fences, belly up, to make it rain. The early Western railroads hired an imposter who gave his name as Frank Melbourne from Australia, and they trundled Frank back and forth in a box car while he performed some mysterious rite calculated to bring downpours. C. W. Post of Battle Creek fame spent about \$50,000 exploding dynamite at Post City trying to make it rain; and the United States government made a similar experiment at San Antonio under the direction of an Army general.

More recently, other men have collected money from chambers of commerce to seed clouds with chemicals, and throughout the whole of our history men have resorted to prayer, occasionally in response to an official proclamation. In the face of all these efforts, the weather bureau tells us that the average rainfall over ten-year periods does not vary appreciably. The records indicate that all methods of producing rain are of about equal merit, and all of them work best in a wet cycle.

There is another group of men who work quietly on the water problems of Texas, so quietly that their names are seldom heard in the grim humor, the folklore, superstition, and incantations of the weather medicine men. They are the engineers who patiently gather all possible data about water, who seek out its every source, on the surface and under the ground—and who plan to make it available to people at a price they can pay.

Not one of them has promised to make it rain, and probably not one of them believes that rainfall can be increased to any appreciable extent by any methods yet tried. It is time for the people to listen to these men, to study their plans, and decide whether to give them the support they need.

SINCE rain and snow are the source of all fresh water, and since their fall cannot be increased with any certainty, the engineers confine themselves to a less romantic chore. They tell us what we can do with the water that nature has furnished—how it can be conserved, transported, and used to the best advantage. Their reports are filled with statistics, graphs, charts, and dry objectivity. Since they are usually employed by the state or national governments, they refrain from saying what I was going to say here; but what I shall say is implicit in their figures and reports.

Water is today the most valuable asset in Texas—more valuable than oil, or cattle, or cotton, or any other commodity. The demand for water is increasing at a tremendous rate, but the total supply is not increasing at all. As a result, the demand is overtaking the supply—running far ahead of it in many sections of the state. Under the present management of water resources, the state is rapidly approaching the limits of its potential in both irrigation and in industry, two very prosperous enterprises. Anyone who will study the reports made by the State Board of Water Engineers and the National Bureau of Reclamation can find abundant evidence to support these facts.

The engineers know the amount of surface water accurately. For their practical purposes it is the surplus that runs off, after absorption and evaporation have taken their toll, of the 27.32 inches which fall on Texas in an average year. This runoff or surplus water is but a small percentage of the total—53,264,420 acre-feet. (An acre-foot is enough water to cover an acre of land one foot deep.) It must be remembered, however, that nearly half of this water—24,927,700 acre-feet—does not belong exclusively to Texas. Because it flows in boundary or interstate streams, it must be shared with such thirsty neighbors as Mexico, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Louisiana. The runoff water available to Texas is roughly

40,000,000 acre-feet. If this could be recycled as rainfall, it would give Texas an additional 2.8 inches, which would be negligible in its effects on the economy.

This 53,264,420 acre-feet of runoff is the total amount of *surplus* water in Texas, and today it is wasted and lost in the Gulf of Mexico. This is the *only* water than can be saved and used in a land that needs water worse than it needs anything else.

IV

THE second source of water which the engineers can work with lies at various depths beneath the surface; it is known as ground water. The total amount is enormous, but the amount that can be recovered for use on the surface is limited and confined to scattered areas which already have been located and defined. The largest single supply lies in seventeen counties of the High Plains in the Texas Panhandle. Another important deposit is in the Gulf Coast area with Houston as a center.

This ground water has been accumulated over thousands of years as a result of a downward seepage from the surface—from rainfall, the ultimate source of all fresh water. The sand and gravel beds in which it accumulates and can move carry the attractive name of *aquifers*.

Ground water differs from surface water in that it has practically no annual *surplus*. In a state of nature, the small annual surplus escapes through springs which serve to hold the water table at a fairly uniform level. The ground water is a bank account, built up over a long period of time by very small annual deposits. The springs—and they were never numerous in Texas—are the escape valves for whatever surplus exists. The balance is delicate and easily disturbed.

A few years ago it was not uncommon to hear men say, "Oh, we have an unlimited supply of water from our wells." And so it seemed.

The statement simply is not true, for there is no such thing as an unlimited supply of water from a reservoir containing a fixed amount. Because the annual deposits are tiny, any considerable withdrawal reduces the flow of some spring. If the withdrawals continue, the springs will go dry as the water table falls.

This has already happened in Texas, to such an extent that only the stoutest springs are running today. Thousands of them have gone dry and nearly all have declined to flow. A few will come back with the rains, but many will never run again under present water usage. A famous spring in West Texas used to flow millions of gallons a day, and it was so important that a town was built by it. An extensive irrigation development was recently built to the west, drawing water from numerous wells. The irrigation had hardly got well under way when the spring went dry, and it will run no more until the pumping stops—if then.

The failing springs are a pathetic symbol, and an evil portent. Each spring that fails expands the desert, and signifies that another skirmish has been won by the unrelenting forces of aridity. When men contribute to the death of the springs, they are fighting on the side of drought, even though their sympathies and their welfare lie with the other side.

The dying springs indicate a decline in our balance at the water bank. The logs of the wells tell the rest of the story, which points to the danger of eventual bankruptcy.

IN THE High Plains irrigation area the State Board of Water Engineers reports that the water table has fallen since 1938 from 5 to 50 feet, and that the annual recharge is "only a small fraction of an inch." The heaviest drafts were made on this water in 1948 when 3,000 new wells were sunk, bringing the total number to 10,500. The well drillers are making a pepper box of the region. Its temporary prosperity is the prosperity of a man who is spending his inheritance.

It is not a question of *whether* the whole underground will be dewatered; it is only a question of *when*. At the present acceleration of water usage, the crisis will come to some regions in ten or fifteen years, and it will spread to the entire region within less than a century. In short, the process of making a desert, which began with the death of the springs, will be extended downward hundreds of feet into the earth—thus giving the desert depth as well as width.

Not until last year did the legislature get around to authorizing a local board to limit and space the new wells. In time, underground water will be prorated, just as oil—that

less valuable commodity—has been for years.

What is happening in the High Plains is happening wherever a good supply of underground water exists in Texas. The story is less spectacular elsewhere, because the aquifers are smaller or the land is less adapted to irrigation. It is the same story in the Pecos country, in the Winter Garden, and around El Paso. Before me is a report showing that El Paso is experimenting with recharging the underground reservoir with the surplus flow of the Rio Grande.

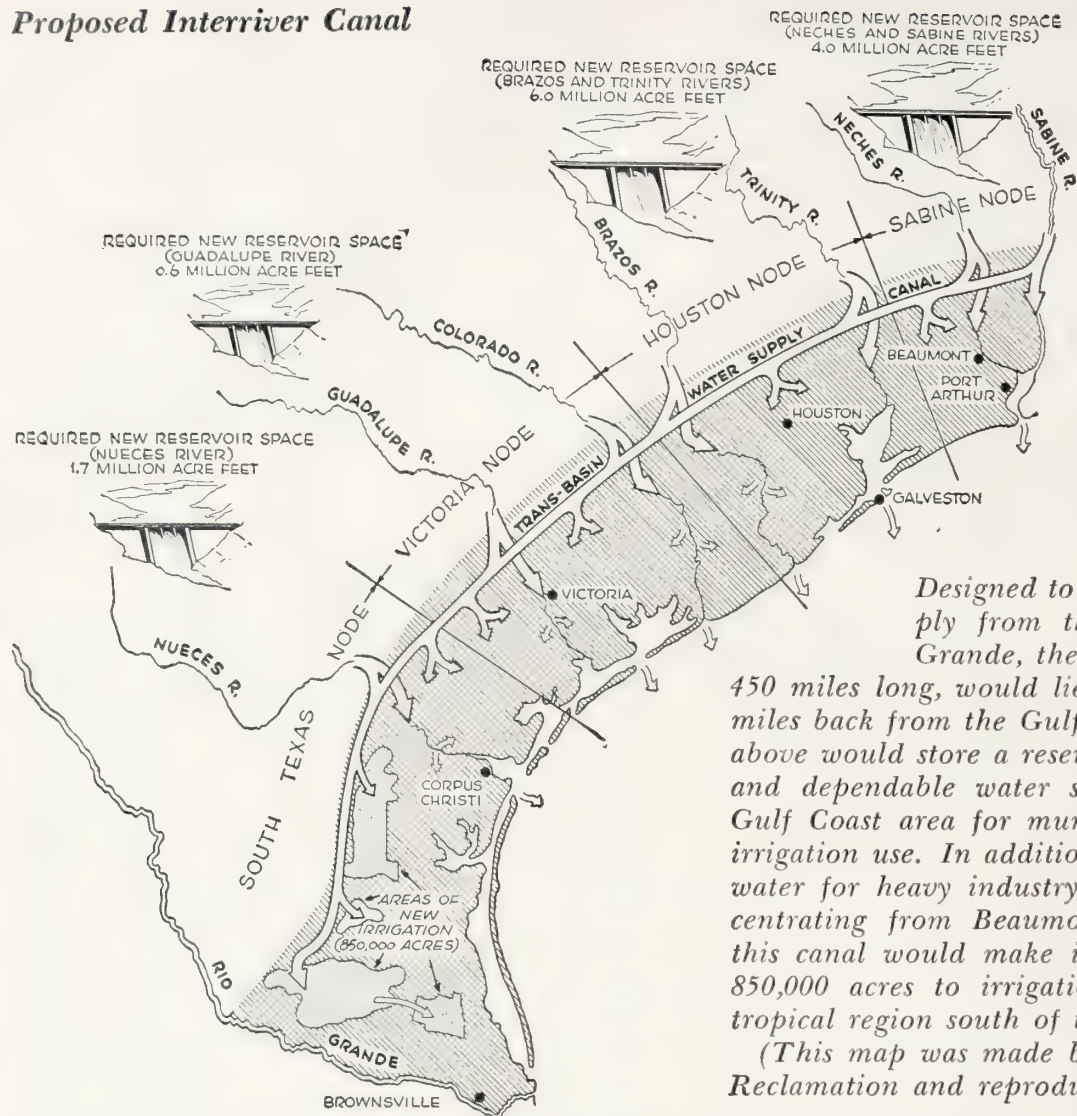
V

THE one area in which ground water is heavily used without serious effect on the supply is along the Texas Gulf Coast near Houston. The phenomenal growth of Houston during the past thirty years has excited the admiration of small cities and the envy of the larger ones. There seems to be no limit to the fortunes made there, to the large industries moving in, or to the future of this sprawling, raw, booming metropolis. This uninterrupted rise of Houston has many popular explanations: access to the sea, the ship channel, oil, sulphur, and many other minerals found in concentration nearby. Some even boast that Houston's greatness is due to the peculiar intelligence and enterprise of its citizens—a theory not widely accepted elsewhere in Texas.

No one, to my knowledge, has pointed out that whatever factors may have made Houston great, the most important in keeping it going is its generous supply of fresh water of good quality—that quiet and unsung catalyst of an industrial civilization. Houston, western outpost of the eastern humid region, is the only large city that can attract big water-using industries, such as wood-pulp mills and chemical plants. So the wealth of water around Houston and east to Beaumont has made that area the most highly industrialized in Texas, and has given to the Gulf Coast the name of the Golden Crescent. It enjoys a triple blessing—salt water, surface water, ground water—without compare in Texas.

There the water engineers really have something to work with and they know it. In order that this rather somber report may end on a high and pleasant note, let us take a look at the fortunate Texas Gulf Coast.

Proposed Interriver Canal



Designed to stabilize the water supply from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, the canal would be about 450 miles long, would lie some sixty or seventy miles back from the Gulf of Mexico. The lakes above would store a reserve to guarantee a firm and dependable water supply throughout the Gulf Coast area for municipal, industrial, and irrigation use. In addition to assuring adequate water for heavy industry, which has been concentrating from Beaumont to Corpus Christi, this canal would make it possible to open up 850,000 acres to irrigation in the fertile subtropical region south of the Nueces River.

(This map was made by the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation and reproduced by Sigman-Ward.)

ON FEBRUARY 23, 1949, Senator Lyndon B. Johnson wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Interior which may well cause future historians to call him a statesman. If the suggestion growing out of that letter should eventually become a reality, Senator Johnson will need no other monument to perpetuate his memory. In part, the letter read:

The state of Texas, with its growing industrial and agricultural needs, faces some critical problems with respect to water. . . . our cities and industries are experiencing difficulty in obtaining adequate water supplies.

It may be . . . that there is no simple overall solution . . . for our growing water problems. . . . It is not my intention to judge the matter, but to seek the best possible factual basis and advice for proceeding from here on out. To this end, I ask that you have your Bureau of Reclamation . . . and other agencies concerned with water conservation provide me with the necessary information

regarding programs within the state of Texas or affecting its water resources.

The letter asked for specific plans and the estimated costs of carrying them out.

In December 1952—nearly four years later—the Bureau of Reclamation published the results of its investigation in a report entitled *Water Supply and the Texas Economy: An Appraisal of the Texas Water Problem*. In the interval the drought had grown worse, and therefore the Report attracted unusual public notice.

It points out that the Texas Gulf Coast, the Golden Crescent, is the one place where the engineers have almost unlimited possibilities in developing the water potential. It is the one place in Texas where water can be had in practically limitless quantity—provided the necessary steps are taken for its management.

The accompanying map shows that ten Texas streams traverse the Gulf Coast. Most of them rise in the upland semi-arid region,

and do not build up much volume until they approach the Gulf. Moreover, the southern sector of the Gulf Coast is semi-arid and therefore the streams south of the Colorado are relatively small. The water problems of Texas would be much easier to solve if the rivers ran from the humid into the arid region, so that gravity could aid irrigation; but they don't.

The map also shows Houston's location between the Trinity and the Brazos, two of the largest streams. The geological formation north of Houston is such that it replenishes the underground reservoirs from bountiful rainfall, in spite of heavy pumping for municipal, industrial, and irrigation use. What is true of the Houston area is generally true of the land to the east, from the Brazos to the Sabine—the Mesopotamia, land of the five big rivers, where big industry is concentrating.

VI

AS THE engineers looked at the maps, they saw a rare opportunity, the opportunity of borrowing the surplus water of the upper Gulf Coast for use in the arid region from the Colorado to the Rio Grande. The shelving alluvial coast, without mountains and with only slight variation in elevation, would make the task simple.

Dig a great canal sixty or seventy miles inland, running parallel with the coastline—crossing and connecting all the rivers, so that the surplus water of one can be used anywhere along the line. The canal would be 450 miles long. It would go *under* the rivers, leaving their normal flow undisturbed, but it would draw off their surplus and carry it south to the arid lands of the lower Gulf Coast. If union gave strength to thirteen colonies, why wouldn't it give strength to the ten rivers of Texas?

This, said the engineers, would guarantee a firm water supply for the cities, for industrialization, and for that greatest of all water gluttons, irrigation. It would provide water to open up 850,000 acres of the most fertile

land, in a subtropical climate, for intensive agriculture. It would provide an integrated water supply, to replace the isolated single river valley developments that have already been made. Great dams would be built above the canal, of sufficient size and number to hold a year's supply of water in reserve for the dry spells.

THE cost would be great—something over a billion dollars—but the return on the investment would be phenomenal. It is estimated that when the project is completed (and it can be done by stages) the income of the region would be increased by more than five billion dollars a year. The project would pay for itself many times over by using a resource that is now being lost in the Mexican Gulf. It is said to be the last easy water project of really big size in the United States.

This is the dream—the practical dream of engineers who must always work within the limits of the possible. This is the bold plan that was handed to Senator Johnson in response to his letter. Those who wish that the engineers had come up with a plan that would give water to all Texas must remember that these are water men, not medicine men. They can only manage water where they find it.

Problems much like those of Texas extend throughout the whole drought belt of the nation. All states within or bordering on the Great Plains need to give these problems urgent attention. The principle that must be followed is to capture the surplus waters of the more humid regions, and of the rainy seasons, for use in the dry places and times. The engineers know how to do this, but often the process is too expensive to be practical. Their immediate task is to seek out those places where surplus water can be caught and converted to use on an economic basis. In time the bold plan suggested for Texas must be carried out, because the logic of facts is so strongly in its favor, and because the need is imperative. It will be watched with interest by that half of the country where water is the most precious of all resources.

In the first of two articles, Harry Henderson last month described the manners and mores that have grown up in the newest of American social experiments, the postwar communities like Levittown (Long Island) and Park Forest (Illinois).

Rugged American Collectivism

The Mass-Produced Suburbs, Part II

Harry Henderson

IN THE NEW SUBURBAN COMMUNITIES THAT have sprung up all across the land since the end of World War II, there is being evolved a way of life that is different, in some respects, from the American tradition; in other respects, much like it.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the means by which one becomes prominent, joins organizations, or makes friends. Initially, since these were communities of strangers, most close friendships were formed on a tribal or religious basis. As one couple expressed it, "You went down the street looking for names that meant something to you." The main way of getting to know people, however, was "through the children," and it was only later that neighbors were likely to become friends, and still later that group activities and organizations greatly increased the number who exchanged visits.

So great was the need for friendship at first that everyone tried to be friends with everyone; later people became more selective. A young executive described the process: "In the early days it got so that you had people running through your house that you didn't know or care about. So then you started being selective. Usually you end up with five or six couples that you either have common interests with or whom you just happen to like as people." These couples form the basis of "our group," as it is called. Its members are very much alike in their attitudes, values, and philosophy, and are drawn freely throughout the area; however, they need not have the

same religion, common backgrounds or professions. Of course, an essential qualification for "belonging" is "liking" the others and being "liked" in return.

What the group does, thinks, and wears is "very important." Often it leads to a kind of super-conformity. For instance, if the dominant members of the group think Plymouths are the "best buys," then Plymouths are what they all have. Or if *they* decide women should dress up at four o'clock every afternoon, they all do that. Within the group, pressure to "keep up with the Joneses" is felt most strongly, for these young couples, anxious for "success," look for material signs of it. Many told me that they didn't want to "get ahead, but we want to keep up with the others; we are all young and starting together and we don't want to fall behind."

What sets them apart from social groups in older American communities is their lack of rigid definitions of "who belongs." This is primarily a result of their transience, the fact that they expect to move, both physically and in terms of income. Yet anyone who is critical, or who seems to withdraw from the group, is not liked; there is a pronounced prejudice against "braininess" or "thinking too much." Any aloofness is apt to be interpreted as "being too smart" or "too good for the rest of us." Thus there is a premium put on a kind of amiable, thoughtless conformity. Sometimes this requires participating in "fun" which the individual may not think funny: in one case, trying to drink while standing on your head.

In another a writer found himself attacked by a woman neighbor at a neighborhood party for "reading too many books." In short, nothing less than super-conformity satisfies.

GENERALLY, IN MY INTERVIEWS WITH MEN and women who live in the new suburbs, the drive to conformity was acknowledged, sometimes laughed at, and often defended. Typical comments and offhand remarks were these:

"This place has the best educated people in America in it, but nobody wants to think."

"If you have any brains, you keep them in your back pocket around here."

"It's more fun to have a group. You all do things together."

"It's natural. Nobody wants people around who criticize and sit off by themselves and don't take part."

"In the city I knew a lot of intellectual, progressive-type people. I'll admit they are more stimulating, full of ideas, always wanting to talk about India or something. But I like the stodgy kind now. They're more comfortable."

"I'll admit it's silly. But everybody wants and needs friends."

FAILURE TO CUT ONE'S GRASS AND "KEEP THE place up" causes "talk" or hints in the form of offers to mow it. Constant attention to external appearance "counts for a lot" and wins high praise from neighbors.

II

ALTHOUGH SOME LAWYERS AND SMALL-BUSINESS men were exceptions, most of the men interviewed looked at their jobs in terms of pension plans, hospitalization, and other "company benefits." When I expressed surprise that men whose average age was in the early thirties should be so interested in retirement plans, they were surprised in turn. When I asked what they would consider a better job, their frequent answer was "a job with a bigger corporation." Why? "Offers more chance for advancement and if there's a depression the Big Boys ride it out and the smaller ones fold up." Wives generally shared this attitude and attached prestige value to big corporation names.

NEARLY EVERYONE BELONGS TO ORGANIZATIONS and, generally speaking, tries to be actively involved. Group activity is fervently believed to be good for all, "something you *should* do." A minister, for example, told me that while canvassing a neighborhood, he once encountered a man who declared he was an atheist. Without batting an eye, the minister responded, "Well, you should have a club. I'll see if I can't find some others and get you all together." In some communities the clubs may number more than seventy. A common boast: "You name your activity and I'll bet we have a club for it here!"

In addition to such service organizations as Lions and Kiwanis, there are clubs for every occupation and hobby. You will find lawyers arguing with lawyers, salesmen selling salesmen, photographers making prints, women sewing together; others are acting, making ceramics, building models of all sorts, singing, painting, even writing and reading aloud short stories—all as group activity. Nobody is expected to be an expert and everything is done with great enthusiasm.

Members of these groups say the activity gives them "self-expression" or "new friends with common interests" or an "emotional outlet; otherwise I'd take it out on the kids." The most frequent comment: "It's just something I always wanted to try and never got the chance before." Although few mentioned it, many agreed that there was prestige involved in merely being active.

The one organization to which everybody belongs is the Parent-Teachers Association; its meetings are jammed and often loud with queries and arguments. Yet considering the fact that roughly 90 per cent of the men are veterans, veterans' organizations are astonishingly small, with a combined membership of less than 10 per cent of those eligible. Many men told me they wouldn't join because "it's the Army all over again: same old stuff." Others said: "There's no prestige in it. Everybody's a vet here. So what?" No organization dominates or carries prestige in itself.

Many organizations fail after a successful first meeting. To succeed, they must have active programs which fulfill definite local needs. One man who participated in the organizing of many groups said, "It's the program that attracts people and makes a group grow. If

you try to start the other way around—with a general interest, a group of people, and start trying to set up a constitution, bylaws, officers, dues and so forth—you'll get no place. You must plan to do something specific."

CHURCHES WERE THE FIRST MAJOR ORGANIZATIONS to be set up in most communities. In contrast to the passive, stagnating churches of older towns, they are very active centers of life. Most people refer to their church as the organization "most important" to them. Nearly every family interviewed reported that they felt the need for churches immediately and deeply in these communities of strangers. As one young husband put it, "I had never been, well, very religious or paid attention to the church before I came here. Oh, maybe I went once or twice a year. My wife was the same way. But when we got out here, I saw that we needed churches right away. It seemed to me that the church had the answer to so many problems that I became very active in getting it started. I don't know what we'd do without it."

Churches in these communities provide for many needs: social activity, group identification, family counseling, and spiritual security. Many people made remarks like, "I never knew what a church was for until I came here." They especially felt the need for group identification. As it was expressed by a young New York-born Catholic in a Midwest community, "You wanted to find people like yourself, and feel connected with people you knew something about, were sure of. The church was the place you turned to."

Significantly, nearly everyone recognized the need of other groups as equal to his own. In many places a "community church" was consequently built first and used by all faiths. Then, as they acquired members and financial strength, various congregations built their own churches; because of their special liturgical needs, Catholics generally built first. In Park Forest, despite differences in theology and methodology, twenty-two Protestant congregations formed a "United Protestant Church" rather than establish separate churches.

Although subtle forms of anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism can be found, they are not generally countenanced; close friendships

cross religious lines. Many people reported active help and kindnesses to their religious groups by other groups. This is also true of individuals. A young Jewish mother, originally from Brooklyn, told me: "One night Bill, who is a Catholic, dropped in to wish us a Happy Hanukkah. He didn't know how to pronounce it, but it made us feel good. Nothing like that happened in Brooklyn."

Statistically, the main religious groupings are usually Catholics 25 per cent, Jews 10 per cent, Protestants 55 per cent, and "new" or unaffiliated 10 per cent. In Levittown, owing to circumstances no one can fully explain, Catholics number nearly 50 per cent of the population. Consequently, ten masses are said on Sunday and are attended by between 6,000 and 10,000 people.

All churches have active social programs that contribute to the warmth and friendliness of these communities. Many people reported their own religious feelings have deepened "because living here you realize the importance and truth of the church's teachings."

While group pride is a factor, most church members feel they "owe the church something" and work hard on its affairs, a new experience for the majority. One minister said: "If their financial contributions are any sign of its spiritual value, then my congregation get a lot out of church. They are paying off the church mortgage at twice the rate that is usual in this denomination. In addition, within the last year, they have bought a parsonage and taken on the burden of my salary and expenses, which previously were paid by our board of domestic missions."

ASIDE FROM THEIR ROLE AS SPIRITUAL leaders, the most important function of the clergy is providing counsel in family and marital disputes. There is far more of this than even most people in these communities realize. One minister said, "It is my main job and the thing I am most proud of." Another said, "Most of my time goes into it. These are young people and young marriages, and they are under a heavy strain." Still another said: "From what I know of this problem, both here and in the older towns, I would say that we ministers here give three, perhaps four, times as much time to marital problems as do ministers elsewhere."

Ministers rated the major causes of family quarrels in this order: differences over money-handling, child-training, religious values, responsibilities of husband and wife, and sexual maladjustment. Nearly all ministers felt that differences in religious values and beliefs were the most difficult to handle because "there's no common ground where you can get hold of both of them," as one minister expressed it.

Many ministers felt there was more sexual maladjustment than they knew about although, as one minister put it, "we get more cases of this type than we would in communities where people could go to their old family doctor. Most cases are what I would call the misuse of sex and general ignorance of sex."

Ministers reported that sexual promiscuity, reputed to be widespread by the gossip of near-by towns, "is no more of a problem here than in any community. In fact, considering the youthfulness of our population and general immaturity, it is less of a problem." They attributed the stories and rumors to resentment in older communities, whose taxes and traffic problems have inevitably been increased by the creation of the new community. Incidentally, questions about sexual promiscuity in these communities are generally laughed at. One response: "Tell me, with my schedule, how would I fit it in?"

The ministers are generally young, frequently former chaplains of the World War II armed services. Affable, sincere, direct but dignified, they are alert to community problems, work just as hard to organize dances as prayer meetings. They generally avoid sanctimonious attitudes and do their moralizing only on Sundays. They are often well liked far beyond their immediate church circles. Typical comments: "You feel they are sincere, not hypocrites. . . . Real live wires. . . . They know what life is about. . . . You can talk to them."

III

BECAUSE WOMEN ARE ON THE SCENE NIGHT and day and have the widest range of acquaintance, they are the telephoners, organizers, and arrangers of community organizational life. Coupled with their creative hobbies, this adds up for many to the discovery of new talents and capacities. Most women feel they've "grown as individuals," and they are startled and delighted by it. This

was the reaction of a city-bred college graduate, the mother of two: "I'd say I used to be intelligent but stodgy. Had we stayed in the city, I never would have joined anything. I certainly would never have *done* anything. I can hardly believe I'm now chairman of the education committee of the PTA." Similar histories could be cited ad infinitum. This feeling of inner growth contributes a great deal to the buoyancy of the people, and sometimes you hear it in this kind of statement: "We're a pioneer family. We helped organize our church, the car pools, and the first nursery." They mean they were the organizers of community life, a task seldom faced by young people in the older communities.

ONCE THE CAR IS WASHED AND POLISHED, AND the heavy chores accomplished, many fathers take over the mother's functions for the weekend. Two reasons are often given for this routine: "It's the only time I get to see the kids much," and, "By the time the weekend rolls around my wife is a wreck, and sick and tired of taking care of the kids."

Children love living in these towns, the first large communities in America which have literally been built for them; everything from architecture to traffic control takes into consideration their safety, their health, and the easing of their parents' worries. They are healthy, merry, energetic, out-of-doors most of the time, and less dependent on adults than children in traditional communities. They have an endless assortment of playmates their own age, and there is a minimum of fussiness on the part of adults. Older children, who started growing up in communities where there were innumerable restrictions as well as obstructions to play, respond to this environment as though given a new source of oxygen.

Yet no one seems to have thought very much about what life would be like in a town where everyone simultaneously had small children; everywhere they are the primary cause of tension and irritation. Much of the trouble is a result of unconscious neglect, a major blind spot expressed in the attitude that children can just be "turned loose." It reflects both the immaturity and inexperience of young parents, as well as the theories of "permissive" child-rearing which they may have vaguely absorbed. Not too far removed from child-

hood themselves, they are drawn into their childrens' quarrels, "more frequently," some mothers said, than they would have been had they lived in older towns. The greatest complaint is that children are not taught "to respect other people's property." Often nothing is done until the tempers of the neighborhood are frayed. Common offenses: walking through gardens, flower beds, into others' homes; carrying off toys and tools; often the "owner" can't get near his new play equipment.

Parents' attitudes toward their children, in general, are more generous and less critical than you'd expect to find them elsewhere. They could be summed up as: "Nothing's too good for the kids!" On visiting these communities, one cannot fail to be impressed, nonetheless, by the parents' devotion to and sacrifices for their children, even where it amounts to handing over the decision as to what is good for them—which can be irresponsible, immature, and often extravagant.

"This is a great place to be in business," said one toy store proprietor happily. "Whatever the kid wants, that's it! I have another store in a rich neighborhood in the city, but I don't do the business that I do here, although here everyone has less money. You see that toy automobile [a model car large enough to ride in], that costs \$24. To sell one in my other store to rich people—what a job! They want to inspect it; they hem, they haw, they test it, they put it back and come back the next day and then 50 per cent of them don't buy it. Here, if the kid sees it and wants it, they buy it: that's it. Are they spending more than they can afford? Who knows? I do know selling is nothing at all. It's strictly what the kid wants."

IN THE ABSENCE OF OLDER PEOPLE, THE TOP authorities on child guidance are two books: Spock's *Infant Care* and Gesell's *The First Five Years of Life*. You hear frequent reference to them.

THERE ARE INSTANCES OF OUTRIGHT IRRESPONSIBILITY. One nursery school had to take 35 nonpaying parents to court in one community; its fee was \$50 a month for all-day care plus transportation. "In most cases," the

school manager told me, "the mother simply didn't want to be bothered with the child and ignored the fact that she didn't have the money."

Where irresponsibility can be seen most openly is in the public schools, where it combines with apathy and transience. While school systems all over the country are groaning under the impact of postwar birth rates, the situation in the mass-produced suburbs is frankly incredible. In older towns at least some buildings, a fairly experienced school board, and an experienced staff existed; in these new communities nothing existed.

New buildings had to be built at once—an enormous capital investment. The existing rural school district was swallowed up, and portions of the new community extended into other districts—where they sometimes dominated pre-established residents and sometimes didn't. Threatened with increased taxes, the older inhabitants resented the newcomers; and tremendous bitter battles ensued. Generally the newcomers overwhelmed the old-timers, elected new school boards, and built new schools—often with the area still on the tax books as farmland. There being no industry, the taxes had to be borne entirely by homeowners; though in some states, state aid has lightened the burden.

Most residents are apathetic about finances, teaching, and supervision. Asked about the schools, they are likely to respond, "Oh, the schools are wonderful; haven't you seen them yet?" Actually, the schools are mostly staffed by eager but inexperienced first-year teachers, poorly paid and inadequately supervised; they cannot afford teachers with tenure. In many cases, county superintendents have worked heroically to keep standards up and to educate, if not children, at least school boards.

Budget sessions are not widely attended; it is not unusual for a million-dollar budget to be approved by meetings of a hundred people, including the opposition. Sometimes boards have come in with budgets they felt were high, and then been forced to raise them by emotional speakers who proclaim: "I always say—nothing's too good for the kids. That's why we are living here. Sure, I believe in economizing. I make sacrifices and cut corners every day. But there's one place where you don't economize! That's the kids! Nothing's too good for the kids!" One such

appeal added \$20,000 to the budget for uniforms and instruments for a nonexistent but planned school band.

In addition, as a result of unbalance in the total population and the three-year pregnancy cycle, children arrive at school age in tremendous waves, the number of children in school doubling and tripling. For instance, three years ago in Levittown the schools had 3,000 children—and they were being taught in Quonset huts. Last year they had 6,000 children and, by racing their building program, had them all in adequate school buildings. But this year they have roughly 9,000 children—and are managing to absorb them only by holding split sessions. No school system can indefinitely survive the impact of these gigantic waves of children. The figures for Levittown are exceptionally large but their ratio holds good for other new communities. Once these great waves of children have passed, what will there be—empty buildings?

IV

EXCEPT FOR PARK FOREST, NONE OF THE new communities I visited was incorporated, and none had its own local government. As legal and political entities, in short, they do not attempt to achieve self-expression; often they are not entirely in one township. As they grow older, this will become more serious, for it prevents them from handling their own affairs, levying taxes, issuing bonds, paving streets, and so forth.

This somewhat ridiculous situation grew out of the deceptive paternalism of the builder. Because he did not want to be put in the position where young residents would have the right to tax him through town government, the builder frequently adopted a policy of "taking care" of everything: paving, sewage, connecting utilities, and making policy decisions. Today the builder is gone; his paternalism vanishes once the last houses are sold; and town government is virtually impossible because it would mean additional taxes—which no one can afford. The builder is increasingly regarded by residents as a wily villain who seduced them and left them with problem children—which, like all children, will only grow bigger. Many who believe in local government say, "We just couldn't afford it."

POLITICALLY, THE PEOPLE IN THESE communities have steadily voted Republican. Minority political groups, such as Progressives, Socialists, Communists, are virtually unknown; in some communities chapters of the Americans for Democratic Action are active, but in no community were they an important force.

NO OTHER QUESTION AROUSES SO MUCH HEAT, guilt, and dissension as racial discrimination against Negroes, a pattern the residents did not create but which they now sustain. What has been created here is therefore something abnormal and atypical of American life, that is, in deep conflict with democratic American ideals: large cities and towns without Negroes, something that cannot be found in either North or South. Levittown is now the largest community in America that has no Negro population.

Since, as communities, these are the best educated people in the country, this situation has sinister implications which torment the consciences of many. Sometimes the problem splits marriages and always it splits the community. Generally the community divides in three groups: (1) a minority who force the issue by calling for an end to discrimination; (2) a defensive, guilt-ridden majority who say, "I think it's wrong: if a fellow was in the Army, he shouldn't be discriminated against, but what will it do to property values?"; and (3) a tiny fraction which insists it will move out if Negroes are permitted ownership. Interestingly enough, nobody argues with the facts; the myth about property values and Negroes has been exposed many times. And, strangely, nearly all agree that if Negroes had been accepted from the first there would have been no problem. A typical comment: "I'll admit it wouldn't have made a damn bit of difference to me originally."

Those who have the greatest conflict are those who call it "disgraceful" but cannot down their worries about "property values." They put the blame for the situation on the "Communists," meaning people who raise the issue and who, in point of fact, are often actually anti-Communist. If this is shown to the complainants, they then blame the builder who "started it," Negroes, and "society," in

that order; and again they cite "property values" as a reason for not disturbing the "disgraceful" situation.

In two instances where I came across residents I had known intimately years ago, they had changed from being anti-discrimination to being pro-discrimination. One recalled a mutual Negro friend from our boyhood, an outstanding student, athlete, and engaging personality (I had recalled the same Negro the instant he declared himself for discrimination). "Listen," he said, "you remember ———? Well, if I could get him to live next door to me, I wouldn't mind. The trouble is, I wouldn't know who is going to be next door."

Those opposing discrimination, as being unfair and undemocratic, argue that it is perpetuating racial prejudice in the minds of their children. In Levittown the American Labor party made this an issue in a school board election. In another community a school director, a Republican, a corporation executive whose children are seven and nine, also insisted, "This is a problem in education. These kids, including mine, are growing up without a chance to know any Negroes—who constitute roughly 10 per cent of America's people. I don't think this will help them understand or work with Negroes in later life."

PRESTIGE IN THESE COMMUNITIES CANNOT BE acquired by birth, neighborhood, or the whim of a political boss. The self-announced "pioneer"—"I was here before the sidewalks"—rates only a weak smile. One becomes a "wheel," or personage of some importance and influence, only in one way: by working hard in organizations, accepting responsibility, and speaking up in meetings.

The ambition to be a "wheel" is widely approved and encouraged, because "you have to have people who will head committees, take responsibility, and work things out." Most "wheels" are either salesmen or lawyers, although the number of women "wheels" is increasing; frequently women push their spouses to become "wheels." As one wife put it, "I'm always telling George he's as smart as those other fellows and that he should speak up in meetings."

"Wheels" usually begin their activities in their religious groups. Securing recognition

there, they move into community-wide organizations (this is often a simultaneous procedure). "Wheels" must work hard every night; sometimes they rearrange their jobs so that commuting is eliminated or reduced, making them available during the day. The top prestige positions are school-board directorships, but the presidency of any large community-wide organization is "important." In some communities, "wheels" are beginning to include one another in their social evenings at home, though this can hardly be called the establishment of a hierarchy for elections; the transience of all of them will keep the cards shuffling.

"Wheels" are apt to be intelligent, affable, resourceful, democratic, and approachable—closer to their contemporaries in their thinking than the "wheels" of older towns. Typically they delight in the fact that they have reached positions of expression and policy-making roughly twenty years ahead of their generation elsewhere. One "wheel" I knew well in college is frankly slap-happy with success. Another put it this way: "If I had stayed in the city, I'd have been hanging around some ward politicians the rest of my life and never got any place, because I don't have an 'in' with any of them. Now they call me for lunch." Still another said: "In other towns I would never have had the chance to grow as I did here. I never set out to be anything special. I just saw problems and started working on them. Pretty soon I got to be a 'wheel,' as they say, and to like it, I might add."

For myself, I felt these church-based "wheels" to be significant, especially since they rise on almost pure organizing ability. They are, in effect, a new corps of leaders for the middle class, basically conservative but not hog-tied by tradition. They must, because of the character of their communities, deal with the central problems, traditions, and values of our society. If one looks ahead twenty years, when some of these "wheels" may be expected to have achieved national positions in politics, their experience and training may make them unusually powerful spokesmen for the middle class. They will at least be spokesmen for the diversified, congenial, energetic, conformist, friendly, and mass-produced suburbs which may then be an even more familiar part of the American scene than they are today.

After Hours



Himself

MR. FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT is back in the news again—which is not surprising, since Mr. Wright is always news. Outrage is his stock in trade and he is the reporters' delight, partly for being indefatigably courteous and partly for being pre-eminently quotable. Limited to the hard coin of genius in his own vocabulary—of shape and texture and wood and stone—Mr. Wright delights in dispensing the inflated currency of words, vaporous things which an architect can use without worry. When I saw him in October he was engaged, briefly, in his long-time custom of spreading the most extraordinary visual clarity in an equally extraordinary verbal fog.

Mr. Wright was about to have a book published by the Horizon Press, *The Future of Architecture*, in which he took great satisfaction; and he was having a hassle with the city fathers of Madison, Wisconsin, his home town, over a design he had offered them for a civic center.

"I don't know of any Wright project," the Mayor announced, "in which the cost was not above the estimate." Asked for a guarantee by a member of the city council, Mr. Wright replied: "My dear boy, no architect who is an architect would guarantee anything."

At the same time, Mr. Wright was still squabbling with the New York City Building Department over the construction of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum of Non-objective Art, a building shaped like a seashell and too unlike

anything the city has seen for the fire and safety laws to take account of it. While his case awaited settlement, Mr. Wright was having erected on the Museum's site a pavilion of his own design, a setting for a cumulative exhibit of his life's work called "Sixty Years of Living Architecture." For a man of eighty-four, veteran of fewer years than of violent controversies, it was not a bad month.

The attention Mr. Wright receives, today, whenever he opens his mouth, is an involuntary tribute to the triumph of talent over time. Not entirely for reasons he can respect, Mr. Wright has become one of the most interesting men alive. He might savor his victories more sweetly if the most remarkable thing about him were not the fact that he is alive at all. When I went to call on him in his rooms at the Plaza and mentioned a mutual friend, he told an anecdote from his own experience—about my friend's grandfather. Mr. Wright has survived; he has outlasted more enemies than he thought he had allies, and has gone on building—forever youthful, forever unexpected, forever himself.

Mr. Wright is currently fond of remarking that he has more work on the boards now than ever before. There is bitterness as well as pride in his comment: "There was a time when I waited fifteen years for them to come, and no one came." Now that he is encumbered with architectural "firsts," and the fights he first started are three generations old, it is all he can do to maintain the atmosphere of intransigence that has always been his necessary oxygen. For a rebel to be a Grand Old Man is not an unmitigated blessing;

nor is it to be—as one lady art critic remarked—“one of the first great men ever to enjoy his own posthumous fame.”

Mr. Wright's misfortune, as I made the mistake of telling him, is to be taken for granted. He is a more permanent component of the air which new generations breathe than he himself can know. “You must *never* take me for granted,” he said, smiling, but without pleasure.

What I should have realized was that old wounds could still be fresh, that he could still remember vividly the destruction of works of his, like the Midway Gardens, which a generation before ours did not see fit to preserve.

“Think of what Chicago could have now,” he said, “if the Gardens were there, overflowing with greenery! And what have they got? An automatic laundry for automobiles!” On the other hand, the Larkin building in Buffalo (1905-06)—“that was the first Protestant”—was torn down only three years ago, and what are we to say to that? Mr. Wright is far too shrewd to be frontally vindictive, but he has habitually vented his ire in generalized indictments of the America that created him and let him suffer for it. “We have a civilization,” he likes to say, echoing a European snobbism that was a cliché when he was as old as I am, “but no culture.”

WHEN he speaks in public—and Mr. Wright is an extempore speaker of developed skill—he prefers to take his own subject (“you don’t mind, do you?”), to meander (“now where were we?”), and to presume that he has only a weak, minority voice. He deplures, he views the present with alarm, and he shields against the oncoming dark the feebly-burning lamps of “organic” architecture.

“I don’t have much hope in the present generation,” he told an audience in October at the Hebrew Theological Seminary. “It’s too far gone. . . . Everything is too big. Everything is too much.” Yet, for every platitude, there is an epigram: “I have no use for the common man except as material to become uncommon,” or, “What I fear in politics is mediocrity at the top: I come from Wisconsin—period.” One cannot avoid the sense, whatever he says, that the man has the right to say it.

Mr. Wright simply dissolves sense in a glow of transcendent accomplishment. For him, the past quarter-century might never have happened; he abominates the spade-work of democracy (“everything bad is political”); he ignores the dawning ethics of co-operation (“nothing good ever came out of a committee”); and his ideal in statesmanship is Herbert Hoover. He lashes out at entrepreneurs with the ardor of a Populist and he speaks of insurance companies as Henry Ford would have spoken of banks. He

falls for every shopworn slur at American vernacular culture in the book, and yet he goes on building—building in the mind’s eye of years to come the topless towers and serried ridgepoles of a flawless sculptural imagination.

He is wrong, of course, in treating himself as still an eagle forgotten, for few men in the world are today as invulnerable and sought-after as he is. He has always gone his own way—fight-with clients, critics, and building inspectors; and converting tactical defeats into moral victories. The magnificent career displayed in his pavilion on Fifth Avenue has been all along a lovers’ quarrel with the world, and he has never pretended otherwise. His difficulties have come from trying to make sense of it—to himself, as well as to others—in order to preserve it. He suffers from the priceless vanity of wanting to be learned from without being imitated, of wanting to become permanent without becoming a pedagogical institution.

“Institution,” he said in his speech, “that is a word I have always hated.” Mr. Wright’s instinctive defense against becoming institutionalized has been verbal: to prevent himself from being verbally accessible. For words, compared to bricks and mortar, are shifty and ambiguous; ignoramuses are always borrowing them, dulling their shine, and you have to snatch them back by frantic attempts at redefinition. At the end of *The Future of Architecture*, Mr. Wright appends a lexicon in which he tries to repossess the bright, glimmering words—like “nature,” “organic,” “tradition,” “spirit,” and “romance”—but it is uphill work. The incantation is for the initiate; the converts will have been made by the Robie House, by Falling Water, by Florida Southern College, by San Marcos in the Desert, by Taliesins North and West, or by a hundred others, built or unbuilt, that now belong to an unalterable record.

IF MR. WRIGHT knew his America he would know that we give preachers everything but what they want. Yet it is easier to ridicule his specific ignorances than it is to laugh off his concealed, constant plaint that we have not done justice to his architectural generosity. Of medals and honors he has more than enough, but of assurance his work will survive him he has next to none. One by one his buildings have been torn down, with few shouts of anger or public protests, and only imperceptible anxiety in the offices of cultural foundations. The record is unalterable only in the abstract; in the particular, it is terribly menaced.

Historically speaking, no buildings ever survive as long as they might, and every architect knows it. But he knows also that buildings do not fall down; they are torn down, stone from

stone, by generations that no longer have use for them. In writing about the Midway Gardens in his exhibit's catalogue, Mr. Wright delights in how hard it was to destroy: "The structure was so solidly built that subsequently, when Prohibition came, it cost them so much to tear down that several contractors were bankrupted in the attempt." Yet behind the joke is the sorrow of a man who wants us to want him, but is too proud to say it. The petty annoyances of his present work are his problem; I'm sure he enjoys them. But the loss of another half-dozen buildings now, when we know better and can afford to do better, will be on the conscience of everyone who cares for architecture. Those who like the luxury of thinking Frank Lloyd Wright's work immortal had better set about making it so while there is still some of it standing.

Borax, Pig-Ears, and Modernism

I HAD a chance recently to check on how American household taste is making out. I was spending a few days in Chicago and took the opportunity to go to the headquarters of Sears Roebuck where the principal authorities on this subject are to be found. My main informants were two very important and amiable men—one the buyer of furniture and the other the buyer of what are loosely known as "gifts." I asked them a few blithely theoretical questions to which I got wholly practical answers, and I can now report for roughly 80 per cent of the population. Sears doesn't concern itself, I was told, with the bottom 10 per cent or with the top 10 per cent of taste. It seems to me likely that what was meant was the top and bottom 10 per cent of the income scale, which is very, very different.

The most surprising thing I learned was that there are among the 80 per cent with whom Sears is concerned no regional differences in taste so far as they can distinguish. What the Northwest likes the Southeast, the Northeast, and the Midwest like too, and even Texas likes. This was demonstrated to me in a most convincing manner. The gentleman with whom I talked in the furniture-buying department had sitting on his desk a stack of sales reports. "Let's take an item," he said, and he picked out a sofa of which he first showed me a picture and then the sales figures. This particular sofa was a sort of modern, squared-off affair, and it is sold to Sears' customers mostly through their retail stores. (Only 2 per cent of the millions of dollars' worth of upholstered furniture they sell is bought by mail through the catalogue.) The sofa can be had in any one of sixteen different fabrics. He showed me the swatches, and half of them were what he called tweeds—pebbly mixtures shot

through with a gold thread, and the others were a different sort of pebbly but shiny material in solid colors.

"Look here," he said and pointed to the sales figures. "Just about 50 per cent of these sofas sold all over the country were covered with the yellow tweed. Now look at the regional figures."

He went through the figures of the six areas into which Sears divides the nation and, sure enough, in every area the yellow was the best seller and in every area it accounted for almost exactly 50 per cent of the sales. He had no theories about why the yellow was so consistently liked, but there was no question that it was.

"This sofa is borax," he said. It was a term I had heard used in connection with the furniture market before, but I asked him to define it. "Well," he said, "I don't exactly know how to define it but I can always recognize it. It's bulky and it's got unnecessary decoration on it." I suggested that maybe it was too overstuffed. "Yes," he said. "It's too fancy, too ornate. It's got poor design built right into it." I asked him if Sears sold more borax than what he considered well-designed furniture. "Of course," he said.

I asked him about trends. He explained to me that Sears is not in the business of trying to make trends and that their merchandise is selected on the basis of analyzing the sales figures of the leading manufacturers of furniture and picking just their best-selling items. "We reflect what people are liking," he explained. "The home-decorating magazines don't; they're trying to start trends. Upholstered furniture with wrought-iron legs is getting to be a popular item. Some of it is very good design."

As I WAS walking to the elevator with the man from the public-relations department who had introduced me to the furniture buyer, he said to me: "People sometimes complain that we don't do anything about trying to improve people's taste. That's not our business. We're in merchandising."

My conversation with the buyer for the gifts department took place at lunch. Along with gifts go lamps and reproductions of pictures to hang on the wall. I asked him what pictures sold best. "Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Renoir," he said, "don't sell. I wish they did. Our best-selling item is called 'Fiery Peaks.' It's a picture of the Cascade mountains at sunset or sunrise, you can't tell which, and the sky is bright orange. When I was in England last summer I got out of the elevator on the sixth floor of Harrod's department store and there, right in front of me, was 'Fiery Peaks.' Our most popular artist is Huldah."

"Is it a he or a she?" I asked.

"I don't know, but he or she paints pictures,

or painted them, of French women with big black eyes and flower hats and high things about their necks like those they wore at the turn of the century, and they're in correspondingly ornate Edwardian frames. Our best-selling small items are pictures that people can group together on the wall—Audubons and floral prints. People like realism."

I asked him about lamps. "They're getting smaller," he said. "Dorothy Draper profoundly influenced taste in lamps, but large, over-sized lamps aren't selling so well now. At Sears we don't make any attempt to educate the public. Incidentally, pig-ear decoration on lampshades is going out." I must have looked puzzled because he added, "You know—those ribbons and things that made a scallop around the top and bottom. Good riddance."

Dinner ware, which he also handles, has, he believes, about exhausted the fad for plain-color glazes, and Sears is now experimenting with "texture patterns" to put over the glazes.

The trend, as nearly as I could deduce from what I heard at Sears, is creeping modernism, that is, modernism with a thick overlay of borax whether in lamps or furniture or dinner ware. Modernism, however, is getting nowhere with the 80 per cent when it comes to deciding what they want to hang on their walls.

Self-Portrait of New York

NEW YORKERS as a breed probably know less about the history of their own city, care less about its past, and are less impressed when somebody tells them something interesting about it than any other urbanites in America. It is not that they haven't civic pride of a special kind. They know that they live in the greatest city in the world; they believe everybody else knows it too. New York is constantly tearing down its past, its historic and literary monuments, because it needs, or thinks it needs, something new. New York is and always has been fiercely contemporary.

John A. Kouwenhoven has put this sense of a city which has always lived in its present and never in its past, between the covers of a book called *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York*. It is big, it is beautiful, it is expensive, and it is worth it. It is a book that can be looked at from front to back or back to front or here and there. It contains nine hundred pictures (paintings, maps, photographs, lithographs, engravings, and drawings), all of them reproduced with extraordinary clarity and quality. But it is not a "pictorial history" of New York in the usual sense; it is the city looked at for three hundred years by the eyes of its contemporaries.

There is quite a difference. Mr. Kouwen-

hoven's book has a very definite theme which is nonhistorical; it is a series of self-portraits of the city, reflecting the moods in which it has looked at itself in various stages of its growing-up. Sometimes it is pleased with itself and astonished at its own prowess, sometimes it is self-conscious and moody; sometimes it gets rather righteous about its own bad habits and thinks it had better, in a manner of speaking, go on the wagon. Not infrequently it looks quite proper to some of its citizens and thoroughly iniquitous to others. Sometimes its vice looks funny to New Yorkers, sometimes it looks shocking, and at all times to some inhabitants it is titivatingly tsk-tsk.

The book has two texts. One is a brief essay that runs along the tops of the pages, a phrase or a sentence to the page, which occasionally is almost poetic in its language—"Those implausible towers massed in ragged and anarchic Sierras at the eastern edge of the continent. . . ." This text speaks of the way men have looked at the city and at the changes that they have seen.

The second text is the captions of the pictures—informative, interesting, never banal, and, for a change, giving full credit to the men who originally made the pictures, the photographers, the engravers who first put them on steel or wood and the lithographers who put them on stone. If, he reasons, a book is to be made of how men use their vision, the important thing is who those men were, from what eye-point they looked, and by what contemporary filters their view was colored.

More than half of the nine hundred pictures have never been reproduced before, and there is no facet of city life that I can think of that is not explored. This might be point enough for a picture book of a city, but it is not Mr. Kouwenhoven's point. With the common tools of the pictorial historian he has made a visual fugue of considerable grandeur. He introduces a theme—"Ways of looking at the city"—and he plays it in variations until its message is clearly established. Then as though with his left hand he plays against this the beginnings of the city, its "Plans and Prospects." Against this he introduces a third and then a fourth theme—"The People Get in the Picture" and "The City in Motion." Whether Mr. Kouwenhoven intended it or not, the effect is contrapuntal; the voices (or I should say the eyes) of the themes are always clear; and they build to a lordly climax.

The book celebrates the two hundredth anniversary of Columbia University in the City of New York (its author is a member of the faculty—Barnard College, to be specific). It cost the publisher, Doubleday, more to produce than any single volume in its history. It costs you \$21. A bargain.

—Mr. Harper

The Man on the Shelf

OGDEN NASH

Y OUR lists of books for desert island reading,
 Forgive me if I pass them by unheeding.
 Forty years back, or add a couple to it,
 I was on a desert island and never knew it,
 A happy island rimmed by sea-blue time,
 Easy and artless as a children's rhyme.
 Who could retire to dreams of change or travel
 When horseshoes crunching on the driveway gravel
 Might any moment start the breathless guess,
 Is it only the butcher—or is it Adams Express?
 Dull bundles from McCreery's or—who can tell—
 Green-wrapped and stamped with Schwarz's familiar bell?
 And who could list ten books for special praises
 When books grew wild like buttercups and daisies?

Just So Stories and Jungle Books,
 And groups of Goops in jingle books,
 And Beatrix Potter all in a row,
 And Westward Ho! and Ivanhoe,
 Bab Ballads gay as hurdy-gurdy,
 And Men of Iron, and The Princess and Curdie,
 And Helen's Babies' comical capers,
 And Slovenly Peter and Peterkin Papers,
 And, omnivorous being the growing boy,
 Five Little Peppers, and Fauntleroy.
 If I was Pythias and Dracula Damon;
 There was plenty of Henty and Stanley Weyman,
 The Wind in the Willows, with Rat and Mole in it,
 And the Peter Newell book with the hole in it,
 Rolfe in the Woods, and Kirk Munro,
 Tom Brown, and Eric, and Stalky & Co.,
 The White Company, Little Black Sambo,
 Fairy books red and blue and rainbow,
 Legends of gorgons and Polyphemus,
 And The Rose and the Ring, and Uncle Remus.
 I have lived on an island with poor Ben Gunn
 And the jolly Swiss Family Robinson,
 And Tom and Huck with their tattered galluses.
 The Three Musketeers and both the Alices,
 Oliver Twist and Tanglewood Tales,
 So list me no list of new-fanglewood tales.

I've lost my island and I've lost my books,
 And people blame me for my backward looks.
 They explain to me with condescending unction
 That childrens' books must perform some useful function.
 I hold that Peter Rabbit is paramounter
 Than the instructive tale of Godfrey the Geiger Counter.

NEW BOOKS

New Wine, Old Bottles

Gilbert Highet

Do Not Stir the Fire with a Sword

IT IS hard to write a useful book on international politics. It is hard even to think profitably about international politics. Most of the books one reads, most of the lectures and discussions one hears, are little more than intelligent guesswork. Few people know enough to say anything worth hearing about this complicated subject.

Wise discussion of foreign policy needs at least three types of knowledge which are denied to most of us. It needs a considerable experience of several important foreign countries, including familiarity with their languages and acquaintance with their leading men. That experience ought to be supplemented by a good grasp of their traditions and history. Second, it needs an understanding of diplomacy: of the invisible but important processes through which the will of one nation or group is asserted against the wills of others. And third, it needs a large equipment of facts, those essential facts which are so difficult to assemble and to make meaningful: the amount of steel produced by a given country in 1953, the average real wage of its workers, the social distribution of its wealth, the number of housing units it has built every year since the war.

Mr. Theodore White commands all these types of knowledge, for some of the most important countries of the world. Further, he has a vivid and meaty style, serious without being solemn; and he has the good reporter's flair for getting really individual utterances out of anyone he interviews. Therefore he has written a first-rate book on foreign politics: *Fire in the Ashes*, published at \$5 by Sloane, the Book-of-the-Month Club choice for November. Its central subject is the peculiar association between Western Europe and the United States since the second war. Mr. White explains how we helped to rebuild the Western European countries; how differently they responded; and on the whole how successfully we and they together kept those civilized and productive lands from falling backward and

backward into destitution and anarchy. And he sets the entire process—the regeneration of Europe—in perspective against the struggle between Russian revolutionary imperialism and the undestructive progress which is America's long-range policy.

The entire book is good to read and reread. For me, the best things in it were the multitudes of essential *facts*—which I had never seen in other reports from Europe—and the deftly conveyed *flavors* of life in countries so diverse as France, Britain, and Germany. Naturally there are occasional weaknesses in it also. Mr. White does not tell us how much of the new economic power of Germany is built on the raw materials and fine machinery the Germans stole from other European countries during their temporary tyranny; he is a little wrong on his history, as when he says that “no Renaissance man knew he was living in a century that other men would call the ‘rebirth’”; and he commits Timetaphors now and then, like this: “trapped by its own machine, his thinking was suffocated by the incense of his slaves.” But these are comparatively small, set against the mass of facts and judgments which fills the book. The only discouraging thing about Mr. White's work is this. It deals with only one sector of our world. Other important things are happening elsewhere: in southeast Asia, in Africa, in central America. The task of understanding all these areas is therefore tremendously difficult. Upon the statesmen whom we trust to do it, a gigantic responsibility lies. We must be the more ready to forget an occasional hesitation, forgive a mistake.

Integration with the Group

TWO strange tales of the future—or is it the not yet ubiquitous present? The finest living American fantasist, Ray Bradbury, has produced another wonderful story, called *Fahrenheit 451* (Ballantine, \$2.50 and 35¢). 451° is the temperature at which paper catches fire. The book is a meditation on the theme of book



*Books make
presents that can be
opened more than once*

Triumph and Tragedy by *Winston S. Churchill* The climax to the greatest drama of our age by one of its greatest actors, winner of the 1953 Nobel Prize for Literature, carrying us from the grand assault of D-Day to Sir Winston's political defeat in 1945. \$6.00. Complete 6-volume boxed set of *The Second World War*, only \$25.00

The Journals of Lewis and Clark edited by *Bernard DeVoto* An extraordinary firsthand account of the earliest crossing of the United States, edited and interpreted by a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian. \$6.50

Rebels and Ancestors by *Maxwell Geismar* A new approach to the early realistic American novel and to an entire epoch of American history, by "a creative critic whose work ranks with the writers he discusses." — *John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate* \$4.50

The Inward Journey by *Doris Peel* An American woman in East Berlin and "a deep, accurate look inside the minds and emotions of the younger Germans." — *N. Y. Times* \$3.00

Seven Steeples by *Margaret Henrichsen* Full of warmth and humor, the experiences of a circuit minister and her people in the beautiful Down East country of Northern Maine. \$3.00

All Done from Memory by *Osbert Lancaster* Reminiscences of an Edwardian childhood, sparkling with the usual Lancastrian wit and devastating pen and ink drawings. \$2.75

Nature Notebook by *Robert Candy* The answers to every child's questions on birds, animals, insects, fish, trees and flowers, with instructions for many outdoor crafts and skills. Profusely illustrated. \$3.00

Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

burning. But it is much more than an assertion that we ought not to burn unorthodox books. Its hero lives in an epoch in which *all* books are burned, simply because it is a bore and a disturbance to think, and people are happier watching TV all day long and going to bed with a miniature radio whispering and crooning in their earhole. The danger (as Mr. Bradbury sees it) is not that the X group want to burn the Y books and vice versa, not even that a dictator wants to keep all the people ignorant, but (worse) that, moving down one of the slopes on which we are poised, we may reach the stage of hating literature because it is an effort to assimilate, despising books because they are beyond us, changing schools into "activity centers," and abandoning the search for happiness because we prefer soothing or exciting pleasures. All this is presented in a series of clearly described, superbly imagined pictures, part of a terrifying yet hopeful plot: the Mechanical Hound following silently, the City ascending into the air. . . .

The alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for November is David Karp's *One* (Vanguard, \$3.50, with an interesting cover design). This tells how, in a country dominated by a totally benevolent and all-powerful state machine, a single man is picked out for a spot check. Is he adjusted? Does he conform? Have the officials convinced him that they are always right, and that he himself is—neither right, nor wrong, but simply one who says Yes? Until then, he has been doing his best (his name is Burden); he has even written reports on his friends and colleagues, the better to serve the state, bless it. But under interrogation, and later under physical and mental torture, he betrays the fact that he still trusts his *own* standards in some things. He still thinks that *he* can tell true from false and right from wrong. The book is the story, strongly and ruthlessly told, of the effort of the officials to break him down. Apparently it is inspired by the chapters in Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* where Winston Smith is compelled to admit that two and two are five, because Big Brother says so; but it goes further, for after the hero of *One* has been broken and rebuilt as a new personality and a new name and new socially-acceptable thoughts, he still, to the astonishment of his tyrants, persists in being an individual, a Self. And so —

Indians and Yankees

A FURTHER story of conformity and individualism is *The Canyon* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2), by Jack Schaefer, who wrote *Shane*. This is almost a very good book. Its hero is a Cheyenne Indian, living in the days before the white men moved West. Orphaned in childhood, he was brought up by a foster father, but remained lonely, and though strong he was slow.

he would not go out on war-parties. In a tense situation, Indians used to go away to meditate alone in the wilderness, to pray, to fast, to hope for visions which would guide them. (One of the finest peaks in Montana was actually climbed by a young brave on such a mission.) And so Little Bear took his knife and fire-sticks and pemmican, and went away alone; but, drifting over the prairie with his head filled with the power of the spirits, he found the ground giving way beneath him, and he fell many feet into a lost and inaccessible canyon. There he lived, after almost dying. There he faced strange ordeals. From there he made his way out to return as a man, and join the tribe. Yet, when the question of joining a war-party came up, he went back to the canyon, taking his wife with him. And here, regrettably, the book fails. The Indian's final decision to climb out of his isolation and re-enter the tribe even if it means fighting and killing, although it is more difficult than his first crisis, is made into a mild and gentle thing, more like joining a PTA than changing a profound conviction. A pity. Still, the fine style and the sympathetic understanding of Indian dignity raise this book high above the average.

JOHN HERSEY writes extremely well, in a brisk economical style with variety and an unusually large vocabulary. He describes complex activities and obscure states of mind clearly and effectively. Further, he has an amazing ear for different manners of talk. *The Wall* was too much for me, but the voices of the people in it sounded absolutely, unforgettably real. Now he has applied his considerable talents to a much smaller subject, a single adventure in the life of a girl, linked with a single episode in the life of a small Connecticut town: the result is *The Marmot Drive* (Knopf, \$3.50). The story is scarcely big enough for a novel of the regular pattern: the Selectman of Tunxis, Connecticut, organizes a drive to corral and kill an infestation of woodchucks; during the drive his son's girl falls out of love with the son and almost in love with the Selectman; drive and love both fail. The conversation is really astounding, packed with phrases which I suppose must be genuine New England: "according to scoodle," "a come-by-chance child," "hermin' up for a storm," "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole," "betwattled after a girl," "death-struck with rage," "feel squawmish," almost too much local color to believe, just a little like one of those antique shops where you can't turn round without banging against a spinning wheel or knocking a bullet mold off a cobbler's bench. Still, it is flavorsome.

But I couldn't believe the story. Not for a minute. I could simply not believe that a girl who had only had one very brief love affair in her whole life would feel a "strong access of



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NEW BOOKS

a perfect stranger she met in the woods, and with her sweetheart's father, to the extent of making a play for him in a deserted church; and would not devote a few of her extra hormones to her young man. I could, with an effort, just believe the old comedy situation in which a group of Yankee Puritans see a man taking grit out of a girl's eye and accuse him of raping her; but I could not believe that after a woodchuck hunt failed they would tie up and scourge the Selectman who proposed it. No siree bob.

Spent a little time in Connecticut myself last summer. Lived right on the water, clam bed at my own back door. Only thing was, every mortal Sabbath morning, some fellow with one of them motor boats would come raring and scallyhooting around Lambert's Cove, round and round and back and forth like a blue fly in a milk bottle. Trouble was, he had too blame much power to use, pent up in a small space like that: good motor, but waste of energy.

The Higher Criticism

THREE or four years ago the brilliant André Malraux, once a Communist and later the propaganda chief for De Gaulle, published a remarkable book on the fine arts. It was translated by Stuart Gilbert and published by Pantheon for the Bollingen Foundation as *The Psychology of Art*. The style was obscure. The illustrations were unbelievably beautiful, drawn from dozens of fields quite unknown to the average amateur, and handsomely reproduced. However, it became known that Malraux was dissatisfied with the book. He rewrote it. The new version has now been issued in a single volume with over 450 illustrations, as *The Voices of Silence* (Doubleday, \$25). It is a considerable improvement on the earlier version. The paragraphs hang together more firmly; they are less abrupt, thought flows through them more continuously. The translation is smoother. Certainly this is the most remarkable book on world art—art as wide as the world and older than history—that we are likely to see for a long time.

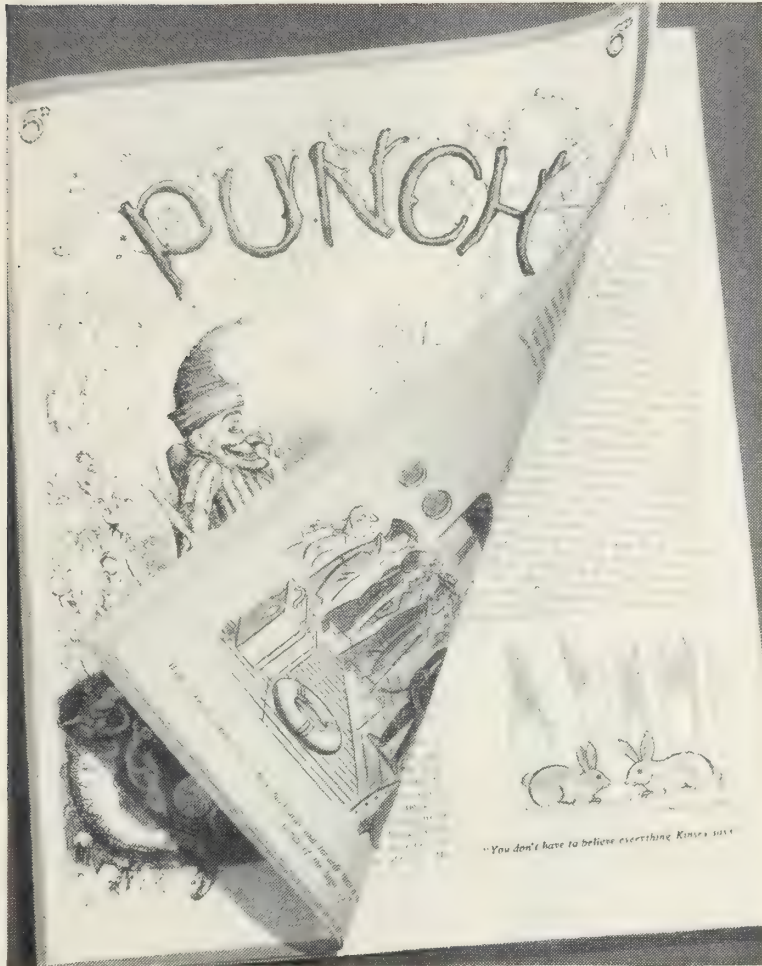
Nevertheless, it is difficult to read. No wonder Malraux has failed as

De Gaulle's propagandist. He does not understand ordinary people. Part of the art of teaching is to know what to assume: how much your hearers already know, what they must have explained to them, what they will find hard to assimilate. Practically no one will understand *The Voices of Silence* at a first or second reading, unless he is a trained historian of painting and sculpture, with the lives, periods, and styles of several hundred artists clearly present to his mind. And furthermore, Malraux does not expound his ideas regularly, attach his subjects one to another by easy and natural links, cite objections and refute them where they would logically occur. Instead, like a too erudite and too voluble lecturer, he lights up his subjects sidewise by brilliant flashes of his illuminated pointer; he brings together comparisons from widely different worlds, and he assumes that we have all seen and thought as much as he. For example, talking of the Fontainebleau painters, he suddenly asks: "Is there less poetry in 'The Harvesters' at the Louvre, or 'Descent into the Cellar,' than in 'Eva Prima Pandora,' in Caron's pictures and countless 'Dianas'?" Also, like many French critics, he likes daring antitheses. Just after reproducing a striking portrait of Clemenceau in which the politician's will power and self-confidence stream out of the page, he says: "To realize his 'Portrait of Clemenceau' Manet, greatly daring, had to be everything in the portrait, and Clemenceau next to nothing." We might understand this point if Malraux made it less violently and spread it over a paragraph. As it is, the thing looks like nonsense.

Still, it is a wonderfully stimulating book. Its earlier version set many readers to looking at types of art which they might never have taken seriously. This work will, it is to be hoped, do the same; certainly it is almost impossible to contemplate these fine reproductions, so deftly chosen and placed, without reaching a new understanding of the essential unity of all the fine arts.

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Mimesis: the Representation of Reality in Western Literature, by Erich Auerbach, well translated by Willard Trask (Princeton, \$7.50). Mr. Auerbach was born and trained in Germany, wrote this book in Turkey during the war, and is now a professor at Yale. His aim is to show, by examining a number of scenes in mythical, fictional, and dramatic literature written during the past 3,000 years, how authors have changed their methods of describing life, their choice of aspects of life to describe, and their techniques of description, in accordance with the changing structures of social and religious belief which surround them. Mr. Auerbach's wide reading, and his subtle penetration into an author's mind through apparently insignificant elements of style, make every page of this book an unusual aesthetic experience. It would require a very long review to do justice to it: in fact, one might disagree with Mr. Auerbach on several points—for instance, when he says that it was the story of Jesus, mingling "everyday reality" and high tragedy, that conquered the classical rule of stylistic dignity, one might well object that the conquest had been begun, if not completed, by the savagely realistic tragedies of Euripides and the sad comedies of Menander. Also, it is not clear why, since Mr. Auerbach is established in this country with libraries all around him, he has not added the notes and justificatory references which the book lacks. Still, it is a valuable work, strongly recommended for those interested in comparative literature.

Fancy Free

THE latest volume by Walt Kelly, *The Pogo Papers*, is perfectly delightful (Simon & Schuster, \$1). Mr. Kelly is the least routinist and mechanical of cartoonists: he draws his people afresh for every picture, because he imagines them as living, and he letters their talk so gaily that we can almost hear them. His puns are terrific. When the alligator finds that Pogo has vanished, he remarks "That's typical! What's new about it?", and the three disreputable batboys observe "Typical? New? And Tyler too?" There is a non-typical character new to me, Sarcophagus



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article, "Fire Department."

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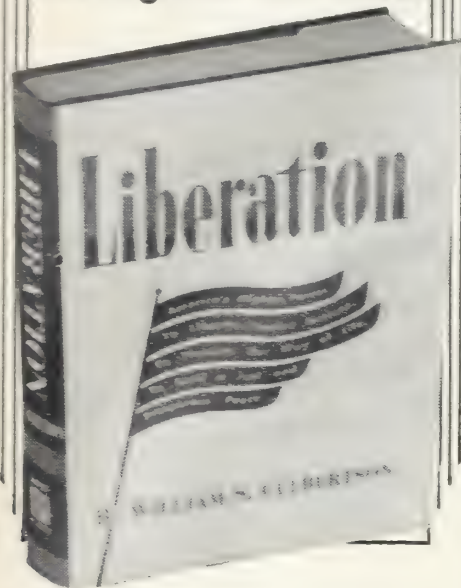
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NEW BOOKS

MacAbre the buzzard, who looks like a bankrupt undertaker (if such a thing is possible) and speaks in black-bordered oblongs, like this:

Good-bye, friends

Everyone should give everybody Pogo for Christmas.

Not in Our Stars

THE new Joyce Cary is as good as ever. This is *Except the Lord* (Harper, \$3.50). The title comes from Psalm 127: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it": other quotations from Scripture are frequent in the book, and the movement of the story is serious, sometimes almost Biblical. It tells of the childhood, youth, and early career of a young fellow born and brought up in poverty and suffering, a farmer's son, later a farm laborer himself; and then at twenty a union organizer—this in the mid-nineteenth century when unions were thought of as criminal organizations; and then, after a failure, an evangelistic preacher. The central thread of the story is double: the youngster's wish to do good, to praise and serve God, is strengthened by the example of his father, who had confidently expected the imminence of Christ's Second Coming; while his hatred of poverty, his determination to erase it and to eliminate it from his own personal life, are dictated by his own knowledge of the wasted talents of his family. And the two threads are twisted into one, for the young man who failed to see the Second Coming entered politics in order to create a new world. A moving and sincere story.

But the strangest thing about it is this: although it seems to be the autobiography of a strong honest young man, it may also be part of the self-defence of a filthy hypocrite. We cannot tell. For this is the story of the early life of Chester Nimmo. We met him in Joyce Cary's *Prisoner of Grace*, an aging man, partly maddened by sex, and apparently a politician with a long and dubious career behind him. Distrusted and disliked, he was sitting down to write his autobiography.

No. He may have become a dirty

old man. But he cannot have intended to be that. He was good, and real. Only a very skillful and sympathetic novelist could have shown Nimmo in one book as he appeared to an unsympathetic world, and in another as he actually was in his youth. *Except the Lord* is neither self-exculpation nor self-glorification: it is the story of a young man pulled by diverse influences and at last molded into something which, even if it degenerated toward the end, was still fundamentally strong and valuable. It is a distinguished piece of work, and shows Mr. Cary's remarkable psychological perception, as well as his adaptable style. The seventh and eighth chapters, which describe the little group of faithful climbing a Devon tor to await the Messiah, are really beautiful.

But in Ourselves

A LONDON bus conductor who was a faithful and famous member of the Communist party for nearly twenty years, and left in disgust in May 1951—remaining a staunch Socialist, but detesting the dictatorial methods of those who would like to form a new "boss class"—has described his experiences in a clear and sober little book: *Cockney Communist*, by Bob Darke (Day, \$3). The most remarkable parts of this book are Darke's account of the party's disregard of all human affections, including his ties with wife, children, parents; and his move-by-move account of the methods used in capturing key offices in a non-Communist union and then either converting it or paralyzing it. The same technique can doubtless be applied to other organizations.

Virginia Chase's *The End of the Week* (Macmillan, \$3.50) is a loosely organized novel whose chief interest is its recreation of the careers and characters of a dozen elementary schoolteachers. Most of us know it is a hard life, ill rewarded and filled with petty annoyances. Not so many of us know that in some cities these unfortunate women are apt to be insulted and terrorized by their own pupils, by girls who write filthy words in lipstick on the walls, by boys who taunt them because they are stronger and enjoy coarseness and brutality as self-assertion. A

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

good little book, but upsetting.

Espionage, subversion, revolt, escape: these are the themes of an exciting thriller called *The Broken Penny*, by Julian Symons (Harper, \$2.75), which is set in that delightful Balkan country first known to us as Ruritania, since then growing more familiar, less delightful, but not much more real. The style, disillusioned and crisp, is rather Greene. The incidents, logical but unexpected, are rather Ambling. The hero, glum and pessimistic, is the only weak spot. The villain, powerful and just credible, is a good creation. A nice girl; some splendid subordinate villains, heavily armed; and a funny party of British visitors touring the country, admiring the progress in its productive capacity, and denying one another potatoes, because of last year's harvest figures. The style? "'Could I have a word with you privately?' His false teeth clicked decisively." Commended to all admirers of Hitchcock and haters of totalitarianism.

The Roving Eye

THAT intelligent art publisher Skira has opened a new series, *The Taste of Our Time*, with three studies, of Gauguin, Lautrec, and Van Gogh, translated from the French and printed in Switzerland. They cost \$4.95 each, which still seems reasonable, for they each contain several dozen reproductions of extreme beauty and delicacy. My own eyes are not reliable enough to allow me to judge whether the colors are quite faithful to the originals: sometimes they look startlingly bright, as though the diminution in scale (for these books are quite small) had been over-compensated by extreme contrast; but that may be the fault of my own vision or memory. The biographical and critical studies are full and sympathetic.

Some of the finest travel photographs I have ever seen are contained in George Eggleston's *Tahiti, Voyage through Paradise*, published at \$6 by Devin-Adair. This is an account of a long holiday voyage on a 32-foot schooner through the Society Islands, the archipelago whose best-known unit is Tahiti. Clearly and gaily written, full of good native talk and of the chat of sailors and

old residents, the book is so attractive that I hope very few people will follow its explicit directions for visiting that lonely little Eden.

Meanwhile, to all readers of *Harper's*, and to all lovers of books, inhabitants of the far-reaching four-dimensional world of literature, a merry Christmas. . . .

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Catalans, by Patrick O'Brian.

In *Testimonies*, his first novel, Mr. O'Brian used the Welsh countryside to intensify the excitement of the plot, but this story of a near-scandal in a large, respectable, vineyard-owning French family at the foot of the Pyrenees suffers from the long descriptive passages of the country and of the people. The author seems to stop to tell the reader about his characters and to present scenes in unexpected forms—even poetry and dramatic dialogue—while the story comes nearly to a standstill. It is true that if one persists one comes away with a lovely sensuous feeling of warm sunshine, vines heavy with purple grapes, white dusty roads, and mountains going down to the sea. And one sees the people, but more as careful paintings than as flesh and blood.

Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50

Leaving Home, by Elizabeth Jane-way.

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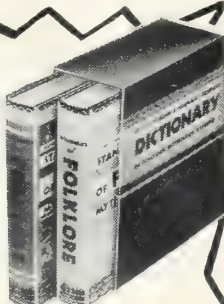
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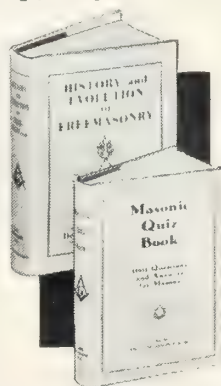
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Sands a few months ago, or further back, *The Daughter of Time*, *Miss Pym Proposes*, or *The Franchise Affair*, it will be good news that this Inspector Grant mystery has been republished. Though this was Miss Tey's first mystery (published under the name of Gordon Daviot) and *The Singing Sands* was her last, the flavor is the same in both—humorous, intelligent, full of London fog and Scottish mist, but also well sprinkled with sunshine and suspense in both places. Macmillan, \$2.75

The Case of the Curious Bride, by Erle Stanley Gardner.

And here is a favorite Perry Mason title reissued in a cellophane-wrapped collector's edition just waiting for Christmas. Pretty widow remarries; first husband reappears, is murdered. Take it from there.

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NON-FICTION

Some Enchanted Evenings: The Story of Rodgers and Hammerstein, by Deems Taylor.

A biography of two successful people in the theater, especially a composer and a lyricist (Mr. Taylor says Broadway invented "lyricist") is bound to become pretty much a listing of shows and the songs that made them famous. And this book is no exception. There is some brief biographical material, and ninety pages are devoted, necessarily, not to Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, but to Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. It is altogether a most pleasant, useful, nostalgic record from "Garrick Gaieties," "Dearest Enemy," "Rose Marie," to "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific." But it is a record, not biography in the large sense. One of the best things in the book even to this reader who knows little of the technical language of music is the chapter discussing Rodgers' music with musical bars to illustrate. For instance, speaking of "The March of the Siamese Children" from "The King and I" he says: "... where that wholly unwarranted B-natural coming out of left field, so to speak, creates an atmosphere of foreignness that is exactly what is needed." Even if I couldn't read the B-natural in the notes I could see what he meant.

And he sums it all up for a layman when he says that Rodgers' music "lets the words through." This final chapter shows the author-composer-critic at his interpretive best. Lots of pictures to lead one on.

Harper, \$3.95

Our Will Rogers, by Homer Croy. Perhaps because Will Rogers' quality was such a unique and personal thing, no biography ever seems really to reflect it. Even his best jokes seem less amusing without the drawl behind them. This conscientious story doesn't catch it either. Mr. Croy, who knew him well, has interviewed dozens of others who also knew him, from the day of his birth, and quotes them at too great length. The result is exhaustive and exhausting but a useful record.

Duell, Sloan and Pearce/
Little, Brown, \$3.75

Madeleine Grown Up, by Mrs. Ralph Henrey.

This delightful autobiographical story of a young French girl's first year in London as a manicurist at the Savoy, of her courtship and marriage, has all the perceptive, sensuous charm of its classic predecessor, *The Little Madeleine*.

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Out of These Roots; The Autobiography of an American Woman, by Agnes E. Meyer.

An unusually frank and therefore unusually illuminating self-portrait of a woman who has been an important part of the political, artistic, and editorial world of her time. She has been the wife of Eugene Meyer, editor and owner of the *Washington Post*, since 1910; she is a grandmother and an effective "cause" woman. She makes her enthusiasms seem not only worthy but exciting.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

she has certainly succeeded admirably, as *Harper's* readers know who read her article "Evolution Up to Date," in the November issue.

Knopf, \$5.75

The Limits of Earth, by Fairfield Osborn.

The author of *Our Plundered Planet*, President of the New York Zoological Society and of the Conservation Foundation, gives his opinions as to whether or not the earth can feed the people living on it—and soon to be living on it. The picture is not a cheerful one but Mr. Osborn is neither a Malthus nor an easy optimist. He states our problem sternly and clearly, in the belief that a solution can only be found by solemn facing of the facts and resolving our "cultural, economic, and political circumstances" with conditions of "climate, land form, soil, vegetation, and water supply which are favorable or otherwise to human existence." Little, Brown, \$3.50

Flight into Space, by Jonathan Norton Leonard.

The science editor of *Time* explores the possibilities of space flying—how, when, where—in a way to charm even the minds most uninquisitive and unimaginative about such possibilities. A chapter, "Rocket Shoot at White Sands," appeared in our September issue. Random, \$3.50

The Juggler of Our Lady, adapted by R. O. Blechman.

This is a retelling of the charming legend of the little juggler who has no gift but his juggling act to offer to the Virgin and believes it unworthy among the gifts of the rich and learned. But he alone receives a miracle in return. This is an interpretation, both humorous and tender, through deceptively simple and almost deliberately awkward drawings by a 23-year-old author-artist. At my suggestion this summer my ten-year-old nephew wrote the following advance review of it for me:

He who has much to give and is rich should not scorn he who is poor and has little to give for he who is poor works far harder for his present than he who is rich.

I can think of no happier way to end a Christmas column. Holt, \$2.50

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1953.

EDWARD G. BOHREN, Notary Public

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1955)

The New Recordings

Festivals

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE impact of the LP record has now gone far beyond the mere technicalities of the record revolution, to alter the very musical world itself and our basic thoughts about it. The new implications for music criticism are enough to make us all ponder. Take one example, the music festival. Festivals of music, first sampled on discs back in the early electrical years, are now being documented on LP to an extent that would have been unthinkable before, and the very completeness of the material available for listening raises problems of evaluation that are utterly new. (See below.)

Of course it would be rash to suggest that a record critic can hear the stuff of music differently than a critic of the live performance. There remain the accepted tenets of criticism, those values which cannot be easily changed on the record—of pitch, tempo, phrasing, style, and the rest. But we are, at last, beginning to understand that the recorded experience *in toto* is so utterly different in so many subtle respects from the live performance that we dare not consider music on records in other than its own terms, regardless of the original. (Indeed, the “original” often scarcely exists in this time of elaborate tape editing. Many recordings are patched together from various “takes,” altered as to tonal balance and acoustics long after the music has been played; sometimes the performance is not even simultaneous, as in any number of discs involving spoken words against music.)

The music festival is a kind of exaggerated super-concert at which all those peculiar qualities which undeniably belong to the live performance—and as undeniably *not* to the recorded—are enhanced and made more immediate. This is probably why it has regained the place it had back in the late nineteenth century when other means of music sharing were far less convenient. The festival is a recent branch of a very honorable tradition, and it has

with the great religious assemblies of history and our latter-day revival meetings, which spread out with the Industrial Revolution into expositions, where men could share in new ways those ancient inspirations, the presence of one's fellow men en masse and the immediacy of great persons and great works. We find the same deep feelings in our football, baseball, and boxing; TV and radio have not changed the basic emotion.

These matters are part—or have been—of the very meaning of music itself in performance. Music criticism has automatically counted them in, for the inspiration of immediacy has never before been conceivably separable from the moment itself. The only check upon an eye-witness was another eye-witness (ear-witness) and, as we know, the strong feelings of a crowd are often artistically valid in their very unanimity. “A great occasion” is the conventional term, and many a music festival is just that.

AND so it's not really surprising that as we now listen to the festival sounds minus the festivals themselves there are disparities between what we hear and what the listening critics once reported. It could not be otherwise—but the extent and explicitness of the seeming differences can be dismaying. We've had this experience before, even so. Has it occurred to music lovers that the Toscanini *broadcasts*—sharing the excitement of the dramatic moment—were as undeniably great through fifteen-odd years as their recorded versions (commercial and private) are now erratic and untrustworthy? I once heard the Maestro's Beethoven Ninth, via my FM tuner, and was so excited I could hardly sit down; but the recording I took off the air then was, and remains, dismally unsatisfactory though the sound is technically almost identical. Is it a wonder that Toscanini with

has been loth to release so many of his great performances?

Do not, then, take judgments of the festival recordings as criticisms of the festivals themselves. There is a double standard and both criticisms may be valid. I did not like some of the earlier Casals Festival records, but I have no doubt at all that had I been present in person my enthusiasm would have equaled that of other critics. And I would stand back of my musical reactions in that case just as determinedly as I offer those on the recorded versions, with only a heartfelt amazement at the strange new truths of the recorded art.

Casals Festival at Prades, Third Series, vol. 1. (Brahms: Quintet #2, op. 111; Piano Quartet #3, op. 60; Sextet #1, op. 18. Schumann: Piano Quintet, op. 44.) Casals, Myra Hess, Szigeti, Stern, Schneider, et al. Columbia SL 182 (3).

This, in its special area of chamber music, is surely one of the most successful festival recordings ever made. To my ear, at least, a large proportion of the two earlier series (Prades and Perpignan) were unfortunate and unlucky in the recorded sound—both musically and technically. There was scarcely an item in those albums that did not seem to me to be outmatched, disc for disc, by other recorded performances already available. All of the troubles that can be imagined as more or less inevitable in such situations seemed to crop up together—nervous, high-strung performance, bad ensemble (the tug-of-war of competing celebrities), lack of interpretative flexibility, a very audible “spotlight” not upon the composers but upon the big performing names, a sense of dedication that, on discs, simply was not transferred from the exaltation of the actual occasion, and, on top of this, poor recording acoustics, makeshift in spite of tremendous planning, which robbed the music of the plasticity and sparkle it could have had under more controlled conditions. If this may seem an extreme criticism, I merely suggest an evening of direct comparisons between these earlier Casals discs and their reputable competitors, work for work.

But the third festival (I wasn't there) was evidently a very different occasion. Chamber music only. Not only did this mean inevitably a quieter tempo of events, a more enlightened and commonsense audience, but it undoubtedly made for utterly different conditions in the actual performances, limited as they were to ensembles of solo players, each

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

excellent definition of chamber music.)

The first volume of the new third series, Brahms and Schumann, moreover contains music that is happily ideal for the major performers involved. Without the slightest doubt Dame Myra Hess is the foremost of these—her strong pianistic leadership and rock-solid, unerringly right sense of the Romantic style in two of the works give the album its exceptionally high musical value. The Schumann Quintet, so familiar that many a performance, less understanding, is merely hackneyed, here receives the finest treatment I've ever heard it get. A superb and exciting recording from every point of view, even though, as I gather, it was made at an actual concert. Surely no other living pianist can project the always difficult music of Schumann with such strength and sense! The Brahms Piano Trio, a more introverted and complex piece, is somewhat less effective on discs both musically and in the recording of the smaller group (the piano is not as good)—but the difference can well be blamed upon Brahms himself.

Of the two piano-less performances, the early Brahms Sextet is easily the most effective as a youthful, straightforward conveyer of uncomplicated melodies particularly well suited to the Casals cello; but in its faster parts a characteristic actual-performance instability comes through—over-tense, roughly phrased playing of the sort that normally does not get to the recorded medium. The late Quintet, another of the more introspective works, suffers similarly. (Brahms' chamber music is very susceptible to this sort of overplaying. He did not grasp the technique of small-ensemble expression as clearly as had Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and Haydn; we are often aware of a striving against the limitations of the instruments themselves that is seldom felt in the earlier men's work.)

Some very odd musical sounds not composed by Brahms are audible in parts of the Sextet, and may be credited to a set of vocal chords among the players. Casals?

Hi-fi

Full Dimensional Sound—A Study in High Fidelity. (Assorted excerpts; extensive notes by Charles Fowler.) Capitol SAL 9020, boxed and sealed.

This might be classed as a kind of publicity disc, attendant upon the current whirlwind of hi-fi, but in fact it goes a lot further than that in practical interest for "hi-fi fans" and anyone else who has a good reproducing system and wants to show it off. Here are fourteen

THE NEW RECORDINGS

examples of popular, classical, and semi-stunt material recorded with extremely high technical quality on beautiful silent plastic and for the most part superbly miked for realistic effect. Not a musical concert—the excerpts range from single movements of Bloch, Glazounov, Shostakovich through items by Stan Kenton and Les Paul and a set of variations on "London Bridge" played on an improbable battery of percussion instruments. Gongs, bells, drums and the rest add piquancy to the conventional orchestra and the more solid selections are well chosen to demonstrate what hi-fi can do. If you're not sure of your own ground, Charles Fowler's notes will tell you what to listen for, given the proper equipment.

Voices of the Night—Frog and Toad Calls (New Edition). P.P. Kellogg, A.A. Allen. Cornell Univ. Recordings (124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N. Y.).

Here, at last, is the first LP from the famed Cornell source of recorded bird and frog sounds, taken in natural surroundings by Professors Allen and Kellogg of Cornell; previous releases, including the original frog record of this title, were at the 78 speed. The new LP is considerably expanded and revised, with eight new "voices." The matter-of-fact narration is by Professor Allen, whose voice is familiar in the earlier releases; the frogs themselves are beautifully recorded (mainly with the parabolic microphone system used to spot bird songs at a distance) with convincing background sounds for a maximum of perspective and realism. Quality seems easily up to that of the earlier 78 release and the wide tonal range of most of the original tapes, the very silent plastic surface, and the unhurried feeling that is unique with LP make this offering a far better one than the original 78 album. The variety of sounds heard from this small sampling of a single type of wild life makes it wonderfully clear that tape recording and the LP record have another new area here with tremendous future possibilities.

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MICROPHONE technique is a touchy art in itself. Some people have "mike personalities" and others as emphatically do not, and the correspondence with "stage personality" is decidedly erratic. Hence we are in for some heady surprises in LP storytelling that, to my mind, may open up a great new field of literary communication for those who turn out to be apt at it. Take Edna Ferber. I confidently state that her reading of the complete story, "The Gay Dog," that touching, cliché-ridden, immensely effective account of a Chicago bachelor and his three sisters, is one of the great storytelling events of our time, comparable on every plane to the very finest in stage performance. Ferber is an actress of superb talents—in this medium. I am sure I have never been more moved by the spoken word in any theater than I have just been by her recorded performance—almost three quarters of an hour long.

And, at an opposite and complementary plane, Somerset Maugham's gentle, slow, precisely British humor in two short (half-hour) stories is positively superb—there's no better word. The story of the Three Fat Ladies of Antibes as told by him is just plain great theater—or, if you wish, plain good storytelling. Whatever the names one may give, here is a new force in literature and drama, and the fact that the other participants in this series, Steinbeck, Saroyan, Sitwell, are varyingly effective (Saroyan is a fine example of an anti-mike, anti-dramatic speaking personality) merely helps define the requirements of the medium. I offer congratulations to Goddard Lieberson, whose "baby" this is, and trust that the series will be extensively expanded, for this is a new art form.

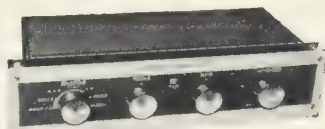
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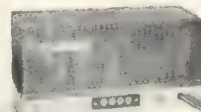


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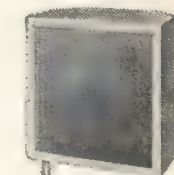
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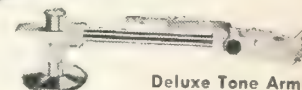
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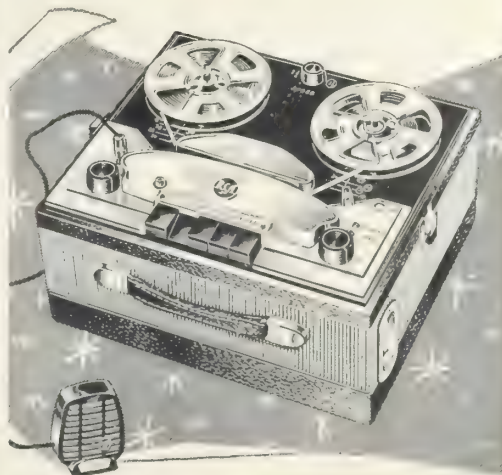
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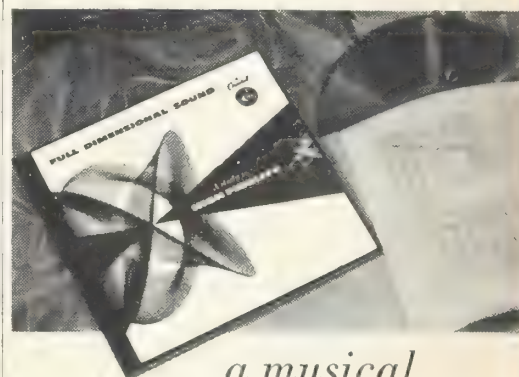
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